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VANITY FAIR

MAY 1995

IN THE EYE OF THE O.J. STORM
by Dominick Dunne

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MP'S TOWER?
Battle for
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ryan Burrough

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ARTIN AMIS,
Fine Collins on
OLO BLAHNIK and
stopher Hitchens
SCAR WILDE

THE ANTI-CLINTON
Phil Gramm's
Secret Weapon
by Marjorie Williams

HOLLYWOOD'S
LOST TYCOON
by Edward Klein

Madcap Meg

MEG RYAN TALKS ABOUT MOVIES, LIFE WITH HUSBAND DENNIS QUAID AND CONFRONTING THE MOTHER WHO LEFT HER
by Kevin Sessums

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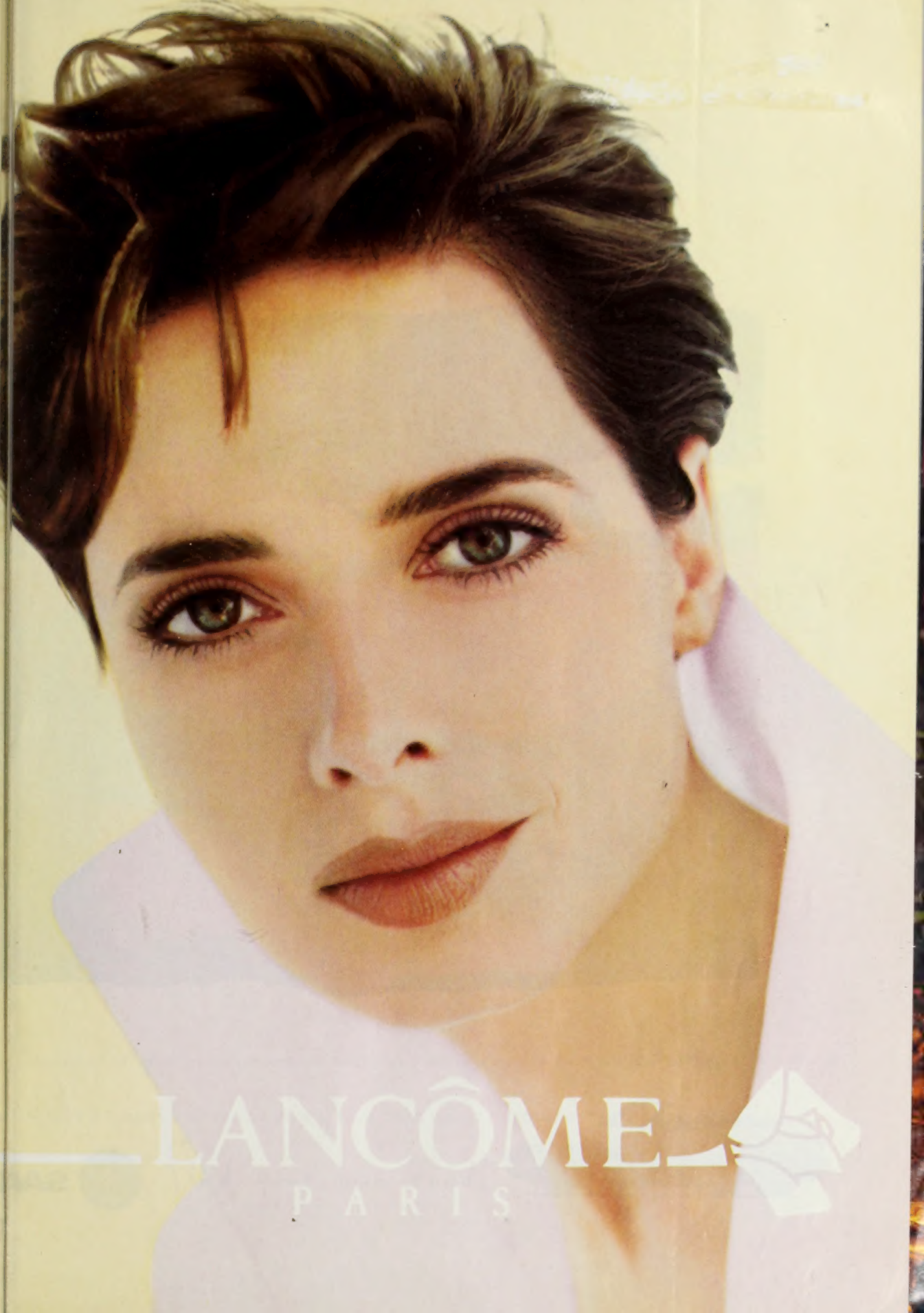
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VANITY FAIR

Volume 58 Number 5 May 199



ELIZABETHAN DRAMA, PAGE 90.

Features

MAXIMUM MEG
There's a fighter behind Meg Ryan's blond tresses and dimpled, screwball smile. After making three movies back-to-back, Ryan reveals to Kevin Sessums her private traumas and triumphs—coping with husband Dennis Quaid's cocaine addiction, the death of a close friend, and a feud with the mother who left her at age 15. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz. 104

THE IRONMAN COMETH
Texas senator Phil Gramm is wielding an $11 million war chest in his implacable pursuit of the Republican presidential nomination. In Texas and on the campaign trail, Marjorie Williams discovers that money is not Gramm's only weapon. Illustration by Philip Burke 112

THE RACHEL CAPERS
Ellen von Unwerth and John Heilpern spotlight Rachel Williams, the first Varga Girl to come out of the closet, and her punk-rock amour, Alice Temple 118

EMPERORS OF THE AIR
The battle rages as a quartet of King Kongs—Donald Trump, Leona Helmsley, a jailed Japanese tycoon with ties to the yakuza, and his illegitimate daughter—vie for control of the Empire State Building. Bryan Burrough investigates the fate of New York's most famous landmark. Photograph by Richard J. Burbridge 120

STIEFEL CHASE
Ruven Afanador spotlights the elastic grace of the New York City Ballet's Ethan Stiefel as he readies several major roles for this season 130

FAMOUS AMIS
Martin Amis's new novel, *The Information,* is a tale of greed, envy, and betrayal. Much like the deal behind it. Amis, his allies, and his enemies talk to Michael Shnayerson about literary London's latest tempest. Photograph by Nigel Parry 132

ASTOR'S PLACE
As the New York Public Library turns 100, Louis Begley enters the lions' den, and Evelyn Hofer spotlights another New York institution, the incomparable Brooke Astor, who is chairing the centennial, and library president Paul LeClerc 140

(Continued on page 14)

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VANITY FAIR

May 1995

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FOOT PRINCE, PAGE 148.

STAR POWER!
Darren Star's L.A. fantasies—*Melrose Place* and *Beverly Hills, 90210*—have made him TV's new power wunderkind. Matthew Tyrnauer checks in with Star as he mines a new Zip Code, *Central Park West,* for CBS. Photographs by David Jensen 14

FASHION'S FOOTMAN
Manolo Blahnik's "seductive bonbons" decorate the feet of the world's most stylish women. As she follows him from England to his factory outside Milan to his hideaway in Sicily, Amy Fine Collins finds that the peripatetic designer is as whimsical as his shoes. Photographs by Eric Boman 14

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CULTURAL ELITE
A century ago, as Oscar Wilde's immortal play, *The Importance of Being Earnest,* packed the St. James's Theatre, where it opened, the Irish wit and poet was broken on the wheel of Victorian hypocrisy. Christopher Hitchens recalls the tragedy and the legacy 40

THE LOST TYCOON
Edward Klein gets the story of Sony's Hollywood catastrophe from C.E.O. Michael Schulhof, as rumors about Schulhof's Japanese mentors and L.A. rivalries swirl around his skyscraper office 48

ALL O.J., ALL THE TIME
As the trial takes strange twists and the stakes get higher, Dominick Dunne eats, breathes, and talks O.J. with everyone from Faye Resnick to Denise Brown. Illustration by Risko 76

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THANDIE NEWTON, WHAT'S INGENUE?
Julie Burchill on the lives of Mrs. Larry Fortensky; books of beauty; can George Wayne outbitch Mr. Blackwell? . . . 89

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SOCIAL STUDY: The Proust Questionnaire suits Giorgio Armani . 174

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Editor's Letter

The Gramm Tour



Predictably, the 1996 presidential campaign is upon us far too soon. The Sunday-morning pundits are already speculating about vice-presidential choices, the emergence of third-party candidates, and whether anyone in the White House will be brave enough to tell President Clinton he should step down in favor of Al Gore. The major acceleration factor in this election cycle has been Senator Phil Gramm of Texas, who started gearing up for the race more than six years ago. With an $11 million war chest, he has helped scare off a pack of potential challengers to his right, and he is now the undisputed standard-bearer of the G.O.P.'s conservative wing. Gramm was the first to announce, and (Pete Wilson or no Pete Wilson, Colin Powell or no Colin Powell) it's a safe bet that he'll be in the fight for the Republican nomination to the bitter—no doubt very bitter—end.

Reporting in Gramm's home state and along the campaign trail, contributing editor Marjorie Williams found that Gramm has one very unusual quality as a candidate. "He has a lack of vanity that is rare politicians," she says. "More than anybo I've ever seen, he knows what his streng are and how to use them to cancel out weaknesses. And he's just incredibly shre and unsentimental about that." Anot surprise was the preternatural discipline Gramm's campaign staff. "The whole eration has an air of professionalism that you don't u ally find at this stage, before a candidate has the nominatio After reading Williams's profile "The Ironman Comet on page 112, it's easy to understand the behavior of M McKinnon, a Democratic consultant who worked Gramm's opponent in the 1984 Senate race: "I've got b with everyone I know," McKinnon told Williams, "for much money as I can get them to put down, that P Gramm is going to be the nominee."

Graydon Carter

Cover

When Meg Met Annie...

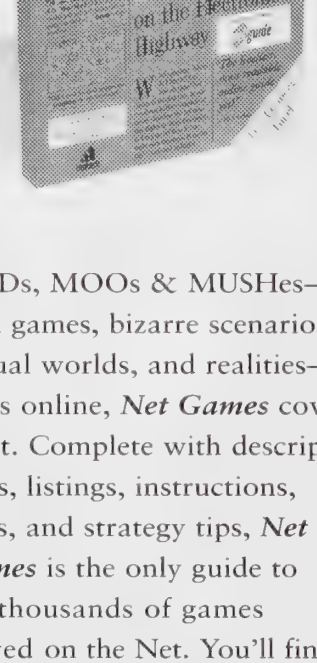
Meg Ryan plays coquette for the cover of this month's *Vanity Fair*. Photographed on the beach in Santa Monica, California, Ryan wears a gown by John Anthony.



ON THE COVER
All Meg Ryan's hair products from Paul Mitchell Professional Salon Products. All makeup from Make Up For Ever, from Barneys New York. Hair by Sally Hershberger. Makeup by Lutz. Styled by Kate Harrington. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz.


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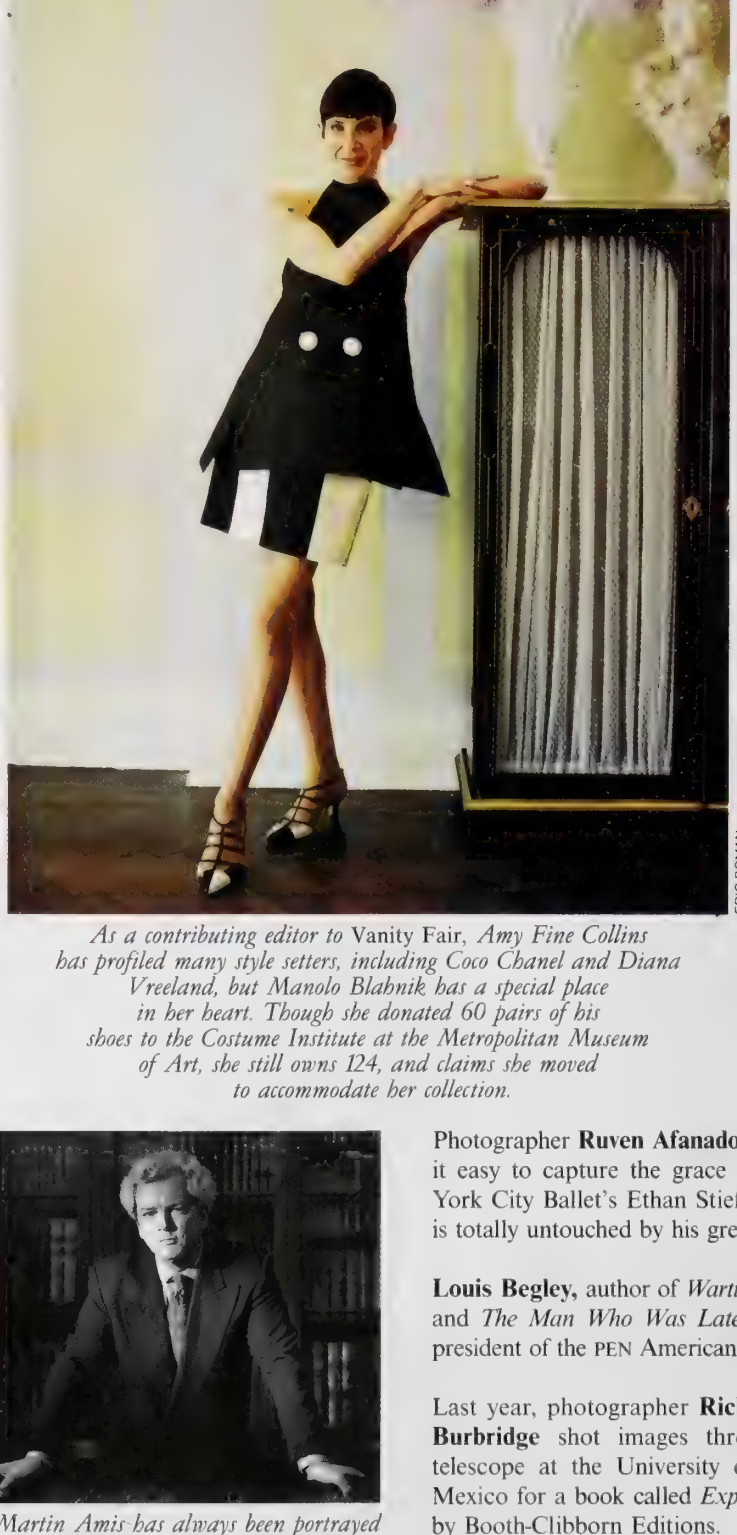
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Contributors



ERIC BOMAN

As a contributing editor to Vanity Fair, *Amy Fine Collins has profiled many style setters, including Coco Chanel and Diana Vreeland, but Manolo Blahnik has a special place in her heart. Though she donated 60 pairs of his shoes to the Costume Institute at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, she still owns 124, and claims she moved to accommodate her collection.*

SARA BARRETT

"Martin Amis has always been portrayed as deeply cool, emotionally detached, cynical—the Mick Jagger of letters," says contributing editor Michael Shnayerson. "But the person whom I spent time with was quite shaken and emotionally vulnerable." Shnayerson is completing a book about electric cars for Random House.

Photographer **Ruven Afanador** found it easy to capture the grace of New York City Ballet's Ethan Stiefel: "He is totally untouched by his great gift."

Louis Begley, author of *Wartime Lies* and *The Man Who Was Late,* is the president of the PEN American Center.

Last year, photographer **Richard J. Burbridge** shot images through a telescope at the University of New Mexico for a book called *Experience,* by Booth-Clibborn Editions.

Julie Burchill, a regular contributor to *Vanity Fair,* is a film critic for the London *Sunday Times* and a founder of *The Modern Review.*

(Continued on page 24)

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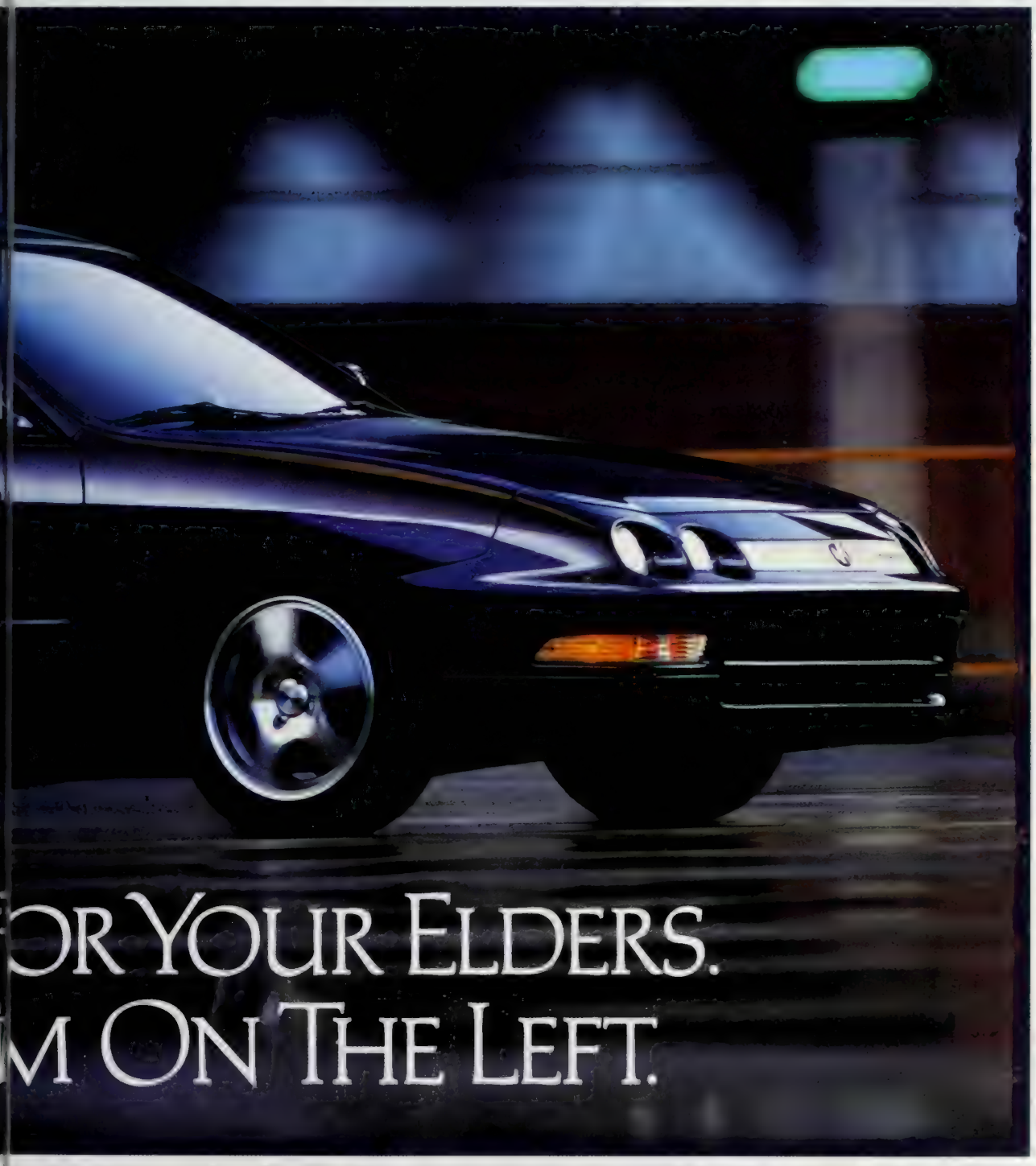


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Contributors

(Continued from page 20)



NINA BRAMHALL

Senior editor Matthew Tyrnauer, who hangs out with Melrose Place *creator Darren Star on page 142, was surprised "when Darren disclosed to me that his alter ego on* Melrose Place *is the insipid Billy. I became alarmed when he revealed that his* Melrose *alter id is the despicable Dr. Michael Mancini."*

"It's not every day you stumble onto a genuine Japanese family feud," says special correspondent **Bryan Burrough,** "especially one where the father is an imprisoned billionaire who survived a mob assassin's bullet, the illegitimate daughter is accused of stealing the Empire State Building, *and* they're both up to their necks in the war between Donald Trump and Leona Helmsley."



ERIC BOMAN

"My life can be divided into two eras: pre-Manolo and post-Manolo," says Eric Boman, who photographs Manolo Blahnik on page 148. Boman has been friends with the designer for a quarter-century.

Special correspondent **Domini Dunne** continues his distinctive porting from Judge Ito's courtroo

Noted photo-essayist **Evelyn Ho** made her name when her p tographs illustrated *The Stones Florence,* by Mary McCarthy, 1959.

Contributing editor **Edward Kle** who lived in Japan for three yea says, "Japanese companies are r like intelligence organizations. Wh I showed up at Sony headquarte

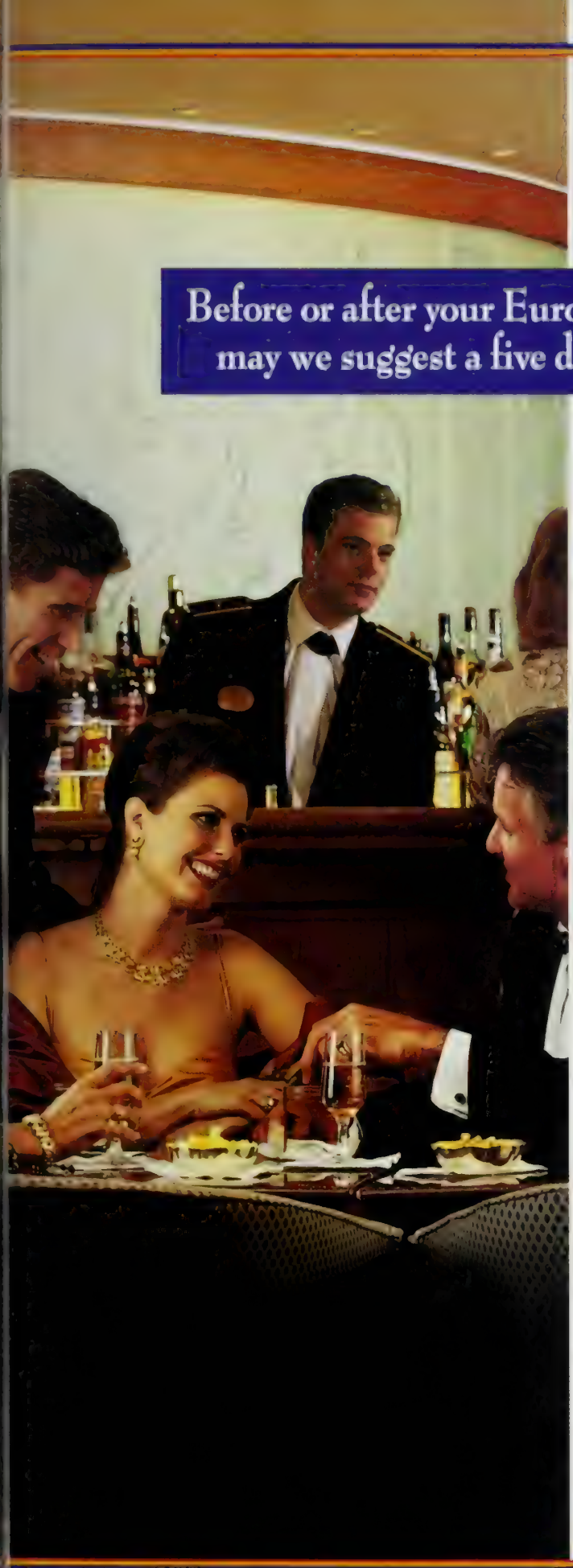


Contributing editor Marjorie William profiles presidential candidate Senato Phil Gramm on page 112: "His opponents say they hate him becau he is mean, but it may be equally because he is smart, wants the presidency so badly, and has been planning so long to get it."

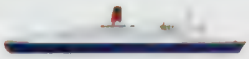
they knew the identity of many my best, not-for-attribution source They provided me with a transcri of a tape-recorded interview, an when I compared it with my notes, found key passages missing."

Last year, **Nigel Parry** received th 10th Annual American Photograph Competition award for his portrai of novelist Will Self in the June 199 issue of *Vanity Fair.*

Contributing editor **Kevin Sessum** found that Meg Ryan "may be th girl next door, but the neighborhoo is not what one would expect—it much more sophisticated."



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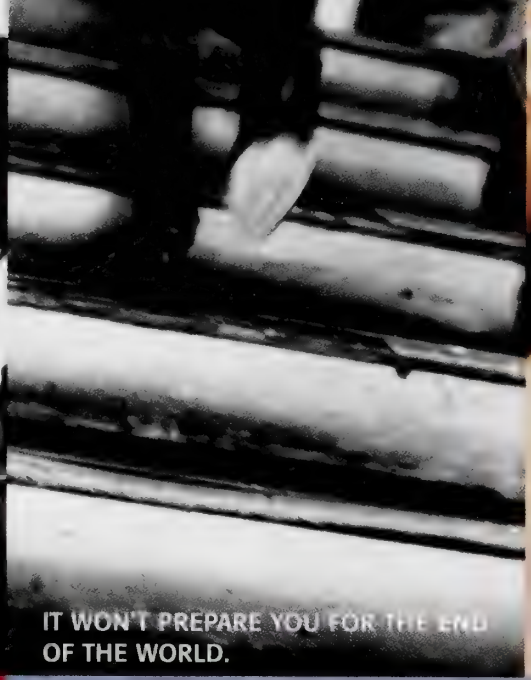
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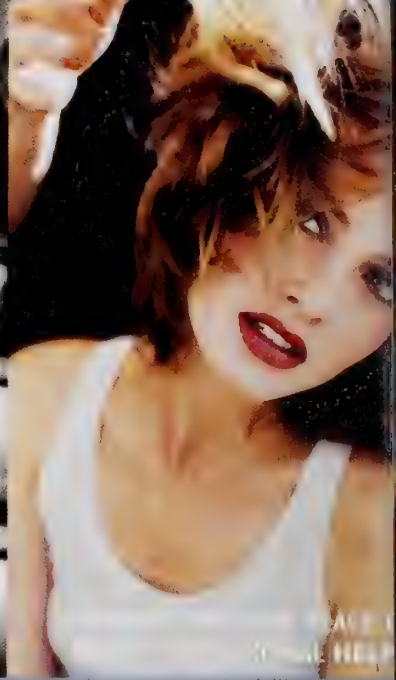
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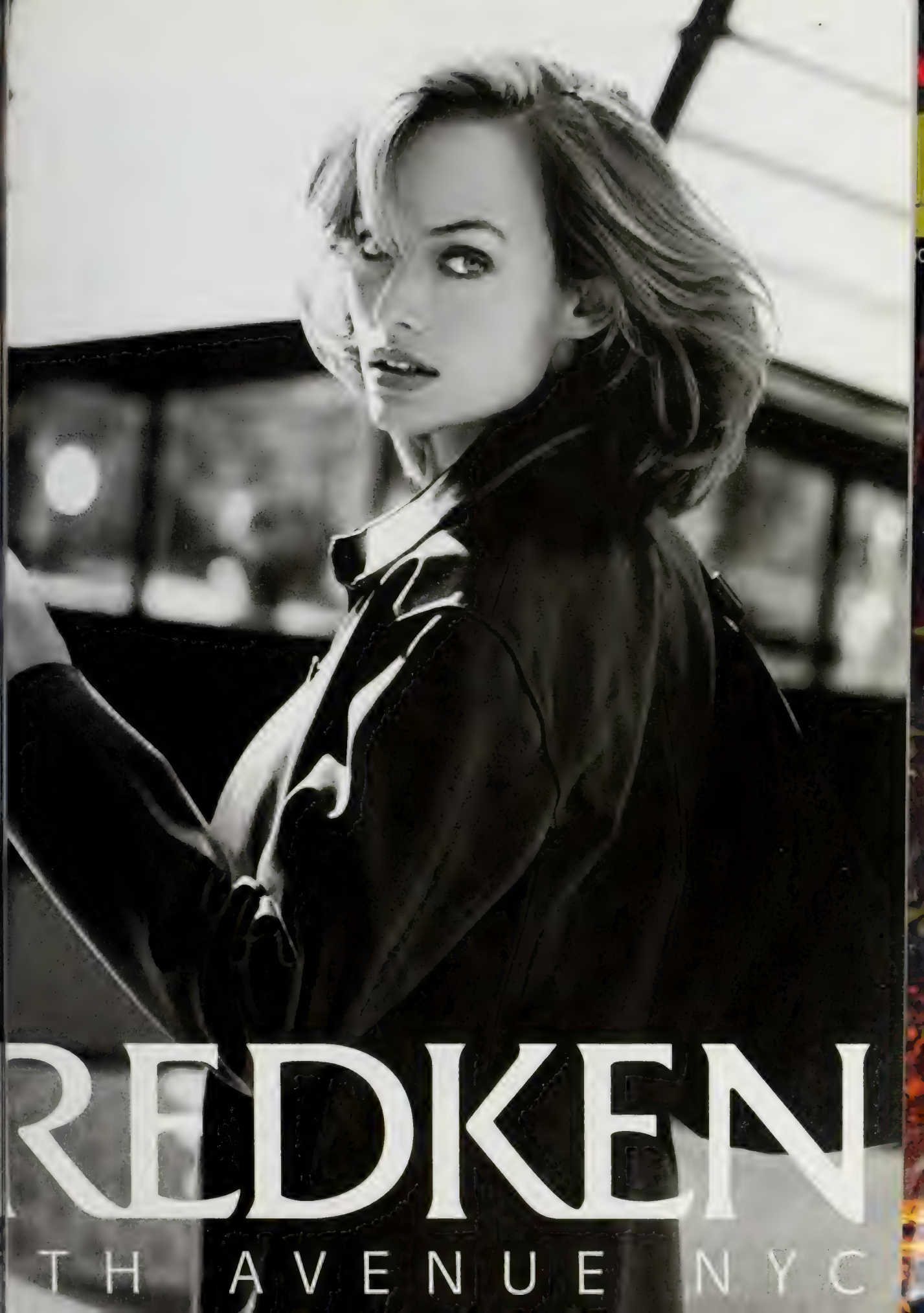




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Piti Teina *(Two Sisters), by Paul Gauguin, from* V.F.*'s exclusive preview of the lost masterpieces of the Hermitage.*

Readers of the Lost Art

Thank you very much for the extraordinary preview of the exhibition of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings at the Hermitage ["The Art and the Glory: The Lost Masterpieces of the Hermitage," by Rod MacLeish, March]. It is truly remarkable that you have devoted so much attention and outstanding work to this moment in cultural history.

THOMAS N. ARMSTRONG III
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Issue after issue you maintain the highest quality in interviews and artwork, but the *pièce de résistance* in March was the 21 pages of narrative about and photographs from the Hermitage collection. No other magazine has it all: interesting, intelligent, and sophisticated writing and subject matter, plus beautiful layouts. Bravo, *Vanity Fair*!

BETH TEMKIN
North Hollywood, California

Correction





In April's photo portfolio, "Hollywood: The Power & Glamour," the captions for Dennis Hopper and Robin Williams were inaccurate.

Hopper has actually received two Academy Award nominations: as best supporting actor in 1986 for *Hoosiers* and for best screenplay in 1969 for *Easy Rider*.

Williams has received three nominations as best actor—for *Good Morning, Vietnam* (1987), *Dead Poets Society* (1989), and *The Fisher King* (1991).

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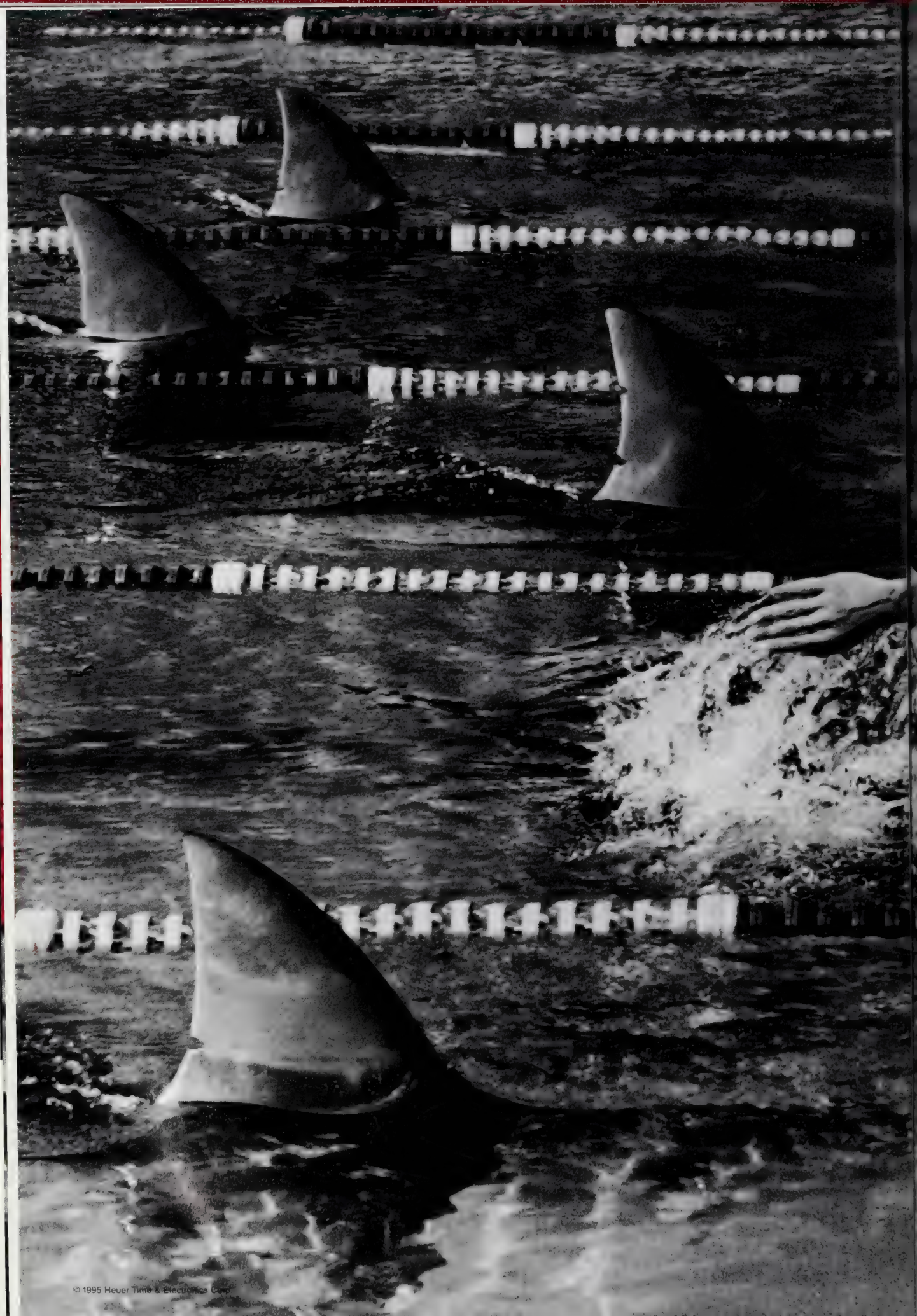


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— Martin Scorsese, from the introduction

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— Bernardo Bertolucci

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— Robert De Niro

24-page insert and black-and-white photographs throughout.

RANDOM HOUSE

Letters

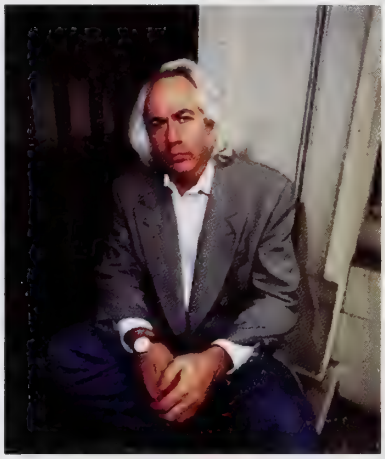
I read with great interest the article by Rod MacLeish on the Hermitage's exhibition of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist masterpieces, and I congratulate you on the quality of this article.

DAVID GUILLET
Paris, France

The Importance of Being Leon

I was shocked by your gratuitous attack on Mr. Leon Wieseltier ["Pop Goes the Wieseltier," by Lloyd Grove, March].

The article points out that Mr. Wieseltier is "not famous in the usual sense" and then, rather than leaving this poor man in peace, you describe in great detail his serial adultery, his drunkenness, his cocaine use, his habit of selling books sent to him at the magazine for review to fund the above habits, and his inability to write a single book despite 20 years of effort. Apparently, "one of his most talked-about pieces of writing" was a 50-word letter to a British magazine (see below). To make matters worse, you then allow the poor sap to describe himself as "handsome" while producing photographs of him which cruelly undermine this assertion.



Wilde about Leon: New Republic *literary editor Leon Wieseltier.*

If *Vanity Fair,* normally so generous with its personality portraits, is going to begin a policy of character assassination, it should at least pick on people with reputations big enough to withstand knocking.

DOMINIC LAWSON
Editor, *The Spectator*
London, England

In his mean-spirited profile of Leon Wieseltier, Lloyd Grove has, among other sins, portrayed Leon as an unremitting starfucker. As one of the dozens of unfamous friends interviewed for the piece, I was struck that none of us is either quoted or even alluded to throughout. If a magazine is interested in quoting only someone's famous friends, it's hardly fair to then accuse that person of impertinence just for having any.

To move from the trivial to the serious, your writer missed that Leon nurtured a whole generation of yo American and East European wri whose lack of celebrity failed to qualify their introduction to his im tant, if not famous, readership.

LISE HARTM
Paris, Fr

It might be all right to compare him Oscar Wilde, but to deliberately p Leon Wieseltier in front of the Am can Museum of Natural History's w with the inscribed words which char terize Theodore Roosevelt is insolent

LOR M. HARN
Port Jefferson Station, New Y

Taking Leon Wieseltier to task for having produced a great scholarly wo is a little like chastising Herodo for not being Pla Leon has few pe as a chronicler of substantive issues his time. His b essays—which Llo Grove pointedly nores—have help frame the serious d bate on issues of n tional importance su as aid to the contr and the establishme of a Palestinian sta Whether they agr with him or not, pe ple who make or se to influence publ policy in this countr pay attention to what Leon has to sa Precious few other writers can mak the same claim.

GIL PIMENTE
New York, New Yo

"Oscar 'very' Wilde"? One may forgiv Mr. Wieseltier for his immodest view himself, but for Lloyd Grove to hav suggested the comparison, particularl on the centennial of *The Importance Being Earnest,* is a bit peculiar. Almos as old as Wilde at his deathbed, M Wieseltier has yet to produce a book witty or not—of any consequence. Be sides, is he even known outside of th little clique of pseudo-intellectuals wh read *The New Republic* and congratu late themselves on their half-assed liber alism?

Or maybe this is all a joke and I hav missed the punch line. Mr. Wieseltier far from being an Oscar Wilde, is a Se bastian Flyte with a vicious twist. His

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Letters

"Oh, my angel" to Shirley MacLaine after the Hollywood-bubblehead remark exhibits the worst type of "insipid . . . creamy charm" so beautifully trashed by Evelyn Waugh in *Brideshead Revisited.* But unlike Lord Sebastian (and much like Waugh, himself an unrepentant social climber), Mr. Wieseltier is not an aristocrat, although he terribly wants to be one.

And is being a social climber all that bad? Coming from the aristocratic Mr. Vidal, the charge does smack of snobbery. But more interesting than the insult or its source is Mr. Wieseltier's bizarre reaction. Where Oscar Wilde would have shredded Mr. Vidal, devoured his liver for breakfast, and written a devastating play, letter, or poem wittily denouncing the presumptions of the illustrious and portly writer, Mr. Wieseltier merely whimpers ("challenges"?), "What does that mean?" Oscar "very" Wilde? Hardly. The humorless social climber is an "Oscar the Gauche," or rather "Oscar the 'very' Gauche."

RAMBOD BEHBOODI
Agincourt, Ontario, Canada

A Lange Time Coming



Lange-ing in there: Jessica Lange, who has proved to be a leading woman with an edge.

Thank you, *Vanity Fair* and Kevin Sessums, for the brilliant article on Jessica Lange ["Lange on Life," March]. No other magazine has given Ms. Lange the attention she truly deserves. I will be waiting anxiously for Oscar night, ch ing her on to take home the prize.

PETER GAUGH
Toronto, Ontario, Ca

Perhaps Jessica Lange should consi "plumbing the depths" of nicot withdrawal. Does she not understand t the act of drawing "deeply on her M boro" contributes significantly to the tr bling wrinkles developing on her face?

SUSAN SCOFIE
Katonah, New Y

Kevin Sessums skillfully and deftly Ms. Lange with a refreshing cut-to-th chase style that allows us to experien her vulnerability and strength. Ms. Lan obviously knows herself well and fearle ly utilizes this knowledge in her gu performances. Nowhere is this more e dent than in *Frances,* an Oscar-wort performance if ever there was one.

JAMES TOULSON J
New York, New Y

Jessica Lange is a real woman for t screen, and it's too bad she's an actre in the 90s and not the 50s or 60s, wh I think she would have been much mo appreciated.

LIANNA WRIGH
Chicago, Illin

Lennox Thrills

Please tell me that one of Annie Le nox's quotes ["Much Ado About A nie," by Cathy Horyn, March] was misprint: "It could be that after this a bum I do nothing." With a repertoir that includes songs such as "Missionar Man," "Take Your Pain Away," "Sy via," "Angel," "Why," and "Who's Tha Girl," to name just a few of her cla sics, how could she threaten her ado ing public with the possibility that he upcoming album might be her last? A long as Annie Lennox continues t record, there will be loyal fans watch ing and waiting and listening to he golden voice.

PAUL PETZY
New York, New York

Letters to the editor should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to: The Editor, *Vanity Fair,* 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Address electronic mail to vfmail@vf.com. The letters chosen for publication may be edited for length and clarity.

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THE WILDE SIDE

A hundred years ago, Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* opened to huge acclaim; within months, the great Irish wit and poet was destroyed in a British courtroom

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

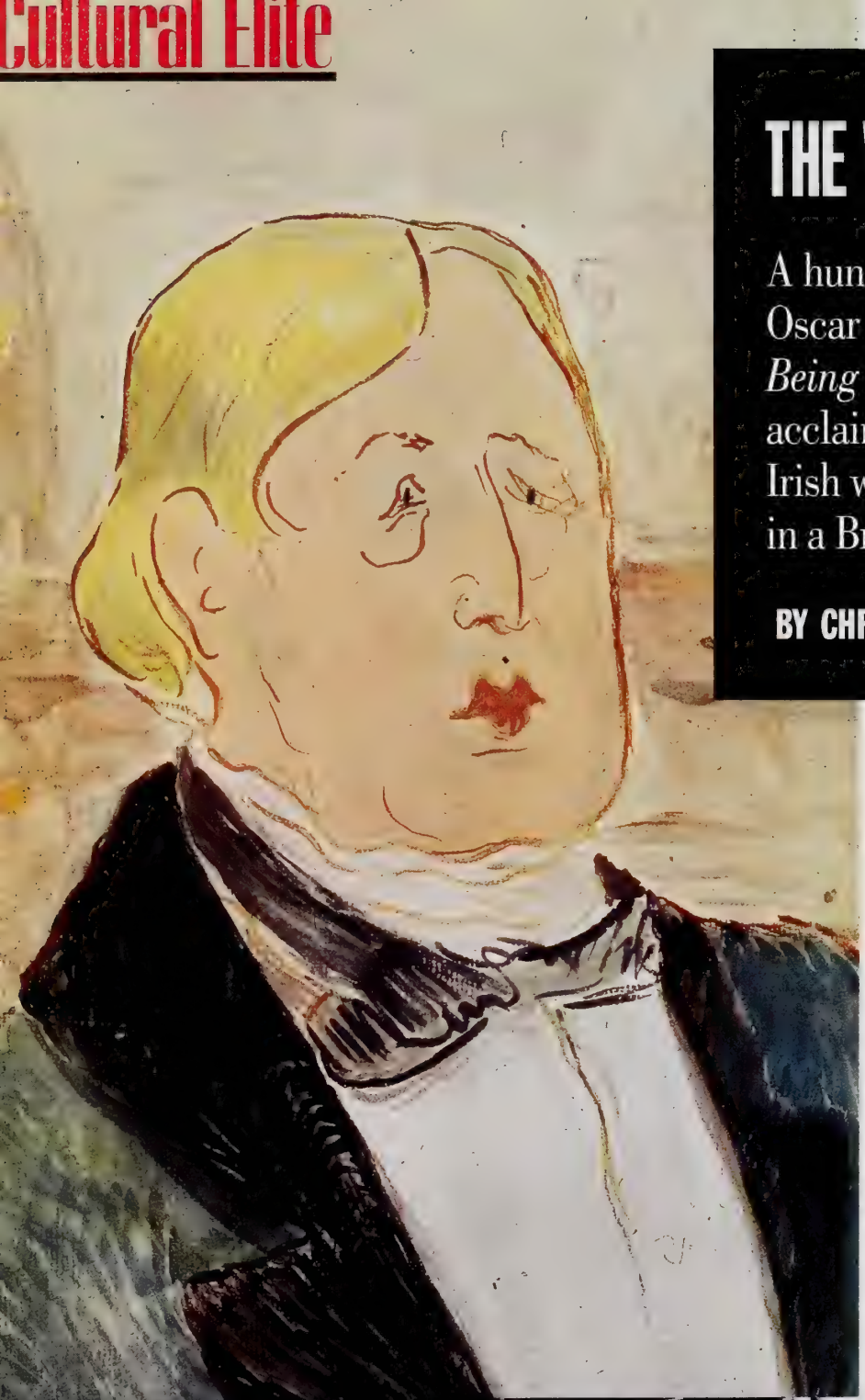
Generosity is not the first quality that we associate with the name of Miss Dorothy Parker. But she did write the following rather resigned tribute and testament:

> If, with the literate, I am
> Impelled to try an epigram,
> I never seek to take the credit;
> We all assume that Oscar said it.

And so we do. "Work is the curse of the drinking classes." "He hasn't a single redeeming vice." "I can resist anything except temptation." "He is old enough to know worse." It's also worth bearing in mind the difference between an epigram and an aphorism. The former is merely a witty play on words (if one can use "merely" in such a fashion), while the latter contains a point or moral. "Nothing is so dangerous as being too modern. One is apt to grow old-fashioned quite suddenly." In what press or public-relations office should that aphorism *not* be on prominent display?

Oscar Wilde's weapon was paradox, and his secret was his seriousness. He was flippant about serious things, and serious about apparently trivial ones. "Conscience and cowardice are really the same things. Conscience is the trade-name of the firm." That could have been said by Hamlet, and was indeed uttered by him at much wearier length.

This year marks the centennial of Wilde's greatest triumph





Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec painted Oscar Wilde in 1895, the year he was arrested for "the abominable crime" of sodomy. Wilde's lover, Lord Alfred Douglas (inset, lunching with Wilde in Naples), known as Bosie, abandoned him during his public humiliation.


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and also of his ultimate disgrace. It was on Valentine's Day 1895 that royal and aristocratic London was drawn in a body to see the opening night of *The Importance of Being Earnest,* one of the few faultless three-act plays ever written and certainly among the best-loved pieces of stagecraft in history.

But the moment of greatest adoration was also the occasion chosen by Nemesis. On that very opening night the Marquess of Queensberry, a thuggish aristocrat from the central casting of Victorian melodrama, made a scene at the stage door. Having failed to disrupt the performance, he left a bouquet of vegetables behind him and departed swearing vengeance on the man who was "corrupting" his extremely corrupt son, Lord Alfred Douglas. So intense was Queensberry in his campaign of defamation that Wilde was led into the greatest mistake of his life—a suit for criminal libel to clear himself of the "gay" smear, often known in the London homosexual underworld as the vice of being too "earnest."

By the end of the year, which featured a trial (also in three acts) during which Wilde had the tables turned on him, the cowardly theater manager had blotted out Wilde's name from the play's billboards (while continuing to take in record receipts), and Wilde himself was in the dock, indicted not only for committing what Victorians called "the abominable crime" of sodomy but also for committing it with a member of the lower orders. Bankrupt, humiliated, deserted by his friends and his lover, weakened by illness and betrayal, he became the target for every sort of pelting and jeering and hissing, and was used as a sort of public urinal by a society seeking a vent for its hypocrisy and repression. If and when Liam Neeson and Hugh Grant bring Oscar and his lover, Bosie (Lord Alfred Douglas), to the screen for Mike Nichols, this will be their testing, crowning scene.

I recently made a pilgrimage to the grave of this great Irish rebel, who died in exile in Paris. On his deathbed he did certainly say that "I am dying beyond my means." He may or may not, on the other hand, have opened his eyes at the last, looked around the room, and murmured, "Either that wallpaper goes or I do."

In Père Lachaise cemetery, among the sort of marble telephone booths favored by the deceased French bourgeois, one searches for and finds the memorial carved by Jacob Epstein. It has been repeatedly smashed and defaced by philistines, and is the only monument in the whole place which displays a warning against vandalism. An attempted restoration in 1992 could not repair the damage done when some yahoo broke the genitalia off the statue. This lends unintentional point to the inscription on the plinth, which the vandal probably could not read:

> And alien tears will fill for him
> Pity's long-broken urn,
> For his mourners will be outcast men,
> And outcasts always mourn.

We have a tendency to forget that the man who wrote the exquisitely light *Importance of Being Earnest* also wrote the unbearably laden *Ballad of Reading Gaol.*

Picking one's way back to the graveyard gate, one cannot avoid the hundreds of young pilgrims who come, every day, to make a shrine out of the tomb of Jim Morrison. Poems, flowers, candles, scraps of clothing are heaped up to the memory of this lovely boy, cut off in full youth.

> " . . . I am true love, I fill
> The hearts of boy and girl with mutual flame."
> Then sighing said the other, "Have thy will,
> I am the love that dare not speak its name."

These are the only lines for which Bosie will ever be remembered. Mutual flame. Come on, baby, light my fire.

Wilde was flippant about serious things, and serious about apparently trivial ones.

Literature has an unpaid debt to Wilde, and so does philosophy. Take just one example of the former. As the curtain rises on *The Importance of Being Earnest,* we find a rich young bachelor in a fashionable London apartment, playing the piano. He imagines himself alone, and does not notice the butler. On seeing him, he utters the first words of the play:

ALGERNON: Did you hear what I was playing, Lane?
LANE: I didn't think it polite to listen, sir.

Perfect. The action then moves to take in a tyrannical aunt (Lady Bracknell), an absurd romantic and matrimonial skein (Algernon and Jack and Gwendolen and Cecily) that is solved by a genealogical coincidence, a country house, a rural clergyman, a subplot involving a fortune, a happy ending. Wha[t] do we have here if no[t] the whole fantasy worl[d] of P. G. Wodehouse?

Wodehouse almos[t] certainly saw the pla[y] as a young man, an[d] went on to give u[s] aunts and butlers an[d] futile young men wit[h] out ever mentionin[g] Wilde even in passing[.] Wodehouse had a ho[r]ror of homosexuality[,] it is true. But th[e] whole of middle England placed Wild[e] under a ban for several decades, onl[y] occasionally reviving him as a writer o[f] supposedly innocuous drawing-room farce.

The late Sir John Betjeman evoke[d] the hushed conspiracy of silence in on[e] of his early poems, "Narcissus." A mys[-]tified small boy is told by his parent[s] that he can no longer play with his dear[-]est friend, Bobby:

> My Mother wouldn't tell me why she hated
> The things we did, and why they pained her so.
> She said a fate far worse than death awaited
> People who did the things we didn't know!
> And then she said I was her precious child.
> And once there was a man called Oscar Wilde.
>
> Thus screwing him up for life.

What Wilde knew, and touched, went very deep into the psyche. That great critic Desmond MacCarthy once listed four of Wilde's observations, in this order:

> (i) As one reads history . . . one is absolutely sickened, not by the crimes that the wicked have committed, but by the punishments that the good have inflicted; and a community is infinitely more brutalised by the habitual employment of punishment, than it is by the occasional occurrence of crime.
>
> (ii) Man is least himself when he talks in his own person. Give him a mask, and he will tell you the truth.
>
> (iii) Conscience must be merged in instinct before we become fine.
>
> (iv) Nothing can cure the soul but the senses, just as nothing can cure the senses but the soul.

MacCarthy argued that half of Tolstoy's philosophy is in the first quotation, and most of Yeats's theory of artistic composition is contained in the second. Samuel Butler's ethics are in the third quotation, and most of George Meredith's philosophy of love is in the fourth. Hesketh Pearson added that if you read

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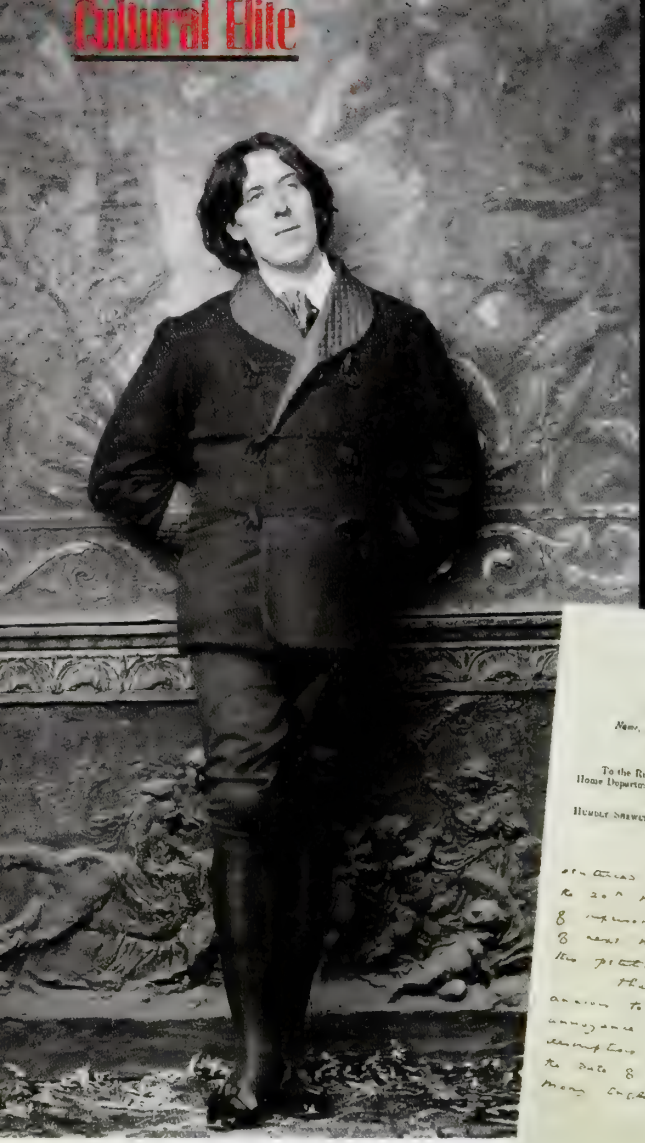
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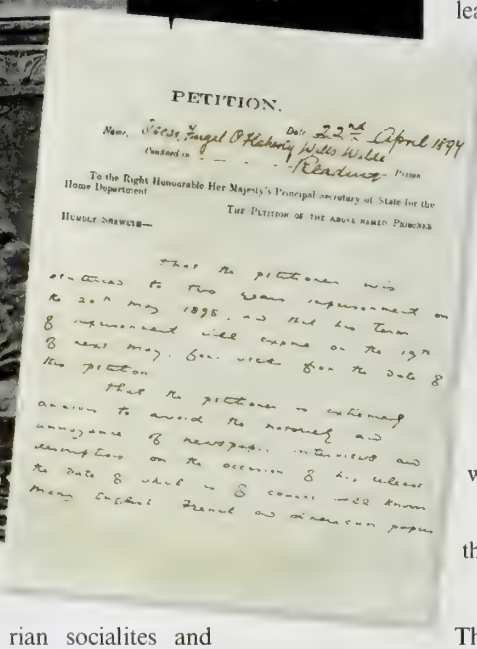
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PETITION.

To the Right Honourable Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department

THE PETITION OF THE ABOVE NAMED PRISONER

HUMBLY SHEWETH—

The young Irish rebel, *left*, in 1882, photographed by Napoleon Sarony. *Inset*, on of three petitions Wilde submitted from Reading Gaol in the hope that his sentence might be shortened.

Wilde's dictum "Every impulse that we strive to strangle broods in the mind, and poisons us" you have imbibed the core doctrine of Sigmund Freud. (And I would add that when Algernon says, in *The Importance of Being Earnest,* "Really, if the lower orders don't set us a good example, what on earth is the use of them? They seem, as a class, to have absolutely no sense of moral responsibility," he anticipates Newt Gingrich by a clear century.)

Once heard, never forgotten. "A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." This is not frothy phrasemaking, but serious wit. Not that Wilde scorned the throwaway line, even when it was risky. In the early days of his troubles with the law, he ran into an actor friend in Piccadilly and said airily, "All is well. The working classes are with me . . . to a boy."

Apart from one very scratchy disc made during his American tour, there are no recordings of Wilde in public or in private. But we have it on the authority of some of the great Victorian socialites and conversationalists that he was like this *all the time.* Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, who knew everybody and went everywhere and was one of the great poets of the decade, went to a "brilliant luncheon" given by political hostess Margot Asquith and her husband shortly after their wedding. He could not keep the word "brilliant" out of his diary entry: "Of all those present, and they were most of them brilliant talkers, he was without comparison the most brilliant, and in a perverse mood he chose to cross swords with one after the other of them, overpowering each in turn with his wit, and making special fun of Asquith, his host that day, who only a few months later, as Home Secretary, was prosecuting him."

Yes, quite. There is a revenge that the bores and the bullies and the bigots exact on those who are too witty. Wilde could never hope to escape the judgment of the pompous and the hypocritical, because he could not help teasing them.

I personally find it hard, if not impossible, to read the record of his trial without fighting back tears. Here was a marvelous, gay, brave, and eloquent man being gradually worn down by inexorable, plodding oafs and heavies. At first, Wilde had it all his own way, with laughter in the court. The grim, vindictive figure of Sir Edward Carson (later to take his Protestant rectitude into the incitement of a sectarian war in Ireland) was the grinding mill, with Wilde the leaping water:

"Do you drink champagne yourself?"

"Yes, iced champagne is a favorite drink of mine—strongly against my doctor's orders."

"Never mind your doctor's orders, sir."

"I never do."

The brutish Carson later asked Wilde how long it took to walk from his Chelsea home to a certain other address:

"I don't know. I never walk."

"I suppose when you pay visits you always take a cab?"

"Always."

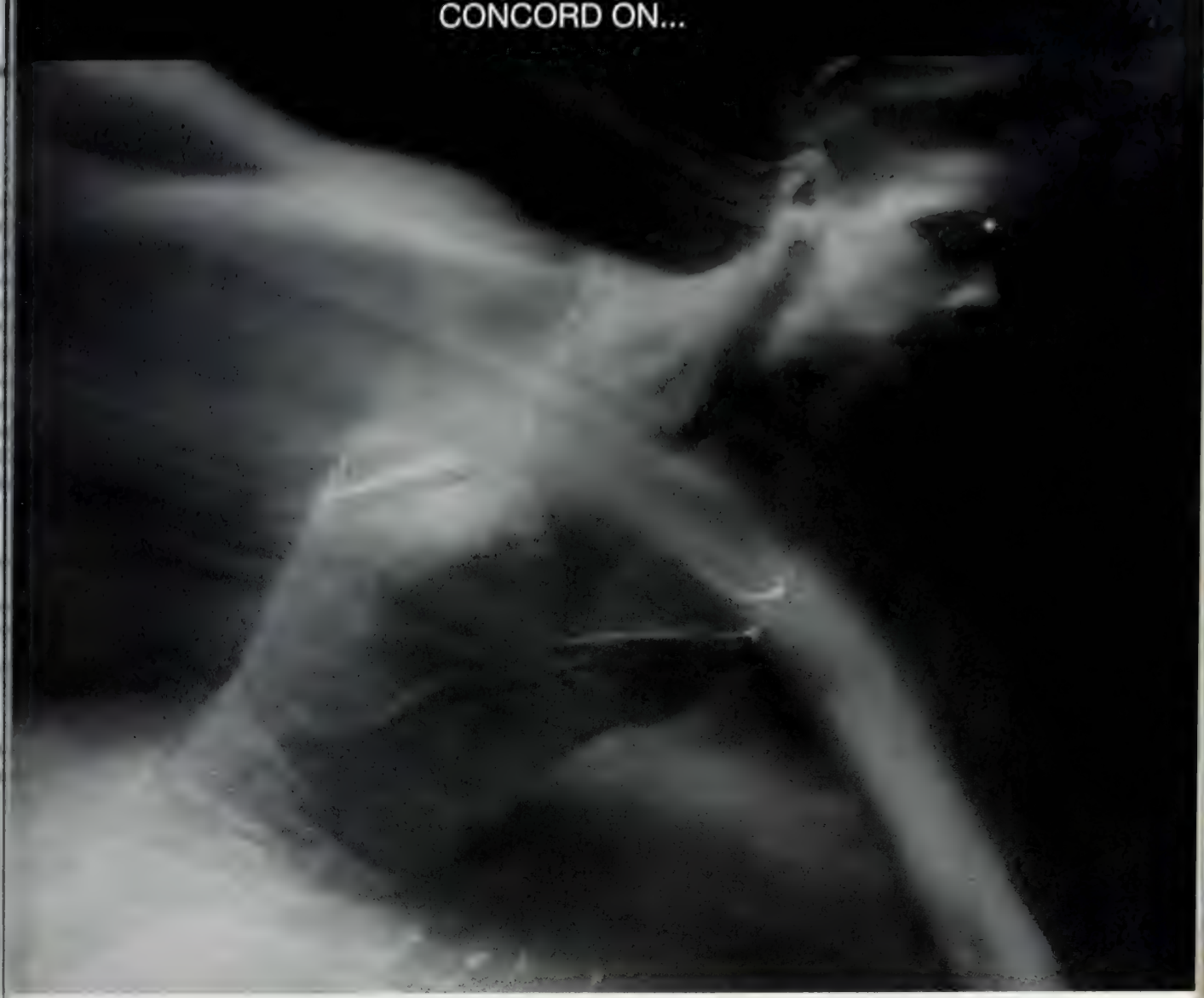
"And if you visited, you would leave the cab outside?"

"Yes, if it were a good cab."

That was the last genuine laugh that Wilde got from the audience in court. Not long afterward, Carson, mentioning a certain servant boy, suddenly asked, "Did you kiss him?" and Wilde incautiously replied, "Oh dear, no. He was a peculiarly plain boy." And that was that. Carson seized the whip handle, and never let go.

When he had done, Wilde was haggard and shaken and exposed. He managed one great moment of defiance from the box, in which he gave a ringing defense of "The Love That Dare Not Speak Its Name." But the mill was now grinding in earnest, and he was trapped. At the close of the trial, the whores danced for joy in the streets, and mobs were spitting hatred, and dear Oscar was put to solitary work in a red brick Victorian prison. An ear infection that went untreated by his jailers and an auction of his possessions held by gleeful creditors contributed to his death in penury five years later, at age 46. No morality tale could have

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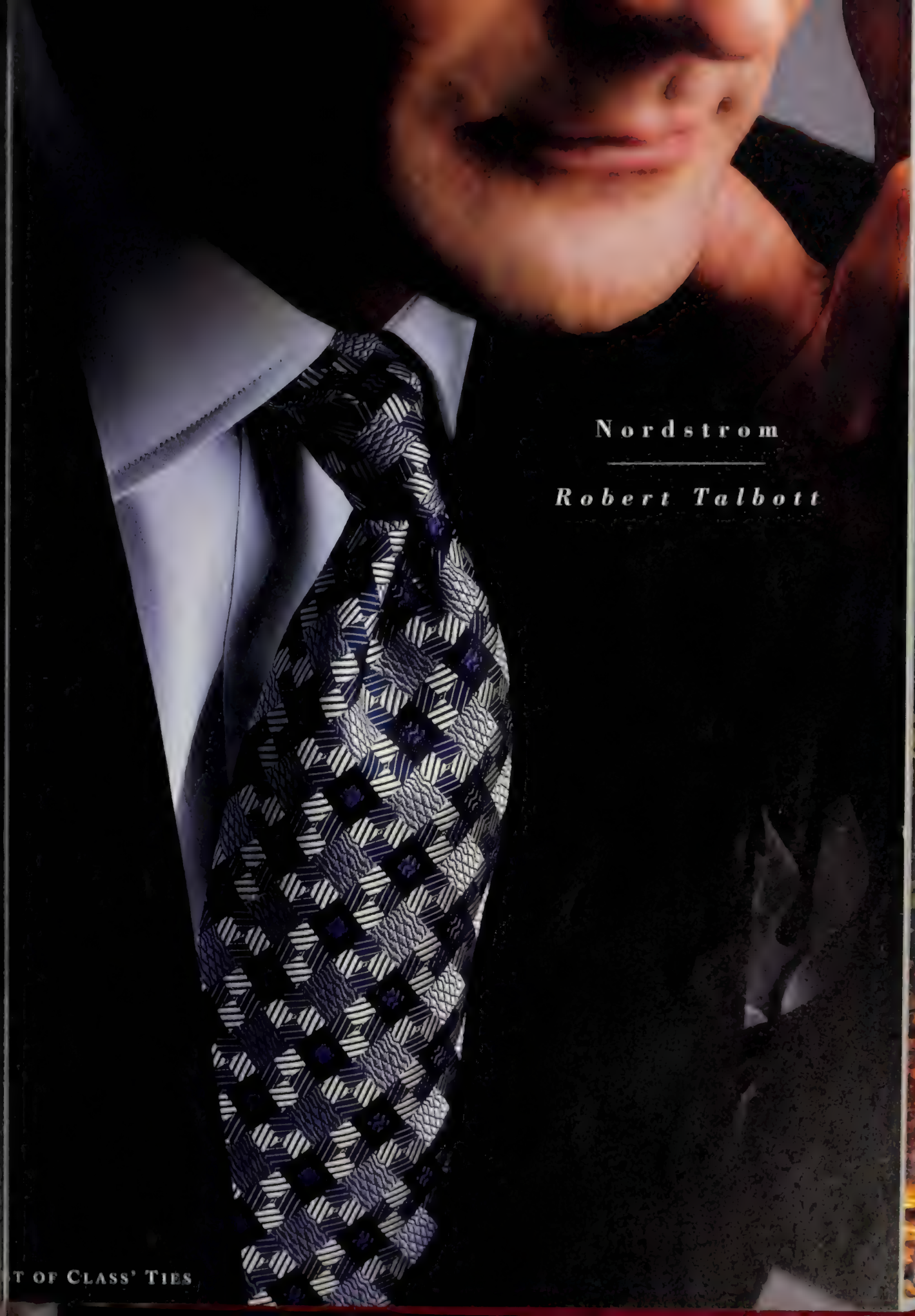


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ıd a more satisfying ending. There ıd never been such a victory for the uenoses and the pecksniffs since the ublic baiting of Lord Byron, about hich Macaulay famously wrote, "We ıow no spectacle so ridiculous as the ritish public in one of its periodical ts of morality."

t wasn't only the British public that congratulated itself on the narrow escape from genius that it had undergone. Across the water in Germany, a nister and twisted physician named Iax Nordau had been at work on his ook *Degeneration.* It was a powerful, if ırgid, screed against what Nordau ermed "Decadentism" in the arts of ainting, music, poetry, and sculpture. Iordau's targets were Baudelaire, Swinurne, Zola, and Wilde—above all Vilde. He was not to be forgiven for is blasphemous pleasantries. Why, rote Nordau splenetically, Wilde even poke with disrespect of Nature! ("All ad poetry springs from genuine feelng. To be natural is to be obvious, and be obvious is to be inartistic.")

Nordau strove constipatedly to esablish a link between literary and aesthetic "degeneration" and the sexual, social, and political kind. He was an orthodox dogmatist and authoritarian, who also spoke in the new language of eugenics about the "diseased" and the "unfit." George Bernard Shaw wrote an essay, entitled "The Sanity of Art," defending Wilde and making fun of Nordau. And that might have been the last that was heard of him. Except that, after a debilitating war and a German defeat, the Nazi movement resurrected Nordau's book and his theory of degeneration.

By the mid-1930s (and we are still talking about the lifetime of Lord Alfred Douglas), German museums and universities and galleries had been purged of the "decadent," and artists of genius such as Otto Dix had their work confiscated and exhibited in a traveling show of "degenerate art," where wholesome German families could safely come and jeer. Homosexual conduct, of course, had become punishable even by death. The philistines had really won this time, and were thoroughly enjoying themselves.

"The good end happily, and the bad unhappily. That is what fiction means."

Wilde who did not outlive the 19th century (he died in 1900) is nonetheless a uniquely modern figure. If it is safe to say that the work of writers such as P. G. Wodehouse and Evelyn Waugh and Ronald Firbank and Noel Coward is inconceivable without him, then it is safe to say that he is immortal. (Evelyn Waugh's short story "Bella Fleace Gave a Party" is lifted from a tale of Wilde's.)

More recently, in his *Eminent Domain,* Richard Ellmann, acclaimed Wilde biographer, has argued that, "invited to dine with Oscar Wilde on Christmas day, 1888, [Yeats] consumed not only his portion of the turkey but all Wilde's aesthetic system, which Wilde read to him from the proofs of *The Decay of Lying.* Once expropriated, this was developed and reunified in Yeats's mind."

So, rather like Gore Vidal in our time, Wilde was able to be mordant and witty because he was, deep down and on the surface, *un homme sérieux.* May his memory stay carnation-green. May he ever encourage us to think that the bores and the bullies and the literal minds need not always win. May he induce us to rise from our semi-recumbent postures. □



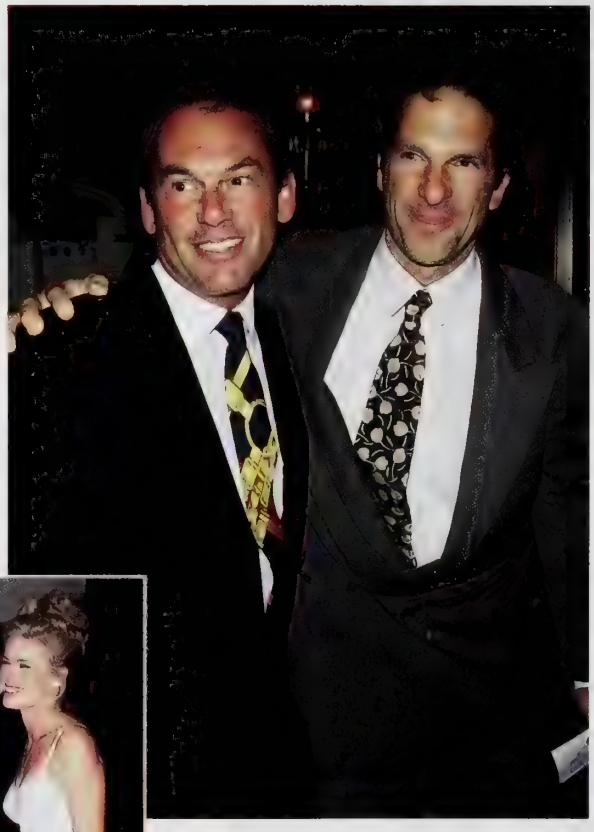
said. "I don't have a lot of personal friends, I'm not a social animal. My wife says I should have more personal friends, more people to confide in. But that's just not my personality. I'm somebody who is private and introspective. I didn't feel shame. Shame is when you feel you've made a horrible decision. I felt comfortable with this decision."

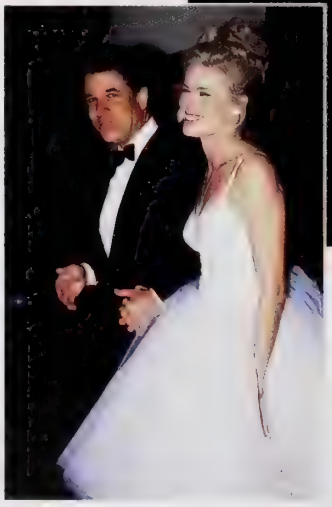
Shy, introspective, yet supremely self-confident, Schulhof is hard for people to read; he might be called a mystery if that didn't make him sound too colorful. He is a short, slightly built man of 52, who bears a passing resemblance to Mr. Rogers without the cardigan sweater. In his Manhattan office, he favors expensive, hand-tailored double-breasted suits with matching ties and pocket-squares. On weekends, he can sometimes be seen wearing a baseball jacket with the name of a Sony rock group on the back.

Without exception, his acquaintances, who call him Mickey, describe him as a "nice guy," but they know little about him beyond the fact that he holds a Ph.D. in physics, and that he is not the kind of corporate chieftain who toots his own horn. He avoids interviews, and has kept magazine profilists at bay. A frequently repeated rumor that his wealthy father got him his first job at Sony back in the early 1970s turns out to be untrue, and very few know the story of how he managed to rise through Sony's ranks—the only American ever to do so—to become the head of its worldwide entertainment business, which includes four movie studios, three television production companies, a number of highly lucrative music labels, a 961-screen theater chain, and video and electronic-publishing divisions. All this puts Schulhof in the multimedia major league, part of a murderers' row that includes Fox's Rupert Murdoch, Viacom's Sumner Redstone, Time Warner's Gerald Levin, and Tele-Communications' John Malone.

Schulhof and his wife, Paola, occupy a Park Avenue duplex that is decorated in a formal, European style with antiques and heavy draperies. On Friday afternoons, they often climb into a Sony corporate helicopter with Mickey's business associates and fly to East Hampton, where Paola runs an antiques shop called Victory Garden and Schulhof is a partner in radio station WEHM-FM with investment banker Bruce Wasserstein, publisher Mortimer Zuckerman, Billy Joel, Peter Guber, and local attorney Leonard Ackerman. The Schulhofs' sprawling ranch-style house, which is adjacent to a fairway of the Maidstone Club, has its own Har-Tru tennis court. The living room is filled with silver-framed photographs of the couple with a galaxy of stars, including Barbra Streisand, Michael Jackson, Dolly Parton, and Robert De Niro. Next door, Schulhof has converted a smaller structure into a kind of rich man's playhouse, replete with a billiard room, state-of-the-art ham-radio shack, and 10-seat screening room—a luxury so rare that people can name only four other private screening rooms on the entire East End of Long Island, those belonging to art dealer Larry Gagosian, model agent Bryan Bantry, billionaire Ronald Perelman, and Courtney Ross, the widow of the flamboyant Time Warner chairman, Steve Ross.

"Peter and I were partners for 14 years. I loved him as a brother, and he broke my heart."





Mickey Schulhof riding high with former free-spending Sony co-chairman Peter Guber, *above,* in New York in 1992. *Left,* Guber's ex-sidekick and former producing partner, Jon Peters, with his girlfriend, Vendela, at Marvin and Barbara Davis's Carousel of Hope Ball in Los Angeles in 1992.

Schulhof's showbiz façade, however, turns out to be misleading. The photos in his living room are all of very recent vintage. It was Sony's purchase of CBS Records in 1988 and Columbia Pictures the following year that catapulted him from obscurity into the glamorous worlds of the Hamptons and Hollywood. "There is no one Mickey knows today, with the exception of maybe two or three old friends, whom he knew before Sony bought CBS Records," said an acquaintance. "His whole new life started with that deal."

Perhaps even more telling is how Schulhof conducts business. An English-speaking Japanese named Ken Hoshikawa has been assigned by Sony headquarters in Japan to look over Schulhof's shoulder and report back to Tokyo. Even Schulhof's office setup is instructive. Behind the desk of many American C.E.O.'s is a Quotron machine linking them to the latest stock prices; behind Schulhof's is a computer linking him to Norio Ohga, Sony's chairman. Like Schulhof, Ohga is an amateur pilot with a fascination with expensive clothes and other material things. He is also Schulhof's mentor in Japan, the man who protected him on the way up, and who is the largely unseen hand that guides him today. Schulhof telephones Ohga every day, and Ohga, who has no children of his own, treats Schulhof like a son.

"With this computer," Schulhof told me, "I can be in touch with Ohga anywhere in the world." He typed a few words on the keyboard to demonstrate that this was so. "Right now," he said, pointing at the screen, "Ohga is flying between New *(Continued on page 55)*

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Continued from page 50 Delhi and Bombay. This computer can communicate with the cockpit of his plane."

You ask, when things started to go sour in Hollywood, why did I stick with Peter Guber?" Schulhof said. He was calling me from the Culver City lot of Sony Pictures Entertainment in Los Angeles. We were picking up a conversation that had been started in New York, and the long-distance connection seemed to induce in him a state bordering on free association. "You've asked me a very deep psychological question that deserves an answer. None of this should be viewed as an excuse. Ultimately, the management of a corporation has to accept responsibility for its actions. But you have to understand that Sony's culture has always been not to fire people but to accept people for their strengths. Part of my attitude toward Peter was reflected in my desire to have his behavior change in a way where he could stay on, and work well, and the company would turn around."

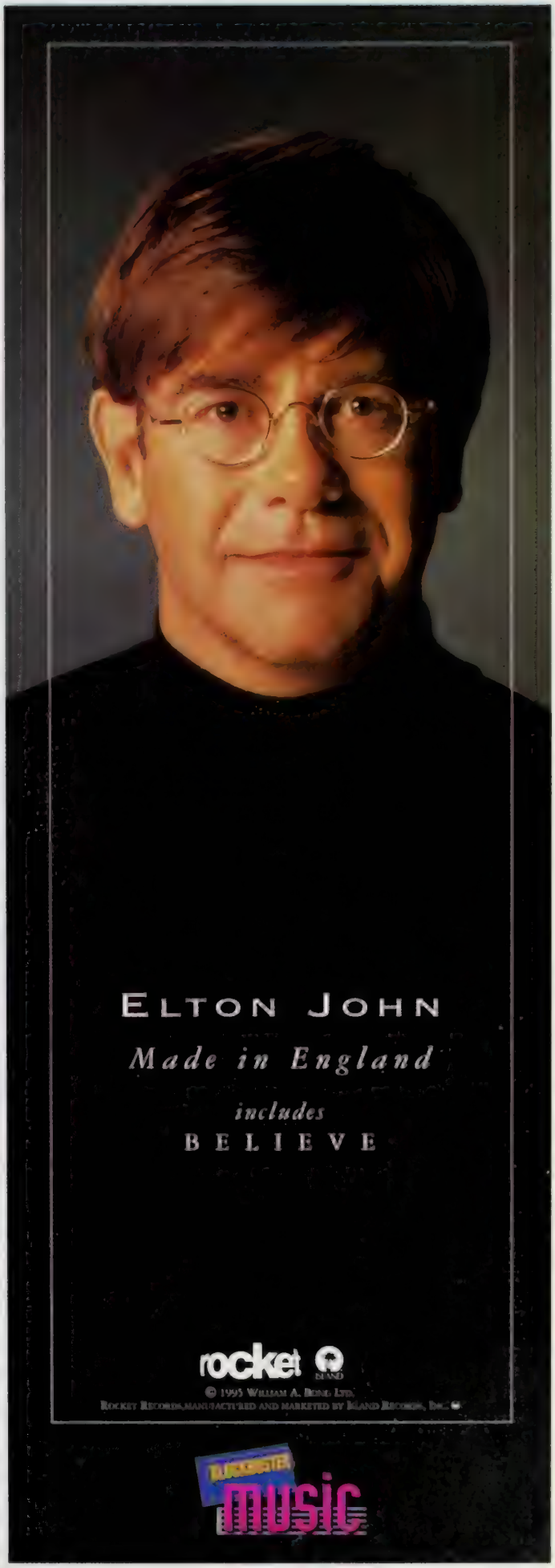
I had just returned from Japan, where I had once worked as a foreign correspondent, and Schulhof's talk of business leadership as the art of moral suasion sounded very Japanese to my ears. Although he had never learned to speak Japanese, Schulhof had consciously patterned himself after Akio Morita, the charismatic entrepreneur who co-founded Sony 49 years ago, and who had plucked Schulhof out of the technical side of the company and made him an executive. Schulhof was even closer to Morita's deputy, Norio Ohga.

Like Morita and Ohga, Schulhof carries on his business affairs according to the code of *giri,* a Japanese concept for which there is no exact Western equivalent, but which is sometimes translated as a feeling of moral obligation to one's liege lord and comrade-in-arms. *Giri* was still an effective guide in Japan's feudalistic world, where business is conducted around elaborate reciprocal obligations. But Schulhof seemed curiously blind to the fact that relationships in Hollywood were governed by an entirely different code of behavior—ruthless self-interest.

The embodiment of that code was Peter Guber, who declined to be interviewed for this article. Guber is a canny Hollywood deal-maker who is known for his ability to look out for number one. He and his partner, Jon Peters, produced two of the biggest blockbusters of the past decade, *Batman* and *Rain Man,* and this so impressed Sony's top executives that when they bought Columbia Pictures in 1989 they hired Guber and Peters, neither of whom had any high-level executive experience to speak of, to run Sony Pictures Entertainment as co-chairmen.

By last fall, Guber had spent more than a billion dollars in a futile effort to gain a foothold in Hollywood, and another disastrous summer had just gone by without a hit from either Columbia or TriStar Pictures. By then, Jon Peters was history as an executive at Sony Pictures, and many people in Hollywood believed that Guber would soon be following him out the door. Guber hadn't green-lighted a single new movie in six months, and of the 26 pictures released in 1994, 17 lost money, and the total loss from moviemaking was roughly $150 million. Mickey Schulhof's friends warned him that sticking with Guber was a colossal blunder, yet until recently he seemed too paralyzed to rectify his mistake. Even after Guber put out such mega-flops as *Last Action Hero, Geronimo: An American Legend,* and *Lost in Yonkers,* Schulhof kept him in his job, extended his contract for several more years, and reportedly even rewarded him with a multimillion-dollar loan to buy an apartment in Manhattan.

Schulhof's failure to act seemed to me to be rooted in his Japanese way of thinking. The Japanese are often accused by Westerners of being moral relativists, even amoral, but that is



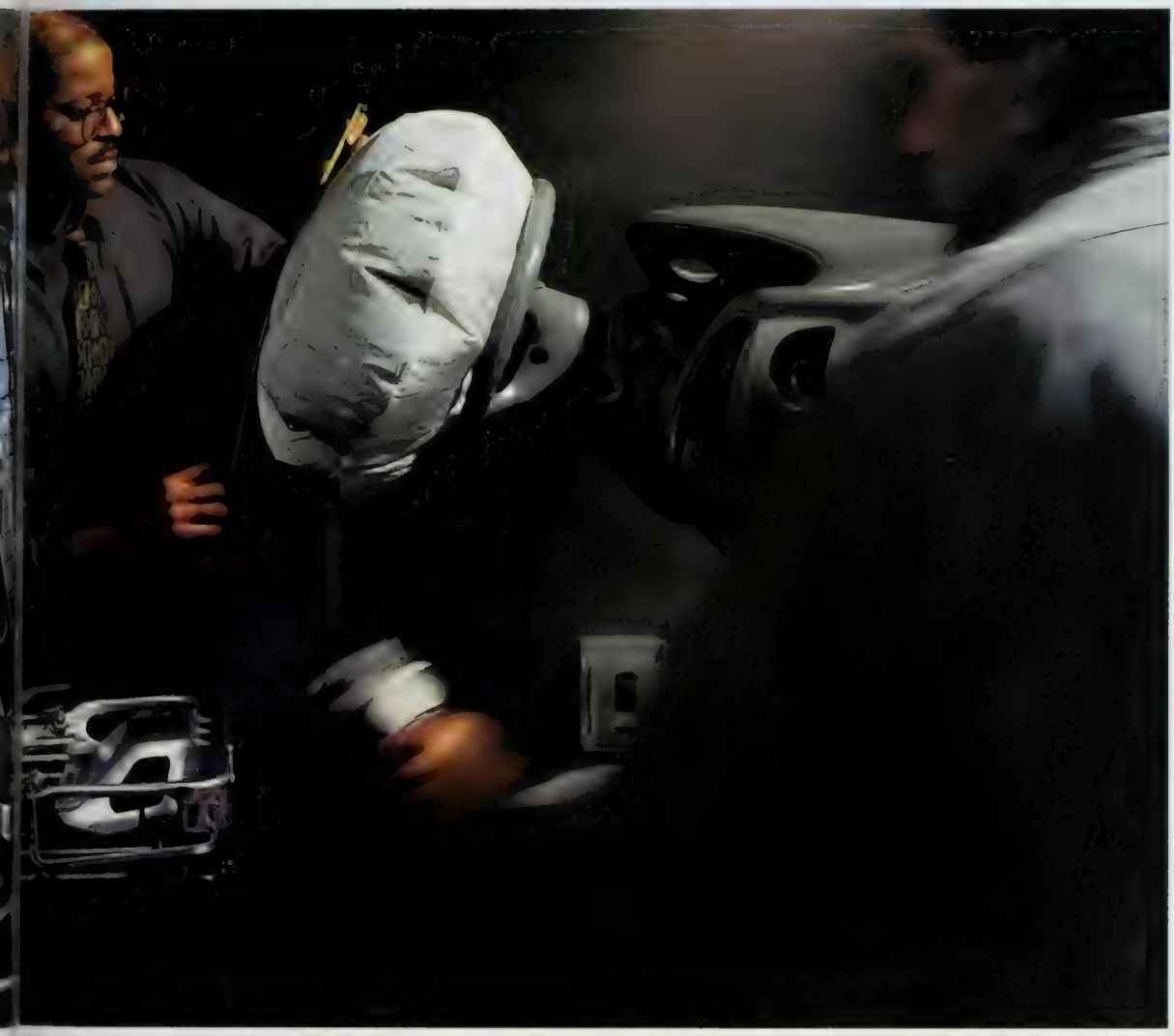
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Without Morita to protect them, Ohga and Schulhof were being blamed within Sony for th fiasco in Hollywood.



Norio Ohga, then president of Sony, conducting the Sony Symphony in Japan in 1989. *Top left,* Akio Morita, Sony's co-founder, at work with an assistant while riding in his limousine in 1986.

an oversimplification. It would be more accurate to say, as Sir George Sansom, the eminent Japanologist, once pointed out, that the Japanese "do not grapple with the problem of evil." They think of man as being essentially good, and they account for bad behavior by less cosmic means than we do in the Western world.

No other American executive would have spent as much time as Schulhof did trying to help Guber clean up his act. "In early 1994," Schulhof told me, "I began to discuss with Peter whether he was burning out. It was becoming apparent that Peter was not enjoying himself. Peter has enormous strength on the creative side, but running a company of this size requires a lot of management skill.

"There had been clear signs of overspending," he continued, "but the company accepted them because simultaneously with those signs came a rapid growth of market share, a rapid growth of operating income, and a belief, shared by Sony management in Tokyo and New York, that the amounts being spent were not wildly out of line, and that, after tightening up, we would be on a par with other studios.

"The average return on assets in the movie industry is slightly over six percent. If you take our purchase price of $3.5 billion, and include all the other expenses, you get a rough number of $6 billion. Therefore, a fair return on assets would be $360 million in operating income, and that is roughly what we achieved in both 1991 and 1992. Up to 1993, our financial performance in the film group was not out of line with the industry.

"So if we had clearly spent a lot of money to ramp up, and even overspent, these were conscious decisions to rebuild the studio, which had excellent asset values, and we went on with our eyes open and were not terribly disappointed in the first few years. Of course, I would have liked to have spent less money. It's easy to draw the conclusion that we were fleeced, which is what people have probably told you in California. But that was not true."

Last summer, Schulhof flew to L.A. to meet Guber in his office on the old MGM lot in Culver City, on which Guber and Jon Peters had spent $115 million to carry out their vision of creating a combination university campus and Art Deco Sonyland.

"The job isn't pleasurable anymore," Guber said, according to Schulhof. "It's harder than I expected. The demands on me are difficult. I'm a hands-on guy, but the company has grown so big that I've got to delegate. I'm longing to go back to making films."

"I think you're being realistic," Schulhof said.

Still, Schulhof did not fire him.

But the Japanese recession and the dramatic appreciation of the yen began to force Schulhof to face reality. Profit margins were being squeezed in Sony's traditional "hardware" exports such as TVs and Walkmans, making it harder for the company to carry the losses of its motion-picture "software." Even during Sony Pictures' best year in Hollywood, 1992, when it posted profits of $400 million, its income was entirely erased b the more than $300 million owed in i terest payments on its debt,, plus $10 million in goodwill charges—an annua charge taken over 40 years, reflectin the difference between what Sony pai for Columbia Pictures and the compa ny's net worth at the time of purchase.

In the year just gone by, 1993, Son had racked up a $250 million loss i Hollywood, and 1994 was shaping up a an even bigger disaster. Some of Schul hof's advisers told him that if he didn' soon find a strategic partner willing t pump money into his faltering Holly wood venture he would have littl choice but to clear his balance sheet o the burdensome goodwill charges b taking a huge onetime write-off—a ste tantamount to admitting that Sony had bungled when it bought Columbia.

"Mickey needed a transaction t avoid the write-off," said a Wall Stree expert, "and he was frantic to get some body to put some money into the com pany. He could then have done the write-off in the context of a new deal with new money coming in, so he could have cosmetized everything."

Schulhof asked a friend, Roy Fur man, the president of Furman Selz, a leading investment-banking firm that spe-


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zes in media and communications, ut out feelers for a strategic partner ony's combined entertainment busi- es, which included the four movie ios, the theater chain, and Sony Mu- Paramount had just been bought by com for $10 billion, and Schulhof ed that, with some luck, Sony might h even more. Schulhof and Furman to Denver, where they had lengthy ussions with John Malone of Tele- mmunications. They also approached regional telephone companies, to if they would be willing to invest ut $3 billion for a quarter-interest in Sony package.

But after months of exploring for ney, Schulhof and Furman came up . In the wake of the collapse of the ger between Bell Atlantic and Ma- e's cable company, the Baby Bells e suddenly less interested in owning a vie company than in creating their communications network. What's re, nobody would meet Sony's asking e. In order to make the company re attractive for investors, everyone eed, Sony would have to take a big te-off. But first Schulhof had to re- np his management team in Holly- od, and get rid of Peter Guber. Fur- n advised Schulhof that his approach installing new management and giving m great latitude without interference m New York, which worked so well Sony in the music business, was clear- not working in the motion-picture a, and that change in the management the studio was therefore required.

In September, Schulhof flew to Lon- n to talk over his predicament with mentor, Norio Ohga, who was in En- nd on Sony business. The previous ovember, Sony's 73-year-old chair- n, Akio Morita, had suffered a cere- al hemorrhage that had left him par- lly paralyzed and unable to function. ga had stepped into the breach, but 64 he was hardly the picture of health mself: he had suffered several heart at- cks and had undergone open-heart rgery. Without Morita around to pro- ct them, Ohga and Schulhof were be- g openly blamed within Sony for the isco in Hollywood. Schulhof, naturally, me in for most of the blame.

"There was stuff Mickey did, like the sanity of renewing Peter Guber's con- act, which he did without telling Tokyo, d presented as a *fait accompli*," said a urce. (Schulhof maintains that he had pproval from Tokyo.) "There was also rong resistance to Schulhof's plan for a rite-off"—a concept the Japanese found



totally alien from a business point of view, as well as personally repugnant."

Morita's future status was on Schulhof's mind when he arrived in London to meet Ohga. He also apparently felt that he had done all he could for Peter Guber, and therefore was released from his *giri,* or moral obligation. "I've given it enough time," Schulhof explained. "I've tried to get Peter Guber to change. But it isn't in his psyche to change, and the company can't afford to go on this way."

What Schulhof did not anticipate was that Guber was one step ahead of him. As long ago as 1991, when I first met Guber, after he had optioned one of my novels for the movies, he was already looking for an exit from Sony. Although he indicated that he was delighted to be rid of Jon Peters, the reigning *enfant terrible* of the movies, the nonconfrontational Guber was, in fact, at a loss as to how to get things done without his aggressive former partner.

"I'm only renting," he told me. "I'm not an owner. . . . The truth is, every day you get up, you can only do the best you can do. Do I have angst? Sure I have angst. If I'm not here, three days later someone else will be in my seat."

He spoke the same way to friends back in 1991.

"I don't know why I did this," he told one. "And I don't know how long I can take it."

"In fact," said this friend, "there were tremendous pressures on him—financial pressures, union pressures, artistic pressures. In order to do that job, you have to work practically around the clock, seven days a week, and Peter Guber is just not that kind of person."

Recently, I asked this friend of Guber's if he still saw things the same way. He did. "Peter never wanted that job," he said. "He wanted the power and the planes and the money."

People in Hollywood speculated that Guber had some kind of secret hold over Schulhof. He had structured his relationship with Schulhof in such a way that Schulhof was cut off from all others in the company. No one at Sony Pictures was allowed to speak to Schulhof without first receiving Guber's permission. Guber entertained Schulhof and his wife at his new, $20 million Bel Air mansion, dazzling the out-of-towners with his glamorous movie friends. The Gubers spent weeks of charm time with the Schulhofs, flying off to the Barcelona Olympics and exotic Asian hideaways, with Mickey, who had a commercial pilot's license, happily at the controls of Sony corporate jets. One of the Gubers' daughters, Lizzie, a pretty college dropout, lived for a while with the Schulhofs' elder son, David.

"Peter Guber had Mickey totally Svengalied," said a Hollywood executive. "Mickey had no referential experience in the entertainment business. He's a guy who's comfortable behind the controls of a Falcon 900. You couldn't meet a sweeter guy. But nice guys in this business are an oxymoron."

No one at Sony Pictures was allowed to speak to Schulhof without first receiving Guber's permission.

Over the years, Guber had negotiated several contracts with Sony. "The ink wasn't dry on one contract before Peter was figuring out how to renegotiate another," said a top Hollywood lawyer. His contracts had one thing in common—they promised that Guber would be vested in a huge bonus pool at the end of five years. He was waiting for that big payday before he jumped ship. In the meantime, he was carefully preparing the groundwork for his departure. He became a full professor at U.C.L.A., teaching film. He talked about making serious documentaries. He attached his name to worthy charities. When Schulhof telephoned Guber in September 1994 and asked him to hop on a plane and come to New York, Guber had already put a spin on his separation from Sony to make it appear as though he were leaving on the high road.

During the course of their meetings in New York, Guber met Schulhof in his office on the 32nd floor of Sony's Madison Avenue skyscraper, the famous Chippendale building that Philip Johnson had designed for A.T.&T., and that Schulhof had acquired in 1991 with the idea of making it one of Sony's satellite world headquarters. Nothing seemed too good for the Japanese in those days, and Schulhof raised eyebrows by refurbishing the building from sidewalk to cornice, creating a shopping arcade and a much-talked-about suite of private dining rooms that featured Barry Wine, the chef-owner of the recently closed four-star Quilted Giraffe restaurant, and a sushi bar with a stream running throu its marble counter.

"We've developed a friendship," Schu hof told Guber. "I can tell when you' not happy. It's reflected in the quali of your work."

"I don't know how to do it differen ly," Guber replied, according to Schu hof. "I can't work harder physically."

"I think you ought to resign," Schu hof said.

To which Guber replied, "O.K."

Shortly after their talk, Schulhof an Guber flew to L.A. to inform people o the Sony lot of the impending change.

According to a Sony source, Gub feared it would look as though he wer being fired, and, in typical fashion, he ap peared to find a way of salving h bruised ego by renegotiating his contrac He had been drawing an annual salary o more than $3 million, and had pocketed nearly $200 million in various buyouts bonuses, and perks. Now he asked fo more—and got it. He walked away with promise from Schulhof that Sony would bankroll his new independent productio company to the tune of $200 million though a portion of that would come ou of his salary over the remaining three and a half years of his contract. He wa given an office on the Sony Pictures lot And he was allowed to take more than half a dozen of the best story ideas and scripts being developed by TriStar.

Less than two months after Peter Gu ber's exit from Sony, Akio Morita the founding chairman of the compa ny, was escorted in a wheelchair into Sony's world headquarters, a triangular glass building in the Goten Yama Hills section of Tokyo. Along with automaker Shoichiro Honda and electronics tycoon Konnosuke Matsushita, Morita was a historic figure in Japan's postwar economic recovery, an innovative marketer who had given the world the transistor radio, Trinitron color television, the Walkman, and the Watchman. Bowing employees greeted Morita in the lobby as he was wheeled to the elevator for a board-of-directors meeting that would decide the fate of his company.

Morita's re-emergence into public view came only one week after Sony had announced that it was writing off $2.7 billion of goodwill associated with its acquisition of Columbia Pictures, as well as $510 million in additional charges for such items as abandoned movie projects and contract settlements. The total loss of $3.2 billion would pay the production costs of six *Forrest Gumps* every month for an en-



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GIORGIO ARMANI

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tire year. But Sony wasn't the only Japanese company being forced to eat humble pie in America. The $64-billion-a-year Matsushita Electric Industrial Co.—a Japanese colossus one and a half times Sony's size in revenues—was in the midst of an embarrassing public spat at its own Hollywood company, MCA, where veteran studio chiefs Lew Wasserman and Sidney Sheinberg were threatening to quit and, according to informed speculation, join forces with "the Dream Team" of Jeffrey Katzenberg, Steven Spielberg, and David Geffen. And in New York City, Mitsubishi Estate was nearing default on its $1.3 billion Rockefeller Center mortgage.

Morita had collapsed the previous fall while playing tennis with his family, and had been rushed to a hospital, where it was found that he had suffered a cerebral hemorrhage. According to one of his closest colleagues, doctors operated on his brain to close off a leaking vessel. At first his condition was kept secret from the world; even Mickey Schulhof did not hear about it for several days. For months thereafter, according to Morita's friends, no one outside of his immediate family was allowed to see him. He remained secluded behind the walls of his Tokyo mansion, paralyzed on his left side. A mini-hospital and gym were set up on the second floor of his home, where he worked with physical therapists.

Recently, stories had begun to circulate of a miraculous recovery. It was said, for instance, that Morita, who had been an active sportsman all his life, was learning to hit a tennis ball. "He can understand everything that is said to him, and he is in close touch with all the affairs of Sony," one of Morita's friends told me. "They have shielded him from the disasters and misfortunes in America, saying that he has been out of it. Norio Ohga visits him often, and keeps him filled in. Decisions are not made without Morita being informed."

Morita and his wife, Yoshiko, kept alive the image of a man valiantly refusing to succumb. "This illness is hardly pleasant," they wrote their friends in a joint letter. "It takes a great deal of time to recover the feeling in my left leg, and I probably will have to battle this for the rest of my life."

Morita's drive to overcome adversity did not surprise those who knew him. At about the time Sony bought Columbia Pictures, Morita began to withdraw from the day-to-day affairs of his company in order to fulfill his long-cherished hope of becoming chairman of Keidanren, the Japan Federation of Economic Organizations, the inner sanctum of the country's business establishment. Despite fierce resistance from many members of the Old Guard inside Keidanren, who were offended by Morita's brusque personality and Westernized manners, he eventually gathered enough support to win the prestigious post. But just six weeks before he was scheduled to take over as chairman of Keidanren, he collapsed with the stroke.

"It was in both Guber and Peters's interest to get rid of me and bring in Canton," said Frank Price.



Mark Canton, who replaced Frank Price as head of Columbia Pictures in 1991 and is now the head of Columbia TriStar, with his wife, Wendy Finerman, one of the producers of *Forrest Gump*, and their children in Los Angeles in 1993.

Having been robbed of the dream of a lifetime, Morita was determined not to lose control of Sony. His family owned 5.4 percent of the company's stock, making it the largest shareholder. His wife, who was known by a number of nicknames inside Sony, including "the empress" and "Imp da," often acted as though the compa were her personal fiefdom. She got alo with Norio Ohga, who won favor by i troducing her to visiting foreign celebriti

Yoshiko found it hard to admit th her husband would never be able to r turn to work. After months of rehabi tation, Morita still grunted and slurre his words, had trouble concentratin and was often not very lucid. Still, Y shiko kept up the public fiction that h was on the road to recovery. She lo bied Sony directors to win a seat on t board for her younger son, Masao, wh was a middle-level Sony executive, an who, she hoped, would eventually inhe it his father's mantle.

But as the true nature of Morita condition became known to a wider an wider circle of Sony executives, pressur grew for a plan of succession. Peter C Peterson of the Blackstone Group, a American investment banker who was member of the Sony boar and a longtime Morita cou selor on business matter came up with one proposal.

Sony, like many other Jap anese companies, had tw classes of directors on th board: a handful of powerfu representative directors and number of regular director In a memo that ran for sever al pages, Peterson proposed that Morita temporarily giv up his role as a representativ director, but be allowed to re main as a regular director.

By then, however, a sexual harassment scandal inside Sony had come to light. An anonymous memo, leaked t a weekly magazine, accused a Sony executive of having ha rassed a woman during a convention. "The important thing about the memo," said a Japanese newspaperman who cov ered Sony, "is that it was too well written to be composed by an ordinary office lady. There are some ambitious executives in Sony who wanted to move up in the hierarchy. Some people speculated that it was an executive or his allies who leaked the damaging sexual-harassment memo in order to discredit a rival."

The struggle over the succession was further colored by Sony's debacle in Hollywood. "Mickey Schulhof has a very difficult job," said Nobuyuki Idei, the board member who would soon be named Sony's new president, during a long interview in Tokyo. "It *(Continued on page 67)*



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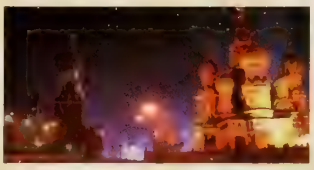
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ontinued from page 64) will take at ıst three years for us to recover in ollywood. This kind of management oblem cannot be rectified overnight."

I asked Idei about a published report ıoting him as saying that Mickey Schul-of could stay in his job "as long as he's ving satisfactory results."

"Oh, you're referring to that story in *he Wall Street Journal*," he said. "I ılled Mickey after that story appeared. told him, 'I don't say it was totally dif-rent than what I actually said, but the ne was different. The nuance was very ıuch different.' I sent the question and ıy full reply to Mickey. He read what I plied. We just laughed."

At the crucial board meeting in No-ember, Morita was made honorary chair-ıan, but the members refused to go long with Pete Peterson's proposal and llow Morita to remain on the board. He as stripped of all formal power in a ıove that made it look as though he ere taking some personal responsibility r the multibillion-dollar write-off.

"Never look for the obvious in Ja-an," an American who works closely ith the Japanese said at the time. "If ou were among the one or two next in ine of succession in Sony, you'd want Morita to go, because that makes Ohga nuch weaker. The guys below Ohga vant to cut Ohga's nuts off. And Schul-ıof is linked entirely to Ohga. If some-hing happens to Ohga, those guys in Sony may try to kill Mickey for sport."

From the beginning of his career, Schul-hof has always been the good son who sought the approval and protection of a strong father figure. "I gave Mickey his irst job," recalled Clive Davis, the presi-dent of Arista Records, who met Schul-ıof when he was doing his postdoctoral work in physics at the Brookhaven Na-tional Laboratory and was thinking about switching to a career in business. "This was back in 1972, when I was the presi-dent of CBS Records. I was vacationing at Round Hill in Jamaica, and I met Mickey's parents, Rudolph and Hanne-lore. We dined together at the outdoor terrace on the beach, and I was very impressed with them. I had never hired any other offspring of a family friend."

Schulhof's parents were cultured Eu-ropean Jews who had fled the Nazis in 1939 and settled in a small apartment on Seaman Avenue in the Bronx. Ru-dolph started a business that grew to be-come the largest publisher of Catholic greeting cards and Mass folders in the United States, and by the late 1940s he had moved his family to the exclusive Kings Point section of Great Neck, a Long Island suburb. There the Schulhofs began an art collection that eventually came to include museum-quality works by Cy Twombly, Antoni Tàpies, Ells-worth Kelly, Alexander Calder, and oth-ers. In due time, Rudolph Schulhof be-came a trustee of the Guggenheim and the American Friends of the Israel Mu-seum in Jerusalem, and his wife became the director of the Peggy Guggenheim Collection in Venice and a trustee of the Brooklyn Museum.

"Their art collection is really unique," said Michael Govan, the director of the Dia Center for the Arts, "because it was not born out of any competitive spirit, or for social standing. . . . They collected artists who were not house-hold names to us, but were really giants in Europe at the time. There is an in-credible sensibility to their collection."

The total loss of $3.2 billion would pay the production costs of six *Forrest Gumps* every month for an entire year.

"I grew up surrounded by discussions of business and the arts," Schulhof said. "If you want to be psychological, my parents took the same kind of tutorial approach with me and my two brothers as Morita and Ohga did later. They sent me to learn French in Geneva and Tours. My mother was the more intel-lectual one. She played the violin in the Great Neck orchestra, and insisted that all of us visit art museums and hear symphony orchestras."

Schulhof met his future wife in Cap d'Antibes while he was studying for his Ph.D. qualification exams. Her par-ents were Sephardic Jews from Saloni-ka, Greece, and her father ran a large pharmaceutical firm in Paris. Today, the Schulhofs have two sons, David and Jonathan. "We had our 25th wedding anniversary last April," he said, "and I told my wife I'd take her anywhere in the world, and she chose Bora Bora in French Polynesia."

After working for two years at CBS Records, Schulhof went to Clive Davis and said, "This has been a wonderful experience, but I don't think a record company needs a physicist." Davis in-troduced Schulhof to Harvey Schein, the president of Sony America, and Schein hired Schulhof as his assistant.

"Schein was attracted to the notion of having a physicist working at a high-tech level," Schulhof said. "He introduced me to Ohga and Morita. For whatever rea-son, they took a liking to me. To this day I can't explain it. On my first trip to Japan, I pestered a lot of people, because I was curious about everything I saw."

By then, Schulhof had come to the at-tention of Morita. "They made me a vice president in 1975, the youngest vice president in the American operation," Schulhof said. "I had a tiny office. One day I looked up, and there was Ohga. 'I understand you have an interest in fly-ing,' he said. 'Our company is big enough to have an airplane in the United States, and I'd like you to research it and make a recommendation.'" From then on, Ohga and Schulhof talked air-planes whenever Ohga came to America.

"Both Ohga and Morita took time to explain to me what they do, and why. Their philosophy. Their ap-proach to business, and their feelings about Sony, its competi-tors, and its business partners. And over a long period of time—I can't tell you why—they made me feel part of their family."

In 1979, one of Schulhof's younger brothers died in a midair collision of a chartered plane. His father and surviving brother asked him to leave Sony and help them run the family business. "I told Mo-rita," said Schulhof, "and he said, 'I'm an oldest son. I understand obligation to a family. Go back and help your father and brother. But don't leave Sony.' I don't know any other business leader who would have said that. It only ce-mented my feelings toward him."

In the late 1980s, while Schulhof was working part-time at Sony, the company experienced significant change. The once nimble upstart, whose motto had been "Something new, something different," was growing bloated and bureaucratic. Along with the rest of the Japanese elec-tronics industry, Sony hadn't come up with a big new hit in years. Morita saw the defeat of Sony's Betamax videotape technology as a humiliating setback. Looking for ways to jump-start his com-pany, he put the company's day-to-day operations in the hands of Ohga, who had an opera singer's ego and an auto-cratic approach to management. Morita also became obsessed with the idea of achieving an exponential hardware-soft-

ware synergy through the ownership of entertainment companies.

In 1988, Morita bought CBS Records from Laurence Tisch for the relatively bargain-basement price of $2 billion, and as the music company grew to become worth at least three times what he had paid for it, he went after a movie company too. Morita believed that Sony stood on the threshold of a new wave of consumer electronics products driven by digital video technology—direct satellite broadcasting, digital videotapes, digital videodiscs. In this, Morita was encouraged by Walter Yetnikoff, the mercurial, hard-drinking impresario of CBS Records. Sony purchased Columbia Pictures, a down-at-the-heels studio. When Yetnikoff was subsequently fired, in part for his obstreperous behavior, Ohga's loyal protégé, Mickey Schulhof—a physicist by training and an engineer by disposition—inherited the Hollywood whirlwind.

When Yetnikoff was fired, in part for his obstreperous behavior, Schulhof inherited the Hollywood whirlwind.

Everyone's first choice to manage the studio was Michael Ovitz. Ovitz, who had already assembled more power than anyone else in recent Hollywood history, had established a close personal bond with Akio Morita, and he did not want to offend the Sony chairman by turning him down. Instead, Ovitz suggested that he might consider the position of running Sony's American assets if he were given at least a one-third equity stake in the business—a proposal he made knowing full well the Japanese would find it unacceptable. And, in fact, they politely declined his offer.

"I was then approached to meet with Mickey Schulhof," said Frank Price, the veteran studio chief, who had presided at Columbia once before, in the late 70s and early 80s. "I met with Mickey in his office at 9 West 57th Street," Price told me in the first interview he has given about his less-than-happy experience with Sony. "He had a very small office, a tiny office, but he took me to the chairman's office, the one they reserved for whoever came from Tokyo, and it was very large, lavish. What would happen with the negotiations, Mickey had to get on the phone with Tokyo every night, and the time-zone thing complicated it, because if you proposed something, it had to go to Mickey, then it had to wait until Mickey called Tokyo, and so it took time.

"He really knew nothing about the movie business," Price continued. "I found that he was very nice, certainly bright, but my impression was he seemed to do a very good job of communicating to Japan what was going on here, and they were making the decisions.

"Then Walter Yetnikoff came out of the Hazelden rehab in Minnesota and tried to stop it. We were in the middle of making a deal. So I fly in, and Mickey and I meet Yetnikoff in his office. He is very high-energy. And we start the meeting, which Yetnikoff totally dominates. And it's very clear to me that Yetnikoff seemed to have the real power of decision there. I believe what happened was very simple. Yetnikoff had known Jon Peters from the Barbra Streisand days, so there was at least a relationship there. I think Yetnikoff had in mind becoming Steve Ross, and he saw this as his entertainment empire. He would bring in people that he knew, Guber and Peters, and it would all be under him.

"What the Japanese got with Guber and Peters was two hustlers. It's not like they were hiring [MCA chairman] Lew Wasserman, or somebody who had operated a business, like [Warner Bros. co-chairman] Bob Daly or [MCA president] Sid Sheinberg or [Viacom chairman] Jonathan Dolgen. They were getting a couple of guys who basically made their money setting up pictures, who got a production fee for each one they set up. And often the people actually making the pictures wouldn't even let them on the set. I mean, they were such outrageous promoters. Like the *Rain Man* Oscar they got. They were never around while it was being made."

Sony spent $200 million to buy the Guber-Peters Entertainment Company, only to discover that the two producers were legally bound by an exclusive contract with Warner Bros., and could not come to work for Sony until they were bought out.

"Ohga was in Tokyo," recalled a former Sony executive involved in the negotiations. "But Ohga and Schulhof stayed in close touch by phone, and it was Ohga who really did most of the caving when the Warner negotiations were going on. Peter Guber had made two or three trips to Japan to talk to Mori and Ohga. They wanted Guber and P ters. . . . Ohga was not somebody wh listened to what people told him. I don think he listened a lot to what Micke told him. Most of the people aroun him, in my opinion, are sycophants."

"One of the things that's definite true of Sony is that it's a very arrogan company," said a Hollywood executiv "And I don't think there's any questio but that the Japanese look upon Amer cans with both awe for our Wester dress and kid values, and with enormou disdain. And when Walter Yetnikof who was not the most sympathetic figur at the time, brought Guber and Peters t Sony, the Japanese didn't get it. . . What they gave Warner's was in exces of half a billion dollars. It was the mos extraordinary single business transactio that anybody ever heard of. And what speaks to is arrogance and disdain."

Ironically, once Guber and Peter were ensconced at Sony Pictures, the hired Frank Price to run Columbia Pic tures. They also brought in Mike Meda voy, the former Orion studio chief, to ru TriStar. There was a rough understandin that Guber would oversee Medavoy, an Peters would work with Price.

"When we arrived on the lot," re called Price, "it was fresh bouquets o flowers in office after office. And the large baskets of fruit. I had a thrifty sec retary, who said that these baskets o fruit cost $125. She said, 'For five dol lars, I can stop by the grocery store an pick up some fruit.' I said, 'Well, cance the basket. Make sure we're not gettin it. I don't want any part of this.'

"And then there was the whole thin with the corporate jets," Price contin ued. "It was toy time. . . . Warner Bros has handled all that quite well, where don't think anybody feels that Bob Dal and [Warner Bros. co-chairman] Terr Semel are primarily using the jets them selves, but are using them to keep the talent happy. I think the feeling at Son was that Jon and Peter had the plane for themselves, and occasionally woul use them for the talent."

Price was a cautious executive, an his manner did not fit well with the hy peractive Guber and Peters. "I'd hea back that they weren't really satisfie with me," Price said. "It seemed tha they wanted more excitement, mor whatever—jumping around the room, guess. . . . But I kept moving ahead. committed at that point to *Boyz N th Hood*. I committed to *My Girl*. I mean very frankly, during the 18 months, I had


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a rather phenomenal record of pictures that worked. I had *A League of Their Own, Bram Stoker's Dracula, Groundhog Day, Sleepwalkers, Single White Female, Mo' Money.* Most of these pictures I got in turnaround from other studios, and some of them I made for $15 million and made a decent profit."

In the meantime, Jon Peters was losing favor with Sony's top brass back in Tokyo. "It was the little things that got the Japanese," said a former Sony Pictures executive. "The thing that they kept talking about over and over again was that Peters had come to one of these meetings in Japan not wearing socks, and that drove Ohga crazy. There were a lot more things to be angry about than that.

"The Sony people looked over at MCA, which was owned by Matsushita," he continued, "and saw that the MCA guys weren't doing any of the things that our people were doing to Sony. Remember that whole series of negative articles about Sony in the press? They squarely put the blame for that on Jon Peters's shoulders, and they couldn't forgive him for that, because he was making them into a laughingstock."

In the spring of 1991, Peters was forced out of the company by Guber. But the rumors that Price was not turning out enough movies did not stop. "Once Jon was out," said Price, "I think that he didn't like dealing with me in the new relationship . . . where, rather than being the overall co-chairman of the whole company, he's dealing with me as a producer coming in and trying to get my approval on a project.

"Jon Peters didn't want me in that job," Price went on. "I think he wanted somebody that basically he would control, and there was Mark Canton [the head of production at Warner Bros.], the perfect choice. And I think, also, from Guber's standpoint, he didn't feel comfortable trying to run over me. He could be much more comfortable with Mark Canton, who wouldn't take offense if he did that. So I think it was in both Guber and Peters's interest to get rid of me and bring in Canton. And the rumors just got heavier and heavier. I got a note from a gossip columnist with whom they kept planting stuff. She sent me a note when Jon got thrown out saying she apologized for those items about me, but her source just got thrown out on his ass."

In the fall of 1991, Price asked for a face-to-face meeting with Guber, who was famous for avoiding confrontations. "I said, 'Peter, there have been these rumors, and what's going on? It bothers me that these haven't been denied, because that could end it. So I'd like you to do something about it.' And I got a speech from him in which he praised me, and reassured me that he wanted me to be a part of the Sony family forever, and all that. It was a good, energetic speech, and he got out of the room before there could be further questioning, because the one thing that he didn't say was that he wanted me in that job. He wanted me in the Sony family, but he wasn't saying about the job. And since I know Peter, I figured that wasn't an accidental omission."

When Price talked to Mike Ovitz, who was a friend, he learned that Guber had already hired Mark Canton to replace him. For a while, Price explored the possibility of staying on as chairman of Columbia, with Canton reporting to him in the capacity of president.

"Peters had come to one of these meetings in Japan not wearing socks, and that drove Ohga crazy."

"Mike Ovitz called me to say that wouldn't work, that Canton wouldn't buy that," Price said. "Then I met with Mike Ovitz, where he laid out what he thought could happen, and there were a couple of ways to go. One was that I would be a producer there. They would guarantee certain quick pictures. I would remain on the Sony Pictures board. The other was not to be on the board, settle out my overall contract, and no guaranteed pictures. And I analyzed it, and said I'd rather settle the contract.

"When I made the deal, I figured there were only two ways this thing could go. One, it would work, in which case that's terrific. And the other was it won't work, because, you know, it was Jon Peters and Peter Guber. And what was the worst that would happen? I'd have to settle the contract. So either way, I would win. Because the settlement was a good settlement. . . . You could say it was not as much as $20 million, but it was not as little as $15 million. And whenever somebody presents you with a check like that, you can't feel too bad."

"The Japanese didn't know what they were really getting into," Jon Peters said. "Like, I don't believe they realized that, once they bought Columbia Pictures, they had to put another billion or two into it. There was nothing in th pipeline—no pictures, no developmen no nothing. They bought a library—th was about it. And some television. S when people say that we spent a lot o money—we had to. We had to go ou there and jump-start a company, an buy everything we could to get th thing up and going."

We were sitting in his home in th Malibu colony. I had once written screenplay for Peters, but the movie ha never been produced. After a hiatus o almost two years, Peters had begun pr ducing movies again. He was developin three properties for Warner Bros., in cluding a movie about the death of Su perman and the revenge of Superman son. Despite his reputation as a wil man, Peters had many powerful friend in the movie commun ty, including Terr Semel and Bob Dal the team who ran Wa ner Bros., and his ol girlfriend Barbra Stre sand. He had recentl broken off a five-yea relationship with th model Vendela, a though they were soon back togethe again.

"We knew we would have to hir Frank Price, and then ultimately replac him with Mark Canton," he told m "We needed to assemble our team, bu Mark wasn't free to come yet. Medavo was another one of those situation where we felt he was an underused asse at Orion."

"Was Medavoy considered a stopga guy, too?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "I hoped to have Ne Tanen come in."

"How much of this did Micke Schulhof know?" I asked.

"None of it," he replied.

"How much information did h have?"

"We told him everything he wante to know, but he didn't know what w were talking about."

"Looking back now," I asked, "d you think it was smart for Sony to pic you and Guber to run the studio?"

"In my opinion, 100 percent," he said "and I'll tell you why. If we had staye and run this thing together, it woul have been absolutely a number-one com pany. We could have motivated them t get into Sonyland, which was our dream We could have financed a great deal o it off balance sheet. We would hav brought in other partners. We woul

ive done the Columbia mail-order catalogue. We could have one off-balance-sheet financing for our motion-picture oup like Disney in their Silver Screen partnerships, or War-r's in their Milchan arrangement. Yes, I think we were the nart choice, and it was proven by our performance the first o years.

"Now, let's talk about all of the bad stuff," he continued. "I it flowers in people's offices. The morale was not good when e came in. . . . O.K., so maybe it cost $5,000 a week. Maybe r the year, with little perks and things, maybe it was 100,000. But you know what it did? It made them feel impor-nt. Maybe there were 20 executives and secretaries, and aybe little fruit baskets in the morning. I mean, it was noth-g. . . . I had watched Steve Ross. I copied him.

"My goal, my desire, was the redesigning of a studio and set-ng it up so that it looked the way it did in the old days. We ent through the books, we bought all of the old posters, and e spent probably many millions of dollars on original old osters that we found all over the world. . . . That's what Jules tein did at MCA. They bought only antiques . . . because the ntiques hold their value."

The final showdown between Guber and Peters was over fi-ancial control, and it was fought over the subject of who should e the chief operating officer of the company—Guber's former ttorney Alan Levine or Peters's candidate, Jonathan Dolgen. In he midst of this bitter fight, Guber secretly sent Levine to New ork, where he persuaded Schulhof to fire Peters.

"Peter and I were partners for 14 years," Peters told me. We worked in the same office next to each other, almost at the ame desk. I loved him as a brother, and he broke my heart."

Peters hired two of Hollywood's toughest attorneys, Bert ields and Jake Bloom. Peters insisted that, even though he vould no longer be at the company, he should receive the same mount of money as Guber at the end of the original five-year ontract.

Predictably enough, negotiations between Peters and Guber roke down. Peters's attorneys, who were at Sony's executive ffices trying to hammer out an agreement, called him at home o give him the news.

"We've hit a stalemate," one said.

"I won't agree to anything," Peters said, "unless I can sit down with Peter and have a private conversation."

He suggested that he and Guber meet at the Mar Vista of-fice of Margaret Paul, the psychotherapist, who was the co-au-thor of *Healing Your Aloneness: Finding Love and Wholeness Through Your Inner Child.* The two of them had attended joint sessions with Paul once a week for a number of weeks, and had stopped going only when their relationship fell apart.

They got into their cars and drove to Mar Vista, where they were greeted by Paul, a short, youthful-looking woman. And for the next two hours they talked their hearts out.

"I can't tell you exactly all of it, because it's too confiden-tial," Peters said. "But there was a discussion about how, since we were partners, and since we entered into this 50-50, we would make sure that at the end of five years no one took ad-vantage of the other. . . . We came to an agreement on the for-mula, which at the end of the day would take the angst out of everything, because we'd made sure that nobody got fucked."

Nobody, that is, except Mickey Schulhof. "After all is said and done," remarked a Hollywood executive, "there will be a buzz for a few weeks about what went on with these people at Sony Pictures, and then it will fade away. Each of these people whom Schulhof got involved with will go their

Michele Perrone, size 9

Manager

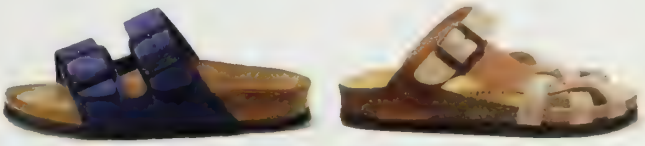
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own way, and everybody in Hollywood will embrace them, and it won't make any difference in this town."

Indeed, both Guber and Peters were back in business. Though it was unlikely they would ever team up again, Peters sometimes offered stock tips to his former partner. Both of them called their old friend Mark Canton, the Columbia TriStar boss, many times a week. Medavoy was on the verge of making a deal with Sony to co-finance and produce films. Price still had some properties at Columbia, too.

Recently, Price was taking a morning walk in the Malibu community when he ran into Peters, who threw out his arms and greeted him like an old friend.

"Frank," he said, "how are you? Did you read about those losses at Sony? Look at what they did to that place after we left. But we did all right, didn't we?"

Schulhof, meanwhile, was trying to figure out how to rebuild his devastated motion-picture company. Privately, people inside Sony estimated that it would require an investment of another $100 to $200 million to get the studio back on track. A great deal rode on Jeff Sagansky, the man Schulhof had hired to be his eyes and ears in Hollywood. A former head of TriStar Pictures, Sagansky had recently left CBS, where he had pocketed $28 million in bonuses, despite the fact that he was blamed for the network's plunge from first to third place in the ratings race. At Sony, Sagansky's first objective was to reduce the studio's huge overhead, and he had already chipped $50 million from the nearly $300 million annual budget. He and Schulhof consolidated the marketing and distribution support staffs of the two studios, eliminating 70 jobs in the process. And they started negotiating distribution deals with big-name producers such as Stanley Jaffe, the former president of Paramount, who was raising capital to form an independent entertainment company. If the Jaffe deal went through as expected, many people predicted, Sherry Lansing would leave her job as the Paramount studio chief and join Jaffe, with whom she had once been a partner, in his new venture.

There was talk of friction between Sagansky and his studio head, Mark Canton, but the rumor that Canton's days were already numbered seemed premature. The relationship between Sagansky and Canton, in fact, seemed to be working better than anyone had expected. "Sagansky likes Canton," said a knowledgeable source. "He wants to give him time. He thinks there's a good chance Canton can make it, provided he gets the right direction."

Sagansky was not a Hollywood insider, and he was seen by many to be a high-risk choice for Schulhof. "I knew Jeff well enough in the movie business to know that he didn't have any inclination in that business," said a head of one of the major studios. "He's a bright guy, but he doesn't understand the movie business. While he was at TriStar, he thought it was like working in television, where you don't have to go out and sell the talent on working with you, and all you have to do is sit back and wait for them to come to you. It doesn't work that way in the movie business, and he never grasped that."

Of the 26 Sony pictures in 1994, 17 lost money, and the total loss was roughly $150 million.

Of course, it was always possible that Canton and Sagansky would get lucky. "Where did *Forrest Gump* come from?" said one of Schulhof's advisers. "Twentieth Century Fox was in bad shape, and then they had *Star Wars.* MCA would have been a disaster without *Jurassic Park.* You don't need a lot of hits. But Sony just hasn't had any of them."

There were some encouraging signs during the first couple of months of the new year, when such Sony releases as *Legends of the Fall, Little Women,* and *Higher Learning* captured top spots on the box-office charts. In the months of January and February, Columbia and TriStar movies accounted for nearly 24 percent of the marketplace, the highest figure since Sony came to Hollywood. Mark Canton, who planned to release 31 movies in 1995, was touting a number of upcoming Sony pictures as potential blockbusters, including *First Knight,* with Richard Gere and Sean Connery, *Jumanji,* with Robin Williams, and *Mary Reilly,* with Julia Roberts and John Malkovich.

"The cycle has turned," Canton told me. "I now feel that we have the goods. . . . I would say my chances of being in this job a year from now are excellent. I do not want to ascribe a percentage to it because, Lord knows, many things can happen, but I can say that in terms of the deal I signed, and what I want to happen, I am at the beginning of the beginning, not even the middle of the beginning, and I want to be around to enjoy the success."

Others, however, thought that Canton was whistling in the wind. Said a former studio chief, "From my eyeballing of their release schedule for the rest of the year, I don't see much."

The big question was whether Mickey Schulhof would survive, especially in view of what appeared to be yet another major public humiliation—Hollywood's apparent rejection of Sony's digital videodisc in favor of a technology backed by arch-rival Matsushita. It looked as though Schulhof and Sony were headed for a replay of their Betamax defeat.

But those who thought that Schulhof had a good chance of weathering the storm pointed to a number of his achievements. He had cleared the financial decks by taking the $3.2 billion write-off, thereby positioning Sony Pictures for a profitable year. He had built from scratch a beautiful, modern studio whose state-of-the-art equipment was second to none in Hollywood. He had created the finest chain of movie theaters in the country. And he had ambitious plans to construct "location-based entertainment centers"—theater complexes with restaurants and Sony stores—in a number of American cities.

"The Japanese thing makes it difficult to make a clear assessment of Schulhof's future," said someone who works at Sony. "Are the Japanese going to switch him out for another Caucasian person? Forget it."

Schulhof's position appeared to be strengthened when it was announced late in March of this year that his mentor, Norio Ohga, had been named chairman of Sony—the title held formerly by Akio Morita—as well as C.E.O.

"I say Mickey survives," said a businessman who has been to Japan many times and understands the Japanese well. "He won't be canned now, because none of them in Tokyo knows how to fix the problem, either. He'll probably change management, bring in one guy who he makes his bet on. Nothing strategic like selling part of the movie company to an outsider will happen until that point. Mickey can probably fight his way out of this. He knows that if he doesn't he sleeps with the fishes." □



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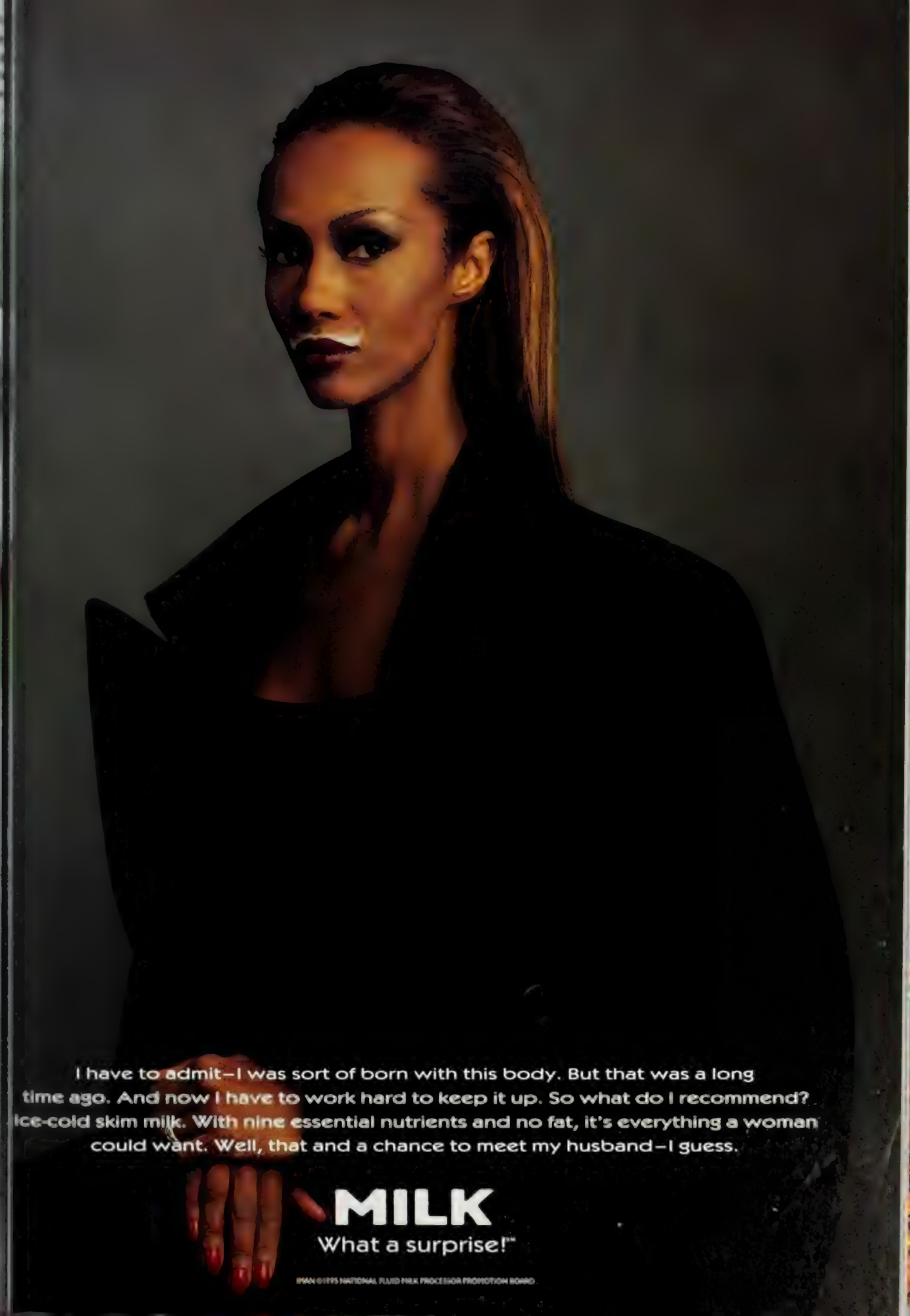
ALL O.J., ALL THE TIME

In the fervid, obsessive world of the Simpson trial, no one ever takes a recess. Nicole's sister, O.J.'s sister, Faye Resnick, Mark Fuhrman—all are creating new plotlines for this dark, unfolding drama

BY DOMINICK DUNNE

People ask me every day, "Don't you get sick of it? Being in there all day every day?" They're talking about the O. J. Simpson trial, which they claim they're sick to death of. O.J. has taken over my life. I start thinking about O.J. before six o'clock every morning, when room service brings me my o.j. and coffee. By that time I'm usually halfway through *The New York Times,* where I read David Margolick on the O. J. Simpson case before I read anything else; then I switch over to the *Los Angeles Times,* where I read Andrea Ford and Jim Newton on the O. J. Simpson case before I read anything else, even though I already know what they're all writing about, because I was sitting in court the day before as it was happening, and watched it on television on the early *and* late news, as well as on *Larry King Live* or any other show that had special coverage. Once I have showered and shaved, it's seven o'clock, time to turn on the television set to see whom Katie Couric and Paula Zahn and Joan Lunden may be interviewing about the case. Then I hear the fax machine making sounds in the other room, and I know it's my office in New York sending me the tabs, the weeklies, Liz Smith, Cindy Adams, Richard Johnson and what *they* have to say about the case today. At 7:35, I'm in my rental car, barreling down Beverly Boulevard as I switch radio stations to hear the latest on the case until I arrive at the downtown Criminal Courts Building on West Temple Street in Los Angeles. Then we in the media line up to get

Illustration by RISKO


I have to admit–I was sort of born with this body. But that was a long time ago. And now I have to work hard to keep it up. So what do I recommend? Ice-cold skim milk. With nine essential nutrients and no fat, it's everything a woman could want. Well, that and a chance to meet my husband–I guess.
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our daily badges, all the while talking about the latest rumors in the O.J. case, or saying things to each other such as "You were good on *Larry King* last night." At nine o'clock we walk into the courtroom and take our places in our assigned seats, and then the door to the holding room opens and in comes O. J. Simpson himself, usually surrounded by Johnnie Cochran, Robert Shapiro, and Carl Douglas. We all stare at O.J. to see what kind of mood he's in or to which lawyer he's talking, and we watch him say good morning to members of his family. When Judge Lance Ito comes in, we do not rise, but we do rise on the bailiff's order to do so as the jury enters. Then the trial begins again, and all day long we watch it, except for our lunch break, when we talk about it, saying things such as "Did you notice if O.J. looked when they showed the picture of Nicole lying in the blood?" The other night, after watching a segment of *Hard Copy* devoted to O.J. and a drug dealer, I went to a friend's house for dinner. I had hardly gotten inside the front door when I was confronted by people who wanted to know what had happened in court that day. I had hoped for a little respite from the topic. I wanted to talk about something else for a change, and volunteered that Ethan Hawke was in the room across the hall from me at the Chateau Marmont, and that Keanu Reeves was in the room next to me, and that I had just seen Johnny Depp being interviewed in the lobby. But nobody cared. Polite nods were the most my movie-star name-dropping got. They all wanted to talk about nothing but O. J. Simpson.

Lady Thatcher would love to hear about the trial.

—Introduction at a dinner for Margaret Thatcher at Chasen's.

I think it's safe to say that at this moment in time O. J. Simpson is the most famous, the most discussed person in the world. Lady Thatcher was here. She wanted to know about O.J. Mrs. Michael York, the wife of the actor, told me that at an ashram in India the guru had said, "Tell me about O.J." In the projects, growing up poor with his sisters and brother, brought up by their mother after their father left to pursue another lifestyle, when O. J. Simpson dreamed of being Someone, Someday, he could never have imagined—for it is unimaginable—the extent of the fame that would one day be his. He has become an epic figure, albeit one with an imaginary hunchback. From certain angles, you don't see the hunchback, and he is magnificent, kinglike, beyond Othello even, his handsome face marred only by the sullen arrogance of his expression. But the hunchback is there, the repository for the rage within him toward the woman he is on trial for killing, along with a friend of hers who happened by at an inconvenient moment. Why does he fascinate us so?

I have found that juries tend to dislike female prosecutors, especially if the defendant is male.

"You must remember, darling, O.J.'s innocent until proven guilty."

"Bullshit."

"Don't mind Polly, darling. She's a great friend of Bob and Linell Shapiro's."

—Polly Bergen, me, and Jolene Schlatter at dinner at Drai's.

The O.J. of the trial is a more muted presence in the courtroom than the O.J. of the hearings, when he allowed his exasperation to show through grimaces, eye rolls, and, on occasion, audible comments or angry gestures. No more. Now he's like a trained Thoroughbred, behaving perfectly almost all the time, presumably on instructions from Johnnie Cochran, his slick le lawyer, who dominates the courtroo In this passive role Simpson is playi his inner light has dimmed. Sometir I feel that he needs verification that power still exists, outside of the defer team whom he is paying. Recently, chance, our eyes met. After all this tir it was our first contact, and we held The look in his eye was wary at first. if he was unsure of my sentiments—w I friend or foe?—but then, for a fracti of a second, his expression softened saw and felt that famous devastati charm his friends have told me about. he were not the defendant in a doub murder trial, he would have had me the palm of his hand.

Apparently, though, Simpson's pass ity is only for public consumption. person close to the defense team to me that he went ballistic when h lawyers were caught out in what seem an obvious lie over the tape of the inte view with the maid Rosa Lopez co ducted by defense investigator Willia Pavelic, which Carl Douglas had to Judge Ito did not exist. After the jur the spectators, and the media had le the courtroom for the day, Simpso asked to see the whole defense tean His holding room was not big enoug for all of them, so they gathered arour the defense table in the courtroom. E this time, O.J. had had to change fro his trial clothes back into his jailhous blues. His leg shackles had not been p on yet, but there were cuffs on h wrists, which he kept under the table he read the riot act to his counsel.

If Rosa's as lousy a housekeeper as she is a liar, I'd hate to see what the Salingers' house looks like inside.

—Mart Crowley, playwrigh about Rosa Lope

Dear Rosa: We love you. We believe yo

—Banner hanging outside th courthouse on Rosa Lopez's last da on the stan

One day, O.J.'s neighbors Wolfgan Salinger and his wife, who had em ployed Rosa Lopez—who lied on th stand but continues to be O.J.'s key alib witness—came to court. The Salinger and Simpsons had lived side by side i beautiful houses behind gates protecte by private security, with landscaped ga dens and trees set in beds of ivy. Thei maids had been friends. When O.J waved to the Salingers from the defens table, he looked embarrassed to be in th









GIORGIO ARMANI

ACCESSORI

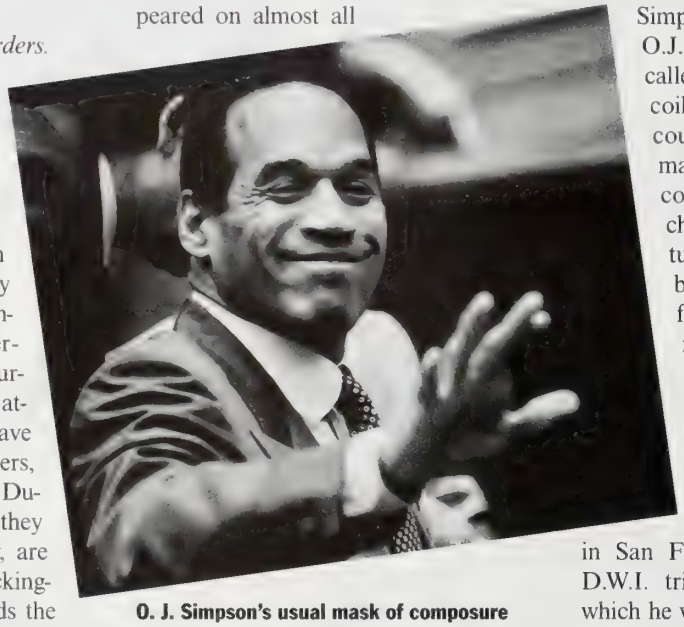
position they were seeing him in. Another day, he turned around in his seat with a little wave and smiled with that expert manner that stars give photographers at premieres. Then he did it again. And again, as if on cue. I looked back to see to whom he was being so effusively gracious. There was Annie Leibovitz, in the back of the courtroom, her camera to her eye, focusing directly on him. It seems that a signal had been arranged by Leibovitz and Robert Shapiro, who was seated to O.J.'s left. When Leibovitz gave the signal, Shapiro tapped Simpson, who turned and smiled each time.

6-12-1994, the date of the murders. Add up the digits and they come to 32, which was O. J. Simpson's number on his football jersey.

—Current L.A. factoid.

The loyalty of the Simpson family is extraordinarily touching. His mother, daughter, son, and nieces, his brother-in-law, his first wife and her current husband, and others have attended the trial, but none have been as stalwart as his two sisters, Shirley Baker and Carmelita Durio. Both San Franciscans, they and Shirley's husband, Benny, are staying in O.J.'s house on Rockingham Avenue. Carmelita attends the trial Monday through Thursday and then goes home to San Francisco for a three-day weekend. Shirley attends Tuesday through Friday, so one or the other or both are always present in the courtroom for their brother. Most nights they visit him in jail, where Simpson is still a participant in family affairs outside of the case. "I go back up to San Francisco to make sure my job is still there, and my husband is still there, and my child is still there," Carmelita told me. At times, talking with her family in the corridor during breaks, Carmelita has a wry twinkle in her eye, and it is easy to imagine that in any other circumstances she would be the life of the party. Shirley Baker has three daughters. On June 12, 1994, two of them, Toni and Tracy, had a double christening in San Francisco for their babies, a boy and a girl, respectively, who were born four months apart. The next day Toni told people at work that she had had a perfect day. Then she heard the news from Los Angeles.

There was a bomb scare one day during lunch, and we couldn't get back into the courthouse for an hour or more. In the scheme of things having to do with this trial, a bomb scare seemed a relatively normal occurrence. This was the third or fourth since the trial had begun. I wandered into Camp O.J., across the street from the courthouse, where all the television stations have their trailers. A friend in the Channel 9 trailer told me I could wait in there until the trial resumed. It turned out that Carmelita Durio was also sitting in the trailer, and we watched David Goldstein on one of the monitors talking about the bomb scare from inside the courthouse. For a while we said nothing as pictures of O.J. appeared on almost all the monitors and that morning's trial news was recapped.



O. J. Simpson's usual mask of composure cracks as he gives a sheepish wave to his neighbors the Salingers in the courtroom.

"What's it like for you to be going through all this?" I asked her.

She didn't answer at first, and I thought that maybe she wouldn't answer at all. She looked at me and then looked away. She was wearing dark glasses, but her shoulders told what her eyes didn't. Then she said very slowly, "I feel like I'm in someone else's nightmare, and one day I'll wake up and everything will be normal again, but it probably never will be."

They are obviously very desperate to engage in such obvious tactics.

–Prosecutor Marcia Clark on the defense's failure to hand over notes from a Rosa Lopez interview.

When F. Lee Bailey was asked during a press conference on March 9 whether his cross-examination of Detective Mark Fuhrman would be a character assassination, he replied, "Hopefully." The old gladiator, v gained his reputation in the 60s such celebrated cases as those of Sam Sheppard and Albert DeSal known as the Boston Strangler, and t nearly demolished it when he lost Patty Hearst case in 1976 and the napped heiress was sent to prison, been salivating in anticipation of c ducting the cross-examination of De tive Fuhrman, about whom the defe had spread the story that he remove bloody glove from the murder scene South Bundy Drive and planted it hind Kato Kaelin's room on Simpson estate in order to fra O.J., because he hated bla called them "niggers," and coiled at the thought of interra couples. The defects of Fu man's personality were like g coins for the defense, and Bail champing at the bit for his turn to the big-time arena, h been preparing his performa for months. "Any lawyer in right mind who would not looking forward to cross-amining Mark Fuhrman is idiot," Bailey declared.

Bailey is an old hand putting cops on trial. In 1982 drunken-driving t in San Francisco, one of the long D.W.I. trials in California history, which he was represented by his used- be-friend Robert Shapiro, Bailey put t police officer who had arrested him trial, using as witnesses other peo who had seen the officer making arres all of whom had horror stories to t about him. Bailey, who had refused take a blood-alcohol test, was acquitte

Mark's gonna do just fine, as long as he doesn't lose his temper. I told hi he doesn't gain anything by attacking. He has to sit back and take the fire.

–Anthony Pellicano, priva investigator for Mark Fuhrma

Fuhrman's entrance into the courtroo was electric. For eight months he h been portrayed by the defense as t arch-villain of the Simpson case. Stori of his alleged racism had been brilliant fed to the media by Simpson's lawye and had first appeared in an article Jeffrey Toobin in the July 25 issue of *T New Yorker,* thereby gaining such noto ety and credibility that there was prob bly not a juror in the box who had n heard them. A similar tactic had be used by the defense in the Willia



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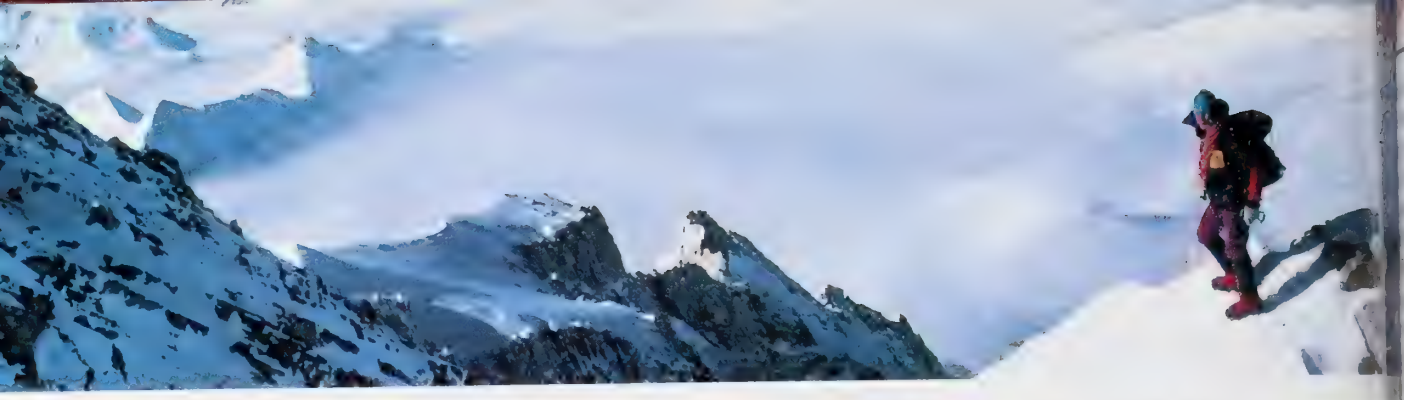
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ly Smith case in Palm Beach in
hen a piece attacking Patricia
n, who had brought rape charges
Smith, appeared in *The New York*
the two defense teams even em-
at least one of the same investiga-
e racist profile and the Simpson
p have become part and parcel
ersona of Mark Fuhrman. Antic-
his appearance on the stand was
iting for the late arrival of a televi-
r at a party. People kept looking
the door. The lawyers kept walk-
k and forth. Outside the court-
bailiffs barked orders for people to
k behind taped lines on the floor,
they do when the sequestered jury
and leaves. When Fuhrman ap-
, surrounded by four Los Angeles
officers serving in the role of body-
, he looked like nothing so much
handsome lead in a cop series.

rman is to the Simpson case what
Jerome Oziel was to the Menen-
se: a major participant with a
record of his own, a person on
hate can be heaped in righteous
As Oziel's deplorable ethics dis-
jurors from the killer Menendez
rs, so the alleged racism of Fuhr-
vas meant to distract jurors from
Simpson. Even though the accusa-
of his having framed Simpson are
ul, without proof of any sort, the
tions about Fuhrman's life made
ir game to be portrayed by the de-
as a man whose deeds are as hate-
the murders Simpson is accused of
itting.

t, in this round at least, Fuhrman
ed Bailey all the way by remaining
calm, and sometimes even witty. It
Bailey—not Fuhrman—who used the
n-word 12 times in court. The in-
ction of racism brought about the
intense and personal fight in the tri-
hen Marcia Clark called Bailey a
nd Bailey responded in kind. Subse-
ly, Judge Ito asked for, and re-
d, public apologies from both sides.

ia Clark is becoming very
o Ginger Russell.

Gore Vidal at a Sue Mengers
dinner party.

th the prosecution and the defense
ve a strong sense of drama. John-
e Cochran's colorful news bites as
aves the courthouse most evenings
natched many Friday afternoons by
prosecution's habit of introducing a
cliff-hanger piece of evidence just
re the jurors are dismissed for the
weekend, which gives them something goose-bumpy to think about until Monday morning, since they are not supposed to discuss the case among themselves. On one such Friday, we saw Mark Fuhrman hold up a heavy-gauge clear plastic bag found in the cargo area of O.J.'s white Bronco, a bag big enough to hold Nicole Simpson's body. The dramatic effect was somewhat diminished when the bag turned out to be standard equipment for holding the Bronco's spare tire. More recently, Detective Philip Vannatter identified a close-up of a cut on the knuckle of the second finger of O. J. Simpson's left hand, which prosecutors believe was the source of blood drops found at both Nicole's condo and Simpson's estate.

This is the first trial I have ever attended where the public sends bouquets of flowers to the participants. One day there were so many arrangements around the desk of Court Clerk Deirdre Robertson that the courtoom had the appearance of a gangster's wake. That day Johnnie Cochran balanced his heart-shaped wreath on the top of his video monitor. Even Simpson's great friend Robert Kardashian received one, and it was reported that a bouquet sent to Chris Darden, whom the *New York Post* referred to as Mister Prosecutie cost $300. Marcia Clark receives many bouquets, especially from working mothers, for whom she has become a heroine since her husband went public with his child-custody suit. Clark, however, does not receive her floral tributes in the courtroom; she has them sent up to her office on the 18th floor of the building, and later donates them to Los Angeles's Childrens Hospital.

In the circles in which I travel, Marcia Clark is perhaps the most admired member of the legal teams, but her role in this case is a difficult one, made even more difficult by the fact that Gordon Clark, her estranged husband, is seeking primary custody of their two sons, claiming that his wife is never home during this single most important moment of her career. I have found in covering trials that juries tend to dislike female prosecutors, especially if the defendant is male, good-looking, rich, famous, or young, all of which categories Simpson falls into except the last. They have little sympathy for a woman who is trying so hard to send a man to prison, perhaps for life. Sexist? Yes, of course. The jury disliked Moira Lasch, the prosecutor in the Palm Beach rape trial of Willie Smith. The jury disliked



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Pamela Bozanich in the Van Nuys murder trial of the Menendez brothers. This dislike is unrelated to intelligence or ability; it is simply the nature of the beast. Conversely, the female defense attorney does not have this problem, even though she may be trying to win an acquittal for a guilty defendant. Very often she comes off as a lioness trying to protect her cub.

Another life shredded in the name of justice.

—Michael Fleeman, of the Associated Press, about Rosa Lopez.

It is hard to laugh at the need for beauty and romance, no matter how tasteless, even horrible, the results of that need are. But it is easy to sigh. Few things are sadder than the truly monstrous.

—Nathanael West, *The Day of the Locust.*

A manuscript exists, not yet published, by an undisclosed author from another city, who says about himself that he has written several crime novels. Somehow, through someone who knew someone who knew someone, the book proposal and part of the manuscript fell into my hands. The book deals with the Simpson defense case. It uses real names: Carl Douglas, Johnnie Cochran, Robert Shapiro, and other, lesser players in the ongoing real-life drama. It presents as fact that Detective Fuhrman moved the bloody glove from one location to another, and suggests that he smeared blood from the glove on the inside of Simpson's Bronco. It also indicates that Fuhrman got hold of the vial of O. J. Simpson's blood drawn by the police, extracted some of it with a syringe, and sprinkled it around the scene of the crime. It describes dark deeds of doctoring evidence in the DNA labs. The book reeks of conspiracy. It is a tract against corruption in the Los Angeles Police Department. It is, in short, quite amazing. When I asked my source, "*Where* did this come from?," I got no answer. It's the old which-came-first-the-chicken-or-the-egg story. Did someone hire a writer to come up with all this? Or did someone possibly feed the writer what to write? Either way, it's a mystery. And there's more to come on this story.

Speaking of sensational books, I took Norma Novelli to dinner at Le Dôme on the Sunset Strip. Norma, who has four grown children, lives over in Toluca Lake, where she owns a service called Grime Blasters, which removes oil and greasy patches from driveways. I met her at the Menendez trial. Novelli has written a book of astonishing nerve, which Dove Books is bringing out before the second Menendez trial and which has the Menendez defense team up in arms. Perhaps "written" isn't the right word. "Conceived of" fits the bill better, since it includes transcripts of Novelli's taped phone conversations with Lyle Menendez. This is her memoir of her four-year fascination and friendship with the young killer. Novelli has played me some of the tapes, and there's only one word to describe them: riveting.

Watching her, before I knew her, I took her to be a lady-in-waiting to Lyle Menendez. Her attachment to him was extraordinary, and she also became a friend of Maria Menendez, his grandmother. She visited Lyle in jail. She took him treats. She did the most menial favors for him. She disrupted her life for him. She knew every one of his moods, from his best to his worst. She talked to him for hours on end, from her home to his cellblock. She counseled him on his romances. And she always believed he was guilty, and she never believed the defense's contention that the brothers had been abused by their parents, a fact she shared with Lyle.

Before we left Le Dôme, she asked for her leftovers in a doggie bag. "When your book comes out," I told her, "you won't have to do *that* anymore."

Where I come from, a Chrysler is just like a limousine.

—Prosecutor Chris Darden.

I'd like you to meet Buddy Monasch. He's Kato Kaelin's lawyer.

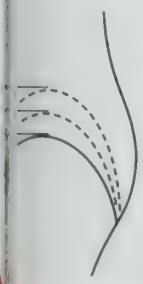
Joanna Carson at L'Orangerie.

If ever a city cried out for a daily tabloid newspaper, it's Los Angeles now. The Simpson case has so many fascinating subplots, which are either glossed over or disdained by the *Los Angeles Times,* but which have a bearing on the lives of some of the principal figures in the trial. There's the story of J.R., a rather notorious drug dealer in West Los Angeles who caters to the famous. "I almost died when I heard you mentioning J.R. on television last night. We *all* know who J.R. is," a well-connected woman once married to a prominent figure in the film world told me. J.R. claims—and has taken a lie-detector test administered by forensic psychophysiologist Edward Gelb to verify his claim—that he received a call on his beeper from Kato Kaelin, whom he calls a regular client, at 8:15 P.M. on the night of the murders; that he met Kato and O. J. Simpson 10 minutes later in the parking lot of a Burger King and that he got into the backseat of O.J.'s Bentley and sold the two men $100 worth of crystal methamphetamine, known as crystal meth. He further claims that he saw Kato do a couple of lines on a mirror in the car, that he then went into Burger King with a 20 that Kato had given him to pick up a couple of Whoppers because O.J. didn't want to ingest in front of him, and that when he returned they told him the stuff was "dynamite." There's the story of Patricia Cochran, a former mistress of Johnnie Cochran and the mother of his only son who is suing him for palimony. She is represented by the celebrity divorce attorney Raoul Felder, and Cochran has hired Larry Feldman, a past president of the Los Angeles County bar, who represented the boy who made sexual-molestation charges against Cochran's client Michael Jackson and won a multimillion-dollar settlement, to represent him in the suit. There is the story of the brother of

There were cuffs on O.J.'s wrists, which he kept under the table as he read the riot act to his counsel.

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prosecutor Chris Darden, who is a crack addict with a criminal record, so alienated from his parents and siblings that his mother sometimes leaves food for him on the front porch of the family home in Richmond, California. There is the story of Denise Brown, Nicole's sister, and her alleged romance with Anthony Fiato, identified as a former mobster turned F.B.I. informant. Even Judge Ito has made it into the tabloids. A college roommate remembers the judge running naked through the halls of their dormitory at U.C.L.A. on the anniversary of the bombing of Pearl Harbor yelling, "*Banzai! Banzai!*" One way or another, everybody's famous in this story, but revelations such as these about their personal lives rarely make it into the local papers.

> "Sydney said she knew something had happened to her mother. She said that to Justin in the police car."

My involvement in this case is an accident of geography.

—Pablo Fenjves, screenwriter, who heard Nicole Simpson's Akita bark—indicating the likely time of the murders—and described the sound as a plaintive wail.

People who say things get hurt.

You're dead, motherfucker. You are dead.

—Messages left on Pablo Fenjves's answering machine.

"Have you ever heard of something called a Colombian necklace?" asked Johnnie Cochran.

"I believe so," replied Detective Tom Lange.

A Colombian necklace is a throat slit from ear to ear. A Colombian necktie is a throat slit from ear to ear with the tongue pulled out through the slit and flopped over the chest. It is a payback to one who talks.

The hardest telephone number in town to get is Faye Resnick's, but I know somebody who knows her, so I called him to ask her to call me, and she did within 15 minutes. It was on the day that Johnnie Cochran suggested that Resnick, one of Nicole Simpson's best friends, who wrote the hit book about her, may have been the cause of her death. I wanted to know how Resnick reacted when Cochran suggested to Lange that the killers' target was really Faye Resnick, because she had been freebasing cocaine in Nicole's condominium and hadn't been able to pay her drug bills.

"Were you watching?" I asked Resnick.

"I was, but I couldn't continue watching that travesty of justice. Cochran wants Detective Lange to look like an asshole."

"Does it worry you, having this tossed in your lap?"

The fact is, Faye Resnick hates O.J., and O.J. hates her. The irony of ironies is that Resnick could end up being O.J.'s salvation if Cochran ever gets the jury to believe the preposterous theory that a Colombian drug cartel had two people slashed to death over a woman with what she says was a $30-a-day habit.

"I am so nervous for my child," Resnick told me. "They feed those kooks out there with false information. This is typical O.J. behavior. Nicole always said he would do everything in his power to get away with it, but even I didn't know he had *this* much power."

I went back in the house and woke up the children and got them dressed and the girl opened the garage door for us.

—Officer Robert Riske, the first police officer at the crime scene on South Bundy Drive.

The Browns have been less frequent courtroom visitors of late. Kim Goldman, the sister of Ron Goldman, and Patti Goldman, his stepmother, are there every day. They are extremely popular with the media. The Goldmans and the Simpsons do not interact at all, but the Browns and the Simpsons do. I have seen Lou Brown, Nicole Simpson's mother, kiss Carmelita Durio and speak in a friendly manner to Shirley Baker. I have seen Jason Simpson, O.J.'s son by his first marriage, talk in a friendly manner to Denise Brown. I learned from Larry Schiller, who is the co-author of O.J.'s book, *I Want to Tell You*, that Jason frequently goes to visit his half-brother and -sister, Justin and Sydney Simpson, who now live with Lou and Juditha Brown in Dana Point in Orange County, 70 miles from Los Angeles.

Of the Brown family, Denise is the most accessible. One day during a break we were sitting on the same bench in the corridor. It was a couple of days after Robert Riske had been on the stand. I said to her, "I am haunted by what Officer Riske said about waking up Sydney and Justin in the middle of the night. What terror those kids must have felt, being told to get dressed by a cop in a uniform."

If Denise likes you, she is very forthcoming on any subject. Once, she said to me in the courtroom, with her hand cupping her mouth, "This trial of the century is turning into the biggest joke of the century, and you can quote me on that." Her emotions are right out there. She cries, she laughs, she snorts with derision, she smiles with approval. She likes or she doesn't like. There are no blurs with her. You know just where you stand at all times. Now she told me, "Sydney said that she knew something had happened to her mother. She said that to Justin in the police car on the way to the station." Carl Douglas walked by as we were talking. She motioned her head in his direction. "They want to put her on the stand."

"Who?"

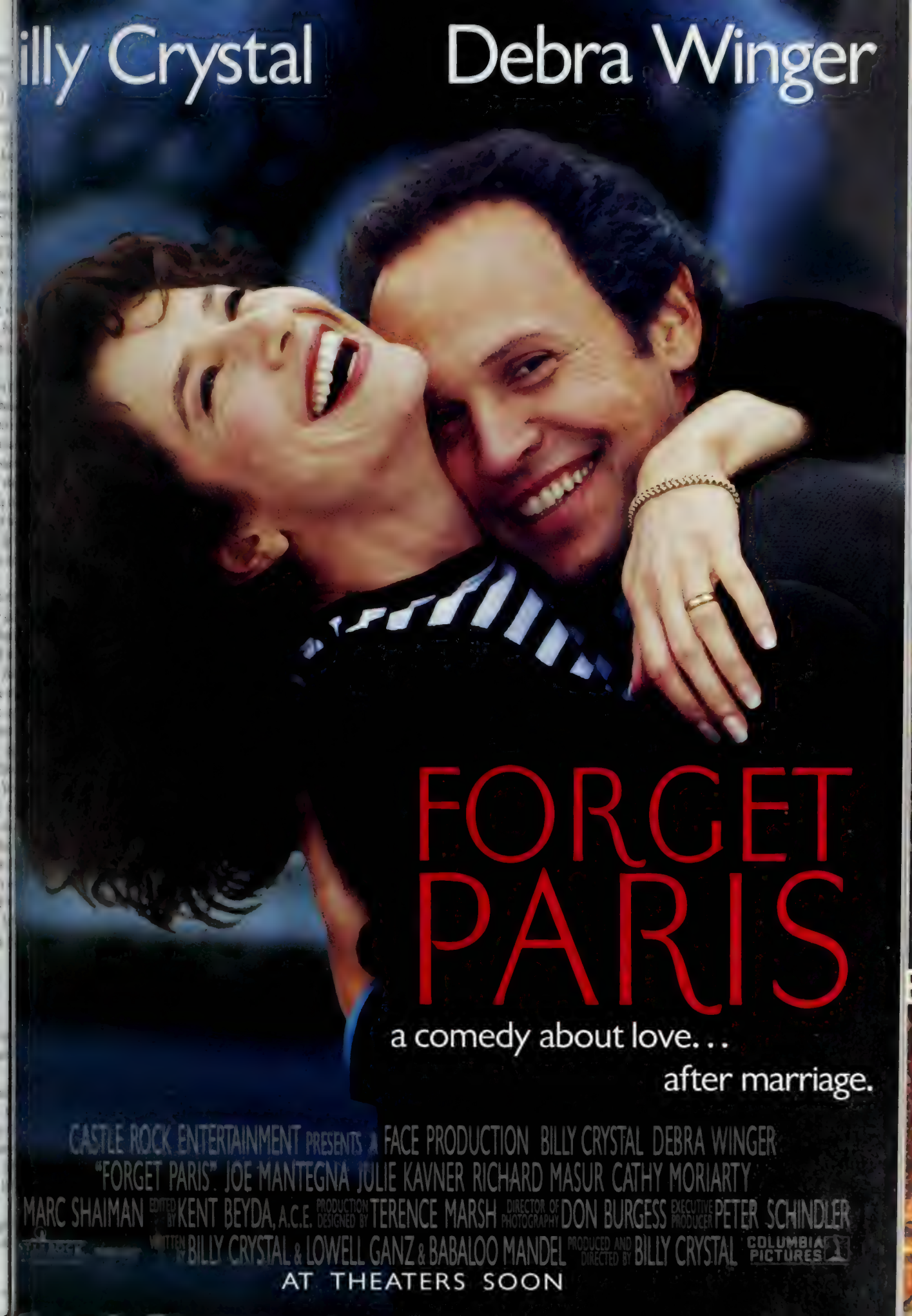
"Sydney."

"Why?"

"She told them at the police station that her mother was crying on the telephone with a friend."

I looked at her. In this trial of daily dramatic surprises, I was trying to visualize the courtroom appearance of the beautiful nine-year-old Sydney Simpson, who would be seeing her father for the first time since he held her hand at her slain mother's funeral.

But Denise put a stop to that thought. "Over my dead body," she said, walking away. □


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Calvin Klein
eyewear

Vanities



Newton's Law

Thandie Newton's first name is short for Thandiwe—a Bantu term for "loved one." Appropriate, since she plays Sally Hemings, the president's mistress, in Merchant Ivory's *Jefferson in Paris*. Later this year, 22-year-old Thandie—pronounced "Tandy"—stars in *The Journey of August King* and Anna (Jane's sister) Campion's low-budget debut, *Loaded*. "I'm always looking for the alternative to the big American movie," she says. "Hollywood is exciting for a time, but it's partly a yucky experience." Before majoring in anthropology at Cambridge, she sparkled in the small Australian gem *Flirting*, then managed to be the prettiest victim in her small role in *Interview with the Vampire*. Come June, she'll graduate and turn to acting full-time. "In this business, keeping one's head is important," she acknowledges, "but I think that might make me less groovy." —MICHAEL J. AGOVINO

Photograph by JULIAN BROAD

Hype & Glory

By JULIE BURCHILL

The diamonds, the divorces, the drugs, and the drink: the private lives of Elizabeth and excess



Elizabethan charm: Taylor photographed in 1948.

The lives of the stars, it seems, continue to fascinate us—the lives of the stars, that is, who stopped making movies before we started watching them. As the biographies of Hepburn, Dietrich, and Monroe continue to haunt the best-seller lists, we are led to wonder whether similar studies of Michelle Pfeiffer and Jennifer Jason Leigh, however incandescent their screen presences, will have the publishers salivating into their scotch some 30 years after the stars have retired from the moving-picture industry.

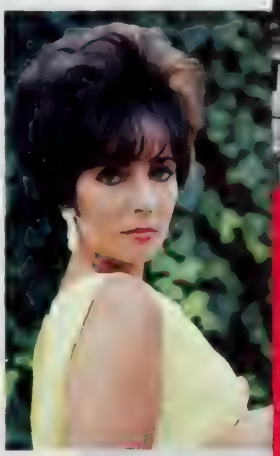
As befits the woman who owns the alternative crown jewels, shares a first name with Great Britain's reigning monarch, *and* has the ultimate Hanoverian bosom, Elizabeth Taylor is the natural queen of the "No, but I Read the Book" syndrome: as public disinclination to see her on the screen increases, so does interest in reading about her long, lush life. With at least nine biographies already under the bulging belt of the book trade, two more are about to hit the stores.

In the time-honored tradition of good cop/bad cop, C. David Heymann and Donald Spoto are a pretty good double act. Heymann's *Liz* (a name she hates, as Mr. Heymann admits gleefully)—out from Birch Lane Press—will doubtless be top dog, boasting the best publicity angle possible: that Miss Taylor busted a gut trying to stop publication. You can see why; it really does contain enough new dirt to keep a colony of cockroaches and Weight Watchers for the rest of their lives. Her father is portrayed as an alcoholic homosexual, her mother as an overbearing stage mother. Far from living the life of a fairy-tale princess, Taylor is painted as a freak from—literally—day one: she was a "strange" baby, ears covered in "black fuzz," and thus "alarmed" her Wasp mother. Heymann seems obsessed with Miss Taylor's body hair (Spoto merely glosses over it), and reveals that she suffered from "hypertrichosis," which had her "arms, shoulders and back covered with a thick downy pelt. The infant looked like a little monkey," as one loyal family friend recalls. The stress on her extraneous hair is so relentless that if this book weren't illustrated one could be forgiven for thinking that the young Elizabeth Taylor, circa *A Place in the Sun*, bore an uncanny resemblance to Cousin Itt.

And an *ugly* Cousin Itt, at that. Entertaining though this book is, its central premise is a little . . . *off*, shall we say. I'm sure we could all be convinced that Liz was "a ball breaker," "sensual and silly—rather like a heifer in heat," as well as "spoiled, difficult, completely self-absorbed." Girls just want to have fun, after all, and Liz was the only Great American Film Star of the 20th century to emerge as victor rather than victim. What we cannot so easily swallow, and what C. David Heymann is determined to thrust down our throats, is that even in her prime, her *Butterfield 8–Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* prime, Taylor was *not physically attractive!* That's right; the first casting director to see her said, "This kid has nothing." Though she was hired by Universal at the age of nine, her contract was canceled within a year. At 11 she cleverly grew breasts *(Continued on page 93)*

Vanities

ontinued from page 90 in 90 days in order to win e role of Velvet Brown, and thank goodness she d, because the rest of her remained, according to eymann, a right load of rubbish: "she always emed ordinary to me, cheap-looking"; "small, idgy hands"; "the worst-essed American actress nce Mae West"; "tended gain weight at every eal"; "she is short and ie's got a common ac-nt." No wonder her first sband had to be practi-lly forced to deflower r. Sadly, after calling so any witnesses to swear at the young Elizabeth aylor was terrifying to ok upon, Heymann oots himself in the foot mewhat by including sev-al photographs which bear out ie radical and shocking theory at all through the 1950s and well to the 1960s Elizabeth Taylor as quite simply the most beau-ful woman in the world.





Selling scent and mothering Michael Jackson are dignified ways for a woman of 63 to spend the sunset of her days.

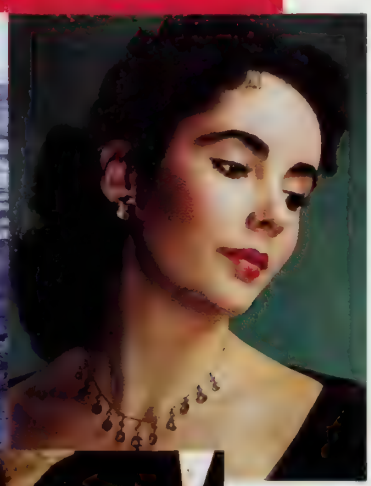
As well as one of the finest and ost underrated screen actresses f her generation, as Donald Spo-reminds us throughout his ltogether more civilized book, *A assion for Life: The Biography f Elizabeth Taylor* (Harper-ollins). It's all there: the I'm Still ere roll call after six decades in ie V.I.P. lounge of life, the eight arriages, the divorces, the dia-onds, the drugs, the drink, the enunciations from the Vatican, ie injuries, the illnesses, and, worst of all, ie copious wearing of caftans. Besides being ofter on E.T. than Heymann is, Spoto also omes through as the more sophisticated of the wo biographers, well aware that Taylor's sto-y is less that of just another 20th-century oman and more that of a natural wonder nat-ral disaster—Hurricane Liz.

But a place for a force of nature seems unlikely in contemporary, bed-before-11, running-before-7 Hollywood (where in the world would Demi Moore, say, find the time for eight marriages?), here young studs and starlets seem more nterested in swapping organic-juice recipes than body fluids on that all-important first date. Once her fuel-injected beauty was used up (somewhere in the 60s) and the good roles stopped being offered to her, it was inevitable that she had to slow down: a hedonist who is neither beautiful nor a star is in severe danger of simply looking like a slob. Logically, selling scent and mothering Michael Jackson are dignified ways for a woman of 63 to spend the sunset (as opposed to the tequila sunrise) of her days.

But then, when was stardom ever about logic? Sterling though her AIDS work is, and (typically of her) obviously far more heartfelt than it is with 99 percent of the Simon Says–ish Little Red-Ribbonheads, and solid though her marriage to Mr. Larry Fortensky seems to be, there is something mildly depressing, if not full-blown tragic, about seeing such a wanton, wayward woman finally grow up and buckle down. She who once towered over the slick skyline of American Sex like King Kong (a comparison at least Mr. Heymann will surely approve of) is now the cosmic clean-up woman for Michael Jackson—holding a squalid little condom in the hands that once carried the weight of the world's most precious gems for the benefit of the world's photographers.

Never mind; as long as the phantom Liz—as soft as a sigh and as sharp as a shiv—stalks the screens of late-night movies in her silky slips, pursuing terrified lover-boys through scenes from the sex war in such movies as *Butterfield 8* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, that superhuman beauty, that otherworldly creature E.T., will live on.



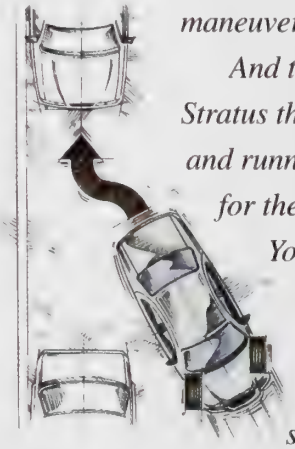




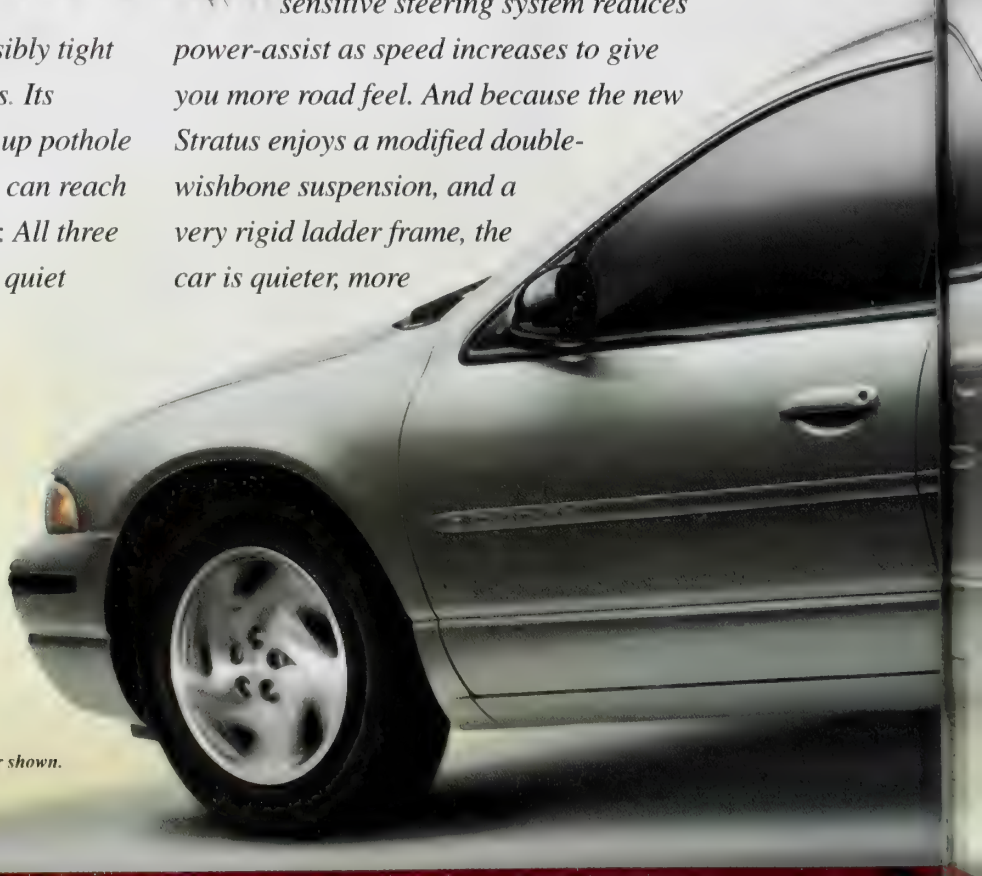
Clockwise from top
Taylor in Butterfield 8 *(1960), in 1949, with Richard Burton in 1964;*
sur la plage *in* Suddenly, Last Summer *(1959); and in 1966.*

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Vanities

In the Flesh



Flesh and Blood *author Michael Cunningha*

If novelist Michael Cunningham's life were to be written as a picaresque adventure entitled *Michael Cunningham,* it would open in a Pasadena bedroom with a boy shouting the lyrics to "Positively Fourth Street" and grinding his hips like Diana Ross. It would segue from seminal influences (Genet) to San Francisco to a Nebraska farm, where our hero attempts to learn cattle butchery from a library book. Characters of "courageous oddness" would pass through the pages, delighting the young artist as he meanders through the Iowa Writers' Workshop, the love of good women, and—eventually—the love of good men. There would be acting out, ACTing UP, a first novel (*Golden States*), which our modest hero asks us to forget, and a second (*A Home at the End of the World*), which many readers will never forget.

The newest chapter? Cunningham's third novel, *Flesh and Blood* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), in which he attempts "to write a 2,000-page novel in under 500 pages." The book buzzcuts like Edward Scissorhands through the conventionally dull pastures of the American family saga. ("And can I tell you a little secret of mine?" a suburban matron counsels a drag queen on a summer day. "I put my bra and panties in the freezer overnight.") It started picking up praise about 15 minutes after Cunningham switched off his laptop. Mo people threw out feelers; *Publishers Weekly* threw stars. B he isn't strutting (except maybe on Fridays at Squeezebo "This is what I can do," he says. "And I'm doing it." H worst fear? That the empathy and lyricism which are h trademarks will make people think he's just a softy. "Yes," confesses, "I worry that my writing is a fat boy in gym cla who no one wants on their team." —GEORGE HODGM



Art of the Meal

Chanterelle, which this month celebrates its 15th anniversary, is mo than a place to eat. As soon as you are seated in one of the polishe mahogany chairs, the rosy beige of the Manhattan restaurant's hig walls produces an ambience of light that transforms your psych Merely to sit opposite your date in that peachy glow is to understan the confidence Barbara Walters radiates when she knows that h lighting man has made her look better than Clint Eastwood.

Karen and David Waltuck are Chanterelle's handsome and energetic prop etors. When I called on them recently, they happily showed off their famou menus—more than 40—designed by many of the renowned artists and perforr ers who came in to eat one day and ended up their lifelong friend "The idea took on its own life," explains Karen. "People began to ask they could design for us." Menu alumni include Merce Cunningha John Cage, Marisol, Cy Twombly, Bill Cosby, and Marcel Marceau and to commemorate the restaurant's 15th year, Allen Ginsber has waxed graphic. "Our dream was to create a place that serve perfect food in a completely unpretentious atmosphere," say David. "To create a place that is both grand and accessible. Chanterelle's latest four stars, awarded by *The New York Times* i 1993, attest to its proprietors' success. —DAVID DANIE

Chanterelle's menu covers—Eat, *by Robert Indiana, 1990;* Child, *b Allen Ginsberg, 1995; and* Seascape, *by Jennifer Bartlett, 198*


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WHAT I TRULY DESIRE.



PHOTO: PIERO GEMELLI© 1995 LA NOUVELLE BAGUE

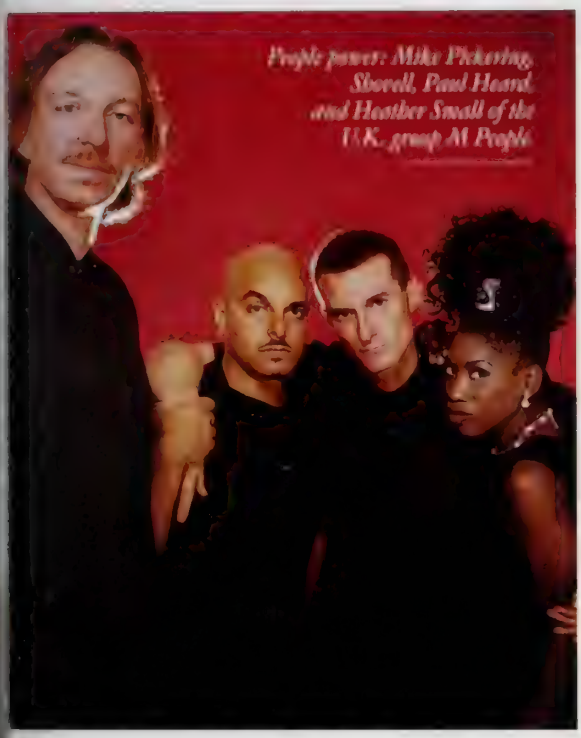
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Alphabet City



People power: Mike Pickering, Shovell, Paul Heard, and Heather Small of the U.K. group M People

First there was Up with People. Then came the Village People, Nia Peeples, and *James Brown's Funky People*. Now please welcome M People, a surprisingly unannoying disco/soul group from London by way of Manchester and built around the House-tinged production of famed Mancunian D.J. Mike Pickering, the Philly-soul melodies of Paul Heard, and the stunning contralto of soul diva Heather Small. There's also a guy named Shovell—just Shovell—who plays percussion quite a bit and ances around onstage. If you can imagine, say, Happy ondays doing Wilson Pickett songs, only with Roberta ack singing, you're in the ballpark.

Last year, M People was the first dance act to win itain's Mercury Music Prize, the music industry's quivalent of the Booker. Now comes *Bizarre Fruit*, silky return to the golden age of disco—and M ople's second album to be released in America, nich threatens to make them the most popular British ance group in the U.S., at least since Soul II Soul. he snob element likes to create this giant rift between ance bands and rock bands," says Heard. "But I on't think there's much difference between the people no buy our records and the people who listen to oundgarden."

—JONATHAN GOLD

Hot Type

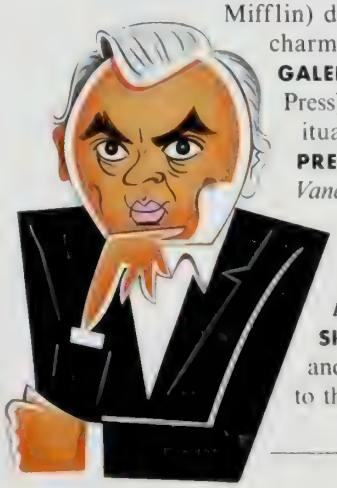
Ah, springtime! When a young book reviewer's fancy turns to love and conspiracy theories and so, naturally, to **NORMAN MAILER,** the literary Lion King responsible for *Oswald's Tale: An American Mystery* (Random House), an arrestingly curious portrait of the alleged J.F.K. assassin, who still obsesses a nation.



Jane and Paul Bowles in Morocco, by Cecil Beaton, 1949; Gore Vidal, author of The City and the Pillar and Seven Early Stories.

Also this month: Former Norman nemesis **GORE VIDAL'S** early—and controversial—work is reprinted in *The City and the Pillar and Seven Early Stories* (Random House). For all you **JANE BOWLES** completists, the life's work of the brilliant and highly original American writer is reprinted in *My Sister's Hand in Mine* (Noonday). In **JOHN BANVILLE'S** *Athena* (Knopf) a man with a mysterious past finds himself seduced by a strange woman and art-world intrigue. **ETHAN MORDDEN'S** *How Long Has This Been Going On?* (Villard) is the gay epic novel you gay-epic-novel aficionados have been hankering for. A father seeks to bond with his estranged gay son, who has returned home to die of AIDS, in the deeply affecting novel *The Promise of Rest* (Scribner), by **REYNOLDS PRICE.** Victorian London is the setting of *The Trial of Elizabeth Cree* (Doubleday), **PETER ACKROYD'S** tale of a woman accused of poisoning her husband. Naughty **ANAÏS NIN'S** celebrated sensual scribblings are now unexpurgated in *Fire: From "A Journal of Love"* (Harcourt Brace). The fine citizens of Foggy Town are the heart of **PHILIP ZIEGLER'S** *London at War* (Knopf). Vladimir Nabokov and George Bush are just two of **LORD WEIDENFELD'S** pals who appear in his autobiography, *Remembering My Good Friends* (HarperCollins). **SELINA HASTINGS'S** biography *Evelyn Waugh* (Houghton Mifflin) depicts the tragicomic life of the charming eccentric writer. **DAVID GALEF'S** first novel is *Flesh* (Permanent Press). A lowly caddie becomes the spiritual guru of the greens in **STEVEN PRESSFIELD'S** *The Legend of Bagger Vance* (Morrow). And finally, for all of you not bitten by the love bug this spring, take comfort in the exile of others: *The Oxford Book of Exile* (Oxford), edited by **JOHN SIMPSON,** is home to writings about and by exiles from Robinson Crusoe to the Dalai Lama.

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL





The Mirman House in California, from "Contemporary": Architecture and Interiors of the 1950s, *by Lesley Jackson, 1994.*

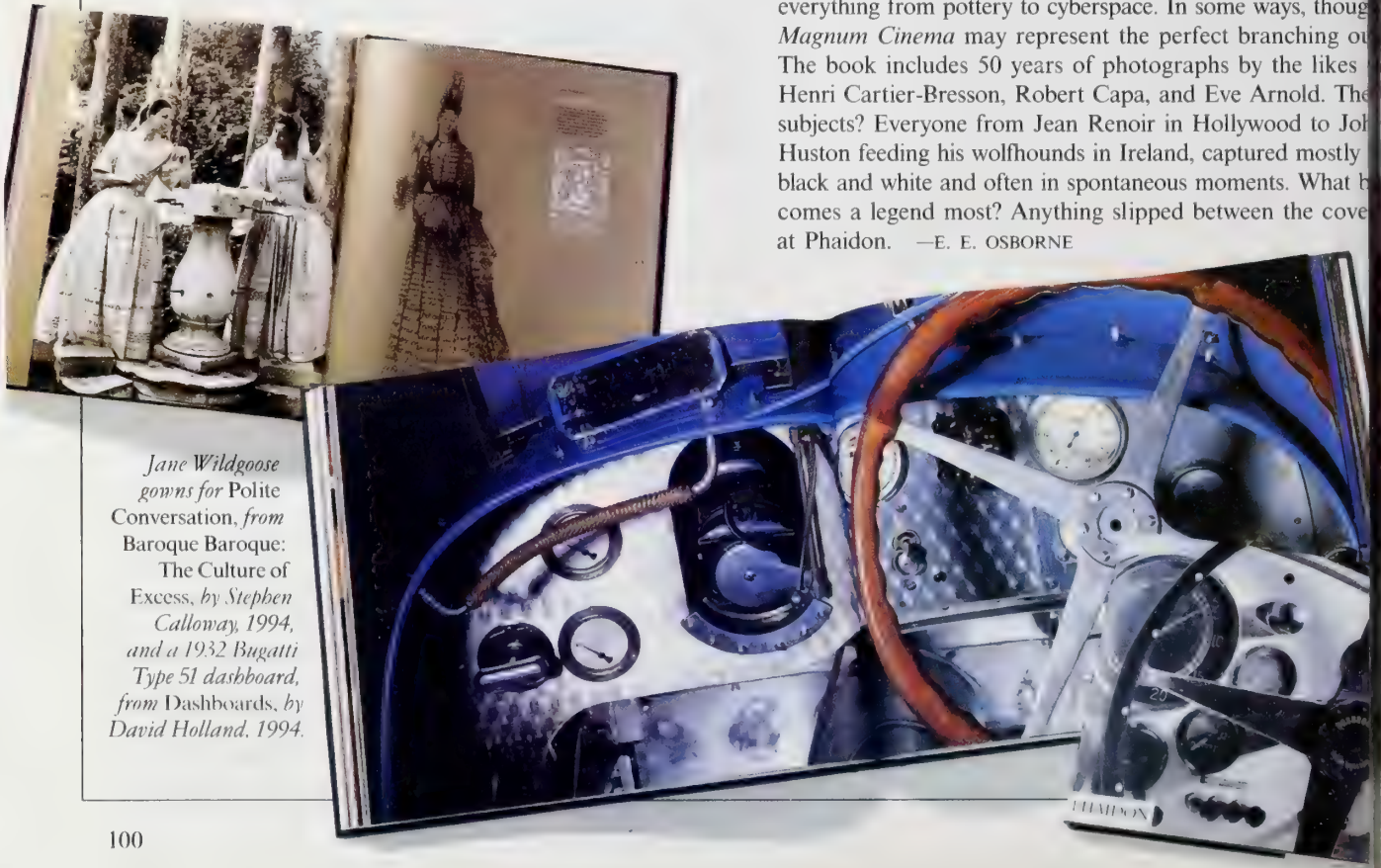
High Phai

Phaidon, a great art press of the 20s, gets new life

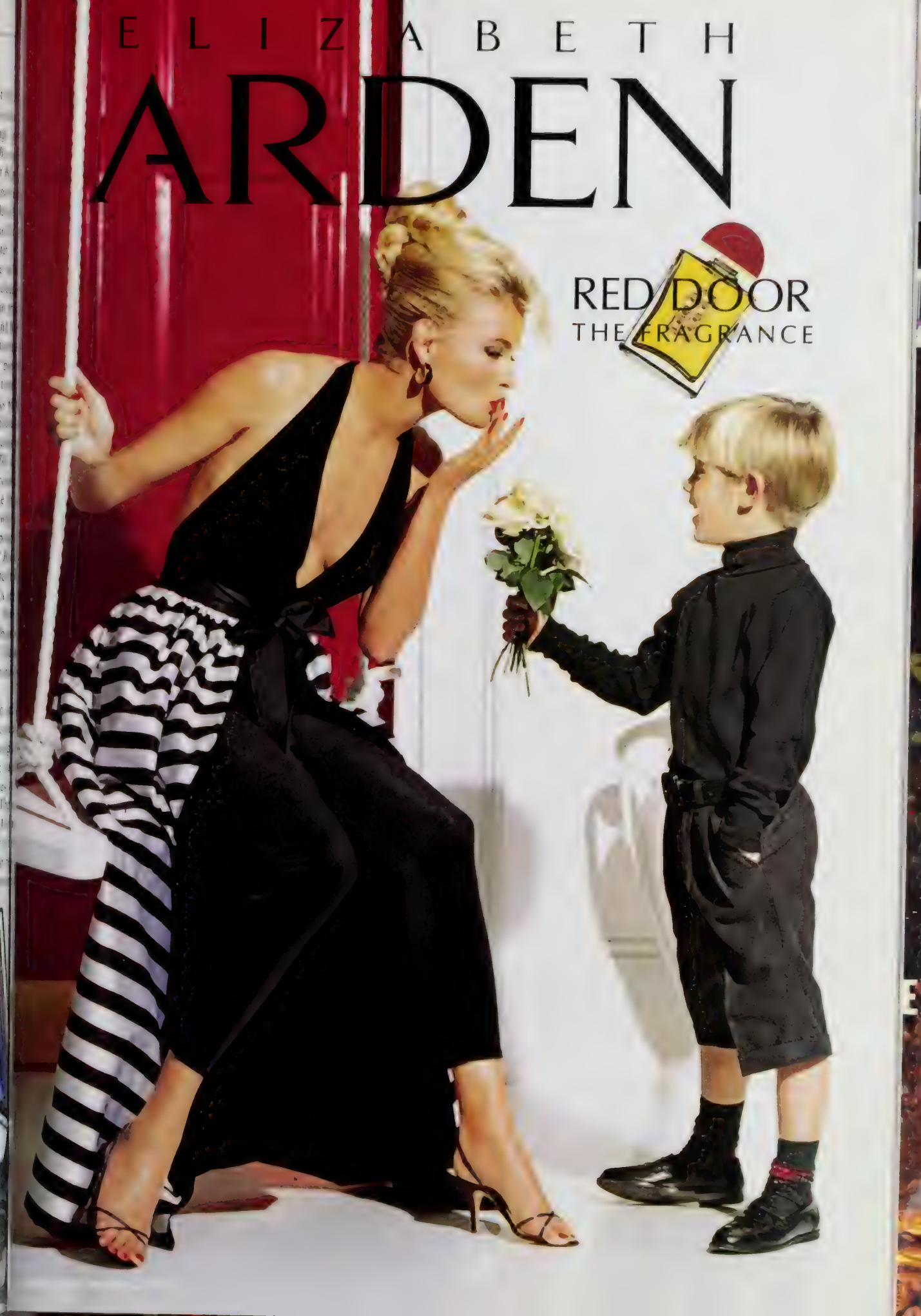
Its simple, stylized *phi* spine logo gives a hint of the ele gance and deftness within the books by Londo Phaidon Press. Flip through some recent offerings—go lettering oozes off of pink pages in *Baroque Baroq The Culture of Excess,* endpaper that would suit Bea Cleaver's den envelops *"Contemporary": Architecture Interiors of the 1950s,* full-page bleed close-ups detail simplicity of an Austin 7 in *Dashboards*—and you'll that each book perfectly reflects its subject matter.

Phaidon (pronounced *Fie*-dun), known since its ennese beginnings in the 20s for producing elega art books—*Van Gogh,* by W. Uhde, has been in pr since 1951—went through a rough period in the 70s and 8 Owners, including Encyclopedia Britannica, were turni out, according to sales director Simon Littlewood, "pre books about Japan." The press has more recently turn back to its original mission: to publish fine art books wi high production and design standards, scholarly excellen and value for the money (translation: breathtaking, unus ally readable, inexpensive books). Take, for example, *The Book,* their big seller born of a humble backgrou Phaidon's consultant designer, Alan Fletcher, came in the office one day with an art dictionary, wondering why didn't have any pictures. Based on the old maxim about picture and the thousand words it's worth, *The Art Bo* gives the work its due. Each of 500 artists is represented an exemplary reproduction which takes up most of a si gle page; the text is brief and useful as a springboard fro which various artful points are made. The eight-pound boo which was recently named the British Book Awards' Illu trated Book of the Year, should give collegiate perenni Janson's *History of Art* reason to worry.

There seems to be little Phaidon will not tackle; recent a upcoming releases (they do roughly 75 books a year) cov everything from pottery to cyberspace. In some ways, thoug *Magnum Cinema* may represent the perfect branching ou The book includes 50 years of photographs by the likes Henri Cartier-Bresson, Robert Capa, and Eve Arnold. The subjects? Everyone from Jean Renoir in Hollywood to Joh Huston feeding his wolfhounds in Ireland, captured mostly black and white and often in spontaneous moments. What b comes a legend most? Anything slipped between the cove at Phaidon. —E. E. OSBORNE



Jane Wildgoose gowns for Polite Conversation, *from* Baroque Baroque: The Culture of Excess, *by Stephen Calloway, 1994, and a 1932 Bugatti Type 51 dashboard, from* Dashboards, *by David Holland, 1994.*


ELIZABETH
ARDEN
RED DOOR
THE FRAGRANCE

Vanities

Night-table Reading



John Kennedy Jr., *attorney:*
Call It Sleep, *by Henry Roth (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). "It's an autobiographical novel about immigrant life in New York City. As Mr. Roth now lives in New Mexico, I gather the experience wasn't all pleasant."*



Nadja Auermann, *model:*
The Philosophy of Andy Warhol, *by AndyWarhol (Harcourt Brace). "I wanted to know more about this fascinating and important Pop artist and his history. You could feel the intimacy by the way he expressed himself."*



Space Ghost, *talk-show host:*
Men Are from Mars, Women Are from Venus, *by John Gray (HarperCollins). "I guess this clears that up. Now, everybody, mambo!"*

Next of Kiln

After he exploded a kiln his first year at RISD, Jonathan Adle thought he might never work in pottery again. "The scho encouraged me not to come back—let's put it that way," h recalls. "But I couldn't quite get inspired by the brow stoneware aesthetic in ceramics, anyway." So he fled art scho and went into show business, working as an agent's assista and script reader. But from the outer rings of Development Hel the innate clay spinner in him began to cry out. "Suddenly, I saw the gre grooviness gap in ceramics," he says. And now, five years after becoming pottery-school dropout, this slight, bright 28-year-old can be credited wit bringing new fire to the art of clay.

"These designs are completely modern, but there's also an odd sensibili that shines through," explains designer Todd Oldham, whose New York stor sells Adler's wares. (The pieces are also available at Aero, Bergdorf Goo man, and Barneys.) Adler says his inspirations are "the graphic aesthetics the 50s and 60s, and also my parents' house in New Jersey—they were tellin a groovy '69 kind of story." And now so is he, deploying shades of blue an green and yellow not seen since the year of the first moon shot.

Next he'll be dusting off another 60s design craze: spin art. "It's wild," say Adler, looking up from his whirling potter's wheel and adding, reflectively "I can't believe I'm a #%$@-ing potter!" —MATTHEW TYRNAUE

Potter's field: Jonathan Adle



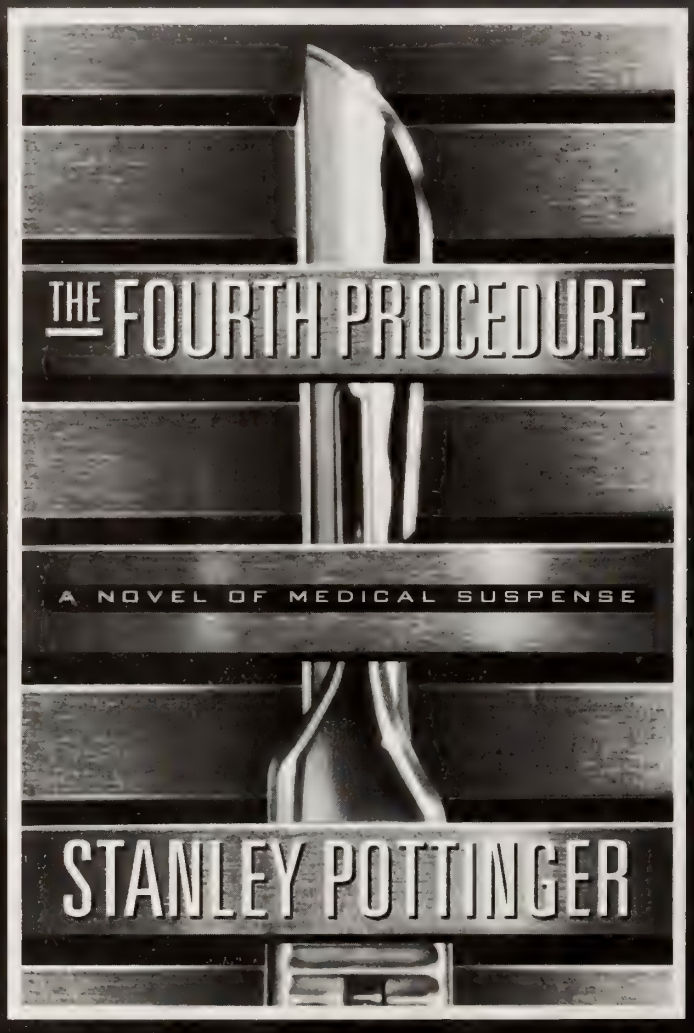

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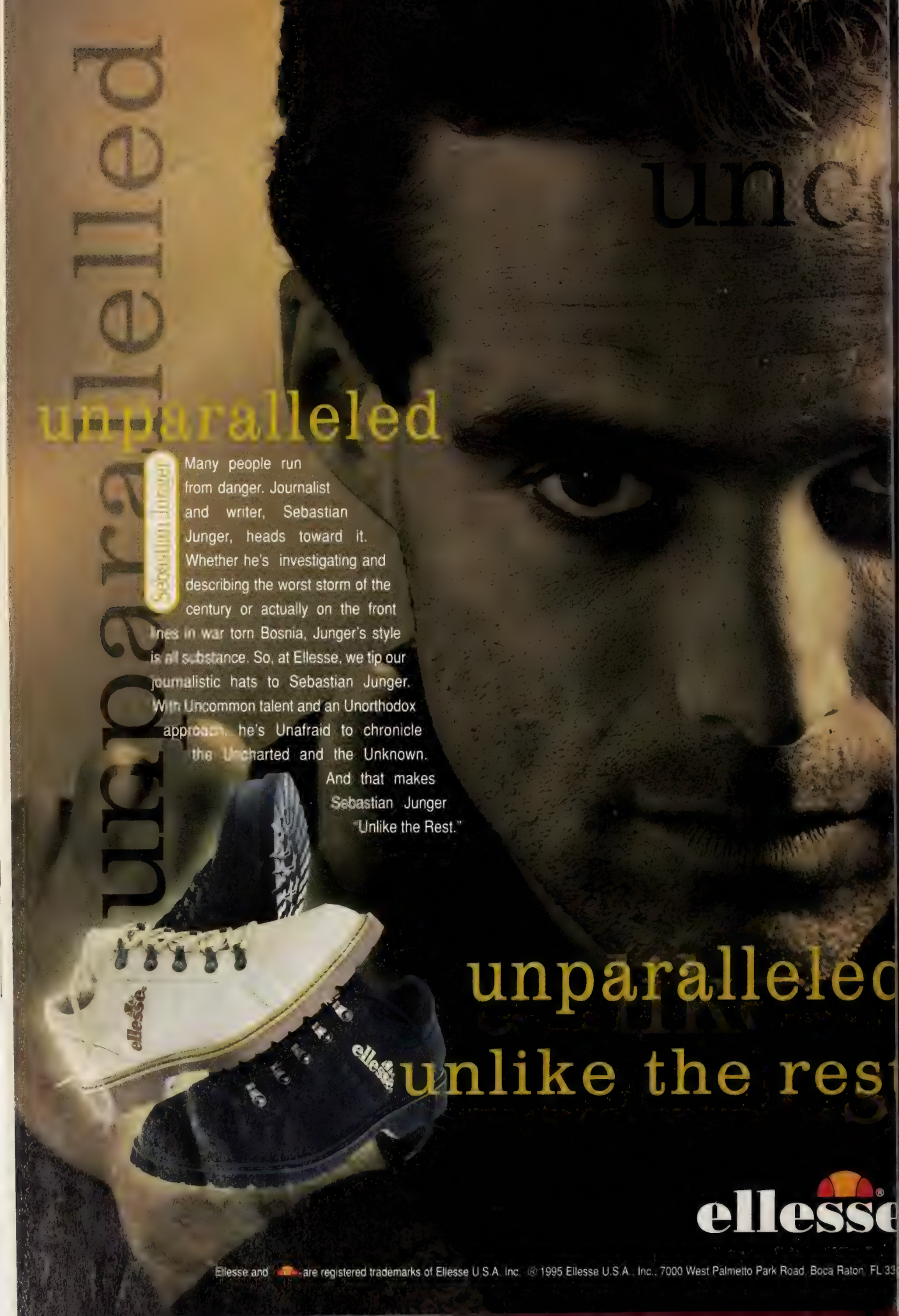
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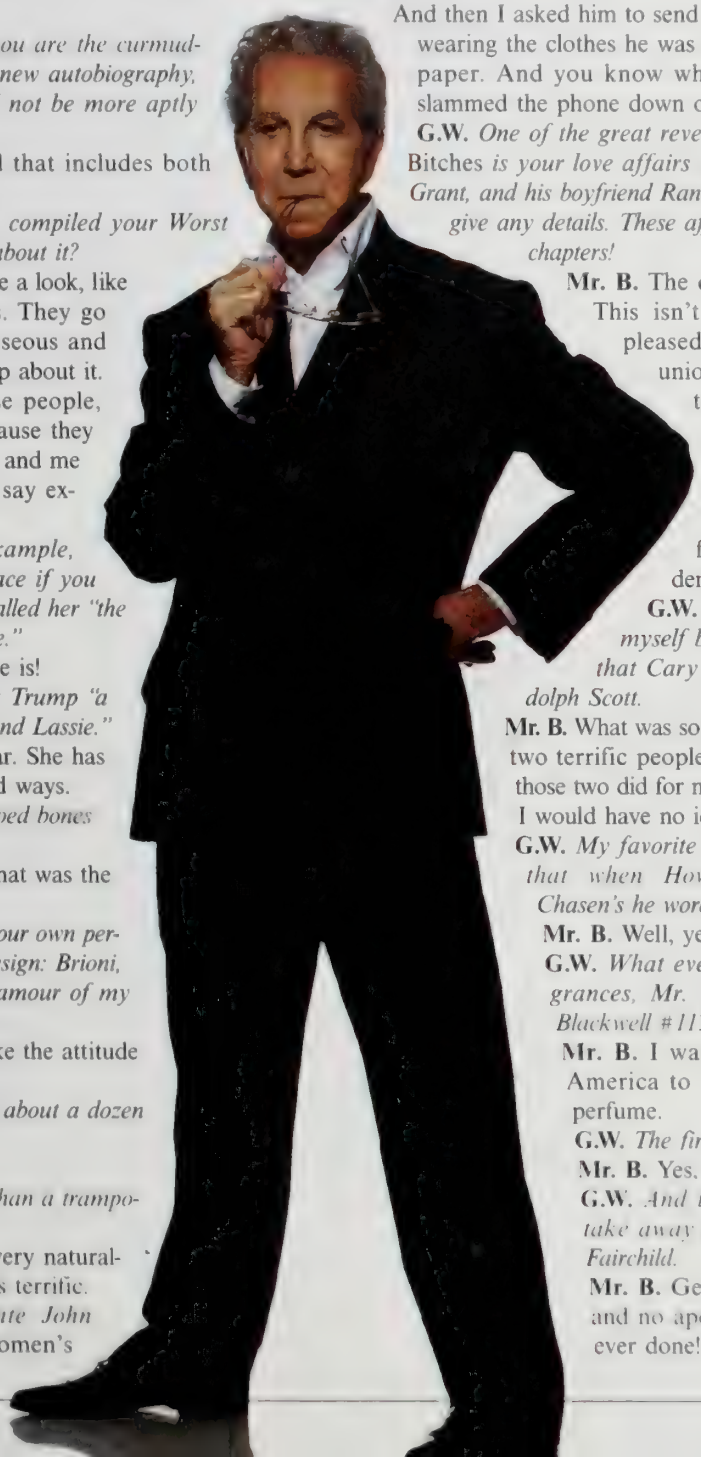

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Play Mister for Me

Basic Blackwell is always in vogue

The irrepressible Mr. Blackwell, keeper of the annual Worst Dressed List, has just written his autobiography, called *From Rags to Bitches*. The irrepressible GEORGE WAYNE recently persuaded the style lord to give him a sneak preview.



eorge Wayne: *Considering you are the curmud-eon of fashion, Mr. B., your new autobiography,* rom Rags to Bitches, *could not be more aptly 'led.*

Ir. Blackwell: Correct. And that includes both ıe gender and the attitude.

.W. *Ever since 1960, you've compiled your Worst ressed List. How do you go about it?*

Ir. B. It's so simple. I just take a look, like ıy other human being does. They go ome and get a little bit nauseous and ll up the neighbor and gossip about it. he difference between those people, ho are really more evil, because they e not open and out about it, and me that I come right out and say ex-tly what *they* are thinking.

.W. *Now, Madonna, for example, ould probably spit in your face if you er went near her. You once called her "the ueen of pretense and peroxide."*

Ir. B. That's exactly what she is!

.W. *And you've called Ivana Trump "a oss between Brigitte Bardot and Lassie."*

Ir. B. That was only one year. She has deemed herself in a hundred ways.

.W. *And Cher "a bag of tattooed bones a sequined slingshot."*

Ir. B. Well, that was kind. That was the ndest thing I ever said.

.W. *I find it interesting that your own per-nal style favors European design: Brioni, rmani, and the masculine glamour of my vorite, Hugo Boss.*

Ir. B. I love Hugo Boss. I like the attitude f European clothes.

.W. *Now, Mr. B., you've had about a dozen ce-lifts. Am I correct?*

Ir. B. No!!!

.W. *But your face is tighter than a trampo-ne!*

Ir. B. It is not! My face is very natural-oking. I think my surgeon is terrific.

.W. *Why does Mr. B. hate John airchild, the publisher of* Women's Wear Daily*? Why does that name drive him to such venom?*

Mr. B. Well, I don't think the man is fair. He has said, "I don't intend to report fashion. I intend to dictate it." And he said anyone who disagreed with him he would destroy. I called him and said, "It's too late, you can't destroy me." And then I asked him to send me snapshots of his wife wearing the clothes he was front-paging in his newspaper. And you know what his answer was? He slammed the phone down on me.

G.W. *One of the great revelations of* From Rags to Bitches *is your love affairs with Tyrone Power, Cary Grant, and his boyfriend Randolph Scott. But you don't give any details. These affairs warranted their own chapters!*

Mr. B. The details aren't important. This isn't a porno book! I was pleased that I became part of unions, part of relationships that gave me confidence, that made me feel wanted. I gave them, those people—and there were many more—the same feeling of joy, of confidence, of need.

G.W. *I was trying to imagine myself being in that beach house that Cary Grant shared with Randolph Scott.*

Mr. B. What was so wonderful was, here were two terrific people who took me in. What those two did for me, at that time of my life, I would have no idea how to repay them.

G.W. *My favorite factoid from the book is that when Howard Hughes went to Chasen's he wore mud-caked tennis shoes.*

Mr. B. Well, yes, that was Howard.

G.W. *What ever happened to your fragrances, Mr. Blackwell #10 and Mr. Blackwell #11?*

Mr. B. I was the first couturier in America to come out with his own perfume.

G.W. *The first?*

Mr. B. Yes, I was the first.

G.W. *And that's a fact no one can take away from you, not even Mr Fairchild.*

Mr. B. George, I have no regrets, and no apologies for anything I've ever done!

VANITY FAIR
MAY 1995



HOLLYWOOD HOYDEN
"Meg is *not* perky," says Tom Hanks. "I always got the distinct impression that this woman is not to be messed around with."

Maximum Meg

Behind the screen magic of Meg Ryan's madcap smile and compelling vulnerability is a strong, pragmatic wife and mother who helped her husband, Dennis Quaid, conquer his cocaine addiction. After making three movies back-to-back—*I.Q.*, the historical drama *Restoration*, and her latest romantic romp, *French Kiss*—Ryan shows KEVIN SESSUMS she is finally ready to confront another trauma: open conflict with the mother who left her at age 15

What does Meg Ryan really want?

"*Collard greens,*" she tells me with the empty-stomached emphasis of a Georgia roadhouse customer as we roam around Savannah on a warm winter day. There is a quicksilver instinct that actresses possess which enables them to acclimate themselves—a site-specific demeanor, an accent immediately culled—to whatever their latest location happens to be. Ryan is not in town, however, to get cued and lit herself. Her husband, Dennis Quaid, is filming a movie with Julia Roberts around these parts. After making three films back-to-back—*I.Q.*, with Tim Robbins and Walter Matthau, the upcoming *Restoration*, directed by Michael Hoffman and starring Robert Downey Jr., and her co-production of *French Kiss*, which co-stars Kevin Kline and is directed by Lawrence Kasdan—Ryan has decided to spend some uninterrupted time performing her other duties, as wife and mother. We head on past the Gun Shoppe, a brownstone boutique brimming with firearms, before settling in at a favorite local Low Country café known as Nita's.

'I used to sort of really think of myself

"This is exactly what I wanted," Ryan whispers as we enter the tiny establishment, the aroma of smothered chicken and corn bread and, yes, freshly cooked collard greens greeting our arrival. Presley sings some gospel tunes on the sound system while Nita, whose friendliness is in direct proportion to her bountiful size, eyes us up and down. "Is your name Meg?" she asks in an accent so indigenous that it's even out of Ryan's well-paid range.

"Ah, well, yes," Ryan answers.

Nita, ladling gravy and beginning to grin, won't let up. "Meg *Ryan?* The movie star?"

"Ah, well, yes."

"Lord, chile, let me hug your neck! You ain't nothing but a little bitty ole thing!" Nita rushes out from behind the buffet and grabs Ryan in a heartfelt hug. Ryan's face flushes with embarrassment and a bit of the unbridled joy that Nita herself is feeling, having just had her own appetite sated with an unexpected taste of fame. "I just loved you in that movie where you turned into that old man."

"*Prelude to a Kiss,*" Ryan says.

"Oh, *Meg!*" Nita exclaims, near tears, and hugs her once again. "I'm gonna put you up on my wall," she tells Ryan as she releases her and motions toward the many photographs of past customers who have enjoyed her cooking. "Look a-yonder," she says, pointing to an autographed 8-by-10 next to the front door. "See who we had in here last week? *Judge Wapner!* I'm going around the corner to get that Polaroid camera from the Gun Shoppe girl. I got t'get me a picture of this. I'm gonna put it up there right in the middle, where I got them chili peppers hanging."

Ryan and I sit down to enjoy our meal and await Nita's return. "Were you really so shocked to be recognized?" I ask. "You looked like a deer in headlights."

"It never happens—*honest,*" she insists between bites of warm corn bread. "I know that in some places I'm famous, but it's nothing that defines my personality. . . . Sometimes I feel invisible—even more invisible than if I were just walking around as a regular person—because people don't see *me*. I'm amazed sometimes when people come up and talk to me. It's not about what *I* say, or how *I* am toward them. It's all about what they are able to say they have said to me. I'm very clear about that. . . . But fame is bizarre. As an end in itself, it's worthless. It's just a *thing*. It's also a test of character at times. For some reason I am being tested in that way—though I don't mean to make it sound ominous. Sometimes I pass the test; sometimes I'm a pain in the ass. Sometimes I'm like, Oh, God! I just want to buy some tampons!"

Nita, accompanied by a young woman, hurries back through the front door.

"Sometimes *this* happens," Ryan whispers, "but not that much. Somehow I'm able to scoot right underneath it all."

"Meg, sugar," Nita says, "this here's the Gun Shoppe girl. She's gonna take our picture."

Ryan rises and good-naturedly poses with Nita, whose dark beauty is now burnished with a kind of secondhand dignity. The Gun Shoppe girl aims and shoots. Ryan is right: Nita, having noticed the movie star, now feels noticed herself. The Polaroid whirs. Ryan smiles her invisible smile.

More hoyden than Hollywood dame, Ryan is able to avoid further scrutiny during the rest of our tour. Indeed, this woman in her mid-30s could easily pass for one of the myriad students at SCAD (Savannah College of Art and Design), who meander around the town's many squares in their lopey, grungy undergraduate way. Wearing an oversize sweatshirt, baggy pants, and Doc Marten boots, Ryan seems ready-made for just such traffic—although her Il Bisonte leather backpack, which she recently bought while on location in Italy, is a signal that her clothing allowance may be a bit higher than that of the kids in this art-drenched

"Meg is everybody you eve
ed to go out with in high scho
said 'No' to you," claims Billy
tal, who starred with her in
Harry Met Sally. . . .

"As a best friend, you feel th
could be intimate with her a
wouldn't betray you," says
O'Donnell, who worked with
Sleepless in Seattle. "And that'
ally the truth."

"Meg is *not* perky," Tom Han
me, correcting the image tha
moviegoers have of her. Han
starred with Ryan in *Sleepl*
well as in the less successful *Jo*
sus the Volcano. "I always g
distinct impression that this v
is not to be messed around wi

"I think her 'cuteness' som
blinds people to how genuinel
ed she is as a comic actress,"
Nora Ephron, who not only di
her and Hanks in *Sleepless* bu
wrote the screenplay for
Harry Met Sally. . . . "I think sh
good as anyone who has ever
in the movies and been funn
She also had huge input int
script for *When Harry Met Sa*
It was her idea to have the orga
the delicatessen."

"Her sexuality is even more
ent in real life than it is up o
screen," says Hanks. "Yet 'sex
comes off as carnal somehow. It
so much that, as opposed to he
ual*ness,* or her sexual power, th
comes irresistible beyond the p
gender. She does have a definit
of just sitting around and curli
in a chair when you're talking
stuff. She *absorbs* a lot. She asks
tions, but she doesn't do that
that almost everybody does—the
you the question because *they*
to answer it."

"I've finally realized that o
my greatest fears is *answering,* a
swering I have in my own h
Ryan tells me as we take in a
ple of Savannah's newest touri
tractions, first trying to find
bus-stop bench on Chippewa S
that Hanks used as a narrative
in *Forrest Gump*. "There were
certain voices in my head second-g

ousy person. Now I'm done with that."

y motivations and my inten- . . . It was a fear of deserv- hat's based on your self- . . . I used to sort of real- ık of myself as a lousy per- Now I'm done with that. lieve me, I'm not the poster for the well-adjusted. *That* w."

ghing and repositioning ıckpack, she follows as her two squares over onterrey to find the er mansion in John dt's best-seller, *Mid- in the Garden of Good Evil.* "What did you of that book?" she when we arrive at ırgantuan red brick

ved it," I offer. hought its narrative ure had problems. It veered out three-fourths of the way gh. If you're going to tell me a then *tell it to me straight.*"

ll right. Here's Ryan's:

—Raised a devout Catholic, along with two sisters and a brother, in and around Fairfield, Connecticut. ("Early on, the whole institutional aspect of the Catholic Church made me mad. The imposition rules: *This* is how you become d person. . . . I still listen to the but I listen to him with a dif- set of ears.")

t 15, separated from her moth- ho, according to Ryan, left her nd and children to pursue an career in Manhattan. ("It's some- I never talk about . . . but either an go inside yourself and say, ist going to be *me,* or you can around a lot and cause yourself ther people a lot of pain. You blame anyone else, finally. It's our own creation—up here in head, anyway how you're going al with something, how you're to *go on.* You have to figure our most peaceful path. But I do nber feeling, O.K., it's just go- be *me* right now. It was really ıg scary.")



RYAN'S SON
"Jack's got this little face of angst that he makes when the bones and the muscles in his face *conspire.*"

—Majored in journalism at New York University. ("I think part of the reason I wanted to be a writer was that I liked the idea of distancing myself from anything that was emotional. . . . Part of my impetus to write was about objectifying experiences.")

—First acting job: two-year stint as the leading ingenue on the daytime drama *As the World Turns.* Film debut: Candice Bergen's daughter in George Cukor's *Rich and Famous.* ("It was my first time out, and I had no idea who Cukor was. I just remember him screaming at everyone, '*Don't act! Stop acting! Just come through the door!*' Then he'd nod off, and his teeth would fall out.")

Met Quaid while filming *Innerspace* (they also made *D.O.A.* and *Flesh and Bone* together) and married him a few years later, in 1991. ("I remember the first time I saw his abs. . . . We were making *Innerspace,* and he had to do a scene in which he didn't have on any clothes. He was in a trailer getting body makeup on. All of us were there staring at his abs and going, 'Is there a sound those things make?'")

Among her other films: *Top Gun, The Presidio, The Promised Land, The Doors, When a Man Loves a Woman.* Estimated domestic box-office gross: $608 million. ("I'm not sure being in hits is anything to aspire to. But I'm lucky, because I really like doing comedies, and they're usually an easier sell than a drama. I'm not a snob about it. . . . In fact, I think a television sitcom would be a great thing to do. I think it would be really fun to make your day all about finding the joke.")

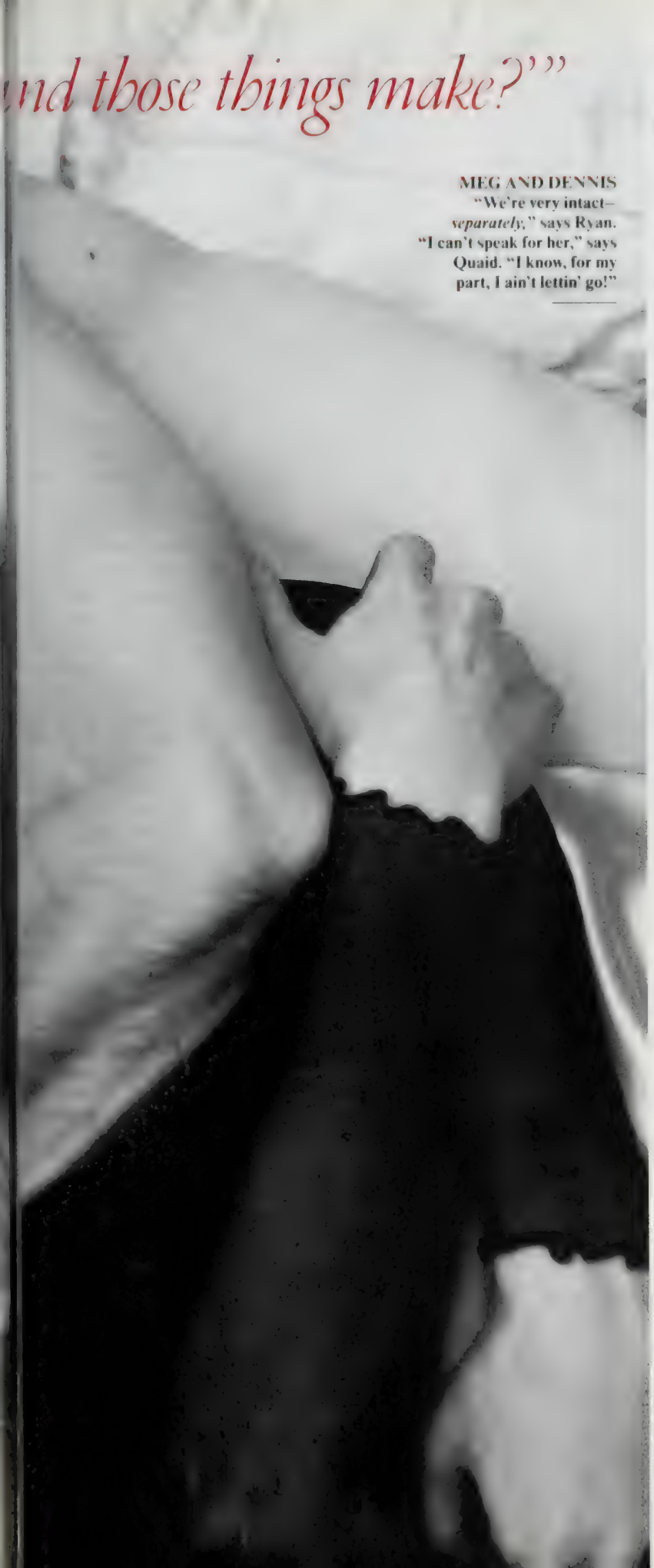
—One son, two-year-old Jack Henry Quaid. ("He's got this little face of angst that he makes when the bones and the muscles in his face *conspire.* We think it's one of his cutest expressions.")

—Production-company name: Prufrock. ("I always liked the idea of 'The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock,' because to me it's just a meditation on life, from *whatever* perspective. I also feel that that's kind of what maybe movies are—different meditations on parts of life.")

'The first time I saw his abs, I went, 'Is ther



nd those things make?'"



MEG AND DENNIS
"We're very intact—*separately,*" says Ryan. "I can't speak for her," says Quaid. "I know, for my part, I ain't lettin' go!"

"I know I shall disappoint some people, but I am rather embarrassed to have written 'Prufrock' now." T. S. Eliot once told an audience that had come to hear him read in New York City. "I feel it's rather exposing an adolescent personality."

Ryan, whose adult allure is redolent of adolescence, has, to paraphrase "Prufrock," forced two moments in her offscreen life to their crises with a well-honed maturity. She refused to marry Quaid unless he kicked a cocaine addiction, and her role as daughter has been superseded—severely so—by that of wife and mother. A few years ago, her own mother, Susan Jordan, initiated a very public airing of what still remain very private matters. Until now, Ryan has steadfastly refused to engage her mother in a public discourse over their split. Susan and her second husband, journalist Pat Jordan, have expressed their side of things, however, in an interview with a British tabloid reporter as well as on the syndicated television show *Inside Edition*. Moreover, Pat Jordan, after peddling a story to several publications, finally made a sale to Chris Whittle's *Special Report* magazines. In that article, he related a version of private family events that purposefully painted Ryan as a rather unstable, ungrateful daughter. Susan Jordan is even writing a book about her life's experiences. Yet didn't this seemingly unalterable breach start much sooner, on that day when Ryan, as a 15-year-old, wept as she watched her mother drive away from her life?

"I feel like every now and then I could just come right out and say exactly what these people are capable of," Ryan tells me, speaking out for the first time about the situation. "But then it turns into a Roseanne-type thing. It's useless. . . . I don't have real anger or resentment toward these people. I'm just really happy to be away from them. It's the only peaceful way for me to be. They're very clear about why I don't talk to them—they're not being honest about this. It's a very long story. It's 32 years of stuff with this woman. . . . The thing I want to be clear about is that it has nothing to do with something

that happened when I was 15. I'm over it. It's this long-running personality, character thing."

"I'm *not* very clear about why she doesn't talk to me. I'm not clear at all. The book I'm writing is not about my relationship with my daughter," Ryan's mother insists, though Pat Jordan has written in a letter to *US* magazine that Susan will finally set "the record straight in her own book about her relationship with her daughter."

"My book is about overcoming breast cancer, which I had 17 years ago," Susan Jordan continues. "It in large part centers around the stress that I suffered when I really *had* to leave my children. I've not said this before—I don't think even Peggy knows about this," she says, using the name she has always called Meg. "My husband told me when I told him I wanted to have a divorce that he could not support the children or the house if he had to be the one to leave it. He said, 'I can't afford to rent an apartment for myself and support you and the children, so their whole lifestyle is going to be ruined.' That's why I left—*honestly*." (Although Susan Jordan says she has never spoken of these things, this version of events has been reported before, namely in a 1994 *Redbook* article.)

"That's one of the things that I'm writing about. The separation from them for those two years was so critical and terrible that I ended up with breast cancer, and that's what I'm writing about—that cancer is really caused by how you react to things that happen to you," Jordan says. "It took two years for me to get the job that I finally got as an English teacher at Choate Rosemary Hall. They gave me a house, and at that point I was able to get my two youngest children back. . . . The rumor that I abandoned my children to pursue an acting career in New York is totally false," she insists, though she does admit to auditioning for commercials and making one for Hills Brothers coffee during that time.

"I have sought over and over to talk this through with my mother and Pat," claims Ryan, who is somewhat closer to her father, a retired high-school math teacher. "And I have been put off over and over. I just think, finally, talking about this in public solves nothing and only exacerbates the problem. I think they are stoking the conflict for profit."

"I'm sorry they feel that way," says Susan. "Of course, that's not true. I never shared anything, really, until 1992, two years after Peggy just refused to talk to me anymore. I couldn't understand. All I was saying to her was, Gosh, I'm afraid Dennis might have a problem. . . . Maybe she felt I had threatened her image in some way. Here she was, engaged to a man who had a drug problem—what does that do to America's sweetheart? I was concerned for her. I like Dennis very much. *Did*."

"This is a very convenient story for them to tell, but it's not true. The one thing I want to make clear is that this has nothing to do with my husband or his behavior," says Ryan. "All of that is very hurtful to Dennis. It has nothing to do with him. It is also hurtful to me. I can't talk to people who are willing to hurt me like that."

"Your mother had breast cancer 17 years ago," I tell her. "If she dies without you two reconciling, will you suffer regret the rest of your life?"

Ryan takes a long pause. Sighs. "I think about that, actually," she finally says. "I wonder about it. But I don't have the answer to that."

"Can you ever trust her again?"

"That's a big question. It's something I think about a lot. I don't really know."

Is forgiveness still possible?

Jordan: "There is always hope."

Ryan: "There is always hope."

"Meg's character in *French Kiss* is trying to create a safe place in a world where that's really hard," director Lawrence Kasdan tells me, explaining why she was so attracted to this, her latest romantic romp. "She has to redefine her ideas about that and sort of open herself up to some of the chaos that life has. Some of that is bad; some of it is good."

"Meg's approach to all the comedies she's done has been very serious," says Tom Hanks. "I think she is exploring all sorts of themes, and that's where that perkiness thing becomes a subterfuge. . . . Whe chooses her more serious roles rooting around in her own at the same way that she does the dies. There is no small amou emotional and intellectual inves concerning what the characte going through. I think that's wh comedies are slightly elevated in s It's one thing to say you're goi play the alcoholic in *When a Man a Woman,* but when I saw it, I th she went much deeper than I ever have imagined."

The emotional roller coaste experienced in the early part c relationship with Dennis Quaid have been rich source materia that acclaimed portrayal. Lat Quaid went through his first sta sobriety, Ryan also had to we many changes that were occurri the two of them began to realign priorities. "Meg has a lot of and range—in her profession as as in her person," Quaid tells me. ' a deep thinker in that she que her every motive and action."

"Were you afraid of losing when you were trying to get so

"She stayed in there and stu out with me. It was a big test in on me and on her and on the tionship—but we really loved each enough to hang in there. We've together for about eight years, and ple go through all different st People *change,* and we've been to change along with each othe

"I'm always moved when I run two people who've managed to neuver through life and still mai the ability not only to love but loved," I tell him.

"Well, I know for my part I h Quaid says, breaking into robust l ter. "I can't speak for her. I k for my part, I ain't lettin' go!"

"Every day I'm surprised that nis and I are still together," Rya mits. "But Dennis and I both into this bringing something t party. Neither of us is the kin person that thinks the other pers going to make us feel one way o other. We're very intact—*separa* so that when we come togethe about something else."

"How long has he been sober

"Five years," she states matte factly. "My feeling was twofold

first told me about
caine: I was really
and then amazed
v brave he was to
."
u never did drugs
im?"
. Well, I smoked pot
im."
d you think it was
oblem only, or that
also yours?"
. I knew that it was
oblem, too. I went,
is the matter with
/hy didn't I *see* it?"
caine may harden
heart, but it makes
well, less hard in
places," I venture.
were intimate with
nd I assume you
how could you not
he was snorting

at's never been a
m with Dennis,"
leclares, laughing and
me straight about
's sexual prowess.
iously, though, when
ll in love with an addict and
omes sober, how do you then
love with someone who has
ed so much?" I ask. "Don't
ve to fall in love all over again,
new person?"
vas in therapy *every* day," she
s. "I remember going to one
first Al-Anon meetings, and
ng that hit me the hardest was
oman who stood up. She didn't
ike anybody who would have
ng to say that I could learn
But she said that she didn't want
left with this feeling that her
nd was getting all the help.
dn't want to be left as the per-
ho was still angry at the fact
e wasn't perceptive or she was
or she was lied to. Instead of
over it, she was afraid she
always be angry about it, and
ould be her legacy: *to be an-*
thought, *That's me*. I don't
to be left with that, either."
ou two have been through a
as it made you more of a ro-
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."



"Meg," says Billy Crystal, "is everybody you ever wanted to go out with in high school who said 'No.'"

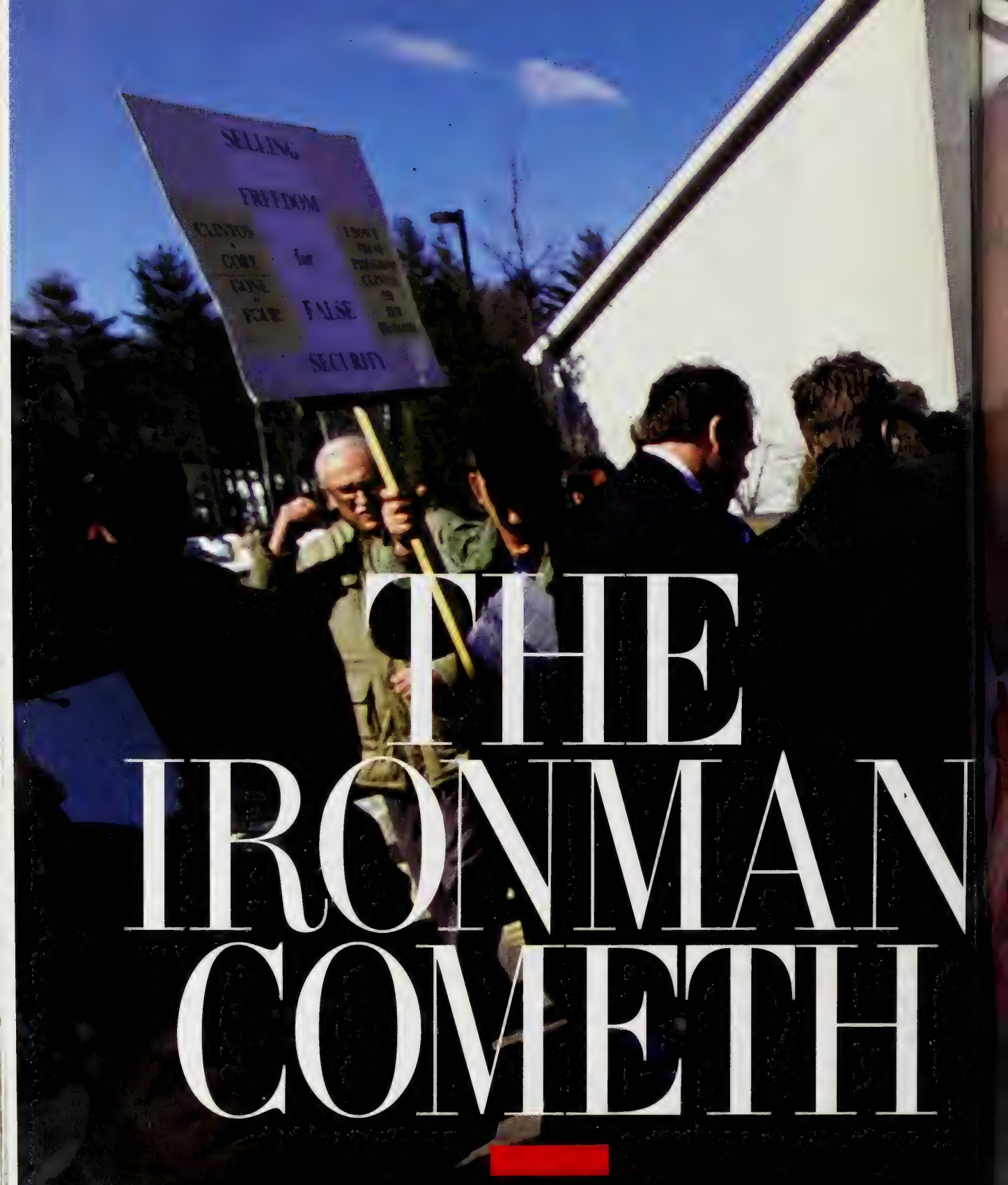
STREET-SMART
"I don't get my feet swept off the ground very much. I'm very, ah, *grounded*."

"Would Dennis say you were?"

"I don't know what he would say, but I don't think so. I think he's more romantic than I am. I'm much more pragmatic . . . very sensible. I don't get my feet swept off the ground very much. I just find that I'm very, ah, *grounded*."

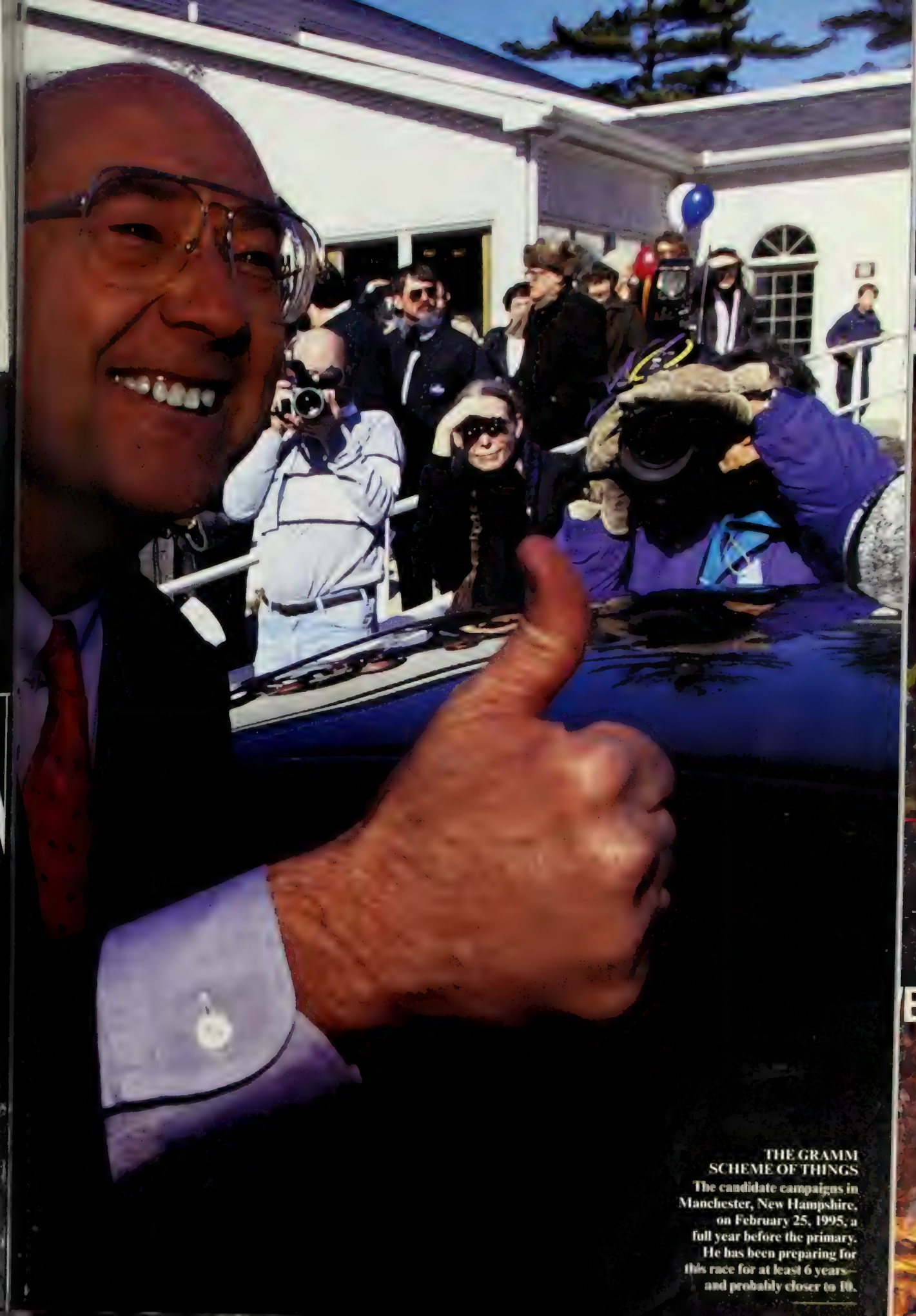
Nita has baked Ryan a sweet-potato pie, and I go by her restaurant to pick it up on my way out to Hilton Head, South Carolina, where Ryan and Quaid have rented a house while he finishes filming his movie in Savannah. Just across the Georgia state line, Hilton Head is a sprawling country-club community filled with brand-new homes bloated with a bland sense of grandeur. Ryan and Quaid have ensconced themselves in one of these monstrous tract houses in one of the most exclusive areas, right on the beach. The back wall of the house is completely glass and allows you to gaze toward the shore in order to avert your eyes from the mirrored wall that soars two stories over the pink fireplace. Luckily, some of their son's toys litter the living-room floor, making the place seem somewhat like a home—but certainly nothing like the real homes Ryan and Quaid have in California and Montana. The former, built in 1917, is a bungalow near Santa Monica that they bought three years ago; the latter is a 200-acre spread that abuts director Sam Peckinpah's ranch.

A barefoot Ryan in a black turtleneck and old ripped jeans greets me as I place the sweet-potato pie on the kitchen counter, which is strewn with books and manuscripts by and about the poet Sylvia Plath. She explains that she is considering playing Plath in a film biography to be produced by Prufrock. Suddenly the front door swings open, and Jack, towheaded and terribly cute, *(Continued on page 170)*



THE IRONMAN COMETH

With an $11 million war chest, a fund-raising database of 164,454 names and the will and constitution to work his way through a thousand rubber-chicken dinners, Republican presidential candidate Phil Gramm fired the starting gun for the 1996 race. MARJORIE WILLIAMS finds out what forged the Texas senator's political steel, and why Bob Do (and Bill Clinton) should be worried



THE GRAMM SCHEME OF THINGS
The candidate campaigns in Manchester, New Hampshire, on February 25, 1995, a full year before the primary. He has been preparing for this race for at least 6 years—and probably closer to 10.

When he was a young economics professor at Texas A&M University, Phil Gramm loved to corral his colleagues into "frog gigging" expeditions on the nearby Brazos River.

"You take this long pole," explains Gramm's old friend James C. Miller III, "with a sort of miniature pitchfork in the end, with sharp tines. You'd go at night, and shine a flashlight into their eyes. And then when they couldn't move, you'd *gig 'em.* And put 'em in a sack and take 'em home and cook 'em and eat 'em."

It's an apt way to introduce the two-term senator from Texas, who at the end of February became the first Republican to announce formally that he is running for president in 1996. For the spearing of the mesmerized frogs has in it some of the ruthlessness, the premeditated quality, of the assault that Gramm is launching on America's hearts and minds.

Gramm has often been dismissed as a man too ugly to be president. Also too southern, and too cold; too cerebral, too mean, too conservative. But before you make the same mistake, consider this: he has been seriously—calmly, deliberately, wholeheartedly—running for president for at least 6 years, and probably closer to 10.

In less than two decades the native Georgian has promoted himself from unknown economics professor at a second-rate university to one of a very few plausible candidates for the Republican presidential nomination. He has almost single-handedly set the pace for the nomination fight, helping to discourage rivals—William Bennett, Jack Kemp, Dan Quayle—who might have challenged him for the votes of the party's right wing.

"Part of the reason he goes so far is that so many people underestimate him," says Mark McKinnon, a Democratic political consultant in Austin. "He sounds like some simple-headed Georgia cracker. . . . He looks like a turtle, and he doesn't come off as what you'd expect to be presidential timber."

McKinnon, however, had the pleasure of working for Gramm's opponent in the 1984 Senate race, an experience he likens to "being hit by a truck." Today, he says, "I've got bets with everyone I know, for as much money as I can get them to put down, that Phil Gramm is going to be the nominee."

By the end of March, as talk anticipated the entry into the race of California governor Pete Wilson, the battle for the G.O.P. nomination appeared to have been w down to three, at most four, contenders—depend whether former Tennessee governor Lamar Alexander paign was seen as hopeless or merely improbable. the Senate, Gramm faced off against Majority Leader J. Dole—who is, like Gramm, so famously abrasiv political insiders were already salivating over the p of their duel. "It'll be like watching the Iran-Iraq exulted Democratic political consultant Paul Beg adviser to the Clinton White House.

What Gramm has going for him is a simple co tive message, a shrewdly populist style, pots of four years' worth of political chits collected as head Republicans' Senate campaign committee, and a the equal of Richard Nixon's and Lyndon Joh Gramm's quest has the urgent quality sometimes fo men whose fathers died young. "It almost goes saying that it's hard to imagine anybody more con by desire to win the presidency than Phil," says political consultant David Keene.

As Americans begin to look more closely at G they will find abundant contradictions in his r Though he postures as a deficit cutter, his 16 years House and Senate mark him as a master in bringing the federal bacon to his Texas constituents. Though h as a limited-government conservative, his life history tale of a man supported at every turn by the expansiv ernment of post–World War II America. Though he to be the most conservative candidate in the race, he to have privately moderate leanings on some issues. T he runs as a "redneck Republican" on populist appe his party's least wealthy voters, he is handsomely bank by the richest special interests in America.

But as the story of Gramm's life will illustrate, these tensions are resolved, or at least subsumed, b most important lesson he ever learned.

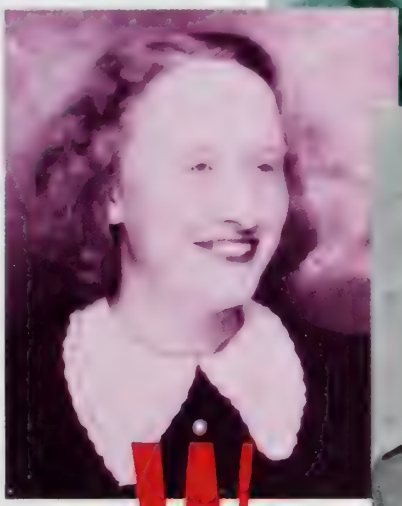
"If you're willing to pay the price," Gramm is fo saying, "you can beat anybody at anything."

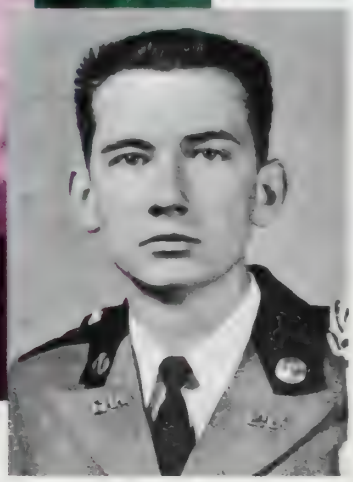
He looks like an illustration in a chil book, with that big, round moo of a face topped by eyebrows st ly delicate, swooping upward in sin His skin is the color of spackling pound, the result of too many nights in too many airless roo too many different time zones. 52, but looks 10 years older, and his posture is so b gives you a headache to watch. When he talks, he t his whole face forward and upward, as if straining t his Adam's apple from his shirt collar.

His plain-as-a-board manner is matched by an bound rhetoric. Delivered in a mush of Deep South els and softened consonants, his speeches—*im-paw* messages about reining in the *guv-a-mint*—are profou almost perversely, devoid of poetry. Phil Gramm is dammit, and he doesn't mind if you know it.

But what explains the degree of vitriol he calls fo those who have run against him, covered him, or op







While Gramm has his father's brains, it is to his mother's drive that he pays deference.

the Senate? Democratic former senator rd Metzenbaum, for example, calls him ous," "a buffoon," "a very disagreeable man." 's always willing to rise above principle." Dave McNeely, political columnist for the *American-Statesman*. "He's got every quali- dog except loyalty." A week before Gramm ed his campaign, the *Statesman* ran an edi- cartoon of breath- bile. In it, a reporter vn saying to Gramm, tor, your critics that you'd shove randmother through ige grinder if it would you president." ell," Gramm is seen ly, "with a local anes- of course . . . "

re are several reasons is trail of invective. Gramm's history as ty switcher: he was lected to Congress Democrat, and be- e crossed over to the G.O.P. d his role on the House Bud- ommittee to conspire with ld Reagan's budget director, Stockman, and became a chief r of Reagan's economic plan. other reason is Gramm's per- self-promotion in the Senate, colleagues quietly accuse him tting his career ahead of Sen- siness more consistently than t anyone in the institution. A e-old joke in Washington, told recently by Bob Dole, has it he most dangerous place in ity is between Phil Gramm television camera.

also annoys other lawmakers king clear his superior estimate of his own brains. In 1992, for example, he wrote G.O.P. senators criticizing a bill they had co-sponsored, "the full consequences of which may not have been apparent at the time that you signed on to the bill." In an interview with the *National Journal*, he suggested that he was probably "the only one who's read it."

And finally, Gramm earned some of his enemies through his slashing political style. "He has no reverse in him," says former Louisiana governor Buddy Roemer, who served in the House with Gramm and admires him. "He is a third-, fourth-, fifth-gear guy, and he will run over you. It doesn't make a lot of friends among politicians."

In 1987, during the Senate fight over Robert Bork's nomination to the Supreme Court, Gramm shocked his brethren by referring to Senators Ted Kennedy and Joe Biden as "the people who cheated in college." He once sent a former opponent a note saying, "I feel so sorry for your many problems, but you deserve them." And, according to a former Oliver North adviser, it was Gramm, in his role as chairman of the National Republican Senatorial Committee, who advised Senate candidate North to say that President Clinton "is not my commander in chief"—a remark that struck Virginians as so shocking, even in the mouth of Ollie North, that it seriously, perhaps irreversibly, damaged his campaign.

Yet Gramm is widely described as one of the smartest men in Washington. "You can love him or hate him," Gramm's former colleague Marvin Leath used to tell reporters, "but when you're dealing with him, there are two things you've got to remember: Number one, he's smarter than you are. Number two, he's meaner than a junkyard dog."



PHIL DISCLOSURE Gramm's father, *top*, became an invalid; his mother, Florence, *above, left*, kept the family going and sent Phil (*above, right*, his yearbook photo) to Georgia Military Academy. Gramm and his second wife, Wendy (in New Hampshire, *right*), have a two-career, two-Ph.D. marriage

While Gramm presents himself as the true heir to the conservative legacy of Ronald Reagan, he has a very different outlook from the former president's sunny optimism. His rhetoric teems with images of battle and death, and he tends to appeal to his listeners' sense of hopelessness and frustration.

"If we continue down the road we're on," runs a standard warning in his speeches, "in 20 years we won't be living in the same America we grew up in." And Gramm often concedes, almost with pleasure, that his is a candidacy most appropriate for a fearful time. "I think if we were at a moment in history where everything was wonderful in America, where we had not a problem in the world . . . I would probably not be chosen," he told Mike Wallace on *60 Minutes.*

His great political strength has been less in building than in demolition. Former Arizona senator Dennis DeConcini, a Democrat, says Gramm operates by "opposing what his colleagues propose, as opposed to proposing his own. He's not a real player, except from the standpoint of obstruction."

Opposition is a necessary tool for a senator who has spent most of his career in the minority. But Gramm has seized on it as his calling, most recently as the chief Republican opponent to Clinton's health-care plan. Rather than spend much time pushing the free-market-oriented solution he favored, he toured the country to charge that Clinton was "tearing down the greatest medical-care system in the history of the world to rebuild it in the image of the post office." Now his opposition is a staple of his presidential campaign. "When Republican pollsters told us it would be suicide to resist," he boasts, "I stood up and said, 'The Clinton health-care plan is going to pass over my cold, dead political body.'"

Most frequently, Gramm has turned his fire on the powerless. He once said, in criticizing federal nutrition programs, that "we're the only nation in the world where all our poor people are fat." And only last November he stated on *Meet the Press* that "when we have people who have made a profession out of being poor, it's time to change the system, and I'm not the least bit squeamish about saying it." For almost his whole career, he has used the image of productive citizens, who are pulling the social wagon, burdened by the freeloaders who are riding in it. "And I think we've got to ask people riding in the wagon to get out," he says.

As one follows Gramm on his political rounds, it is easy to understand why he is sometimes called cold. At an after-dinner coffee reception in Phoenix, Arizona, the sort of event designed to give grassroots political activists a more intimate look at the candidate, he introduces his wife.

"I'm happy to be here with someone who is very special to me, and that's my wife, Wendy Lee Gramm," he says. "I'm sometimes criticized in Washington for having a blind faith in the fairness of America. But I always say, It's not faith I have, it's evidence. I have evidenc this is my prime exhibit."

As he proceeds to tell the story of Wendy's p age—and it is an extraordinary story, of how her father came from Korea to Hawaii as an indentured l in the sugarcane fields, and her father rose to beco officer of a sugar company—the accomplished Mrs. G stands somewhat awkwardly in her regulation Re can-wife red suit and matching pumps, in front c and a little to his left. She stands there like . . . wel an exhibit.

"And under President Reagan and President Bush senator intones, "Wendy was chairman of the Com ty Futures Trading Commission, and in that capaci oversaw the trading of all commodities and comm futures in America, including the same cane suga her grandfather came to this country to harvest. that's America in action. . . . That's what I'm for."

An amazing story, but a strangely bloodless perfor

Yet for all that, it isn't true that no one likes Gramm: he is capable of a certain brainy charm among those who are not his direct colleagues or petitors, there are many who enjoy his mordant se humor. "He's a funny man," says former Republica ator Malcolm Wallop of Wyoming. "I know that isn stage persona, but it is the private person. And fr knowing Wendy as well as I do, she'd knock him he was anything but a pretty graceful companion."

ABC News correspondent Tim O'Brien, who we military school with Gramm, says Gramm likes to old friends with recitations of the anti-masturbation l the boys received from Colonel William R. Brewste the school's president: "I don't want to be sending boy home to his mother for shaking the bed at n Gramm admonishes in mimicry.

After a time, one begins to suspect that there is cret joke lurking in the eyes behind Gramm's steel-framed glasses. His old friends, those who "W.P." as a student cadet, describe a creature seems almost unrelated to the Phil Gramm of toda don't think anyone would have ventured that Gr would have been the one" to run for president som says high-school classmate David W. Goldman. "T president it would seem that you would have to tak pretty seriously. I know Phil didn't then, and I'll b doesn't now."

Hearing about the funny, casual, "impish" soul tha friends knew, one dares to guess that Gramm som *willed* himself to become the arrogant, even obno character he now presents to the world—that his pe of aggression is, as much as anything else, a chosen s toward life.

Gramm and his aides like to describe his backgr as a simple, log-cabin legend of poverty overcome thr grit and hard work. Which is true, as far as it goes this version has a calculated quaintness that papers the even harder, more interesting story of Gramm's hood. In reality, his early years contained searing and personal lessons in how starkly the *(Continued on page*

Illustration by PHILIP BURKE



GRAMM CRACKER?

Part of the reason he goes so far is that so many people underestimate him," says an opponent. "He sounds like some simple-headed Georgia cracker. . . . He looks like a turtle."

"It's rd to imagine anybody re consumed y desire to win the residency."

The Rachel Capers

Another day, another outing. Be that as it may, when supermodel Rachel Williams, best known for her sizzling Absolut Vodka ads, announced that she was in love with Alice Temple, a London punk-rock singer who's also a former female BMX-biking champion of Europe, she had an instant new claim to fame. The six-foot-one-inch Williams, nicknamed the Amazon, is the first-ever Varga Girl to be out of the closet. Not that—she's anxious to explain—she was ever in one. "I never thought for a second to hide it," she tells us. "I've had flings with women before, though my long-term relationships have always been with men. I was pleasantly surprised when I fell for Alice."

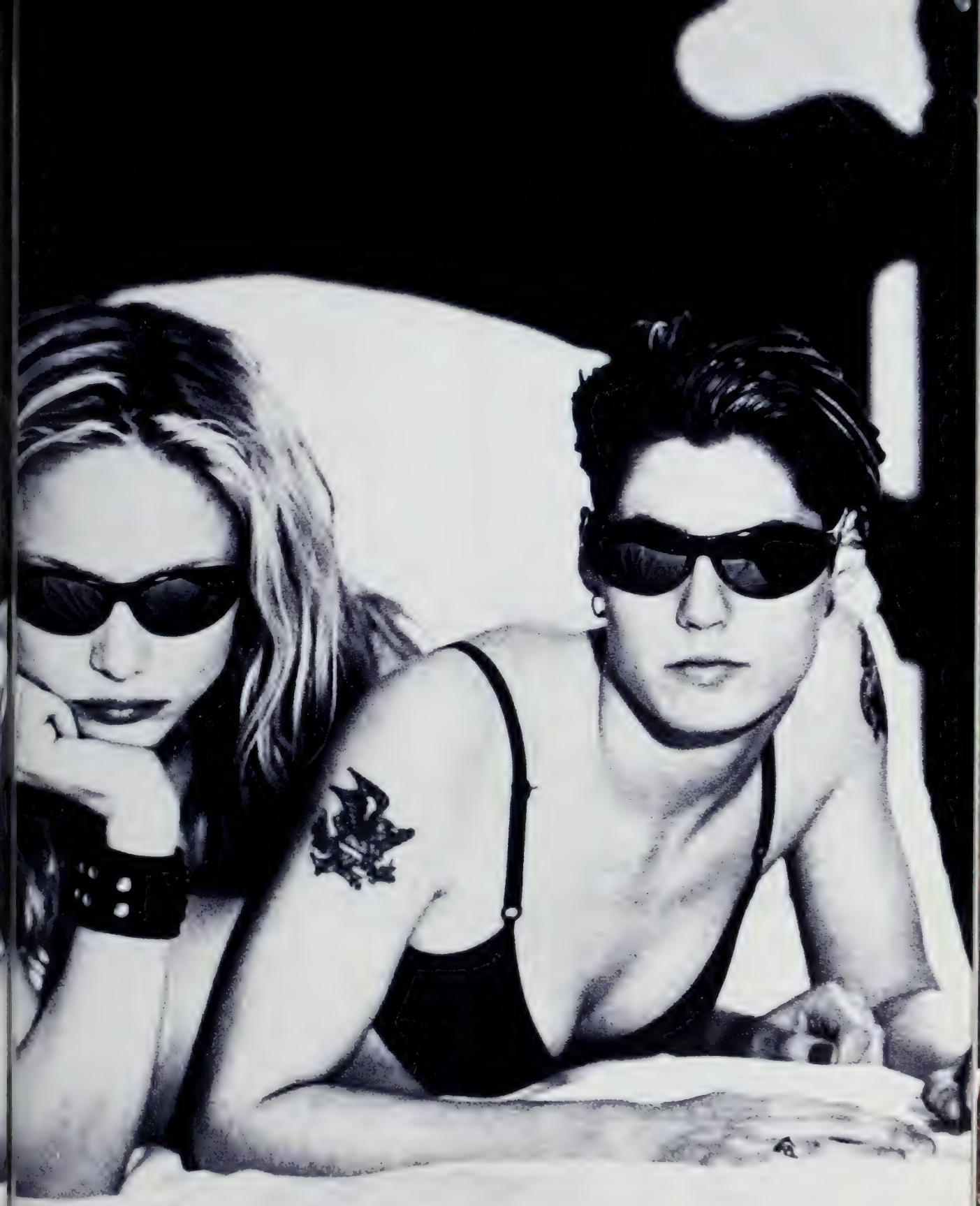
Alice used to be a model, too. "I was crap at it, really," she says. Williams's father is a New York architect, and her mother, a Woodstock-generation hippie, is now a salesperson in London, where the new couple have set up house. "The news didn't shock either of our families," says Rachel. "I've grown up believing anything is possible." Rachel met Alice three years ago at the Formosa Café in Hollywood. Lightning didn't strike then. Until a few months ago, Williams and downtown restaurateur Eric Goode were, we learn, an item. But then Rachel met Alice again, and the happy twosome have been together ever since. "I'm not turning away from men," says Rachel cautiously. "I'm just turning toward Alice. I adore Alice." And Alice adores Rachel. They seem a cozily coltish couple. "I can't imagine anyone else," says Alice, whose nickname is Arnie. "I've been in love before and it always feels like forever," says Rachel. "I'll do my best."

"Can't do more," we said. —JOHN HEILPERN

Photograph by ELLEN VON UNWERTH

STYLED BY CATHY KASTERINE. HAIR BY WARD. MAKEUP BY BRIGITTE REISS ANDERSEN. HAIR PRODUCTS FROM MATRIX ESSENTIALS; MAKEUP FROM JACQUES DESSANGE. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE.





RACHEL WILLIAMS
and
ALICE TEMPLE

"I was pleasantly surprised when I fell for Alice."



BIG SPENDER

Donald Trump (photographed in New York on March 1, 1995) says he acquired 50 percent of the Empire State Building without paying a penny.

EMPERORS OF THE AI

Photograph by RICHARD J. BURBRIDGE





"THIS PERFECT LITTLE MAN"—ACCORDING TO DONALD TRUMP

Among the most reviled financiers of postwar Japan, Hideki Yotsuya appears to be the true owner of the Empire State Building. Here he is in Tokyo on August 15, 1990, just before being sentenced to three years in prison for negligence that caused one of Japan's worst hotel fires ever.

If there's one glittering crown in the New York skyline, it's the Empire State Building. But now the landmark is being fought over by a cast of characters straight out of a Judith Krantz novel: Donald Trump, Leona Helmsley, a Japanese billionaire with reputed ties to the yakuza, and his illegitimate daughter. BRYAN BURROUGH reports on the battle among four real-life King Kongs of real estate







Tucked behind rusted wrought-iron gates an hour west of downtown Tokyo, the Hachioji Medical Prison has the listless air of a forgotten nursing home. High concrete walls encircle its two wings, where the 260 patients, those too sick or unstable for Japanese prison cells, lie in six-bed wards behind barred windows. Between sips of green tea in his cramped upstairs office, the second-in-command, Yasuo Ueki, chatters on with pride about his aging facility, which has two operating rooms, an intensive-care unit, and now a CAT scanner too. Many of his patients are demented, crippled, or senile, and not one has ever escaped. "These patients are fragile and stay in bed," he beams. "They would have to be very ambitious to climb the high wall and get out of here."

Inside the brown tiled lobby, orderlies and guards in neon-blue uniforms scurry through a sliding barred door to attend to the patients beyond. Back there somewhere lies Hideki Yokoi, the 81-year-old Japanese billionaire who appears to be the true owner of the Empire State Building. One of the most reviled financiers of postwar Japan, Yokoi is finishing the first year of a three-year sentence on charges that he repeatedly ignored warnings to install and upgrade fire equipment at his famed Hotel New Japan—a cost-cutting move that proved disastrous one cold night in February 1982, when the hotel's top two floors burst into flame, killing 33 guests, mostly foreign tourists, in Tokyo's worst fire since the Second World War. The tragedy and Yokoi's very un-Japanese refusal to take responsibility for it, so dominates his image in Tokyo that few have focused on his less publicized activities, including rumors of dealings with Japanese organized crime, the yakuza. Even fewer remember the evening in 1958 when Yokoi narrowly survived a yakuza assassination attempt.

If you didn't know an unsavory character like Yokoi had managed to buy one of America's most famous landmarks, well, neither did its previous owner Prudential Insurance, which rejected Yokoi's $40 million offer to buy it in 1991. *Vanity Fair* has uncovered evidence that suggests that by operating secretly through an American shell company, Yokoi in effect stole the Empire State Building. But that's just where this bizarre story begins. In a little-noticed lawsuit filed in Manhattan last fall, Yokoi is suing his illegitimate daughter Kiiko and her French husband, Jean-Pierre Renoir, charging they stole the Empire State Building from *him,* apparently by leaving his name off a set of ownership papers. And then, whether Kiiko and her husband had the legal authority or not, they handed over a sizable interest in the building to no other than Donald Trump.

Strange bedfellows they may be, but Trump and the battling Yokois stand at the center of a nasty four-way struggle now raging for control of the world's most famous skyscraper. Even as they exchange blows with Yokoi's father, Kiiko and Trump have declared war on no less a foe than Trump's arch-enemy, Leona Helmsley, the legendary Queen of Mean, another recovering 80s figure now retaking control of her family's real-estate empire after release from a Connecticut federal prison. Why Leona? Because while Trump and the Yokois own the Empire State Building, the Helmsleys have a lease on the landmark building that runs through 2076, and what meager rent they

Donald Trump describes the Empire State Building a

the owners dwindles further in the ars to come. Unless Trump is able break the Helmsleys' lease, he and ıko stand to make less money than they had put their money in a sav- ɜs account.

In essence, Trump is acting as a high- ss leg breaker, a task he has taken with characteristic enthusiasm. cked by battalions of lawyers, pri- te detectives, and building inspec- s, he first sued the Helmsleys in bruary, arguing that Leona's part- rs had broken dozens of different nditions of their lease, including merous safety rules. At the same ne, Trump resorted to guerrilla tac- s by providing support to a group angry Empire State Building ten- s, whose lunchtime protests of what y call substandard conditions in building have grabbed consider- e attention in the New York press. one recent morning Helmsley se- ity guards nearly came to blows with ocal TV crew sent to cover a side- k demonstration.

"This building is falling apart," com- ins Suzy Smith, a secretary on the h floor, who spearheads the ten- s' effort with the quiet assistance Trump, who provided the printer uses to crank out press releases. e have rats everywhere, they're ming around. We have homeless ple roaming our hallways. We ned the door one morning and there e two men urinating on the wall. re was this big puddle. We had a nan mugged in the building the oth- day—at nine A.M.! We could hear screams!"

his, of course, is music to Trump's . As he sits in his sun-splashed h Avenue office one morning, there o mistaking Trump's zeal for the ving battle with Leona, with whom as wrangled off and on for two ades. "This building is the worst e of shit you've ever seen in your " he says in mock horror. "It's me an embarrassment to the city New York." And he's just warm- up. During our talks, Trump de- bes the Empire State Building ously as "a dungeon," "Stalag and "a shithouse," while observ- ing that "the tenants down there are liv- ing in hell."

Much of this, of course, is Trump's patented brand of hyperbole. While age and the rigors of Manhattan have tak- en their toll, the Em- pire State Building is by no means fall- ing apart. Built at the depth of the De- pression to be the world's tallest build- ing—a distinction it held until 1970—the grande dame of New York skyscrapers remains a powerful symbol of the city. The sleek gray façade with its graceful setbacks and missile-like tower soars 102 stories to 1,250 feet and still dominates mid- town. Windows leak and maintenance crews aren't setting any speed rec- ords, but legions of schoolchildren still throng the gleaming marble lob- by most mornings on their way to the 86th-floor observation deck. Helmsley executives contest Trump's allegations and flatly deny all sto- ries of vermin and homeless people. To make sure the building survives the next eight decades, the Helms- leys have embarked on a $60 mil- lion renovation project, which has been under way since 1990.

Still, the Helmsleys aren't taking Trump lightly. Leona, who has no day- to-day responsibilities at the build- ing, and her husband, Harry, who's

A BUILDING WITH A PAST

Counterclockwise from top left a classic Lewis Hine image of a member of the derrick crew during construction of the Empire State Building, the ribbon-cutting ceremony in 1931, with former New York governor Alfred E. Smith and his wife at left; King Kong takes to the tower in a last, desperate effort to escape in the classic 1933 movie; the hole in the 78th and 79th floors caused by the crash of a B-25 bomber into the building in 1945, which killed 14 people; Frank Sinatra and Betty Garrett falling in love on the observation deck in *On the Town* (1949); tourists taking in the view in 1947.

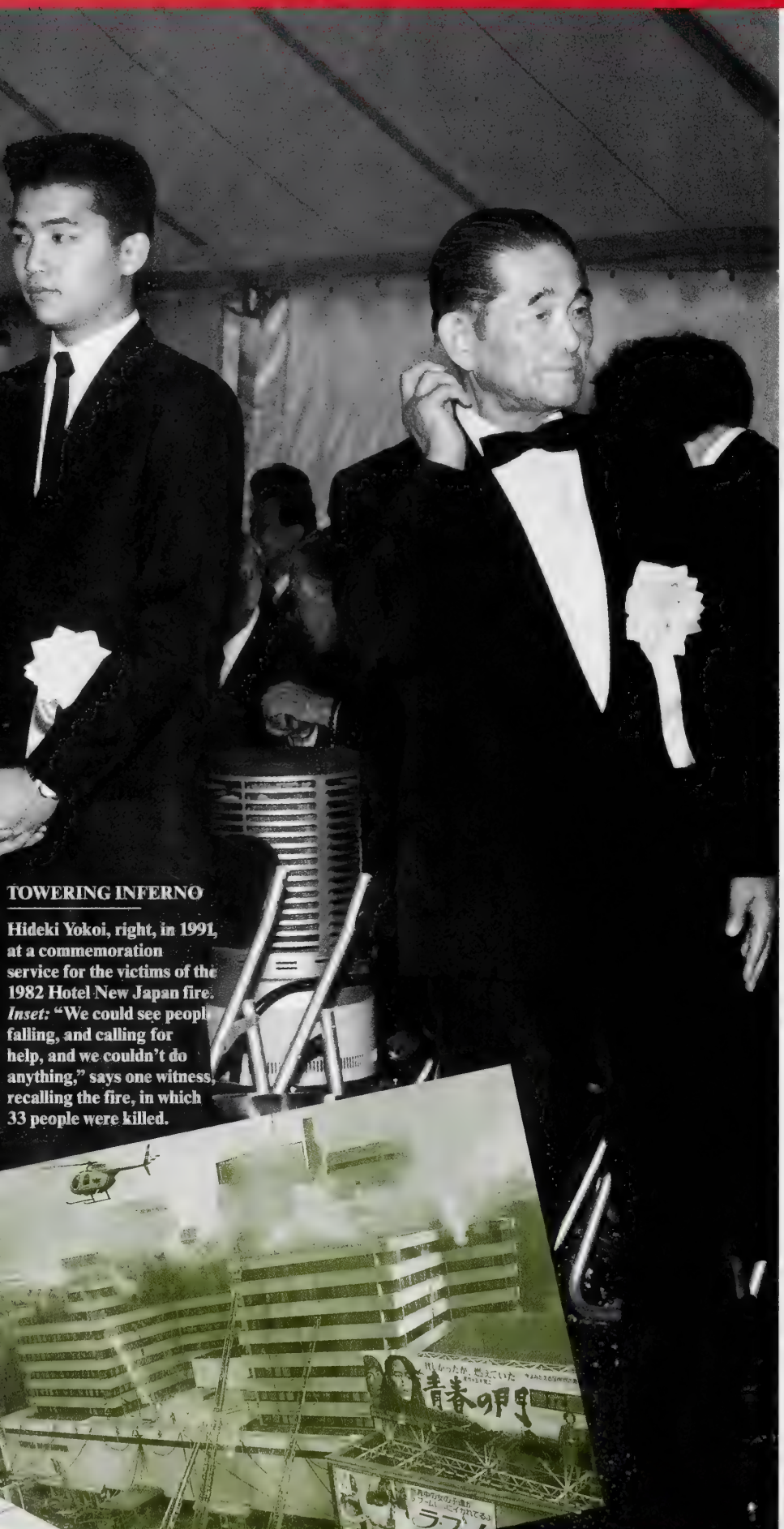






ngeon," and says the tenants are "living in hell."

'To have the Empire State Building in the hands of war



TOWERING INFERNO

Hideki Yokoi, right, in 1991, at a commemoration service for the victims of the 1982 Hotel New Japan fire. *Inset:* "We could see peopl falling, and calling for help, and we couldn't do anything," says one witness, recalling the fire, in which 33 people were killed.

believed to be suffering from Z- heimer's disease, are leaving the fi to their longtime partner Peter Mal an erudite 61-year-old Harvard m whose knotty-pine office on 42 Street affords a stunning view of Empire State Building, eight blo south. Malkin has brought in hi powered attorney Arthur Liman take aim at what both sides know Trump's Achilles' heel, his partn ship with the bickering Yokoi fam "Our position is that he doesn't o [the building], because the peo who sold it to him stole it," Mal snaps. "He's dealing in stolen pr erty."

Sensing its vulnerability, Trum camp is doing everything it can straighten out the Yokois—but so with little luck. "To have the Emp State Building in the hands of w ring Japanese families is absurd," fu Richard Fischbein, Trump's lead torney. "What they have inadvert ly done is put themselves into a posit of fighting over the most recogniza landmark of New York City. Y can't do that to the Empire State Bu ing, to New York. And when you in Trump, and you mix in Helms they're playing in a game they d even understand."

The Yokois aren't the only ones the dark. No one involved in New York end of the case, from Tru on down, seems to have the f clue what the Japanese family is fig ing about. "Nobody's really b able to explain to me what's go on," admits Trump. "I was surpri [by Yokoi's lawsuit], because I'd s how close the father and daugh were. But I knew the father was prison, and I know funny things happen, mentally, when you're put the can." Even Henry Bubel, New York lawyer representing Yok daughter Kiiko, is at a loss to plain the case. He says the elde Yokoi is in fact a beneficiary of family trust that owns the skyscra and says the lawsuit is a "terri misunderstanding," apparently not first inside Yokoi's colorful fam which at last count includes 19 c dren, at least 11 of whom are i gitimate.

ranese families is absurd," fumes Trump's attorney.

"If these people were Americans," hs Bubel, "Judith Krantz would be ting a novel about them."

Every time a prime piece of American real estate gets snatched up by a Tokyo-based firm, it is always the same. In newspapers, on talk shows, at cocktail parties, it's "the Japanese" who bought it. "The Japanese" bought Rockefeller Center. "The Japanese" bought Pebble Beach. "The Japanese" bought the Columbia and MCA/ iversal movie studios. Well, "the Jap- se" didn't buy the Empire State Build- . Hideki Yokoi and his oddball ily did.

o fathom Yokoi's notoriety in Ja- , just visit the building that serves is unsightly legacy. The once ele- t Hotel New Japan, a jewel of yo's reconstruction efforts after the ond World War, now sprawls eeri- bandoned on one of downtown's iest streets. Untouched since the it its top two floors burned 13 years , the building still bears scorch ks on its grimy white brick façade; dows on the upper floors remain ered by worn brown boards. A ered, sepia-toned canopy, flanked iles of wreckage and shattered win- s, hangs behind barbed wire in parking lot below. My guide shud- at the memories the old hotel jurs. "It was all televised," she murs. "We could see people falling, calling for help, and we couldn't nything."

okoi bought the hotel from a for- Japanese foreign minister in 1979, hat the Tokyo press interpreted as t-gasp attempt at respectability. But fire, followed by Yokoi's convic- on negligence charges—not to men- the hardball tactics he used to forge ements with survivors—enshrined as one of the country's true vil- . YOKOI: A MAN HATED FOR TY YEARS, blared one headline. He is not the kind of guy we know to deal with in Japanese business," Yasuo Hariki, a Tokyo business r who has known Yokoi for near- years. "He's very anti-tradition- You know, there's never been a company president sent to jail before this. His family, everyone, believed he would get probation. But because of his bad reputation, the judges went very tough on him."

In person there's little demonic about Yokoi. A small man, about five feet five inches, with black hair slicked back and parted down the middle, he is a natty dresser known for his trademark bow ties—clip-ons, says Hariki. Yet even before the fire, Yokoi was everything the Japanese hate: a wolverine-like renegade with no regard for custom, a bully who profits from intimidation, a tax cheat (fined in 1986 and 1987), a philanderer (four known mistresses and counting), and a debtor who always seemed to be at war with his lenders. Worse, he was flamboyant, tooling around in big, chauffeur-driven Cadillacs and, it's said, planning for his eventual demise by building an immense mausoleum complete with chandeliers.

"He is a terrible man, not just in business, but as a person he is irresponsible," says Kozo Ikeda, editor of the leading Tokyo business magazine, *Zaikai.*

Much of the outrage Yokoi inspires arises from the Japanese loathing of financial speculation. In a country where hostile takeovers are all but unknown, Yokoi may have been Japan's first postwar greenmailer, silently amassing stakes in a series of companies before striking deals for his shares. (That was how he bought the Hotel New Japan.) In New York, greenmail is frowned upon. In tradition-bound Tokyo, it is virtually criminal—though greenmail and even more sinister practices flourish in secret. Such top brokerages as Nomura and Nikko Securities have been embroiled in scandals for dealings with yakuza groups, and there's a long history of companies' paying protection money to syndicates and hiring yakuza bodyguards. An entire class of small-time gangster "strong arms," the *sokaiya,* specializes in disrupting annual meetings—unless, of course, they are paid off.

Financial speculation of all kinds, in fact, has come to be associated with yakuza groups, who operate far more brazenly than their American Mafia counterparts. Until recently many yakuza groups met in clearly marked headquarters. After recent crackdowns many have begun recasting themselves as corporations; the third-largest group, the Inagawakai, for instance, has become Inagawa Industries.

During Japan's wild 1980s "bubble economy," yakuza groups piled into real estate and the stock market and muscled companies into all sorts of questionable deals. "The Japanese financial world is just so dirty," says an American financial reporter in Tokyo. "It's a twilight world. There's just so much shady dealing. Greenmail is just another kind of blackmail. There's so much pressure applied. They hire gangsters to walk around the hallways of businesses, embarrassing people or slowing down the work. I can't say Yokoi has done any of this, but the crowd he runs with certainly has."

Yokoi has been an outsider since he arrived in Tokyo in 1930, a 15-year-old street vendor fleeing the poverty of a provincial village and, it's said, an alcoholic father. His first venture was hawking underwear with his friend Mitsuo Hishida by bicycle to retailers. "We used to pack such heavy bags of underpants that the bicycles lost balance and we fell over," laughs the 74-year-old Hishida, who has served as Yokoi's right-hand man since 1937.

A distinguished-looking executive whose pink cheeks and forehead are mottled with liver spots, Hishida agreed to a rare interview at his attorney's office in an immaculate conference room high above downtown Tokyo. "He had a younger brother with polio and two sisters, so Yokoi-san was the one who supported the whole family—it was what drove him," says Hishida. They couldn't afford a flat with running water, so at night the two friends retreated to public baths, where they washed each other's backs and dreamed of future riches.

Twice in the 1930s, Yokoi was called

to army service in China, returning home with awards for marksmanship. In 1942, in the wake of Pearl Harbor, Hishida followed, only to languish in a Soviet P.O.W. camp in Siberia for eight years. Returning in 1949, he found Yokoi thriving, the owner of a six-story building in the Nihonbashi section of Tokyo crammed with 200 workers turning out draperies and carpeting for the homes of American servicemen. In later years stories spread that Yokoi had made a small fortune bilking the U.S. military via fake billings. Whatever the truth, he did well enough to buy a second building, in the fashionable Ginza shopping district, where he soon opened a "dollar-only" department store targeted at cash-rich G.I.'s.

"We used to show up at five in the morning [to open the store], and there would be a thousand people out waiting," remembers Hishida. "You could use only American dollars, so the Japanese went and got dollars on the black market and came here to do shopping."

At first, Yokoi took his mushrooming profits and snapped up choice bits of real estate around Tokyo. Then, in 1952, in an epic fight still remembered in Japanese business circles, he launched his first takeover raid, against Tokyo's huge Shirokiya department store, which Yokoi felt was poorly managed. After a grueling, three-year slugfest he lost, but his terrier-like intensity caught the eye of Keita Goto, the powerful chairman of the Tokyu department-store chain. In the ensuing years Yokoi attacked a series of Japanese companies, including several of Tokyu's competitors—battles Hishida now acknowledges were secretly funded by Goto, who didn't dare engage in such nontraditional behavior himself.

Loathed by many, respected by others, Yokoi was considered one of Japan's most daring young investors when, one night in June 1958, a gunman suddenly burst into his Ginza office and began shooting. Hishida was sitting beside Yokoi when it happened. A third man, a visitor, dived under Yokoi's desk. One bullet struck Yokoi in the left arm and ricocheted into his chest. Badly wounded, Yokoi lurched from his chair, chased the thug to the elevator, and then collapsed in a pool of blood. Hishida raced after him, telephoned the hospital, and rode with him in the ambulance.

"I have never spoken of this before to anyone, not even my lawyer," says Hishida, grinning nervously. "The doctor said he couldn't guarantee his life. They cut him open from his throat down to his navel, and across his chest, too. And they couldn't find the bullet. They couldn't find it! So they just stitched [him] back up. And later the X-ray showed the bullet is half hidden in his left lung. Even today the bullet is still there. Nobody knows that. Even his own children don't know that."

The shooting grabbed national headlines, the more so when a yakuza gangster was arrested and convicted of ordering it. Noboru Ando, head of the Ando-gumi crime group, told his story to a Tokyo magazine two decades later. According to Ando, he had once worked for Yokoi, presumably as a bodyguard, during the Shirokiya fight. When Yokoi welshed on a loan from a Japanese duke, the man's family hired Ando to get its money back. In Ando's telling, Yokoi not only refused to repay the money but also insulted him, calling him a "punk yakuza." Outraged, Ando says, he sent one of his thugs back to Yokoi's office to avenge his name.

Yokoi never publicly spoke of the incident. But another explanation soon made the rounds. "[Yokoi] went into business collecting money with some yakuza," claims Yasuo Hariki. "Knowing Yokoi's style, I assume the yakuza was getting a very small share. That's why he was shot." (In an odd postscript, Ando went on to become a minor celebrity following his release from prison, starring in a series of B movies based on his yakuza exploits.)

It was by no means the last time Yokoi's name was mentioned in the same breath as the yakuza's. As recently as 1991, the year he secretly took control of the Empire State Building, a Tokyo magazine named him as a probable conduit for informa[tion] between Nomura Securities and [the] Inagawakai. "He has not been rega[rded] as yakuza, not a criminal, but he's [well] known to do deals with the yak[uza] with yakuza financing," says H[enry] Bubel.

"Yokoi's way of doing busine[ss] very unsophisticated—he is very ro[ugh] very tough," explains Hariki. "His [op]ponents depend on yakuza, of co[urse] so he tries to get stronger, more p[ow]erful yakuza. He goes right to [the] top."

For all the talk, however, no [con]crete links between Yokoi and yak[uza] gangsters have been proved. His [fa]brushes aside the stories with a s[mile] "Sure, it's been rumored widely, [but] I strongly deny it," he says. "[If] we get some kind of tie with th[ese] kind of people, it's almost impos[sible] to cut it. So Yokoi would have n[othing] ing to do with them. Those people [nev]er came into the office."

During the 1960s and 19[70]s Yokoi branched out into [a] manner of businesses—[re]ar, shipping, bowling al[leys] and nightclubs—while mo[unt]ing regular takeover r[aids]. But it was his private [life] that hogged the headli[nes]. He was reported to h[ave] fathered children by a n[um]ber of actresses and n[ear]els, including a Miss Yokohama, [who] gave him a baby boy in 1968; a cab[aret] dancer, who gave him a baby da[ughter] in 1952; and another beauty qu[een] with whom he had a baby girl in [the] mid-1970s. A number of these wom[en], it's said, hold sway at Yokoi's off[ice] near the Imperial Palace, in what [a] Japanese reporter describes as "a [fa]firmly established hierarchy, like an [Ot]style harem." Into his 70s, Yokoi [is] said to be living with a 25-year-[old] actress and exerting considerable [ef]fort to get their baby daughter int[o] prestigious kindergarten.

Deconstructing the Yokoi famil[y] a dicey business. According to a f[am]ily attorney, there are 19 known c[hil]dren, who fall into four categor[ies]. Two sons are "of the marriage," b[orn]

Some Japanese bought golf courses. Some bou







DAUGHTER DEAREST

Hideko Yokoi is suing his illegitimate daughter Kiiko Nakahara for allegedly stealing the Empire State Building from him. Back when they were speaking to each other, father and daughter bought such historic estates as Glenapp Castle in Scotland (*left*) and the château in Rosny-sur-Seine in France (*below*). French authorities have now filed charges against Yokoi's son-in-law for neglecting and looting the properties.

Yokoi's wife, Michiko, who is said be alive but on a respirator. The r son, Kunihiko, is known in gos- columns for an 80-day mar- e to a Japanese actress and a ection of 17 foreign cars. Two r children are adopted and as- ed to be the offspring of Yokoi resses. Four others, including Ki- are illegitimate but recognized Yokoi as his own. Another 11, naybe more, are illegitimate and cognized. "None of these chil- were raised to- er," says the attor- Of the recognized dren, "seven of eight from different moth- maybe eight of t."

he mistresses, the hy cars, the night- s, the shadowy fi- cial dealings—all ributed to a reputa- Yokoi has tried to in vain. "Yokoi-san ainly wanted to be pted at the top of Japanese business d, [but] when he ht Hotel New Japan, Japanese business community very opposed, because the own- f prestigious hotels should be pres- us people," explains Kozo Ikeda. acquisition of Hotel New Japan really the turning point in Yokoi's er—if he could succeed in man- g Hotel New Japan, he could around his reputation. But because s nature—he's so greedy—he lost

OUR KIND OF PERSON

Fearing Yokoi might be a gangster, Prudential refused to sell the Empire State Building to him, so American blueblood Oliver Grace Jr. (*inset, above*), grandson of onetime New York mayor William R. Grace, served as a front man according to Donald Trump.

pping malls. Yokoi and Kiiko bought castles in Europe.

The case carries risk for Trump—the Helmsleys will a



SHE-E-E-E'S BACK!

Leona Helmsley contends that the Empire State Building is fit for a queen, and, in fact, the Helmsley organization is spending $60 million to make sure that it is.

the opportunity. All that remained
his bad footprints in the shady
ness world."

The fire, started by a British to
smoking in bed, ended whatever h
Yokoi had of escaping his past.
ter he was indicted and convicte
trial—and released on bail pen
appeal—the charred building si
sat empty. According to Kazu
Yamaguchi, a writer with the *Sh*
Asahi Weekly magazine, repairs
prevented in part by a maze of c
peting claims of ownership, inclu
those of several purported ya
gangsters who had purchased ro
in the hotel as condominiums.

In the wake of the fire, a
face appeared at Yokoi's off
Her name was Kiiko Nakah
and she was one of Yok
daughters, but one so obs
that even Hishida didn't k
her. "I knew about most of
children, but not Kiiko,"
says. "Until the fire, I had
er even heard her name."
iko, then in her mid-30s, w
little-known designer with a bout
in Tokyo's hip Roppongi sect
Quiet and full-figured, she spe
ized in designing uniforms; am
her contracts, friends say, was
for United Airlines' flight attenda
outfits. Kiiko, whose mother was
of Yokoi's earliest mistresses,
fallen out with her father at s
point and still harbored some bi
ness over their estrangement.
didn't do anything for me whe
was little," she sniped in brief c
ments to a Tokyo newspaper in 1
"I couldn't even pay for my lu
fee at school. I could hate him. H
could I have sympathy for him?"

Money heals all wounds, they
and by the mid-1980s Yokoi was sw
ming in yen. In a supreme irony,
Hotel New Japan had been tra
formed into one of the most valu
pieces of real estate in the world.
standing empty it had become
unbelievably rare commodity—an
developed lot in Tokyo. In 1987, r
the height of the bubble econo
the lot was valued at an astound
$1.8 billion, making Yokoi worth

is doing business with a purported crime figure.

uch as $2 billion, enough for *Forbes* list him among the world's richest en. When other Japanese magnates gan using their newfound fortunes snap up choice properties all over world, Yokoi—perhaps with mount- legal claims from the fire in nd—joined the rush to move mon- overseas.

Some Japanese bought golf courses. me bought shopping malls. Yokoi ught castles. According to Hishida, was Kiiko's idea. Because she spoke glish and had traveled overseas, iko became her father's scout, tour- and photographing the finest es- es and castles of Western Europe, n returning to Tokyo to allow her her to select his favorites. Those ko didn't find, Yokoi ordered from l-estate catalogues, sight unseen. the height of their buying spree, ner and daughter had acquired 15 uxe properties, mostly castles, all France except for three outside ndon, and one each in Scotland l Spain. One was Thames Park in fordshire, where parts of *The Mad- s of King George* were filmed. An- er, Glenapp Castle, built in 1870, been called one of Scotland's great- treasures. Although Kiiko took Ju- er Hill, in Oxfordshire, for herself, oi had little use for any of the es- s; in fact, he never visited a sin- one. By most accounts, he has never foot in Europe.

Financial details were sometimes dled by Kiiko's husband, Jean-Paul oir, the chairman of Lehman Broth- Asset Management in Tokyo un- his resignation in 1992. Renoir is urbane international banker with rees from Johns Hopkins and New k Universities, who, friends say, Kiiko in the early 1980s in Lon- , where he worked with Middle tern clients for American Express k. Former colleagues remember oir as quiet, forceful, and fit, an cise fanatic who jogged the desert of Oman while co-workers hud- in front of air conditioners. "He built out of steel," says one. "He l on a diet of grapes and cheese exercise."

fter Renoir transferred to Tokyo, and Kiiko married and moved into a small but elegant apartment in Roppongi, where Kiiko's own paintings lined the walls. "They were not flamboyant, flashy people, not at all the types to turn up in pink Cadillacs and Rolls-Royces," says a friend. "Kiiko was quite traditional in some ways. I remember having dinner with them one night—Kiiko cooked fabulous Japanese food—and we had the [toughest] job persuading her to sit at the table and eat it with us. She was a very interesting blend of modern and traditional Japanese woman."

For years Yokoi's castles lay unoccupied and, it's alleged, unmaintained. Kiiko and Renoir took to calling them "ghost houses." In time local officials near several of the estates began to grumble about decaying conditions, including unmowed lawns, unpaid groundskeepers, and leaky roofs. In the early 1990s, their concerns grew into alarm when Yokoi began showing signs of financial strain as the value of his real estate plummeted following the collapse of the Japanese economy. At Glenapp Castle, rainwater poured into the dining room, which caused floorboards to rot and saturated antique rugs. There was no money for heating oil, electricity, or general maintenance. By 1992 a Scottish member of Parliament had been forced to take up the castle's cause, writing the Japanese ambassador in an effort to save it. Reached by a Scottish paper, Renoir said he'd had no idea the castle was in need of repairs.

Far worse is the situation in France, where Renoir has been indicted on charges that he tried to loot some of the Yokoi estates of their antique furniture, paintings, *objets d'art,* and tapestries—all considered historic objects strictly protected under French law. At several of the properties, including the Château de Sully in Rosny-sur-Seine, Ministry of Culture officials have intervened to force maintenance and prevent the moving or selling of protected objects. In 1992 the mayor of Rosny-sur-Seine succeeded in having an official complaint filed against Renoir and an English antiques expert, charging them with "destroying, mutilating, and [illegible]" a historic building after a garden temple was dismantled and moved and other items were put up for auction. French authorities, who at one point issued a warrant for Renoir's arrest, were hindered in their investigation until discovering that Renoir was not his real name; it was Perez. (Henry Bubel says the accusations against Renoir don't constitute a criminal indictment, but rather an investigation.) Renoir has hired Jacques Vergès, the radical Paris lawyer whose clients include the terrorist Carlos the Jackal, to defend him. All Yokoi's European properties are now said to be for sale, and the Scotland castle was sold last year.

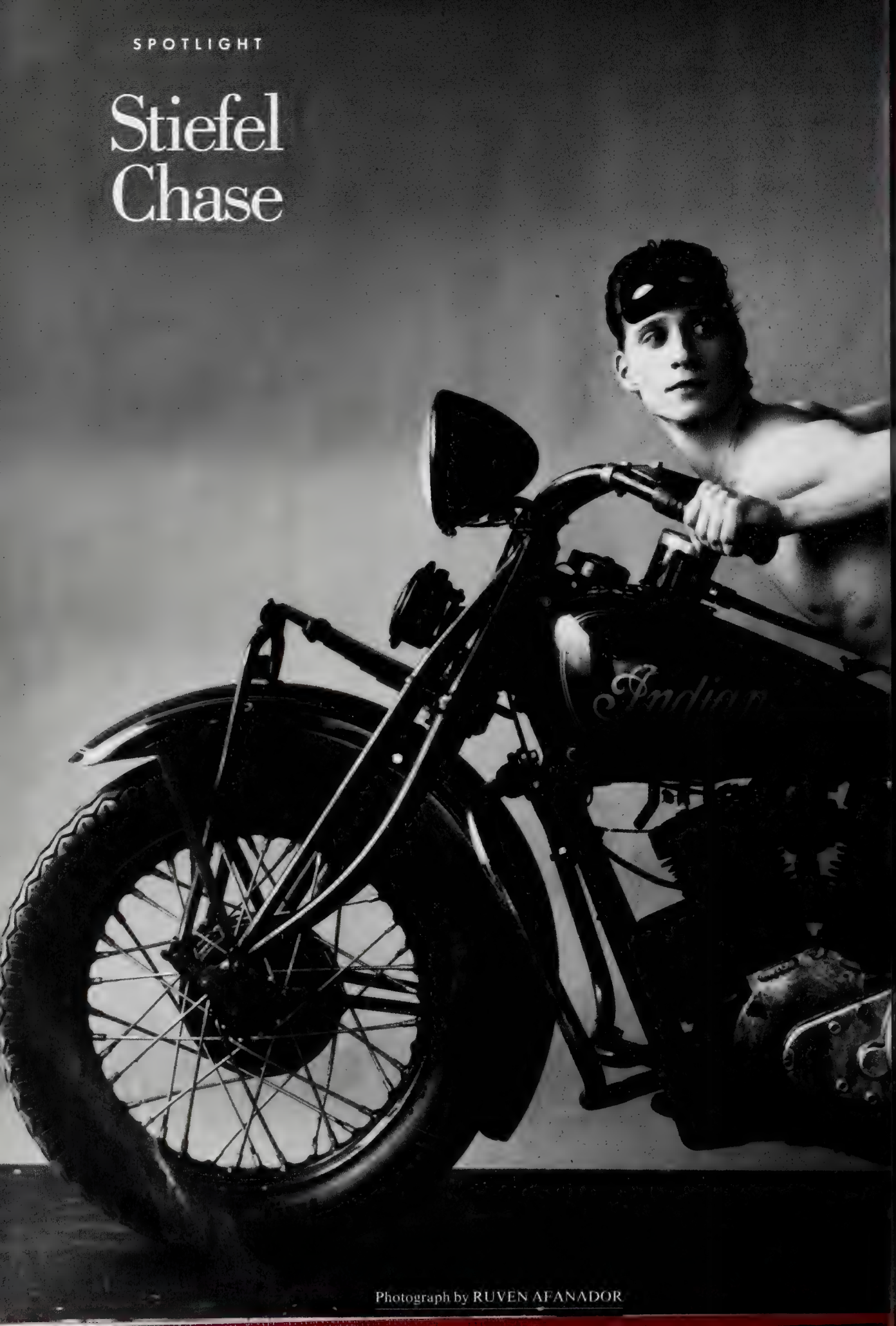
It was against this backdrop in 1991, as rumors flew about his financial condition and Japanese creditors clamored to be paid, that Yokoi read an intriguing item in a Tokyo newspaper. The Empire State Building had just been put up for sale. It was a building, Yokoi told Hishida excitedly, that he had always yearned to have.

On May 1, 1931, President Herbert Hoover pressed a button in the Oval Office and the first lights flashed on in the grand marble lobby of the Empire State Building, newly erected on the site of the old Waldorf-Astoria at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 34th Street. The story of its construction is dominated by those "bigger, better, faster" records that Americans loved to tally: 60,000 tons of steel, enough to lay a railroad from New York to Miami; 15 million feet of phone cable; 200,000 cubic feet of Indiana limestone; 1,000 miles of steel wire for the elevators; 6,500 windows; 10 million bricks. During the Depression the building remained largely vacant—giving rise to the nickname the "Empty State Building"—but later, as New York City real estate boomed, it became, both aesthetically and financially, the prototype for the successful skyscraper.

In 1961, Harry Helmsley and his partners negotiated *(Continued on page 162)*

SPOTLIGHT

Stiefel Chase



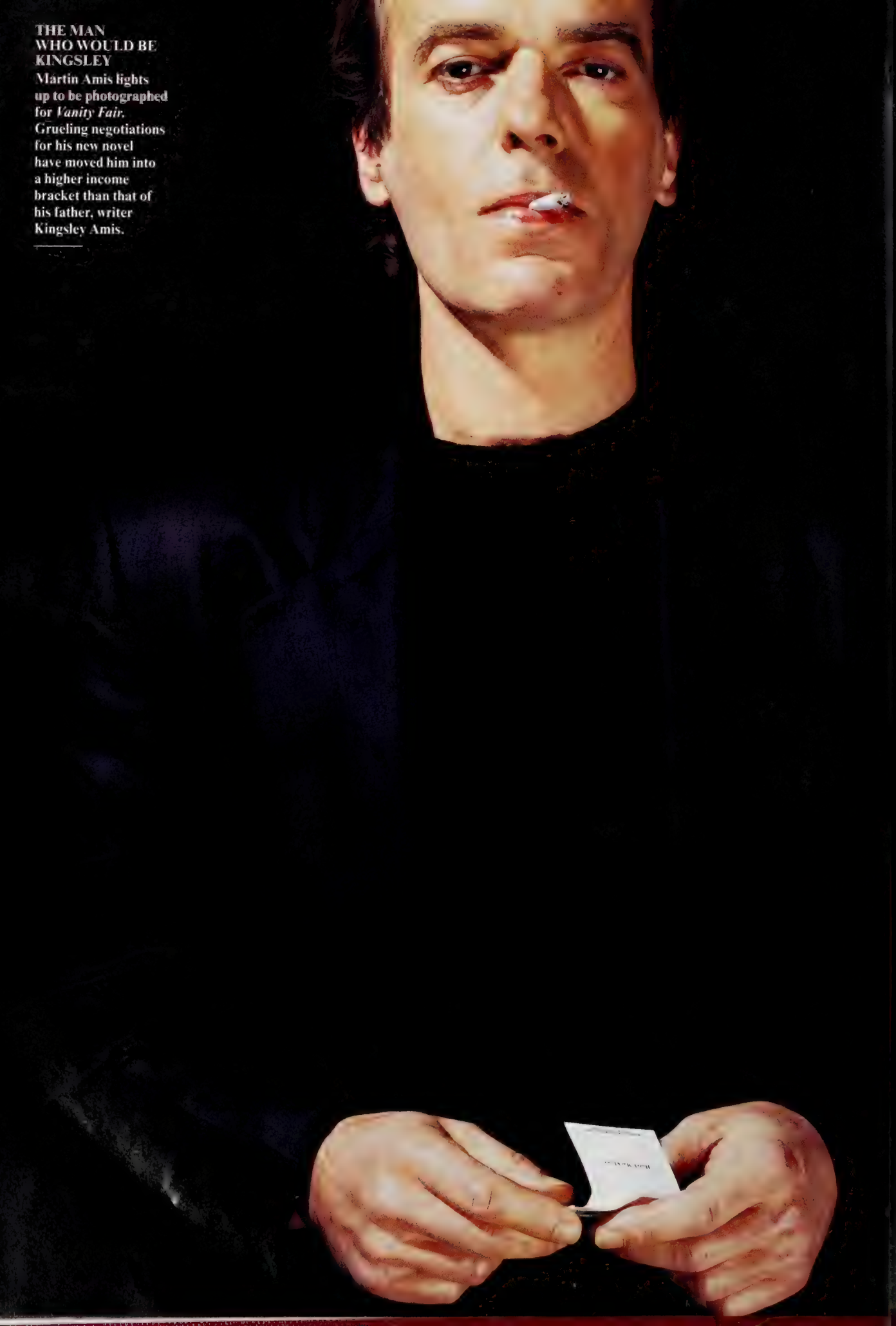
Photograph by RUVEN AFANADOR

Ethan Stiefel rides a Harley-Davidson Sportster, has a steady girlfriend, and refers to his career as "this ballet thing." His father was a Texas state trooper. His redneck swagger notwithstanding, the 22-year-old Stiefel, a principal dancer with the New York City Ballet, is one of the most gifted male dancers we've seen since Edward Villella and Mikhail Baryshnikov. Yet he can hardly speak of ballet without equivocating. "I joined the company when I was 16," he says. "But I wasn't sure I wanted to make ballet a career. When I'm onstage I'm 150 percent *there*. But I'm not totally obsessed with ballet." There are no contradictions, however, in his dancing. His greatest roles are two of the most porcelain-exquisite Balanchine ever made for a man—Oberon in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and Harlequin in *Harlequinade*. They are also two of the most difficult parts ever composed for a male dancer, both demanding over-the-top acrobatic effort, technical and musical refinement, and dramatic ability. Stiefel moves with such effortless, frictionless ease you'd swear he was born with WD-40 in his joints. "Well," he concedes, "a part of me always wanted to be a dancer."



ETHAN STIEFEL

He moves with such effortless ease you'd swear he was born with WD-40 in his joints.



THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KINGSLEY

Martin Amis lights up to be photographed for *Vanity Fair*. Grueling negotiations for his new novel have moved him into a higher income bracket than that of his father, writer Kingsley Amis.

FAMOUS AMIS

Novelist Martin Amis has had one hell of a midlife crisis. First he left his wife, for the beautiful Isabel Fonseca. Then he left his agent, for the rapacious Andrew Wylie. And don't even ask about his teeth. As the British press howls about Amis's new chompers and $800,000 advance, MICHAEL SHNAYERSON gets the envy of literary London to "open wide"

Outside the Gothic rectory house on the frayed north edge of Notting Hill, where he comes to write, Martin Amis gestures toward the black "Fiasco" in the driveway. Unfortunately, the passenger door is jammed shut. "You'll have to ride in back," he says. I sweep the grungy rear seat free of books and old mail. England's most famous novelist of the moment takes wheel of what is, in fact, a battered Volkswagen, and we go: to the Paddington Sports Club, Amis's haunt y from work.

t feels *odd* back here. We talk, but like a scrunched driver, Amis never turns. The door has been stuck months, since the last break-in. Why doesn't he ixed?

ack of money, as an answer, would be wro

winter, the story of Amis and his big book advance—how Amis had the temerity to demand half a million pounds (just shy of $800,000) for his latest novel, how his agent and old friend Pat Kavanagh came breathtakingly close to getting him that much, yet found herself abruptly replaced by "the Jackal," and how the high-risk game unfolded—drowned out all else at London literary gatherings. For a writer whose merciless satires of late-20th-century decline are filled with scornful put-downs of money, the demand for an advance nearly twice what was justified by the earnings of his previous books seemed to many a public show of greed and hypocrisy—the selling out of an angry young man—while the decision to leave Kavanagh was seen as a personal betrayal. In the end, Amis got his money, but bruised his reputation, ruptured two close friendships, and may have hurt the book's reception. Yet the car door remains broken, the clothes too old even to be described.

The car door is easy to explain. Amis *likes* it broken—perhaps because it keeps him in front, and you in back; it keeps him in control, and control, to Amis, is crucial. Why he pushed for his outsize payday is more complex, though in a way it starts with that. It has to do with who Mar-

Pho NIGEL PARRY

tin Amis is now and how he got here, after a period of unprecedented personal turmoil in which he felt control over his life and career slip out of his hands. The clues, not surprisingly, are in the book.

The Information, out this spring in the U.S. from Harmony Books and from Jonathan Cape in the U.K., is a darkly humorous send-up of literary envy and its consequences, written with the supercharged language that has made Amis the most distinctive British prose stylist of a generation that includes Julian Barnes, Ian McEwan, William Boyd, A. N. Wilson, and Salman Rushdie. Envy deepens, Amis knows, with the settling of middle age, as dreams float out of reach; so the novel is also about men's midlife crisis, with its intimations of mortality, the "information" that comes to them on sleepless nights. As in *Money, London Fields,* and his five smaller but no less impressive novels, Amis stretches his characters to caricature, fondly dwelling on their lust and avarice. Behind the satire, though, lies a moral tale. *The Information* lampoons a publishing world driven by vacuous best-sellers and foolish prizes; for all the grim fun it makes of male midlife confusion, the literary crisis is real, Amis is saying, and must be met.

The club to which Amis is driving me, I've assumed, will be a vast, many-chambered place, for this is how he portrays his antihero's club in the book. Rechristened there as the Warlock, it serves as an arena for athletic battles between Richard Tull, a miserably failed novelist who slogs on with manuscripts called "Untitled" and "Unpublished," and his old schoolmate Gwyn Barry, whose anodyne novels have mysteriously struck a deep chord in the reading public. No number of tennis and snooker triumphs can drain the envy Richard feels toward Gwyn; stronger measures are needed. Soon Richard has hired Steve Cousins, a freelance enforcer and housebreaker who hangs around the Warlock, to have Gwyn roughed up, set up, and, perhaps, killed. The club in the book is a peculiarly English nexus of family men and criminal elements milling together in a cavernous courtside bar and playing a video game called the Knowledge Machine.

The Paddington Sports Club is no such place.

Amis leads me, instead, down an alley that opens into a modest oasis of 10 outdoor tennis courts surrounded by the backs of red brick buildings. The clubhouse is toy-size. Inside, a few men are watching television; otherwise the place is deserted. Against one wall is a trivia-knowledge video game. The rest—the scale, the crowd, "the ragged snarls and howls, the piercing obscenities and barbaric phonemes which made the wired courts seem like cages housing slaves"—is conjured up by one of contemporary fiction's most perfervid imaginations.

There is, however, a model for Steve Cousins, or at least a sliver of one, in Joe—not his real name—who lumbers over to join us. Joe has something to do with real estate, which sometimes involves physical force and once involved putting a man into a sack, putting the sack into the trunk of his car, driving to the Thames, and threatening to throw the man in. Amis is fascinated by Joe.

"So I was at a party last night," Joe says. "I sat between this publisher and his wife, and your name came up. I didn't tell them I knew you; I wanted to hear what they thought."

Joe plays rough, but also owns, as Amis tells me later in respectful tones, a $160,000 car, and goes to fancy inners. Amis licks the paper of his hand-rolled cigare—Golden Virginia tobacco—and seals it. "Did they say I was a greedy bastard?"

"No!" Joe says with a great laugh. "They *liked* you!"

Amis looks unconvinced. The unflattering publicity of recent months has jostled his famous cool. It's also le a bizarre hyperreality to his novel.

Intact, however, is Amis's no less famous competitive zeal. Almost every afternoon, Amis plays two hours of fierce tennis, which wipes his mind clean of the morning's writing. Until recently, he played with Julian Barnes, the novelist and, until recently, *New Yorker* staff writer. Today I'm paired with Zachary Leader, an English professor, against Amis and another club regular for what proves to be a vigorous, but hardly intimidating, doubles. The score remains close enough for Amis not to display what Leader describes as a tendency to scream and throw his racket. He does, however, have an attitude toward line calls that might be described as uncharitable, at best. More than once, he refuses to budge at the service line, scowling, until Leader and I acknowledge the *possibility* of our error and grant him a "take two."

Amis has always drawn his fiction from his life, but in earlier novels the parallels are so skewed, with such gleeful malice, that they betray almost nothing about their creator. Much of Amis's appeal, in fact, is in his arrogant detachment: the postmodern cynic who scoffs at his hapless characters. With no redeeming traits, the misfits in the previous novels seem oddly one-dimensional, but they are hilarious, and Amis exercises complete control over the miasmic worlds they stumble through. *The Information* is still satire, but it feels closer to home; its voice is more brooding and solipsistic, the story a more direct exploration of Amis's demons, its outcome inconclusive. The humor, as a result, has a melancholy cast. The novel is not merely about middle age—it feels middle-aged.

Amis's study is unchanged from when he moved in years ago, before his own midlife crisis. Indeed, like his desk, it may never have been cleaned. Over the stove hangs a small framed cartoon by the late Mark Boxer with two proper children in the back of a car, one saying to the other, "My father has moved farther to the right than your father." Kingsley Amis, who began as a leftist and is now quite right indeed, remains a powerful force in Martin's life. Kingsley's own success as a novelist, from *Lucky Jim* through the Booker-winning *The Old Devils* to last year's *The Russian Girl,* has produced, as Martin says with pride, the only father-and-son team in modern literary history

nage sustained, concurrent careers as successful velists.

Amis chooses to write in a narrow cell of a om, filling the right-hand pages of a big und ledger with a tiny, crabbed script. Interws are conducted in a larger, adjacent room, th two walls of books, including many by Amis's listic idols: Nabokov, Bellow, Updike. Many ers are written by friends—Ian McEwan, ive James, Piers Paul Read, Melvyn Bragg d Barnes, the friend who is no longer a end after this past winter. On one shelf is a med photograph of Antonia, Amis's wife, rk-ringleted, with dark, intelligent eyes and a musedsmile. The only sign of the new woman Amis's life is a large cardboard package in hall, addressed to Isabel Fonseca.

For a writer who has, in this quiet retreat, ablished himself as an important novelist while ning out a steady eam of first-rate es- s, profiles, and re- ws, envy seems in e sense a fitting sub- t: ever since Amis's t success, at 24, his ers have regarded n with envy that has illated between ad- ration and resent- nt. The surprise is t he himself has felt, he puts it, "the En- sh disease."

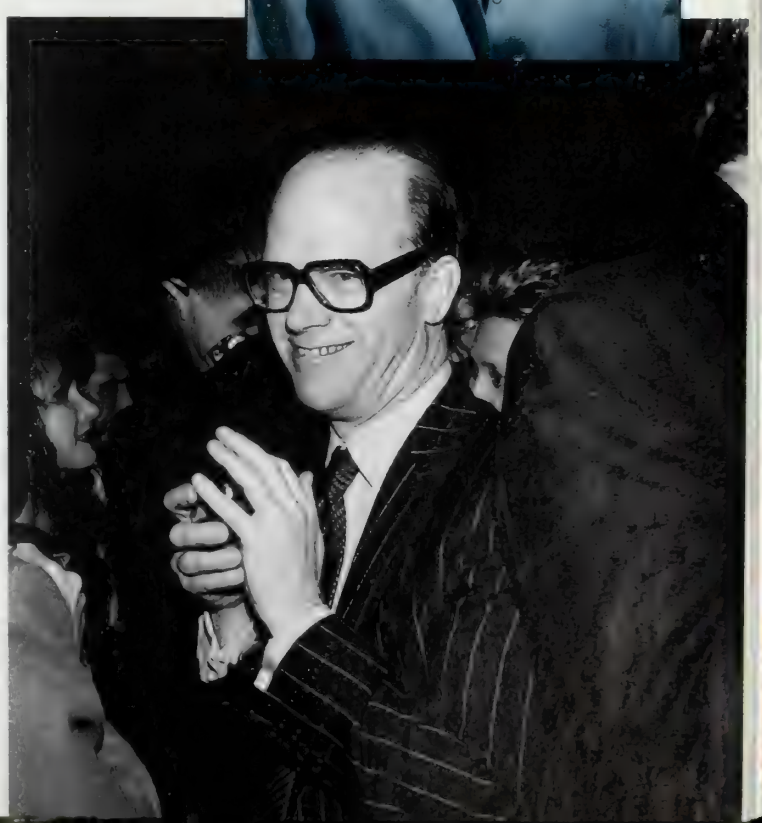
"I think every writer s felt burning ha- d for other writers," Amis readily admits. At 45, he no ger looks as boyish as he did even a few years ago; his neanor is more gaunt now, and his brown hair has thinned. speaks in a deep, resonant voice, with an accent that as one interviewer noted, pure Oxford; he'd make a fect future host for *Masterpiece Theatre*. "There is this d of late-night glinting of completely uncontrolled am- ion and egotism that is always there. And that is nec- ary; it's a job qualification."

More than one friend last spring read a first-serial ex- ct from the novel in *Granta* and was intrigued not only Amis's exploration of the theme of literary envy but by traits in his characters Richard and Gwyn that ng to mind Amis and Julian Barnes. Amis flatly denies t Gwyn is Barnes, but the correspondences suggest, at least, an active subconscious at work. Like Barnes, yn enjoys the fruits of commercial success: an elegant





Amis got his money, but bruised his reputation, and may have hurt the book's reception.



AMIS AND AMEY

After humiliating his literary agent Pat Kavanagh (*cen*
replacing her with American agent Andrew Wyl
Amis was "shocked" when his friend Julian Barnes, th
(*top*)—also Kavanagh's husband—sent a letter ending

home and good wine. Like Barnes, he takes a keen interest in the *business* of his success—the foreign-rights sales, translations, percentages. Gwyn is described as uxorious; Barnes is famously devoted to his wife—Amis's former agent, Pat Kavanagh. Gwyn's tennis style is, reportedly, the same as Barnes's. Before everything went sour between them, according to one friend, Barnes asked Amis directly if the character was based on him.

"Of course it's not about you," Amis said, disconcerted.

"Because these two writers," Barnes said, "they don't play tennis, do they?"

"Well," said Amis, "yes, they do."

"And these two writers, they don't play chess, do they?"

"Yes," Amis said, "actually, they do."

"They don't play *snooker,* do they?"

"Yes, they do that, too."

Barnes looked at his friend a moment, then laughed. "I guess it mustn't be me, then."

"Both Gwyn and Richard are me—that's far closer to the truth," Amis says. "Look, there really isn't anyone who writes Gwyn's stuff, right? And no one I know writes Richard's stuff. I thought I would make them both outside my experience. I thought, that way, no one will be able to mistake either of these characters for anyone. Both of them are charlatans, really. I was trying to find out comically through these extremes what was universal to writers."

The portrait of Richard's malaise, and the marriage that helps provoke it, is undeniably drawn from life, so much so that last spring, as *Granta* was about to publish its extract, Amis reportedly called then editor Bill Buford to make last-minute cuts requested by Antonia. For starters, like Amis, the Tulls have two boys, whom Amis portrays with obvious authority. Right on cue, the phone in Amis's living room rings: Antonia, wondering when Amis will be by to pick them up. Her tone on the machine, before Amis snatches up the receiver, is relaxed, even friendly; after two years of nursing bitter feelings of betrayal, she has, reportedly, softened her stance.

Roughly three years ago, the symptoms of midlife crisis leapt off the pages of Amis's manuscript and into his life, leading to an extramarital affair with a woman who seemed, in broad outline, a younger version of his wife: dark-haired, olive-skinned, wealthy, European-educated, American. Isabel Fonseca's maternal grandfather was Jacob M. Kaplan, the New York entrepreneur who used his fortune from molasses and, later, the Welch Grape Juice Company to set up a charitable trust that saved Carnegie Hall, established South Street Seaport, and helped create Westbeth, the downtown-Manhattan artists' community. Since his death at 95 in 1987, the trust has been administered by his heirs, including the preservationist Joan K. Davidson, one of his three daughters. The family lives in Manhattan and maintains a large compound in East Hampton, Long Island. By the time she met Amis, Isabel had gone to Oxford and worked as a reader at Bloomsbury Publishing, as well as at the London *Times Literary Supplement.* She also trailed a list of reputed paramours—Harold Pinter, Bill Buford, Salman Rushdie, et al.—that is, Amis avers, myth. "She went out with a poet, Mick Imlah, for two years," Amis says. "And the one about John Malkovich is semi-true. The rest is just said to try to establish her as a literary groupie."

Fonseca is a serious enough writer to have finished her own book—a study of Gypsies based in part on time spent living with Gypsy families in Eastern Europe—which is due out this fall. But she hasn't yet shaken her image as a tenish flirt—"the Funseeker," as her nickname has it—nc evenings spent publicly entwined with Amis have ha helped. "Isabel is *all* woman," says one typically wary male in Amis's world, "which is to say she cannot tal a man without flirting." Isabel has chosen not to pa pate in this story, so I ask Amis how he thinks I sh describe her. "I would like you to say in your words she's exceptionally kind, and warm, and bighearted." H pauses. "Though, of course, it doesn't look that way."

Isabel's brother Caio had gone out for a few years Antonia's niece Miranda Cowley. Isabel also happene live down the street in Ladbroke Grove. Sometime in rocky last year of the marriage, Amis began a roma with Isabel. Antonia had no suspicion of it, she later friends. She and Amis continued to see Isabel socially; three of them even spent Christmas together in New Y In the spring of 1993, Amis stunned Antonia by nouncing that he was leaving home. Both before and ter, according to one friend, Isabel visited Antonia o to discuss the disintegrating marriage and offer her dolences, but without revealing her role in the matter. tonia learned it only some months later. Haltingly, A speaks of trying to preserve an air of normalcy w changing his life. But adultery involves deception, and ception is never a pretty thing.

With his decision to leave home, Amis hoped his mid crisis was over. But for writers, he might have no midlife crises come in two acts. First you leave y spouse. Then you leave your publisher and your agen

From where Amis sits, in the la dark room of his rectory flat, events of last winter seem a se of surprises over which he had more control than the passi that broke up his marriage. The shock came when he walked b into his flat after Pat Kavana initial meeting about *The Infor tion* last November with Jonat Cape and Penguin. The phone r a reporter from the *Evening S dard.* Was it true that Amis had asked for £500,000? A was furious. Someone had breached his confidence.

Tom Maschler, who has known Amis since he wa boy and served as his editor at Cape throughout his reer, was amazed by the demand. He still is. "The question is why. Why did he insist on this figure? We h published every book he wrote; we never had a finan problem with him before. Why did this suddenly happe The rest of the publishing community was stunned as w To Amis, it made perfect sense.

For his last big novel, *London Fields,* Amis was paid
0,000 for Commonwealth rights, but the book sold
ll–40,000 in hardcover, about 230,000 in paperback
d he had more than earned out his advance. After *Lon-*
n Fields, which was a surprise best-seller in the U.S.,
nis's American agent, Georges Borchardt, persuaded
rmony and Vintage to pay $400,000 for U.S. hard/soft
hts to two unwritten books. If Amis could get this kind
money in America, where his audience remains small-
than at home, why not more from Cape and Penguin?
"I'd always got a good rate from Cape," Amis says,
ut they'd never really pushed the boat out for me. And
[McEwan] . . . had got £250,000 for *The Innocent*
out five years ago. I thought, Well, he got a big one
re—how about me getting a big one?"

Immersed in midlife doubts, Amis also wanted, as he
s, to test his worth. Had he won a Booker or Whit-
ad for either of his larger novels, he might not have
t the need for such a measure. But ever since his Som-
et Maugham Award for *The Rachel Papers,* his debut
vel, at age 24, Amis has been snubbed by the prize-
ers. Not coincidentally, Amis's swipes in *The Informa-*
n at the "Profundity" prize and its judges are among
harshest—and funniest—in the novel.

The other influence, though Amis discounts it, was An-
w Wylie, the American agent notorious for poaching clients
h sugarplum promises. Several of Amis's friends—includ-
; Christopher Hitchens, who is a contributing editor at
nity Fair, and Salman Rushdie—are represented by Wylie.
is Isabel Fonseca. If Wylie had bragged to Amis that he
ld get £500,000, Amis may have set Kavanagh to the
k as a test, perhaps even hoping she would fail, so that
lie could step in. The "Holy Grail theory" is one that
is denies; he says Wylie's role began only later.

Dan Franklin, the publishing director of Cape, reviewed
is's past sales figures, made the sunniest projections he
ed, and managed to rationalize an offer of £330,000
the novel, with £70,000 more if Amis would throw in
collection of stories. This assumed that Cape and Pen-
n would do the deal together, with Penguin paying the
n's share, as paperback houses in En-
nd usually do. Going in with Penguin
de the best sense, Franklin reasoned, be-
se Penguin had published all Amis's
vious works in paper, and retains li-
ses that run several more years; a new
rdcover would give the backlist a boost,
l so enable Penguin to put up more
ney than another paperback house could.
t Amis, through Kavanagh, declined.

nstead, Kavanagh held an auction just
ore Christmas, asking publishers to make
ir best offers. That was when the upstart
British publishing, Rupert Murdoch's
rperCollins, offered £350,000 for the
el and £110,000 for the stories, the lat-
figure being, as far as Franklin could
, "really bonkers." *Still* Amis declined.
British press would portray him as



"I think every writer has felt burning hatred for other writers," Amis readily admits.

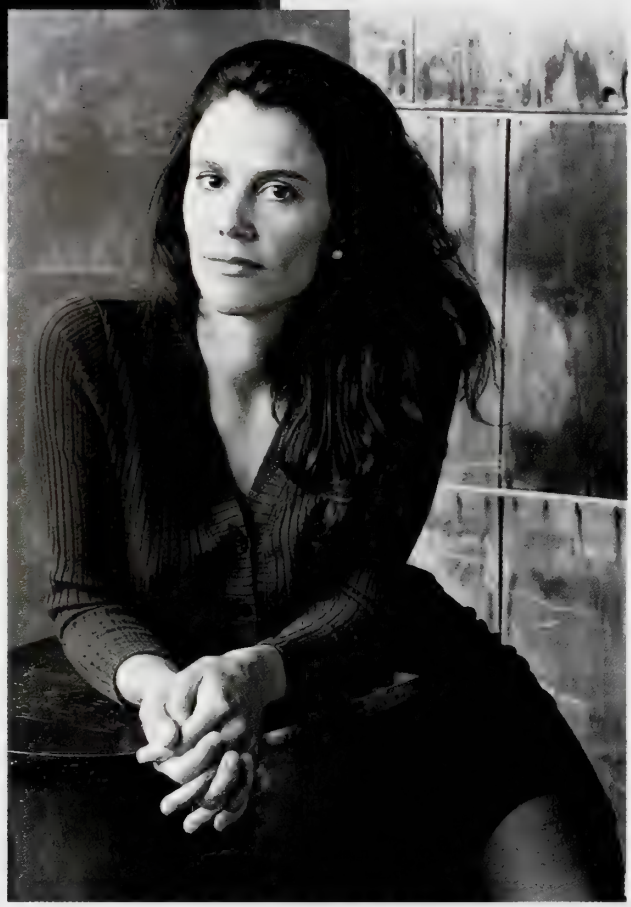
TWO LITERARY FIRST FAMILIES

Top: in happier days, the Amis family in 1955; from left to right, Martin, Hilary, Philip, Kingsley, and Sally. *Bottom:* the second time around, Kingsley (right) married the writer Elizabeth Jane Howard, pictured here with Martin in 1980. When asked if he regretted leaving his first wife, Kingsley replied, "Only all the fucking time."





Three years ago the symptoms of midlife crisis leapt off the pages of Amis's manuscr and into his life, leading to an extramarital affair.



A YOUNGER MODEL
Both Amis's wife, Antonia Phillips (*above*, with Amis in 1984), and his new girlfriend, Isabel Fonseca (*right*), are dark beauties from rich American families. Isabel seemed a friend of the family, who, according to a friend, sympathized when Antonia confided that her marriage was falling apart.

holding out for another £40,000, but Amis says his reasoning was entirely different. "I didn't see the logic of going to HarperCollins," he says. "I wanted a logical arrangement with the people who'd published me before. I didn't want to desert my backlist, and I had loyalties to Cape; I've known Tom Maschler since I was a child."

It was Amis's next move that so confounded the publishing industry. Amis informed Kavanagh that his new American agent, Andrew Wylie, would be flying over to help her persuade Cape and Penguin that they could pay more than they thought. He declared he wanted her to remain his primary agent and lead all the negotiations; Wylie was there just to help, having argued that the English deal would seriously affect Amis's st ing in the U.S. (a claim that New York lishing insiders say is, at best, dubious). T were rumors by now that Kavanagh had publishers know she herself found Amis's mand unreasonably high, and that Wylie told Amis no agent should do that. Kavar viewed the charge as "ludicrous," and ju Wylie's remark, if true, a straightforward tempt to undermine her position.

In any event, inviting an American agen sit in on a British agent's negotiation was precedented, and publicly humiliating to anagh. "How he could not see that that the most professionally belittling thing he c do . . . ," marvels one friend. "It's as if M tin were to deliver a manuscript to publis and be told, 'Martin, it's almost there, but quite. So we're going to fly in Stephen K to fix this novel, and then we'll publish it der Stephen King's name.'"

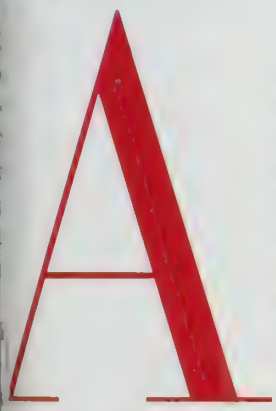
"I would have done it very differently could have done it again," Amis admits. would have asked for complete confidenti from the start; the way you ensure that is say, 'If a word of this gets out, we won't business.' I would have done that, and taken best offer Pat could get from Cape/Pengu But it was too late, he felt, for that. "Once I was lik scarecrow in the middle of the field, then I had to th How am I going to salvage this? And given that, I'm . . . I have great regrets about it, but I don't think I haved dishonorably."

Wylie had first shocked English publishing in 1987, w he nabbed Rushdie from Deborah Rogers, the doyenne London agents, and won $850,000 for *The Satanic Ver* Such tactics endear him to those writers who chronic feel underappreciated. Defenders point to Wylie's pre gious client list, and the fact that a publishing house is m likely to spend serious money marketing and advertisin book if it pays a lot of money for it in the first place.

Wylie remains a maverick, though the intervening years ve seasoned him. Once a heavy drinker, he abstains m all alcohol now, exercises obsessively, and remains as- ically lean. He stirs less news than he did in the late , when publishing mergers and takeovers created cash ws willing to meet his outrageous demands in order to high-toned literary names. But both in New York and London, where his partnership with the redoubtable Gillon ken has proved more harmonious than anyone would e imagined, Wylie has added to his list by ingratiating iself with writers who hang out together, and coaxing m, one by one, to join his stable.

Before Wylie came over, he called Kavanagh to ask for years of Amis's royalty statements; with them, he told is, he would be able to show Cape it could pay more n it was offering. "That's window dressing, isn't it?" vanagh reportedly told Wylie, her point being that it s meant more to impress Amis than the publisher.

On Saturday, January 7, Wylie arrived in London to d himself portrayed in the British press, with lurid ex- ment, as "the Jackal," a sort of literary hit man. Amis, anwhile, had been blasted by novelist A. S. Byatt, who clared that his greed would shortchange younger au- rs. Byatt added, "I always earn out my advances, and on't see why I should subsidize his greed, simply be- se he has a divorce to pay for and has just had all his th redone. He must believe that his name is so ex- rdinary that anyone will pay an extra £250,000 simply have him on their list. It's a folie de grandeur."



bout high advances' short-changing young writers, Amis says now, "Everyone knows that's not so. All it does is push up the upper limit. You know, no one minds people who write crap getting a lot of money. When Jeffrey Archer gets $20 million, no one goes on about greed." Rushdie, calling from an undisclosed location, offers a sharper response. here does she get off trashing other writers in such a sonal way?" he snaps.

Unfair, certainly, was the implication that Amis wanted ney for cosmetic work on his teeth—a comment that rnight made his the most talked-about teeth in England country known for its talked-about teeth). Amis has had rible dental problems since childhood. The ensuing es in the British press seemed at least as much stirred Amis's decision to shun the national health plan for w York specialists. Through the winter, he has endured eries of operations, so far costing more than $30,000. replace his teeth with new ones affixed to his jaw by nium tubes.

The plan reportedly was for Kavanagh and Wylie t et on Monday to discuss strategy. Instead, that m Kavanagh received a call from Amis informin Wylie would handle the negotiations alone, t was, indeed, already heading over to Cape in a taxi. Furious, Kavanagh resigned.

That day if not before, Wylie became convinced that Cape and Penguin had a prior arrangement to bid together—and so keep a ceiling on the advance proposed—and that only he could pry them apart to produce a higher offer. (Until recently, Cape had not had a paperback house of its own, and many of its authors were published in paper by Penguin.) Wylie's point was that the book would do very well in paper, and that if Cape published Amis with Vintage, its own paperback imprint, it could justify a higher advance and would not need to protect its investment with Penguin's money. Wylie also reportedly told Amis that, given the press coverage claiming the writer was "greedy" and that £500,000 would be overpaying him, the only way the situation could be salvaged was for Wylie to handle it alone. "That was bizarre logic!" a publishing source marvels. Wylie denies he made the claim to Amis.

Wylie apparently persuaded Amis that Cape's agreement to bid with Penguin was purely for the benefit of the publisher. But in today's competitive business climate, several editors agree, publishing houses prefer owning books hard/soft if substantial profits are likely. "In this case," says one publishing executive not involved in the deal, "it seems that everyone was stretching to the limit—and beyond—to keep an author they loved and valued."

By the end of the next day, Wylie had failed to budge Cape into making a higher offer, and went back to HarperCollins, from which he reportedly wrung £505,000—a largely symbolic victory for his competitive author. This was the sum Amis had originally demanded (never mind that he had to throw in an extra book to get it). Other publishers say the deal is absurd, but HarperCollins's young trade-division publisher, the aptly named Stuart Proffitt, speaks of the mighty sales engine his company commands.

Wylie has Amis as a client now, though not the commission on the deal, which goes to Kavanagh. Amis has a publisher known more for fat commercial fiction than for literary élan, and a new editor he's barely met. He is also divorced from his backlist. But he has more money—"Money is shit," he admits, "but I haven't defrauded a lot of old people out of their savings; who am I taking money from?" And he professes to be happy with his new agent. "Pat was kind of babying me always," Amis says now. "She used to say, 'You know nothing about this . . .' She wasn't giving me the full picture. . . . I felt the level of investigation that Andrew went in for coincided with me wanting to know where I stood in the world. And that was sort of bad luck for her that I changed."

Kavanagh, aside from one delphic remark that none of the ironies of the situation would be lost on the participants, has kept a public silence on the rift. Friends describe her as hurt and angry, and say she takes particularly strong issue with the charge that she kept Amis in the dark on business matters; Amis was simply not interested in them and often boasted that he couldn't even be bothered to open his bank statements.

Privately, but with wide reverberations, her husband, Julian Barnes, has made plain his fury by a letter severing

all ties with Amis after 20 years. The letter, apparently, terms Amis's treatment of Kavanagh personally deceitful. According to friends of Amis's, it also offers congratulations for joining an agent whose star clients are under a Muslim death sentence, in and out of mental institutions, and dead of AIDS; then it tells him to "fuck off." (Barnes denies the letter says this.) One friend calls it a bazooka, fired at Amis, because, even after the deal, he seemed unwilling or unable to acknowledge the gravity of what he had done. As one person close to the situation puts it, "If a friend does harm to you, then there's a possibility of time healing, forgiveness, but when someone does harm to someone you love, it produces an altogether harsher reaction."

"The weirdest thing about all this," Amis says sadly, "is that the book is about a literary feud, and the deal has entrained that. It didn't really strike me until the other day. I was really shocked by Julian's letter. I thought he might be writing to say, 'Whatever business problems there are don't affect us.'"

"Charming" is a word often used to describe Amis, and aptly so. He answers questions with irresistible candor, by turns intensely earnest and wry, always eloquent, gravely polite. Close friends speak too of his thoughtfulness and warm support: for Rushdie during the ongoing *fatwa,* for McEwan during his own rough divorce, for Redmond O'Hanlon during his writer's blocks. How then to explain the striking coldness of his midlife decisions—or that the next most often used word to describe him is "ruthless"? Both traits, old friends suggest, are wires that lead back to the issue of control.

When Amis speaks of having no control over the events of the last months, this is specious, of course. He controlled his asking price; he chose to drop his agent in the manner he did, and to throw his lot in with another. So too did he control his personal life: he was the one who chose to leave his marriage. On a deeper level, old friends suggest, Amis has no control over the need to make brutal choices when he perceives his interests are threatened. And that, they say, has everything to do with his family.

About his father, Amis is unfailingly warm and gracious. The two, he observes, continue to have dinner together once a week. Amis's longtime friends are far less charitable. Kingsley was, as one puts it, an uninterested father, cold and cavalier. Martin, his younger sister, Sally, and his older brother, Philip, shared a peripatetic childhood, shuttled between the U.S. and Europe. In all, Martin attended 14 schools. When Martin was 12, his father left the family. Not long after, he and Philip visited their father at his London apartment; they found him living with the novelist Elizabeth Jane Howard, whom they had never met. Amis later termed this the most shattering experience of his life.

"Let's face it, Martin's family was highly dysfunctional," says one old friend. "You could argue," says another, "that Martin has had to do more than look out for himself; he's had to be his own parent. He makes these harsh decisions to protect himself, because no one else will." "He's sometimes shocked by his *(Continued on page 160)*

Astor's Place

It's the New York Public Library's glorious 100th birthday. On Fifth Avenue, Patience and Fortitude, the gentle lions on either side of the library stairs, only seem to doze. They know they guard the largest research library in the world: 50 million objects, among them Christopher Columbus's announcement that he had discovered America, and the manuscript of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land,* with slashing comments by Ezra Pound in its margins.

Almost every Monday, Thursday, and Friday, the weekdays when the library opens at 10 in the morning, my enchanting and erudite wife, the French biographer Anka Muhlstein, walks with me from 80th and Park to East 53rd (I am a 10 o'clock scholar) and, having made sure I'm pointed in the direction of the office, strides on downtown. Her destination is the library's great reading room, home of the computers listing all the books the library has added since 1972, and of the black volumes that hold copies of catalogue cards for everything acquired before that date. Using almost exclusively materials owned by the library, she has researched and written five historical works and is now finishing a biography of Marquis de Custine, who understood Russia as only de Tocqueville understood the United States. Anka knows her debt to the library is immense. So is mine, because I'd rather have her here than in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris! And so is that owed by countless other scholars, who live here or come from afar to do research in the New York Public Library, and by the rest of us, who have discovered and nourished within its walls the love of books. **—LOUIS BEGLEY**

Photograph by EVELYN HOFER



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Among the 50 million objects the library holds is Christopher Columbus's announcement that he had discovered America.

rary president Paul LeClerc
great patron Brooke Astor
otographed in Astor's apartment
her schnauzer, Maizie,
dachshund, Dolly) will guide the
York Public Library into
second century.



STARLINGS
Darren Star—TV's wunderkind of the moment—has made an estimated $12 million from *Beverly Hills, 90210* and *Melrose Place*. He is shown here with, from left, Melrose residents Heather Locklear, Daphne Zuniga, Thomas Calabro, and Marcia Cross.

STAR POWER!

At 33, Darren Star is the crown prince of prime time. MATTHEW TYRNAUER checks in with the creator of *Beverly Hills, 90210* and *Melrose Place* as he jumps from Fox to spin a new series, *Central Park West*, for CBS. Will he succeed at his new network and Zip Code?

Darren Star's TV kingdom rises from a flat valley hilltop where cattle graze among royal oaks. On soundstages here, just north of L.A., near locations where old cowboys once lined up for pancake and powder, stands the parallel universe that 50 million people worldwide know as *Melrose Place*. Here is the familiar Spanish-courtyard apartment complex, constructed of plaster and two-by-fours, trimmed with fake pink bougainvillea. Here is the heated swimming pool dug into the soundstage floor, and a huge painted cyclorama depicting the Hollywood Hills in all their Mediterranean splendor. Here the sweet smells of sawdust and hair spray mingle with the unmistakable aroma of success.

On one stage, in a faux hospital ward, actress Heather Locklear is tucked into bed and hitched up to an IV. Overhead, arc lamps shine and Panavision cameras loom. Off in a dark corner, near the place where the soundmen huddle, Darren Star—blue-jeaned and buff—watches as Locklear, stricken with cancer in the current plotline, suffers efficiently. When the director

Photograph by DAVID JENSEN



"Darren's story is the wet dream of every young person on the make in Hollywood."

STARMASTER
Star—who will soon forsake L.A. for Manhattan and *Central Park West*—currently lives just off Sunset Boulevard in the Hollywood Hills. His Franco-Deco furnishings are covered in fabric "to match the dog," and the ultra-high-tech screening room is a conversation piece. Of the newfound luxury, he notes, "I got used to it very quickly."

yells "Print it," Locklear leaps from under the covers, discards the mini-script she uses for cribbing, and promptly doubles over in mock agony. "I have cancer because of *Darren!*" she declares.

It's just a little joke, and all of the people who are standing around looking studiously casual laugh—and stop laughing—at the very same time. But there is a larger truth herein: no one on *Melrose Place* gets cancer unless Darren says so. That is a fact. There are no plot twists or breakups or breakdowns here without Star's sign-off. In the real world, beyond the valley of the cycloramas and pancaked cowboys, there may be no power more absolute than that of the executive producer of a moneymaking TV phenomenon. The executive producer, in Star's words, "is king."

Melrose Place, which has gripped the American telepsyche like nothing since *Dynasty,* was created three years ago by this 33-year-old from Potomac, Maryland. The show began as a spin-off of *Beverly Hills, 90210,* the hugely successful high-school "dramedy" created by Star in 1990 for Aaron Spelling Productions and the Fox network. At the time of that show's inception, Star was just 28. Currently, he holds the executive-producer title on both shows, which have become the twin pillars of Fox's schedule. They are largely credited with bringing Rupert Murdoch's fledgling network into major leagues of broadcasting.

Spelling, the man *Guinness* cre with producing more TV hours t any other earthling (and whose last Star success was *Dynasty*), also g shot of career adrenaline from shows. But, most important, adver ers—the ultimate power—view St creations as nothing less than ma from heaven. For the first time i generation, 18- to 34-year-olds, golden "youth demographic" cove by cereal and soap sellers, are stay home to switch on one-hour pri time dramas.

Darren Star, in other words, is Ponce de León of prime time. W his contract with Spelling expired summer there was, according to C Entertainment president Peter Torto "a very intense courtship" for t

rticularly prime piece of talent. Tor-
rici outbid every other network—by
r—in hopes that the young mogul's
ys will help CBS, currently the "old-
t-skewing" of the majors, nourish a
w generation of young viewers. The
al Tortorici gave Star is unprece-
nted in CBS's history. The network
s agreed to share the ownership
d production of Star's newest cre-
on, *Central Park West,* with Darren
ar Productions, as well as split the
ofits. *Central Park West,* which Star
lls a sort of younger *Bonfire of the*
nities for the small screen, will pre-
ere on CBS in September.

Star is demure on the subject of his latest career leap, downplaying a deal that could bring him up to $2 million a year. Sitting in his corner office at Aaron Spelling Entertainment, where the placard on the door reads INTERN, he says simply, "I think it will be good for me to see what CBS is ." This is not a mini-mogul given grandiose pronouncements. It would easy to assume, given the name, success, and his growing mythic ure, that Darren Star would be the fect material for caricature. But s too smart to parody himself. "Dar- definitely has a very public and ial side, as well as a healthy ego, ch you have to have to succeed in business," says his friend screen- ter Andrea King. "But he also has ry private, reserved, and loyal side." Outside Star's door, rock music blares n a boom box, and writers scram- to finish their scripts, which they ng around for his approval like getting their homework checked. eel young to be a dad—most of the e," Star tells me dryly. The atmos- re, perhaps less familial than that ark might suggest, is tense. But though clearly harried—appears to genuinely liked and admired by his f, most of whom would sacrifice ost anything to be in his position. When *Central Park West* comes up our conversation, Star attempts to het down the enormous expecta- s. "I'm looking forward to a hard season," he says, managing to com- nicate both the sagacity of a hard-ened professional and the youthful enthusiasm of a high-school quarterback. "Every show I've worked on has taken a season to get right."

"I don't think I've stumbled onto a formula for a hit show," he continues modestly. "If I knew why the shows were so popular, I don't think I would have any insecurity about what I'm going to do for the future. Sometimes I stand back and it does sort of fascinate me. I mean, why *are* these shows popular?"

The very same question fascinates many people, and no doubt vexes others. How is it that this "Darren Star kid" (the name is real), a show-business novice whose pre-*90210* TV experience consisted of an unsold spec script for *Charles in Charge,* solved the so-called youth-demographic puzzle that has plagued prime time for the last two decades?

Star says he was just going by instinct. "At the time I wrote the pilot for *90210,* I really thought that TV aimed at a young audience hadn't advanced much past *The Brady Bunch* in terms of addressing or depicting teenagers," he says. "I remember I brought in a couple issues of *Sassy* magazine as part of my pitch to Fox, and I said, '*This* is what teenage girls are reading,' and TV isn't addressing these issues. . . . I think it took so long for the networks to realize this because adults are really scared of teenage sexuality. . . . Fox kept saying, 'We have to emphasize the teacher and the parents,' and I said, *No,* it has to be about the kids—they will watch."

There is truth in everything Star says. But whatever points he and the network P.R. machines make about the sociology of the shows or the realistic crises faced by the affectless pretties in Star's menageries, one fact cannot be overlooked: Darren Star was weaned on American TV pop; he grew up basking in the blue light of sitcom nights and after-school-special afternoons. His television comes from television—it's a product of an eye refined by *Brady Bunch* moments, *Mayberry, R.F.D.,* and other American dreams. It owes more to the world of Aaron Spelling and his soap-operatic progenitors than to anyone's actual experience.

Despite [illegible]ative youth, Star is no strang[illegible]he business." According to his mother, "Darren convinced us to get him a subscription to *Variety* when he was 12, and he paid for it with his own money." This is a baseline thinker, a pro.

Star seems to sincerely believe his words about addressing "issues" on his shows, but *Melrose* would not be the blockbuster that it has become if pretensions were not kept to a minimum. "We tell our stories on *Melrose Place* really fast, so people won't change the channel," he says. "I think that was out of an effort at first to stay on the air, but also I think I have a very low threshold for boredom.

"Everybody goes out and does what they can do," Star continues. "I'm a big lover of pop culture, and I think that those instincts lead into the direction of creating something popular. . . . Making low-budget art films, for instance, may not be my strength."

He says he is offended by critics who treat *90210* and *Melrose Place* as some pop-cultural demon seedlings, electronic alloys of *General Hospital* and *Saved by the Bell.* And then he says without a trace of irony, "I think that *Melrose Place* is very important to the culture. I mean, Fran Lebowitz said on Letterman that when she went into the woods to write a book she got addicted to the show.

"You would be surprised at a lot of the people who love the show," Star claims. (His publicist offers the names Luther Vandross and Howard Stern.) The day I was at Star's office, Judge Lance Ito's office called to request *Melrose* tapes for the sequestered jurors in the O. J. Simpson trial.

"Right now, Darren Star is manipulating TV's G spot," says a prominent TV writer who has worked with Star. "He has his finger right on the *Zeitgeist,* and he's a gold mine for any studio or TV producer. That's why CBS gave him a 13-show commitment and agreed to air *Central Park West* without a pilot. *No one* has that kind of deal for one-hour dramas in network television today."

Five years ago, Star harbored no TV ambitions. At the same time the *90210* pilot aired in 1990, an action movie he had written called *If Looks Could Kill,* starring Richard Grieco, was about to be released. "I thought *If Looks Could Kill* was going to be this big hit and *90210* was going to

be this little TV show," Star says. Now, of course, the film is forgotten, and *90210* and *Melrose Place* have put him on the fast track for the TV Hall of Fame. More to the point, the shows have made him one of the richest thirtysomethings in America outside of the microchip business.

Exactly how rich? Friends estimate he is a millionaire at least a dozen times over, with more to come as the shows go into syndication. (His take of the licensing fees alone for *Beverly Hills, 90210* products exceeds seven figures. For every lunchbox, change purse, bedsheet, Shannen Doherty and Tori Spelling doll sold, Star gets 6 percent of the gross.) Next season, this lucrative cycle begins again when *C.P.W.* airs. Even if the show is pulled off the air, CBS has agreed to pay Star his fee for producing all 13 episodes.

"Darren's story is the kind you don't want to tell someone just starting out, because it all happened for him. It usually doesn't work that way," says a successful young—but not nearly so rich—TV writer. A studio executive of an older generation puts it more bluntly: "Darren Star's success story is the wet dream of every young person on the make in Hollywood."

It's early one rainy Hollywood morning, and Darren Star is not dreaming. He's been up since seven A.M. in his stylishly decorated Spanish house in the Hollywood Hills reading *The New York Times* and the *Los Angeles Times*. By late morning, he's on his second pot of coffee, tending to a hyperactive telephone, and popping Nuprin as he slouches in an armchair. "I'm really excited about getting Alan Arkush to direct, and let me know when he's read the script," Star tells his agent. Next come calls about the casting for *Central Park West*. There are reports that Calvin Klein underwear model Michael Bergen is being considered for a part. Star says he doesn't know who Bergen is. But later the handsome newcomer is officially signed.

In between confabs, Star and his golden retriever, Judy (named after Judy Jetson, the cartoon character), lead me on a house tour. "I think Fatty Arbuckle lived in the house next door," says Star in his reassuring nasal mid-Atlantic drone, pointing out the gray château with massive gates, just beyond where he parks his Range Rover. "Marvin Mitchelson lives there now, but I never see him. And I was told that this house was Clark Gable's in the 1940s." (Later in the day Star receives a call informing him that the Mitchelson house has been put on the market for $6.9 million.)

Star's Franco-Deco furnishings (covered in fabrics "to match the dog") are a subject of controversy among friends, who he says are "freaked out by all this when they come over here.

"*I* was freaked out at first, but I got used to it very quickly," he says, standing in his bedroom with its sweeping city view. "I think there's always this tension when you're young and you're a creative person. You don't want to be comfortable, because it dissipates that tension in your life. But I'm over it."

In the soaring, beamed living room there are black-and-white Karsh portraits of Garbo and Picasso and a grand piano on which Star says he plays a simplified version of "Rhapsody in Blue" over and over. The den is a high-tech video screening room so luxe that people around town are talking about it. "I worked with this designer on the house, and all I really worried about was how the speakers were wired," he confesses, pausing to point out his statuette of Saint Claire of Assisi, the patron saint of television. Then he pops in a videodisc of *Jurassic Park* to show off his subwoofers: "One in front and one behind the couch. That's what gives you all the bass."

We watch the *Jurassic* sequence in which a *T. rex* crushes a Ford Explorer with a couple of kids in it, and the room fairly vibrates with bass.

"I think this is everything a movie should be," Star says in admiration of the Spielberg touch. "It's completely entertaining, like a great ride."

Steven Spielberg admiration has, it turns out, been a longtime preoccupation for Star. Says his mother, Debra, "Darren always really admired Spielberg because he was so young when he directed *Jaws*."

The world's most successful film director was 27 when he directed what, in 1975, was the most successful film ever made. That year, Darren Star—his biggest fan—was 14, a movie-crazed youth trapped 3,000 miles away on Hollywood in a large brick house on Halter Court in the Camatop neighborhood of Potomac. His father, Milton Star, is an orthodontist. Dr. Star is a freelance writer, and the mother of three children. Darren, the eldest, says he was always "insane about movies." Everybody in the family agrees.

"Movies were very real to me as a child," says Star, who spent time as a teenager working as a movie-theater usher at a mall in White Flint, Maryland. "I must have seen *The Other Side of Midnight* about 36 times. Growing up, so many of my memories are of what movies I saw. Seeing *Dr. Zhivago* on my 10th birthday, seeing *Alien* when it first came out. It was my fantasy to live in Los Angeles. I remember in the sixth grade when a girl I knew in school who had moved from L.A. to Potomac told me that when they shot films they put the dialogue in later. I don't know how she knew this or why she told me, but I remember that it kind of destroyed the illusion for me."

Darren's brother, Marc Star, who works as a production assistant on the *Melrose* set (and, in his spare time, lead singer of the band Thunderfuck), remembers that when his older brother was in high school he "made super 8 movies starring members of the family. In one, our aunt and uncle were in some kind of James Bond–like adventure and drove off in a Corvette Stingray." Another super-8 effort, Darren remembers, was "about a kid who was killed in a football game and kept watching himself die over and over again. I remember showing these movies to my high-school class, I was so desperate for an audience."

Winston Churchill High School in Potomac, "while not Beverly Hills High, influenced *Beverly Hills, 90210*," Star says. Marc Star concurs: "We definitely grew up with a bunch of rich, snobby kids," he says. "There were definitely a lot of nice cars and elitist behavior—a lot of it." There persists a myth at Winston Churchill High that the original title of *Beverly Hills, 90210* was *Potomac, 20854*.

"This is only a myth," says Star.

After his high-school graduation, Star gave up fantasizing about Hollywood and dived right into reality. First he enrolled at U.S.C. (known locally

University of Spoiled
ildren), then trans-
red to U.C.L.A. Like
elberg, he was rejected
epeatedly") by U.S.C.'s
n school, as well as
.L.A.'s. Ultimately, he
ls, this was a blessing,
ecause it forced me to
an English major, and
kind of glad because I
d a lot of books that I
erwise would not have
d."

Star planned no doctoral
sis or attempt at the great
erican novel. From the
e he set foot in L.A., the
ect was to break into show
iness. "I was desperate to
a writer—of *anything*. I
t wanted to be a writer
got *paid*."

The romantic "struggling
ter" image held an appeal,
Star did not dare violate
conventions of the myth.
pay the bills, he got a job waiting
es at the Hamburger Hamlet in Brent-
od, which was, in a way, the Mez-
ina of its day. Star met a lot of
to-Ron Goldmans, "aspiring actors
had been waiting tables for seven
rs." It was a pumped, purgatorial
on of Hollywood that scared him
much that he quit.

The next job in his version of the
llywood Shuffle was writing pitch
ers and answering phones for the
licist Susan Geller. But, Star
nits, he was terrible at P.R. "I had
desire to pick up the phone and
anybody—and I had no desire to
mote anybody's career but my own."
ctress Daphne Zuniga, who plays
on *Melrose Place*, was a client of
ler's and a roommate of Star's at
.L.A. When she would call up
publicist, it was her college pal
ren who answered the phone. "I'm
surprised I'm working for *him* to-
," says Zuniga, who adds that Star
d to help her out with her psy-
biology homework. "He was much
rter than me. . . . There are just
ain people who you know sooner
ater are going to make it."

t 24, Star sold a screenplay called
n' Time on Planet Earth, about a
who discovers one day that he is
enage alien. It was made by Can-
non films and released for about a minute and a half. When I tell him that I've rented it on videocassette, he groans: "Oh, no! Read the script. I'll send you the script." His mother was similarly disappointed with the outcome: "They lowballed it," she says. "You know, it was low-budget." The script never arrived, but I actually liked the movie, which stars Adam "Batman" West and has sublimely eccentric riffs on revolving restaurants and *Santa Claus Conquers the Martians*. In its offbeat way, it could be the best thing Star's ever done.



At the time he sold his first screenplay, Star was living in a "writers' row" apartment complex in the flats of West Hollywood. Ten years later the place would inspire *Melrose*. "It was an apartment complex where most of the people were in their 20s and there was a pool, and because it's L.A., everyone is from somewhere else," he says.

Perhaps the main difference between Star's former life and his TV version is th

(continued on page 171)

Star was terrible at P.R., he admits. "I had no desire to promote anybody's career but my own."

SPELLING BEE
At a 1992 party in Los Angeles, *Melrose Place*'s Grant Show, left, celebrates the show's season premiere with Darren Star, Tori Spelling of *Beverly Hills, 90210*, and her father, Aaron Spelling, whose company produces both shows.



Fashion's

MANO A MANOLO

Manolo Blahnik admires the world's [illegible] shoe designer in the entryway of his neoclassical stone house in Bath. *Left, clockwise from top,* four creations from this spring's collection: "Tunica," "Caldo," "Rift" (named for designer Rifat Ozbek), and "Tunica," each with a five-inch stiletto heel—[illegible] on a market at the London Manolo Blahnik boutique in Chelsea.

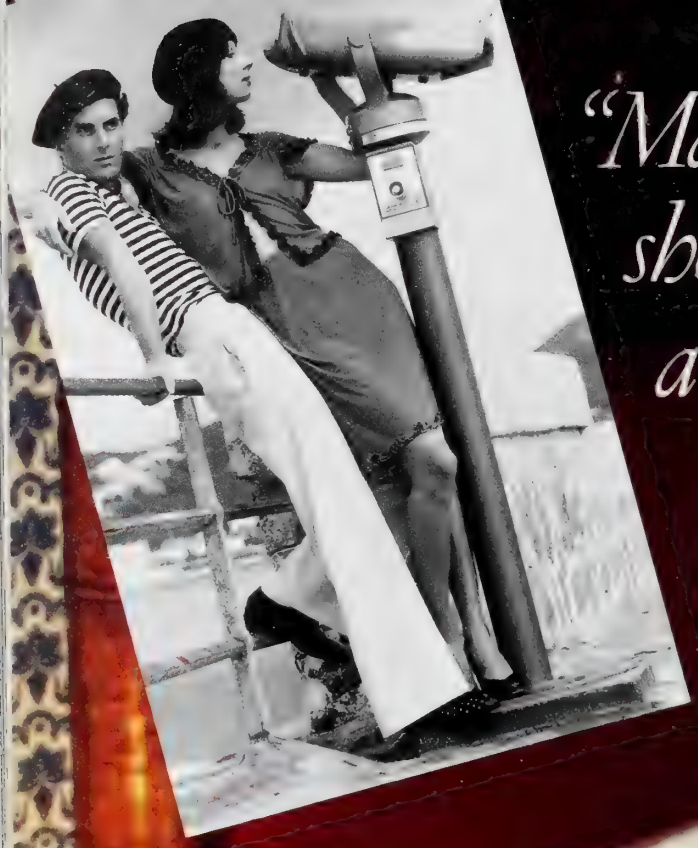
What Balenciaga was to ball gowns,
Manolo Blahnik is to shoes. At Blahnik's factory near Milan and
hideaways in Bath and Sicily, AMY FINE COLLINS finds
the elusive genius behind the magic slippers



Foot man

Pho ERIC BOMAN

"Manolo thinks of his shoes like characters in a play or movie."



SEVEN
HE

At Nice's
Negresco in
Manolo Blahnik
telephon
Anjelica Huston
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Inset, the pair
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In a featureless cement building 45 minutes outside the smoggy fashion hive of central Milan and light-years away from the chic shops where his supremely refined pumps, mules, and sandals are sold, shoe designer Manolo Blahnik is fondling the *prova,* or first prototype, of an ankle boot destined for his fall '95 collection. "I am fainting with excitement! It is my new last," he gasps, stroking the sloping, beveled sides of the boot. A bonbon for the foot, it is icated of a glazed stretch satin the t color and texture of candied chest-. Enraptured by the shape and feel is creation, he raises the shoe's beak- toe to his quivering lips and es it. Blahnik, a silver streak of erdashery and nerves, rushes in perforated suede oxfords out of the m and onto the factory floor. He sults with one of the 27 smocked kers—a short, stocky, middle-aged nan named Marina—who obligingly s from her table and follows Blah- back into the office.

Marina has been tapped by the mas- because her foot is an Italian size the same measurement as the *pro-* Blahnik, a vision of elegance in a dowpane-check suit and a navy-and- striped cotton pullover, crouches de the stockinged foot of this un- ly female paragon, slides on the e boot, and, with a flourish of ag- ingers, fluffs its pewter moiré rib- into a bow—Cinderella's slipper her stepsister. Suddenly Marina's t leg elongates, her calf responds urving into a graceful arc, and an ard chain reaction is set in mo- . She straightens her posture, lifts chin proudly, and breaks into a toothed smile. Yet the designer is not satisfied; Blahnik pinches the t more tightly around Marina's e, smoothing out all creases until ina's dainty extremity looks as if it been dipped in frosting. He mur- s a few explanatory words to the e-robed *modellista,* Ambrogio, one he three brothers who own the ory, and the fitting is over. Blah- chivalrously thanks Marina, a stitcher, and, feet reverted to clay, she resumes her place at the worktable.

Like Marina, growing numbers of women all over the globe have discovered the transforming powers of Manolo Blahnik shoes. And they are happy to pay anywhere from $450 to $2,600 to be so swept off their feet. Stephanie Seymour, the Princess of Wales, Paloma Picasso, Anjelica Huston, Joan Rivers, and Winona Ryder, along with hosts of more obscure but equally enthusiastic devotees, seasonally stock their closets with Manolos as if they were so many bottles of rare vintage wine. Blahnik's younger sister, Evangeline, who operates the flagship Blahnik boutique in London and has the license to sell his footwear in Europe, describes some of the shoe cupboards she has encountered (she, like her brother, is too discreet to give out names). "There's one lady who built a huge wardrobe with green velvet-lined drawers that light up when you slide them open. Another woman constructed one room in her new house just for the shoes."

Company president George Malkemus, who holds the North and South American vendor's license (and who has masterminded the company's growth from a recondite London shop into a multimillion-dollar business), says that one customer in San Francisco "in a single season will order 23 pairs over the telephone," sight unseen. Notes fashion arbiter André Leon Talley, an old friend of Blahnik's, "Not since Balenciaga has a designer attracted this kind of gross buying." Dawn Mello, president of Bergdorf Goodman, says her department store sells about $2.5 million worth (about 5,700 pairs) per year. Malkemus, who will not disclose financial data ("It's a privately held company," he says), calculates that his portion of the business—which includes the New York boutique on West 55th Street—turns over between 60,000 and 70,000 pairs per annum.

Why this fanatical allegiance, which cuts across generations and binds soigné Republican style setters to the funky avant-garde? Designer Carolina Herrera, a Manolo loyalist who both wears the shoes and uses them in her shows, says "Manolo's shoes give me legs. You can tell when a woman is wearing Manolos by the legs, by the way she stands and walks. The shoes are feminine and sexy, but never, ever vulgar." New York design team Mark Badgley and James Mischka also order only Blahnik's shoes for their runway presentations. Badgley explains: "They change the anatomy by drawing the legs out. You get one long, pointy line falling from the hipbone all the way down to the toe cleavage. The girl winds up looking like a sketch." Adds Todd Oldham, "The girls all coo when they put on Manolos. I've never heard a model bitch that his four-inch heels hurt." Lisa Trafficante (whose husband, designer Richard Tyler, chose the 20-plus pairs in her wardrobe) swears "they take off five pounds." And Isaac Mizrahi raves, "He's Benjamin Franklin, Isaac Newton—a genius. I fall at his feet and worship at his temple." When these testimonials are repeated to Blahnik and his sister at tea one day in London, Evangeline, a statuesque (she wears mostly flats), tailored beauty with a crest of snow-white hair, concedes, "They give a good ankle." Her brother elaborates, cryptically, "I have certain little tricks. I'm king of the scissors. I cut and cut until I'm told to stop and then I cut some more."

With a career spanning 22 years—he opened his first boutique in London in 1973—Blahnik has had ample time to conjure up more than a few designer "tricks." But the Manolo mystique arises as much from the man as from his shoes. The well-heeled consumer who is familiar with the face behind her Chanel suit or Versace handbag is probably clueless about the personality behind her lace-up stilettos—and likely to be in the dark about how to pronounce the name on the label underfoot. (Wendy Wasserstein, in her play *The Sisters Rosensweig,* milked some humor from a shoe-obsessed character's mangling of the exotic tag. For the record, one says Ma-*no*-lo *Blah*-nick.) A solitary, peripatetic workaholic who rarely advertises, seldom socializes, and hardly sleeps, Blahnik instead spends his life feverishly carving heels in his factory in Parabiago, Italy, furiously sketching away in his

"You can tell when a woman is wearing Mar

CHIC DREAMS

Nineteenth-century engravings of mad people hang above the Gothic Revival oak bed in the master bedroom of Blahnik's Bath house, which also features a vase from Tina Chow on one of the Thomas Hope side tables, Regency chairs, and a Michel Molinare photo of French actress Yvonne Furneaux. *Inset:* from Blahnik's spring collection, the tarantula-like "Herva," a patent-leather shoe that ties up past the knee.



houses in Bath, England, and the Canary Islands, and obsessively devouring videos and books in one of the six languages he speaks fluently and sometimes simultaneously. And when he converses, the polyglot words gush forth like the rivers of the continents, emptying into an ocean of panctural chatter that delights Blahnik as much as it entertains his audience. (His only linguistic consistency is the predominance of feminine pronouns—as when, passing a brawny Sicilian peasant waving an Italian flag, he observes, "This farmer, she is very political.")

"What beautiful tits! What a nose! What beautiful feet!" shrieks Blahnik, lifting his green eyes heavenward. "Pauline Borghese revived the whole industry of hairdos, dresses, millinery, and shoes!" Splendidly dapper in his sky-blue tweed suit and lozenge-pattern tie, he is standing in his living room in Bath, where he maintains a neoclassical Georgian house on Camden Crescent—an address immortalized by Jane Austen in *Persuasion*. Behind him, a postcard-perfect view of Bath—all lush green hills and pink-gold period buildings—scintillates in the cool sunlight.

But it is the spirit of Pauline, Na-



CASE DISCL SE

The *nécess re*, travel case, th go everywhere wh th peripatetic shoe d ne Blahnik's accout nem include a lin ow from Flo nc

Blahnik's drawing style, dress, and décor have inspired legions of imitators.

leon's glamorous sister, who mar-
d into the Roman nobility, that
s taken possession of his senses.
ving just finished reading a ro-
ntic biography of her, his imagi-
tion is exploding with fantastical
stumes à la Borghese. "I'm tired
high heels! Next year there's go-
g to be a big change. I want to make
llerina slippers with long pink rib-
ns and tiny rosebuds. Brocades and
k. Everything flat, flat. That's the
ture—the new heel for the millen-
um is no heel. Ooooh! George will
l me! Pauline is my ideal. Last
nth I talked only about Stephanie
ymour. Did you know she bought
the Balenciagas of Tina Chow?
ie hair—the nails, so clean, soo
rroomed! And Camille Paglia. I
ad her book in the hospital. She's
y American fantasy. That woman is
e! But I've already done a no-heel
llection before. Romeo Gigli did
e, too!"

Blahnik is now mounting his Portland-stone staircase, emitting little whimpers of pain as he climbs: last winter he had an operation for a slipped disk, and more recently he sprained his ankle. "He hurt nself because he never walks," ex-ains André Leon Talley. "He moves briskly he *canters.*" Blahnik has ached the house's fifth floor, a nd of shoe heaven where his soles me to rest. The smell of leather is oxicating: there are at least 5,000 oes here, left- or right-foot samples ting back to the early 70s. "And ere's more in the attic," he says, otioning toward a trapdoor. "Watch t! They'll fall on our heads!" At e moment, the Blahnik archives e in disarray; in a streak of bad luck, e house was both flooded and bur-ed. (The thieves carted off bronzes, rniture, paintings—all carefully apped in Blahnik's custom-made thes—while his unsuspecting neigh-rs looked on over their teacups.) esigned for now to the disorder, Blah-k sits cross-legged among the shoes, ggling and moaning as he sorts rough the piles. Each shoe has a me, evoking a movie star ("Vitti"), place ("Taormina"), a friend ("Ti-"), a fictional character ("Tadzio"), or a writer ("Lampedusa"), and a web of associations unintelligible to anyone but Blahnik. "Manolo speaks through his shoes. For him, the foot, the shoe, implies the whole nature of a person, and expresses a story," explains Italian *Vogue* editor Anna Piaggi. "Manolo's shoes have such personality," adds *Harper's Bazaar* editor in chief Liz Tilberis, "they become individuals. He thinks of them like characters in a play or movie"—of which he is author, director, and critic.

"I get excited by my shoes. Does that sound pompous and pretentious? I'll never have to work again! I'll just copy myself. But I can't redo. That's cheating! This boot," he says, tweaking the baroque pearls dangling from its jewel-encrusted collar. "Byzantine. Empress Theodora. Look at *this* toe!" he says, moving on to a tasseled tomato-and-purple suede pump. "It's like a fez. And this one here is called 'Rapa,' 1976—before the rappers! Oooh! This one's from my African period, snakeskin—1982. Very popular, very Peter Beard. Oh look, my Jesus sandal. How vile!" he says, wrinkling his nose at a black suede shoe from 1981. "Ha! This one was Flintstone before the movie. Some of the shoes I really despise, like this *Love Lucy* thing," he says, tossing aside a violet-and-white patent [illegible]. "Look at this one [illegible]it! That girl in I[illegible] copied this 70s [illegible]nd that



STYLE, STYLE, STYLE

From top, in Blahnik's Bath dressing room, a turn-of-the-century plaster Harlequin stands guard next to a wardrobe from Christopher Gibbs's antiques shop; a 1975 Savile Row suit made by Anderson & Sheppard and Blahnik's carefully chosen accessories—Banana Republic ties, his own Louisiana-alligator monk-strap shoes, Ralph Lauren socks, and a copy of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass;* at his Parabiago factory, the king of cobblers is surrounded by his workers, many of whom are graduates of a local, priest-run shoemaking school.



Enraptured by the shape and feel of his creat

boy in England did a whole group just like my tweed collection. What bothers me is, why don't they create something new? John Galliano understands. She sent me a fax describing what she needed for her show. 'Think fire, passion, red, the Spanish Inquisition!' I *love* that sort of thing.

"Most of these children now are so boring, so derivative," he continues. "They're doing copies of my first shoes. They must be buying old magazines. It's fashion necrophilia! I hate *dérivitivité!* Hmm, I just made that word up. It's stealing! This shoe business is getting to be too much. But I love the pressure, I love the tension. I thrive on it. If I ever stop talking, if I ever stop working, I will collapse!"

Blahnik is interrupted by a summons to the kitchen for tea sandwiches. George Malkemus says that, left to his own devices, Manolo would subsist on only sweets and cornflakes. "I am the real sugar baby. Today I've already eaten two tins of cinnamon cookies," he admits. Photographer Eric Boman says that 25 years ago, when he first met the shoe designer, Blahnik invited him to dinner at his flat. The menu: white sugar, Tiptree jams, and condensed milk, all eaten with a spoon dipped directly into the container. "His diet has improved a little since then. But he still has the taste buds of a child," Boman says.

"I've always been infantile. I'm retarded," Blahnik says. He has been known, at the theater, to squash the hairdo of the woman seated in front of him or to empty restaurants and movie houses with his histrionic patter (especially if they're "filled with Anglo-Saxons," he says). On a patterned tile floor he will hop carefully from one square to the next rather than walk across it. "Sometimes I stand in front of the bathroom mirror and laugh at my own reflection. If I didn't entertain myself all the time I'd be bored," he explains. "Maybe it's because for so long I've been alone. I'm a one-man band. I've known since I was young I never wanted to be married, or to live with someone else. I never do drugs or alcohol. I've never had any big affairs or adventures." Writer Fran Lebowitz, a longtime friend, says, "Manolo is a touching person—he's very sweet, like a child. Or like one wishes children were. It comes from his passion for what he does. His passion for his work is so pure it's abstract. The kind of work he does comes out of something he loved to do as a child."

Blahnik, 52, is one of those peculiar, paradoxical individuals—often artists—who are born old ("My mommy told me I've *always* been old"), but who somehow preserve their childhood selves throughout their adult lives. The son of a Czech father and Spanish mother, he grew up in Santa Cruz de la Palma, the Canary Islands. His father, the blond scion of a Prague pharmaceutical family, first encountered his mother in the 30s when a boat taking him on a pleasure trip from Hamburg to South America docked briefly in the Canaries. When they married, Blahnik's father entered the family's banana-plantation business. ("In the Canary Islands, you either had bananas or nothing," Blahnik says.) After school he'd run to the movies—permanently committing to memory every Spanish and American movie star, director, set designer, costumer, and color consultant. One day he saw a Rhonda Fleming cowboy movie. "When I got home I tied Evangeline to a post and put a fire around her. She screamed and screamed until Mommy came." Blahnik reflects, "There were no friends, no people, no cars, no TV on the island. You had to build yourself games."

With Tito, the son of the finca's caretaker, he would catch lizards, "kiss them on the cheek, and make little dresses for them"—pleated silver foil tutus fashioned from cigarette or chocolate wrappers. Fascinated by the Ballets Russes, which he encountered through a book in his mother's library, Blahnik named his pet monkey Nijinsky, and one of his dogs Diaghilev. "And I made shoes for all of them, out of muslin and pink cotton ribbons. I put shoes on everybody! One dog would lie on his back and stick his paws up in the air for me while I tied the bows." Subjected to tedious piano lessons given by an "affected" man named Raoul, he would pass the time sketching caricatures of his "ugly feet and awful leg hairs" stuffed into beribboned ballerina slippers. "It's the only thing that kept me going," he giggles. "Once she was so angry she slapped me. But they were my first drawings of shoes."

Blahnik had learned about shoe-making from watching his mother, who, too impatient to wait for shoes from Don Cristino, the island cobbler, taught herself the craft. "She made wood platforms with multicolored ribbons," recalls Evangeline. "They were hinged on the bottom to make it easier to walk." Blahnik remembers another pair in red chiffon "lacing up the legs like bandages"—one of his own recurrent looks. Blahnik's mother, now 80 and still living in the family's plantation house, corrects the sketches her son makes during visits to the Canary Islands, where he now owns two houses. "Whatever I am, I inherit from my mother," he says. "Evangeline is more like my father—*sporty* and business-minded."

Raoul's extremities had appeared particularly offensive to Blahnik compared with the standard set by the Camilial feet. "My mommy, Evangeline and I all have very nice feet." The ideal foot, Blahnik feels, conforms to a strict canon of proportions, approximating the Roman foot—"more beautiful than the Greek." The second toe should be longer than the big toe, the arch high, and from there, he says, "no hanging pieces of skin." Whose feet, besides his mother's and sister's, meet these requirements? Raquel Welch's, actress Silvana Mangano's ("I saw them at Café Flore in Paris"), Ryan O'Neal's ("I saw them once in a London hotel"), Diana Ross's ("She has a foot in a slipper"). People from the desert and fishermen in Sicily have the best feet, he says, "from walking barefoot on the sand." And whose, besides his

l'abnik raises the shoe to his lips and kisses it.

...o teacher's, are memorably hideous? ...don't remember ugly feet. I erase ... Maybe in L.A. a hobo in Jesus ...ndals, with long, black, round nails," ... reports with a shudder. "I think ...is is what evil looks like."

The Blahniks sent their children ...road for school, Evangeline to Ger... any and Manolo to the University ... Geneva. "They separated us be...use they were afraid we'd have too ...od a time to study." Blahnik ma...red in international law, but switched ... literature when he fainted at the ...ght of a corpse in a forensic-medi...ne class. With some school friends, ... traveled to Paris to see Sylvie ...artan, Trini Lopez, and the Beatles ... concert at the Olympia. He hated ...e Fab Four, but fell in love with ... city, where he moved in 1968, leav...g his university studies unfinished. ...e audited classes in stage design at ...e École du Louvre, and took a job ... a swinging, quintessentially 60s ...outique on the Rue Bonaparte called ...O, where the young, rich, and hip ...opped for Art Nouveau bibelots ...d clothing. "It was a divine shop, ...e only place to buy mad English ...ings," he says. The co-proprietress, ...iselle Menhenett, remembers him ... the time as "intense and dramat..., with very beautiful features. He ...ore shirts with large sleeves, a lit... like Jimi Hendrix, and he loved ... dance with his hands waving in ...e air. He was always arguing with ...e other girl in the shop, complain...g he didn't like her shoes. Every...dy had crushes on him."

Blahnik, it seems, was even more of ... attraction at GO than the mer...andise. Anouk Aimée and her daugh..., Manuella, were among many who ...ed to station themselves in front of ...e boutique, gazing through the ...indow at the magnetically hand...me shop assistant. Blahnik is baf...d by this and other similar stories. ... did not think I was attractive. I've ...ver been able to attract men at all. ... I rather attract women than men ...ey have made my career. Andy Warhol ...ce told me I was asexual, and I ...ld her, 'I am not!' I am *incom-*

prts. I do not belong in any category."

In 1970, when Blahnik felt an urge to move to London, Giselle Menhenett recommended him to her friend Joan Burstein, owner of a shop called Feathers on Kensington High Street. Blahnik worked as a jeans buyer and press officer there, "had a ball," but the position was, finally, a means of obtaining a work permit. At the suggestion of his set-decorator friend Peter Young, Blahnik began designing men's saddle shoes—a deliberately counterhippie style evoking the collegiate American male of Hollywood movies—for a pocket-size shop on Old Church Street called Zapata. David Hockney wore the saddle shoes, and so, of course, did Blahnik, who abandoned his longhaired, ephebic mode in favor of the soigné, matinee-idol look that would eventually win him a place in the International Best-Dressed Hall of Fame.

Blahnik also worked briefly as a party decorator, but, at 28, he was searching for something more commensurate with his flamboyant imagination and burgeoning ambition. "We had just seen *The Last Picture Show* and we all wanted to come to America," Eric Boman recounts. "In the early 70s in London there were miner strikes and power strikes—it was like wartime. America seemed so much cleaner and simpler." Boman and Blahnik packed up their portfolios and some saddle-shoe samples and headed for New York. Though he had numerous Stateside adventures—such as co-starring in a Warhol "fake commercial," filmed in a Chelsea Hotel bedroom—the highlight of the trip was an appointment, arranged by Paloma Picasso, with Diana Vreeland in her *Vogue* office. Blahnik showed her the "hideous, weird, but inventive" set designs he had made at the Ecole du Louvre. "Tooo amusing, witty," she pronounced, singling out some small costume details—a sh... ...erpents winding up the leg, a ... ...ith dangling cherries. Her ... ...lahnik should concentrate ... ...'s shoes.

Vreela... ...ourse, had merely pointed ... ...n the direction he was already headed. He returned to both London and Zapata, whose proprietor had departed for India. With a bank loan, Blahnik paid off the creditors and assumed ownership. In two days Blahnik and Peter Young revamped the shop into, as photographer Michael Roberts recalls, a "Pop, psychedelic den" with a green artificial-turf floor sprouting fake flowers, and naïve murals of yellow skies and gingham cows. "The buzz was out that he was there. Suddenly it was *the* place," says Roberts, who, as a fashion editor at the London *Sunday Times,* covered him in the 70s. *Harper's Bazaar* delivered his first editorial credit with a 1972 photograph by Bill King of the black model Amina Warsuma wearing ankle-tied platforms with a red front, a blue back, and white crêpe soles. Though a graphic tour de force, the shoe became more notorious for its engineering defects than the brilliance of its design: when it got hot the crêpe heel bent out of shape. "People catapulted down the stairs in them," recalls Boman. "The girls wanted to sue me!" says Blahnik.

But his intrepid customers, such as Bianca Jagger ("She was one of my first pushers"), forgave him, and waves of new fans arrived as he continued to research better factories and master his technique. Heading up generations of supermodels, Veruschka and Jerry Hall flocked to Blahnik. "The shop," says one early client, then in the circle of the band T. Rex, "was a place where everyone would hang out or have a cup of tea. If you were there, you were already cool. There was a whole group of us, the counterpart to the Warhol group in New York. It had to do with youth, talent, beauty, brilliance—not money. Manolo was one of us and knew what we wanted to wear."

As Blahnik's business could not sustain itself on the admiration of friends and fashion editors alone, he freelanced designing shoes for other companies. For Fiorucci, the 70s dis-

co-wear source, he created "jellies," candy-colored plastic fishermen's sandals—hugely successful and universally imitated. Then, in 1981, an American couple struck a deal with Blahnik to open a shop on New York's Madison Avenue. Boman remembers Blahnik's showing him the signed contract over dinner one night at San Lorenzo, the London restaurant. "It was terrible. He had relinquished the right to his name. I advised him to call his lawyer immediately and have it annulled." The shop opened anyway, but, says George Malkemus, "his talent was abused. He decided he hated America."

Malkemus, then a 27-year-old from Texas with a modest trust fund, had been working as a copywriter of newspaper ads at Bergdorf Goodman. At a meeting one Monday morning in 1981, Dawn Mello, then an executive vice president at the store, listened to one of Malkemus's proposals and surprised him by saying, "George, your best ideas are always about shoes. You must meet Manolo Blahnik. He has a boutique on Madison Avenue that is falling apart. Maybe you can do something." Malkemus flew to London and met with Blahnik, his partners, and Evangeline (who in the meantime had, with her daughter, Kristina, fled an unhappy marriage in Germany and begun working for her brother). Unenthusiastic but curious, Blahnik asked André Leon Talley to have lunch with Malkemus in New York. Talley gave his blessing, and Malkemus flew back to England for more meetings. "We had meetings, meetings, and more meetings with Manolo and his lawyer," Malkemus says. Finally, on a Friday, Blahnik's lawyer suggested resuming discussions the following Monday. Malkemus protested that he had to go home before the weekend because the woman watching his dog could not stay on that long. "What kind of dog do you have?" Blahnik asked. When the American replied, "A Scottish terrier," the designer jumped up from the table and exclaimed, "I have four! Let's sign the papers now!"

In effect, Malkemus had bought from Blahnik's former partners the Manolo Blahnik licensing agreement for North and South America, which enabled him to open, with the designer's active participation, the Manolo Blahnik shop in Manhattan in 1983, as well as sell through other vendors such as Barneys, Bergdorf Goodman, and Neiman Marcus. Evangeline has the European business, and the boutique in Hong Kong is a franchise. Blahnik says that with all these stores, and an arrangement to ghost-design lower-priced shoes for Anne Klein, he is now "stretched beyond the limit."

There are those long-standing clients who regret the wider currency of their once esoteric shoe brand. But the surge of Blahnik's popularity—women line up at Neiman's Beverly Hills store to buy his $415 sandals as "pedicure shoes"—was an inevitability, helped along by Malkemus's entrepreneurial wizardry, the almost monomaniacal support of the New York fashion press, and the expansive economic conditions of the 80s.

Not just Blahnik's shoes but also his fluidly abbreviated drawing style, his iconoclastic twists on traditional tailoring (the suits he wears are sometimes worked up from women's fabrics), and, especially, his taste in décor have inspired legions of imitators. Some maintain that the whole 80s "archaeological" school of distressed walls, stenciled Greco-Roman motifs, and fragmentary columns (what Blahnik calls "my Sicilian bathroom look") can be traced back to his London apartment and the tiny shop on Old Church Street. Blahnik was also well ahead of the curve when he, along with philanthropist Marguerite Littman and Tina Chow (who later died of the disease), helped found the AIDS Crisis Trust in 1987, one of the first such charities. "I think Manolo is afraid of being seen as frivolous," reflects Michael Roberts. "It is completely misguided to view him as emotionally or creatively shallow. Not just underneath but on *top* of all that zaniness too, Manolo is a person of very serious intent."

Back at the factory in Parabiago (one of his four), Blahnik is inspecting the prototype of a midnight-blue brocade bootie—sprouting shaggy faux fur at the ankle, and finished off with a high, stacked heel—for Rifat Ozbek's fall '95 show. "She wants 80 pairs by Friday," Blahnik complains, eyes rolling in mock exasperation. "I am here half my life. This business is absolutely lonely. *Beyond.*"

At the same time, he is translating one of his spring '96 sketches—a design inspired by Sandra Dee—into pattern while the *modellista,* Ambrogio, looks on. The "last," or stylized foot form, has already been carved from a wooden block by Blahnik and a filer (a machine similar to a knife grinder) and molded into plastic—the cost, Ambrogio says, of two million lire (more than $1,000) for each size. Blahnik will later carve the heel for the Sandra Dee shoe on the same machine, honing the finer details manually with a *raspa,* or chisel. The heel too will be molded first in aluminum and then plastic, a process requiring a further expenditure of about $ for each size.

When it is put into production, the Sandra Dee shoe will go through about 100 phases attended to by highly skilled workers, many graduates of a local priest-run shoemaking school. Among them is Rosella, a stitcher, who is sewing up little straps and buckles, and the mounter, Massimo, who presses the leather onto the last. Toward the end of the serpent-shaped assembly line a woman is passing a nearly finished shoe over a flame to burn away imperfections. Quiet and clean, the factory resembles a couture workroom more than an industrial space; only about 90 pairs can be completed here in a day (one mid-priced brand's factory produces 130,000 daily). "Look how quick they are with their hands," marvels Blahnik, pausing near the woman manipulating the flame. "Ahhh! *Che maestro, bravo.* She's like a violinist. Look at the skill, the time, the work. It hurts me when people say my shoes are too expensive."

After his factory visits, Blahnik is in the habit of decamping to Taormina, Sicily, one place, he says, where he feels relaxed and at home. When there, he stays at the San Domenico Palace, a 15th-century monastery converted into a hotel in the last century, after the Italian government seized ecclesiastic

"I don't think I've made my perfect shoe yet. But I will try."



SOLE MAN

In a rare moment of repose, Manolo Blahnik reads Charlotte Chandler's Fellini biography among the cactus and orange trees of the walled garden of the San Domenico Palace Hotel, perched high above the Ionian Sea in Taormina, Sicily. Mount Etna looms in the background.

Manolo Blahnik

wealth. "I have no real home anymore. The Canary Islands have been completely destroyed by greed and ignorance. They have built oil refineries and a highway by my mommy's house. So now Sicily is my source. I get high like I'm on the most powerful mushrooms!" During the taxi ride from the Catania airport to Taormina, Blahnik nearly swivels out of his seat as he passes villages built from the very volcanic rock that could also destroy them. "Here is Aci Trezza, where Visconti filmed *La Terra Trema*!"

As the car turns into the hotel courtyard he cries, "Look at the orange trees! I'm going to have a festival of orange juice. I think I'm already mentally cured. This place is so *démodé,* it's almost sordid." Under the eyes of the saints whose portraits still line the walls, Blahnik parades down a vaulted corridor as if on a catwalk ("What model am I? Dovima!"). "Where are the icons of today?" he laments on the way to a large reception room with a sweeping staircase. "Here is where the party scene from [Antonioni's] *L'Avventura* was shot. Nothing has changed. This island produces an *uragano*—a tempest—of ideas," he says, reciting the names of a dozen Sicily-inspired shoes, including "Taormina," a low-heeled pump with a crenellated throat, inspired by the architecture of the San Domenico Palace.

But, for Blahnik, the most exhilarating legacy of the otherwise austere Taormina Dominicans is a sybaritic walled garden, perched high above the Ionian Sea, and pungent with the voluptuous mingled aromas of countless flowering plants. The backdrop of a snow-covered Mount Etna, looming to the west, makes the garden's tropical luxuriance seem all the more incongruous and hallucinatory. There is, among the orange and lemon trees, the datura, whose languid blossoms are as fragrant as they are deadly. "Mmmm . . . *les fleurs du mal,*" Blahnik sighs theatrically, inclining his nose toward the poisonous blooms. "I could die happy this way. These are the chic-est flowers!" There are also calla lilies, freesias, and bougainvillea, tortured to follow the arches and posts of a pergola. Wafting throughout is the heady Oriental scent of jasmine. Trees with strange silhouettes rise above the chevron-patterned garden paths—dark, brushy araucarias, a shaggy-fronded *Washingtonia* palm, and, oddest of all, the primeval-looking, thorn-studded ceiba.

Exotic as this garden sanctuary may be to the ordinary visitor, for Blahnik it is a familiar and powerful evocation of his childhood home. By some quirk of geography, sensibility, or clima[te], the San Domenico's garden is a near-replica of his mother's in the Canary Islands. Every smell and sight—including the benches, the paths, the lizards, and the ceiba tree—are "in my mother's garden, too."

On the plane back to England Blahnik is already sketching—on a page of the Fellini biography he is reading—shoes inspired by his two-day Sicilian holiday. "Here is the 'Ceiba' shoe," he says. It is a black, long-nosed silk pump, classic Manolo, except for the wicked thornlike protuberances punctuating the vamp and securing, in the manner of a toggle button, the loop of the ankle strap. "I have the advantage of 20 years of studying and studying to get it right," he says. "I know how to cut away and still get a shoe to stay on the foot. I know how to make a heel 11 centimeters high and still balance properly. I know the secret of toe cleavage—just show the first two cracks, a soupçon, a soupçon. Right now I have eight years of ideas in my head, but I'm not happy. I haven't done what I want to do yet. Maybe I'm too *exigeant*—too obsessed and torture-ing and demanding of myself. I don't think I've made my perfect shoe yet. But I will try." □

Martin Amis

(Continued from page 140) own conduct," says a third. "Yet he goes on."

Howard, who married Kingsley and stayed with him for 15 years, did play a guiding role in Martin's teenage years, weaning him from comic books, introducing him to literature, helping to get him into Oxford. There he and his first serious girlfriend, Gully Wells, became a charismatic couple. Poet Craig Raine, three or four years ahead, remembers Amis in the flared shirts of the period, the green velvet pants, the snakeskin boots. Amis was shy and rather nervous, but already coldly self-reliant. "He was the first man I fell in love with," Wells, now an editor at *Condé Nast Traveler,* recalls fondly. "I couldn't live without him. Very, very funny, very intense, romantic. But maybe he doesn't treat you *too* well—any minute he'll be off. So while you're with him, you're obsessed."

Four months before finals, Amis broke up with Wells and bore down on his studies with monastic zeal. The night before his exam, a friend remembers, his father sent him a cable, not merely to wish him luck but to say, "Of course I shall be disappointed if you don't get a First." Amis got a *Formal* First, the highest possible rank. "My father got a First, too," Amis says. "And here's an unpleasant thing to contemplate. I came third in my year out of the whole university in English. And my father was also in the top three, although *he* doesn't know where he was in that top three. So he could have done better."

Amis was encouraged to take a second degree at Oxford, but chose to work at the *Times Literary Supplement* in London while writing *The Rachel Papers* in his spare time. "I had a huge amount of intellectual energy when I came down. Jesus, I wish I still had that! My head was full of literature, and longing to write. I wrote that novel in a year of evenings and mornings, while writing quite a number of reviews and keeping a full-time job. It would kill me now to do that." Three hours a day is more his speed in middle age; after that, he [tries] the writing isn't any good.

Amis wrote parts of *The Rachel Papers* at the house in Barnet that Kingsley shared with Howard. Whenever his father came near, he covered his manuscript with his hands. Finally he gave his father the completed book to read. His father judged it "good, and fun too," but added, rather tersely, "The sentences are about the right length." The book appeared to glowing reviews in 1973; that Christmas, Amis was one of two hot young writers at the annual Cape holiday party. The other was Ian McEwan. "I think we were both a little standoffish," recalls McEwan, "not quite sure how this was going to go. We hadn't really spoken. Martin's girlfriend at the time, who had a lot to drink—perhaps I won't tell you her name—came over to me and said, 'Oh, hi. I want to introduce myself. I'm Martin's girlfriend. He thinks you're a complete fucking creep, but I think you're rather nice.'" At a subsequent party, Amis came up himself and recited passages of one of McEwan's newly [finished]

ned stories the ultimate flattery, and Amis trademark. From then on, the were soul mates.

By 27, Amis was the literary editor of *New Statesman* in one of its golden iods. As his deputy, he hired the as unpublished Julian Barnes. Barnes s slightly older than Amis but like oth- on the paper rather looked up to n, impressed not only by his position d *The Rachel Papers* but also by nis's charm and wit. Friends would cern Amis's influence in Barnes's first o novels, before the bold departure of *ubert's Parrot.*

As Martin's subsequent novels ap- ared, relations with his father grew re complex. Kingsley made a point of ing in public that he couldn't read novels; they were too scatalogical, the guage too self-conscious, the authorial rusions too jarring. "I was there once en Martin asked Kingsley if Kingsley d read his new book," recalls author ers Paul Read. "Kingsley said he hadn't tten around to it, and Martin's face it fell."

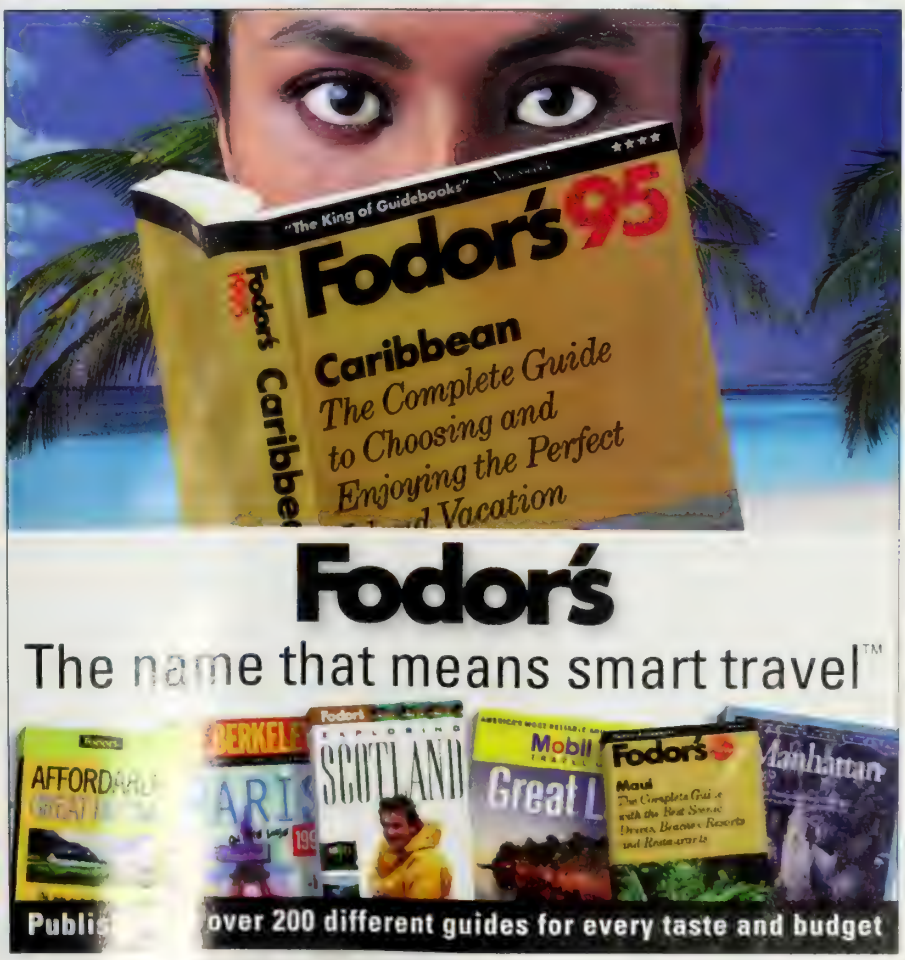
Perhaps it was his father's withheld ap- oval that instilled a deeply competitive eak in Amis. It was he who got his lit- ary friends playing games—tennis, ooker, squash—with a ferocity that eated out underlying aggressions. rnes had become involved with Pat avanagh, so he was no good for the ulti- ate game, whimsically known as "boff- g and betraying," but others were. nis's list of girlfriends became legend: m a pair of famous magazine editors to del Angela Gorgas, whose engagement Amis was actually announced in the ondon *Times,* and Mary Furness, a riter also known as the "burning, fiery rnace." Pat Kavanagh's half-sister, Julie, s, as she puts it wryly, a "notch" be- een an editor and journalist Emma ames; her take on Amis is not atypical. found him one of the most wondrous d at the same time cruelest people I ve known," she says. "Great affection, t dark moods. When those moods de- ended he could be scary, and withdraw, that you were never sure where you ood." Adds another woman who knew m, "He's not interested in women at all. e women stay fond of him, but that's cause he's so charming. And they're all edia chicks, except for Antonia."

Antonia Phillips, whom Amis met in e early 80s, was the very antithesis of a erary hanger-on. Born to a wealthy, in- llectual American family—her father in- rited a good chunk of Wellfleet, Massa- usetts; her mother was initially married to the painter Arshile Gorky and became known in London as a literary bohemian—Antonia grew up in Europe, spoke four languages, and studied philosophy and art history. Her first husband, whom she married after he was diagnosed with cancer, was a brilliant philosopher named Gareth Evans. Amis met her after she was widowed, when the pleasures of bachelorhood were starting to pall for him. Antonia was beautiful, coolly sensible, and undaunted by Amis's literary swagger. He courted her, as McEwan says, "with an almost medieval troubadour's stately air." "We all felt when Martin married her," says Read, "that it was like Henry V, leaving it all behind him."

Amis embraced marriage with the same intensity he had brought to his writing and the games he played. So ardent was Amis about the institution that when Hitchens's marriage ended, Amis gave his friend a stern lecture on moral turpitude. "I was a bit of an asshole about that," he says sheepishly now. The greater irony, when he took up with Isabel, was that he acted out much the same drama his father had performed 30 years before, one which Amis had depicted, censoriously from a son's perspective, in *The Rachel Papers.* By then, strangely enough, Kingsley had re-established ties with Hilary Bardwell, Martin's mother. Asked once if he'd ever regretted leaving his wife, Kingsley muttered, "Only all the fucking time." Now Bardwell was married to Lord Kilmarnock, in a winsome arrangement, Kingsley had become a lodger in their home.

Kingsley, by several accounts, is more sour than ever on the state of the world. He is, apparently, also haunted by intimations of his own mortality: a late-life crisis to match his son's midlife version. Perhaps not coincidentally, Kingsley himself signed a two-book contract with HarperCollins last fall; he was paid £270,000. By the financial bottom line, Martin has pulled ahead.

Amis waves off any significance in that, but he does admit his family has haunted him in another way. His brother, Philip, has struggled, without great success, as an artist, and has had an often unhappy life; his sister, Sally, has had serious troubles with drinking, and been unhappy, too. "I do have the same weaknesses as my brother and sister," Amis says, though with not a trace of self-pity. "An inability to act, basically. Can't make the decision. It's a real effort to assert myself; it's not natural.



Martin Amis

The difference was that I could write; without that, I'd have been in as much trouble as they. I've had to force myself to act, and I *have* acted. And eventually one gets inured to change."

After all the midlife anguish that provoked the winter of the advance, Amis's raise, it seems likely, will go to the simple exigencies of child support and setting up a new life. He and Isabel are, in fact, in the process of buying a house on Regent's Park, on the street where Kingsley lives. "It's a very long street," Amis says, "certainly farther than he could walk from one house to another."

In the fallout, Amis's friends have supported him strongly. Rushdie, among others, divides the advance by the five years Amis spent on the book, and finds it a modest salary for one of England's best writers. McEwan decries the English resentment of success, and discerns "a kind of anti-intellectual streak in all this, as well as the last vestiges of a romanticism that requires writers to live in a Chatterton-like garret." As for Byatt, who stirred the press to such a lather, she has, according to Amis, written him to apologize.

The question now is how the flap will affect critics, who may be tempted to review the advance instead of the book, and readers, who may be drawn by the publicity—or not. Amis, meanwhile, is gearing up for accusations that he stage-managed the whole affair: the ultimate postmodern twist.

Does he, I wonder, at least feel he's won more than he's lost?

"Too early to tell," Amis replies.

"But it's not a clear victory, is it?"

"A victory over what?"

"It's not all you wanted."

"No," Amis says. "There's n[o]thing clean about it. I do feel I know [m]ore about where I stand professionally. [A]nd don't mean I'm worth that money. I[f] me the money, it's getting something straight.

"Is the midlife crisis over?"

He laughs. "Jesus, I hope so."

"And are you happy?"

"Yeah. Happier than I've been [f]or a long while, in some ways. Sadder [f]or others. But I did feel very much that [t]he last thing, and the break with Pat, p[u]shed me up against my limit.

"So I'm depressed about that, and [d]epressed about Julian. But what I [r]eally feel is that I want to get writing again.

Amis even has an idea. A volume [o]f autobiography about this last year, with the emphasis on the dental aspect. [S]eriously. "It's a good image for everything else," he says. "It would be provisionally titled *Open Wide.* Subtitled *I Can Take This if You Can.*" □

Empire State

(Continued from page 129) a 114-year lease with the building's owner, Prudential Insurance, that featured rent payments that declined sharply over time. This meant that when Prudential went to sell the building in 1991 the Helmsleys' lease was paying a return of barely 5 percent. As Greg White, leader of the Salomon Brothers investment-banking team hired to run the auction, told Prudential executives, it looked like a hard sell. They might get strong bids based on the building's name recognition, or they might get very low bids based on the poor rental income.

"What we were selling was as much smoke as cash flow," says a member of White's team. "Clearly part of [buying the building] was an ego play. I remember one offshore investor wanted to use it on the masthead of everything he did around the globe as an identity factor. . . . [Another] guy was going to auction 'literary work' for over $100 million to buy it. You weren't quite sure whether he was in a mental institute or for real. This was the kind of famous building that elicited anything and everything."

And so White's people weren't surprised when a Frenchman named Jean-Paul Renoir, representing a wealthy Japanese family that wished to remain anonymous, called to arrange a meeting. Renoir arrived in White's offices with Kiiko, who mostly remained silent, and a portfolio brimming with photos of European castles. "They came in and talked about a strategy to buy all these castles around the globe," says the member of White's team. "The Empire State Building was just one more in a line of castles. It sounds extraordinarily odd, but in the context of this building, nothing was going to surprise us."

When final bids arrived in the summer of 1991, Renoir topped the list, offering $40 million. Strangely, one team member recalls, Renoir resisted disclosing the family's identity until moments before signing the purchase agreement, which was final pending Prudential's approval and a background check on Renoir and his investors. The background check was considered crucial to Prudential's image-conscious executives. "Prudential was very sensitive," says the team member, "and didn't want to be selling to an entity it wouldn't otherwise be doing business with."

The name Hideki Yokoi meant nothing to White's people. They directed their first questions to an executive in Salomon's Tokyo real-estate operation, Norio Mutai, who had dealt with Yokoi during the bidding and who had a large commission riding on the deal. But even before Salomon Tokyo could respond, White and his colleagues found news articles about the Hotel New Japan fire in a Nexis search. Worried, White alerted Prudential, then angrily telephoned Mutai in Tokyo.

"We said, 'How come we never heard this before? What's the story?'" remembers a Salomon executive in New York. "A day or two later they came clean. They admitted his reputation was hard [t]o consistent with the parameters the Pr[u] wanted. We had to have someone who would pass the smell test, and he clearly didn't. There was never anything di[s]covered that was factual. It was just inner[-]do, hearsay, comments. There were [a] a lot of question marks. And it was [c]ear we would get no answers."

The one word that froze on everyone's lips was "yakuza." Nearing panic, Mutai broke the news to Kurt Reich, the senior Prudential executive involved in the sale who swiftly killed the deal. Recriminations broke out everywhere. Prudential wanted to fire Salomon. Deeply embarrassed, White wanted to strangle his colleagues in Tokyo. Renoir alone remained calm, seemingly taking news of the [a]celed deal in stride. His suggestion that Kiiko buy the building instead of her[s] ther was politely rebuffed. The Salomon team was left to collapse in relief, believing they had narrowly avoided the [i]nominy of selling a major American [l]mark to someone who may or may not have been a Japanese gangster.

Assuring Prudential executives he could quickly find a new buyer, White's team raced to contact the [run]ners-up, at the same time throwing [out] new overtures to anyone who might [con]ceivably bid. They were joined by Eb[er]ard Sachs, a member of the Salomon [de]partment that catered to wealthy individ[u]als. Sachs knew his clients loved to be [of]fered expensive baubles like the Em[pire]

ate Building, if only for the privilege of agging during cocktail chatter that they d "passed" on it. Now and then one of group's calls led to something big, as ien Salomon sold the Dallas Cowboys Arkansas oilman Jerry Jones.

This time Sachs appeared to get lucky e contacted the auction team with a w name, Oliver Grace Jr., a Wall Street vestor who seemed interested. The 38-ar-old Grace and his brother, John, d made names for themselves during a ries of takeover raids on undervalued utual funds in the late 1980s. Some-nes partnered with Thomas B. Pickens , son of famed raider T. Boone Pick-s, the Graces swooped down on their unded prey, bought up shels of stock, then made llions either by forcing structurings or by selling t during the stock's in-itable rise. *Business Week* bbed them "the Brat Pack the corporate world." ie British press preferred term "bloodsuckers."

Despite his sometimes ital tactics, Oliver Grace's ie-blooded pedigree im-essed the Salomon team. second cousin of indus-alist Peter Grace and a eat-grandson of William Grace, a onetime mayor New York, Grace sat p a war chest of $200 llion raised from wealthy atives and chums from nhattan's Buckley School, d Georgetown and Van-rbilt Universities. Oliver ace Sr. was a well-known Wall Street nker who had made his fortune buying -rate Japanese bonds after the Second rld War.

"Believe me, we did quite a bit of cking on Grace, and he checked out," s the Salomon team member. "Smart, gh, and clean. We called family, rela-es. After the last time, the one thing we re not going to do was leave some stone urned. Everybody who ever knew him s phoned."

Approved by Salomon, Oliver Grace sed his purchase of the Empire State ilding on November 27, 1991, amid usually intense secrecy. Everyone in-ved in the sale, including executives at idential and Salomon, signed pledges to disclose Grace's name. Even Peter lkin's managers at the building itself ren't told who their new landlord was. *Wall Street Journal* got wind of the sale and ran an article but it too couldn't learn the mystery buyer's identity. Not until two months later did the *Journal* report that the buyer appeared to be Grace, who tersely fibbed to the paper: "I know nothing about that — I don't want to comment."

Why all the secrecy?

Maybe because Grace didn't want to explain a wire transfer his holding company had received November 20, exactly one week before his closing. The transfer, drawn on an account at Osaka Bank, was for $29.5 million, and it came from Nippon Sangyo, a company controlled by Hideki Yokoi.

I stumbled upon this payment while perusing hundreds of checks and wire transfers listed as exhibits in Yokoi's lawsuit against the Renoirs, and wondered: Did Grace act as a front for Yokoi as a way to get around Prudential? Grace's attorneys won't discuss any contacts with Yokoi. But, surprisingly, Donald Trump will.



Donald Trump hosts (clockwise starting at Trump's left) Kiiko, an unidentified guest, London *Sunday Times* New York correspondent Geordie Greig, Jean-Paul Renoir, Miramax's Ivana Lowell, journalist Ivan Fallon, and an unidentified guest.

"Grace was a vehicle for them," Trump confirms. "He bought it for them because they couldn't. That's the guy's 14 seconds of fame, 15 minutes, whatever." Yokoi's American lawyer, Steven Rosen, discovered the secret payment only after agreeing to represent Yokoi. "I think Renoir knew Grace and got him to do it," Rosen speculates. "They made an arrangement with Grace."

So it seems some of the Prudential or Salomon executives involved in the deal will discuss it on the record. Rick Matthews, public relations director at Prudential headquarters in Newark, New Jersey, says only: "When we did the deal with Mr. Grace, we had every reason to believe he was investing for his own portfolio." But privately, a number of those involved said they were stunned to learn of Yokoi's payment to Grace. "That's remarkable—are you sure?" a Salomon banker blurts out. "Is that illegal?"

In Tokyo, Mitsuo Hishida smiles awkwardly and glances at his attorney when the question of Yokoi's secret payment to Grace is raised. "How did you get that?" Hishida asks when shown a copy of the payment schedule. Told it was included in court papers, he smiles again and strokes his chin. "The lawsuit? This is open to the public?" Another glance at the attorney. "In Japan, we cannot get this at court. In the U.S., this is public?"

After a long, whispered aside, the lawyer weighs in. "Certainly, the payment was made in '91," he intones. "So, yes, on Yokoi's side, our understanding was we acquired this in 1991."

Officially, Oliver Grace owned the Empire State Building until he sold it to a Yokoi shell company in May 1993, presumably waiting 18 months to further the impression that he was an independent buyer. No announcement of the second sale was made, either in Tokyo or in New York. Peter Malkin's people at the building weren't even told it had been resold.

Soon after, when Yokoi began bragging of the purchase to his creditors, rumors of his boasts reached a Japanese magazine reporter, Akihiko Nakanishi. Nakanishi broke news of the acquisition that summer, but the article went unnoticed outside Tokyo. In fact, neither Yokoi's nor Kiiko's name surfaced in the U.S. press until July 1994, when Donald Trump announced he had acquired a 50 percent stake in the Empire State Building from a group of "wealthy Asian and European investors." Under the vague terms of the deal, Trump boasted with typical fanfare, he hadn't paid a penny. "I intend," he concluded, "to make my position worth a fortune."

Trump says his involvement with the Yokois began innocently enough, via an unsolicited phone call from Renoir in early 1993. He had heard rumors about Renoir's involvement in the Empire State

Building sale and, after having him checked out, agreed to meet with him. But Renoir wanted to discuss the idea of Trump investing with Yokoi in Tokyo, where the Hotel New Japan stood empty, not New York. Yokoi's creditors were on the verge of seizing the hotel, and he was increasingly desperate to develop the site.

"He told me, 'We have the Trump Tower site of Tokyo,' just a fabulous site, and explained the situation," Trump recalls. "So I said, 'Well, you have a closed hotel that's going to be destroyed, $1.8 billion in debt, so I have to pay $600 million just for the land. I guess it better be a great site.'"

What Trump saw at first glance he liked—so much so that, in a May 1993 letter to Yokoi, he proposed building what he dubbed "Trump Tower Tokyo," a "deluxe building of over 30 stories" on the Hotel New Japan site. The new building's board, Trump wrote, would consist of Yokoi as chairman, Trump as C.E.O., and Kiiko as executive vice president. In return, Trump would help renegotiate Yokoi's debt. "If you agree," Trump wrote, "we can proceed with the project immediately."

But, as Trump tells the story, all was not as it seemed. "Let me tell you, I had no interest in the Hotel New Japan," he tells me. "After I studied it for nine seconds, I realized it was going to be a tough deal. I kept talking about the Empire State Building. Coming from Queens, owning the Empire State Building is kind of cool."

His idea, Trump says now, was to befriend Yokoi with talk of a Hotel New Japan rescue package, then use his newfound leverage to forge a deal for the Empire State Building. With that in mind, he and his wife, Marla, flew to Tokyo that August, where Yokoi put them up at the Imperial Hotel. Alerted by Renoir, who acted as Trump's unofficial press agent, Japanese newspapers speculated eagerly about what Trump wanted in Tokyo, and assigned photographers to trail him through the streets. But, for all the speculation, no one figured out he had come to see one man, Hideki Yokoi.

When the two finally met, as Trump tells it, it was love at first sight. "I got along with this man so incredibly well, it was like a bonding, and we didn't even speak the same language," says Trump. "He was just this perfect little man. Perfect face. Perfect haircut. The perfect shirt, the perfect blue pin-striped suit. I mean, a perfect picture of an elderly man."

In his attorney's office in Tokyo, Hishida likewise has fond memories of the Trump visit. He pulls out several red photo albums packed with pictures of the small dinner party Yokoi held for Trump. "Trump-san! Here! Trump-san!" he says, pointing excitedly. Here are Donald and Marla toasting Yokoi. Donald standing with his arm wrapped around Yokoi, who is wearing a small green bow tie. Donald leaning low, smiling tentatively, and clasping Kiiko.

> "Tell Mr. Trump not to go too deeply into business with Kiiko. His reputation will be worse . . ."

Trump, who during our interview repeatedly calls his would-be partner "Mr. Nikkoi," feels Yokoi has gotten a bum rap in Japan. "This is not a bad human being, this Mr. Nikkoi," he says. "I found him to be a fascinating and a very nice man. [After the fire] he did not commit hara-kiri, he did not accept blame. For that they hate him. [People] think, He's in jail, therefore Mr. Nikkoi is a Japanese mobster. He's not. He's a real-estate guy, very respected."

When Trump met with Yokoi's creditors, however, he found they didn't share his opinion. As Trump tells it, he used the creditors' animosity as an excuse to derail any immediate deal for the Hotel New Japan. "I saw immediately that there was such incredible hatred for Yokoi [among the creditors] that we wouldn't ever get a deal," he says. "Yokoi's people were saying, 'They'll never foreclose, not on a Japanese citizen.' [I said], 'Well, I just see a creditor, and they have one thing in mind, to destroy this guy.'" At that point, Trump says, he changed his tune. "I said, 'Look, the bottom line is I'm only moderately interested in the Hotel New Japan. I'm interested in the Empire State Building. I can't go any further on this deal without an understanding on the Empire State Building.'"

Trump left Tokyo without a deal. But he kept in touch via Kiiko about the Empire State Building. Then, even as talks on Trump Tower Tokyo continued that fall, the unthinkable happened. On November 26 a Japanese high court, finally ruling on Yokoi's appeal, ordered him to serve three years in prison. Upon hearing the news, Yokoi, who suffers from high blood pressure, collapsed and was rushed to the hospital. He remained there until doctors cleared him to begin serving his sentence in May 1994.

By that time, it appears, serious communications had arisen between Kiiko and her father's aides. "Just before Yokoi-san was sent to prison, he was in St. Luke's Hospital in Tokyo, and Kiiko was at his bedside," says Hishida, "So was Kiiko. On that occasion, Yokoi said to Kiiko, 'Go to the overseas properties, talk to Hishida and get instructions from him. I will be there.' I heard the words." However, the day after Yokoi was sent to prison, Kiiko left Japan. She flew to the United States. Since then I've been trying to get in touch with her, and she never replies."

At this point, with Yokoi moldering in the drab Hachioji Medical Prison and Kiiko and Renoir secluded at their Jumbo Hill estate, something went terribly wrong. On July 7, *The Wall Street Journal* carried news that Trump had acquired a half-interest in the Empire State Building; in a subsequent article it identified the building's owners for the first time as Renoir and Kiiko—not Yokoi. In Tokyo, Hishida took a call from a friend in the Bank of Japan's New York office, who sent him the articles. Hishida says he was astonished.

"We never knew! We knew nothing!" Hishida tells me in machine-gun Japanese, gesturing excitedly. "I have asked Yokoi-san many times, and he confirmed that he never gave instructions

this with Trump. Never! Nothing!"
t if the Trump deal stunned Yokoi,
ws that Renoir and Kiiko were the
yscraper's legal owners apparently sent
n over the edge. As his American at-
ney, Steven Rosen, acknowledges, "Yo-
went nuts."

Had the Empire State Building been
len—again? The tangled roots of the
pute appear to date to the family's of-
al purchase of the skyscraper in 1993.
e building was actually acquired by an
nerican trust that, via a series of Neth-
ands Antilles shell companies, was con-
lled by a trust on the Isle of Man. But
parently unbeknownst to Yokoi, who
s never visited the U.S., he wasn't list-
as the principal beneficiary of the Isle
Man trust. Kiiko, whose New York at-
neys drew up the papers, was. "It was
okoi] that sent the money, and natural-
Yokoi believed the [building] was reg-
ered under his name," says Hishida.
ince we began using her as an agent,
have often asked Kiiko to send us a
ancial [ownership] statement, but she
ver did."

Kiiko and Renoir, through their attor-
ys, strongly deny they stole the Empire
te Building or anything else. "It is not
homable that [Kiiko], someone who is
t financially sophisticated, would at-
npt to steal the Empire State Build-
," Kiiko's attorney Henry Bubel says
yly. Kiiko, who insists all her actions
re authorized by her father, has a sim-
explanation for how she came to own
world's most famous skyscraper. As
ump puts it, "It was a gift."

ather than confront Kiiko, Yokoi
brought in Steven Rosen, who in turn
ed the vaunted detective firm of Kroll
sociates to investigate Kiiko and Ren-
Together they unearthed corporate
ords that showed the pair not only
ntrolled the Empire State Building but
d taken title to several of the Euro-
an castles as well. Apparently without
ing any indication of their mounting
rm, Hishida telephoned Kiiko and re-
ested a copy of the deal with Trump.
never got one.

The inevitable showdown between fa-
r and daughter, such as it was, didn't
e place until October 1994, when
bel visited Tokyo. At an October 19
eeting, Hishida politely asked for a
py of Kiiko's agreement with Trump;
bel said he would phone Kiiko for per-
ssion to mail him one. The atmosphere
w tense the next day when, after an
related discussion, Hishida again asked
a copy of Kiiko's deal. "As soon as
[some others] left the room, they turned the discussion back to the Empire State Building, and I said, 'Well, I thought we discussed that [yesterday],'" says Bubel. "There was an independent banker in the room who had no reason to know what was going on. I didn't feel it was proper to be having discussions about the Empire State Building in front of the banker. I said, 'I think we're being rude. We should continue this at another time.' There was no chance to do that. I left Tokyo the next day."

Yokoi's people depict Bubel as even more evasive. "Bubel got very stiff," says Steven Rosen, "and said something like 'There's no further purpose to this meeting.' Yokoi's people felt put off. [But] they knew now they were not the [owners]. They knew Bubel was not acting for them."

Ten days later Yokoi sued, leaving no one more flabbergasted than Trump. Yokoi's suit directly challenges the validity of his deal with Kiiko. Both Yokoi and the Helmsleys, in fact, say Trump almost certainly doesn't own half the building. Rather, he probably owns an interest in the financial "upside" he can create by ousting the Helmsleys from their lease—which would explain how he bought a stake, as he put it, without paying a penny. "I'd rather not comment on that," Trump tells me. "But the ultimate answer is that I own 50 percent of the building. It's a complicated formula. A case could be made I actually own 50 percent. It's just a very complicated formula."

Trump insists he is puzzled by Yokoi's suit. "My impression, strongly, was that [Kiiko] owned the building, that it was a gift from the father," he says. "Forty million, to Yokoi, it's like giving her a trinket. He bought this like you'd buy a bracelet for your wife." Even if he didn't, Trump says, the notion that Yokoi remained ignorant of months of talks between Kiiko and the Trump Organization is inconceivable. Says Trump, "He must have known."

If so, why would Yokoi be suing?

Maybe, Trump speculates, advancing a theory favored by Kiiko's attorneys, Yokoi's other children grew jealous when they discovered in the newspapers that their father had given Kiiko such an expensive gift. "All of a sudden the brothers and sisters read that Kiiko owns the Empire State Building," Trump suggests, "and they go [illegible] shit." Maybe her brothers, Trump [illegible]on, who help run the company [illegible]'s absence, sued without his kn[illegible].

"When [illegible]im, he was 81, and he looked good, but he was a legitimate 81," says Trump. "But now, don't forget, time has passed, and tough time, in a jail, not in one of his villas. I would imagine he's not in great shape, both mentally and physically."

"No!" Hishida fairly shouts when I raise this theory. "Yokoi-san has been very distressed, saying his own daughter betrayed him! You can imagine how upset he is." Twice, Hishida volunteers, Kiiko has tried to visit her father in prison; both times he refused to see her. (Kiiko says she never tried.) Three years ago Yokoi formally recognized Kiiko as his daughter. "Now," says Hishida, "he wants to cancel it."

Steven Rosen, who first visited Yokoi in prison in January, says his client knows exactly what he's doing. "He spoke vigorously," says Rosen, who talked with Yokoi through holes in a Plexiglas window as a guard looked on, taking notes. "He believes Kiiko has done something criminal. He wants criminal charges pressed."

To avert that, and to clear the primary obstacle to Trump's assault on the Helmsleys, settlement talks among attorneys for Yokoi, Kiiko, and Trump began in February. Bubel, claiming Kiiko's actions were all authorized by her father, insists Yokoi is a beneficiary of the Isle of Man trust. But Rosen says Yokoi is at best "a discretionary beneficiary," capable of receiving income only if Kiiko allows. "We're still trying to get to the bottom of this," Rosen told me in mid-March.

No matter what happens, the case carries real risk for Trump. While he has little or no money on the line, the Helmsleys will argue that he is doing business with a purported crime figure—which could jeopardize Trump's all-important New Jersey casino licenses.

But as lawyers for Trump and the Helmsleys gird for battle and tabloid reporters crawl through the Empire State Building interviewing tenants, 7,000 miles away in a Japanese prison only one thing matters to Hideki Yokoi. "All we want is our building back," says Hishida. "What's best for Kiiko is she has to be courageous enough to come and speak to her father. Yokoi says if she comes back and says, 'Everything is back to you, Father,' he can rethink their relationship. But first she has to put everything back to the way it was before."

He pauses. "You know Mr. Trump, yes? Give him some advice. Tell him not to go too deeply into business with Kiiko. His reputation will be worse than her father's when she gets through with him."

Phil Gramm

(Continued from page 116) world is divided between successes and failures—between wagon pullers and those along for the ride.

The stronger of his parents was born Florence Scroggins, the daughter of a tenant farmer and itinerant preacher in southern Alabama. She had two little boys, a divorce, and a wearying job in a textile mill behind her when she met Kenneth Gramm, a master sergeant who had enlisted in the army at age 15.

Together, they had a son, William Philip Gramm, born July 8, 1942, at the Fort Benning hospital near Columbus, Georgia. Neither Florence nor Kenneth had graduated from high school, yet one could imagine their blended family prospering in a military town booming with wartime growth.

But when Phil was not quite two, his father had a massive heart attack, combined with a stroke, that rendered him a permanent invalid in his early 40s. His left arm was paralyzed; he could walk only with difficulty, and holding a job was out of the question. Until his death about 13 years later, he was in and out of veterans' hospitals, spending as much as half of every year away from home. He seemed, from a child's point of view, an old man. "We always knew," says Gramm's half-brother Don White, "that Kenneth was living on borrowed time."

And there was Florence, barely into her 30s, with three young boys to support. She worked first in a women's clothing store, and later as a licensed practical nurse for private clients; often she worked double shifts and seven-day weeks. She is not giving interviews today, at 81, so we can only imagine what it must have been like for her to see the early promise of her second marriage give way to the larger burden of one more child and a sick husband.

"I think there had to be times when she was angry," says her son Don. "I think you'd have to be crazy not to be. . . . She had a hard life, a very hard life." He describes her as "a redhead with a temper" who kept a strict rein on her sons when she was home. "Working is my job," she told them grimly, "going to school is your job. . . . If you don't get a good education, you're going to have a hard life."

Kenneth spent his days at home reading—often aloud to his young son. He read *The Odyssey, The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,* H. G. Wells's *Outline of History.* According to Don, the young Phil Gramm only "endured" these sessions of forced learning, and resented them.

"He was smarter than my mother," recalls Don about his stepfather. "He was better read. He was interested in more things. But, of course, she was working so much harder, because he couldn't hold a job."

For Phil Gramm, the clear legacy is that while he has his father's brains it is to his mother's drive that he pays deference. He loves to tell the story of how his ninth-grade algebra teacher called his mother in to explain that Phil probably didn't have the ability to master algebra.

> "He has that mentality of 'I have a three-by-five card on everyone I've ever met.'"

His mother spit back, "I don't believe in *ability.*"

Ability alone, after all, got you nowhere: Ability spent his days indoors, his nose in a book, while his wife emptied bedpans for two shifts a day. In Florence's eyes, Don White recalls, "everything was straightforward: a person was either good or they were bad; a person was honest or they were a crook. . . . You weren't supposed to be 'on relief.' Men were supposed to work, and women were supposed to work, even if they were housewives. But men particularly."

It only stands to reason that Florence Gramm, however much she loved her broken husband, would also have felt fury and contempt, and would have conveyed some of that to her children.

The family situation took its toll on Phil, who read poorly and didn't seem to try in school. He flunked the thi[rd] an[d] seventh grades, repeating the form[er] an[d] making up the latter in summer [sch]oo[l]. And then, after Kenneth Gramm [di]ed i[n] the fall of Phil's ninth-grade year, he [fai]le[d] that grade too. Florence, at her wit['s] en[d] took Kenneth's G.I. life insurance, [the] she had put aside as a college fun[d] an[d] packed Phil off to military school.

Georgia Military Academy was a [th]r[ee]-time a small, rigidly organized [sch]oo[l] whose students included both sons [o]f th[e] southern elite and kids like Phil, [wh]os[e] parents wanted a touch of the r[ou]gh[-]r[e]a[r] school. It took itself seriously as a [fee]de[r]-school for the military. (One of the [boy]s in the class behind Phil Gramm [was] William "Rusty" Calley, who would [gai]n notoriety as the author of the M[y] L[ai] Massacre.) But for most of the stud[ents] the life of uniforms and drills and [ri]g[id] gent discipline was simply a chan[ce] t[o] shed all the differences of money an[d] [cir]cumstance, and to compete [wi]t[h] peers living exactly the [sa]m[e] way: it was the ultimate in [equ]al opportunity.

"Those were the three [mo]s[t] influential years of my life [a]n[d] I'm utterly persuaded, the [re]-most influential of his," says [Jim] O'Brien. "It was the kin[d] [of] school where, if you were r[es]p[on]-tive to the notion, you left [her]-thinking you could win."

The simple act of leaving [his] family's struggles behind m[ust] also have played a role in a[l]-ing Gramm to claim his na[tu]r[al] abilities. In any case, he w[ent] go on to the University of G[eo]r-gia, where he stayed for [his] Ph.D. in economics, firmly [con]vinced lieving that competition was a pleasu[re] end in itself. Gramm, says someone [who] knows him well, "found that . . . [he] could win in life, and when you di[d] was *great.*"

When Gramm finished his Ph.D. [he] was hired by Texas A&M Univ[er]-ty, in College Station, Texas, which h[ad] kind of underdog pride that suited hi[m] a T. "Aggies," perennial rivals of [the] more prestigious University of Texas, [and] poke endless fun at themselves (Q. W[hy] do so many Aggies wear turtlenecks? To hide the flea collars), but God fo[rbid] you should.

Soon after he moved there, Gra[mm] split from his first wife, Sherry Kin[g], a Georgia classmate he had married [in] 1963. However, political foes have searc[hed] in vain for the dark side of Gram[m]

ital history, their 1969 divorce was arently so amicable that, when Sherry arried, Gramm became godfather to first child.

About four months after the divorce s final, Gramm met Wendy Lee, a llesley and Northwestern graduate o was interviewing for a job at A&M. think he was not a great ladies' man en they met, and he literally was overelmed by her," says Arizona senator n McCain, who is Gramm's closest nd in the Senate. Gramm decided on spot to marry Lee, and succeeded in suading her within months after her val in Texas.

Gramm's ambition allowed him no e for a diversion into military service. truth, he was never very much at risk the Vietnam draft: his age and his tus as a married man placed him low the list of potential draftees. Still, he sn't taking any chances: for five years applied for and received deferments, t as a student and then on the ground t his work at A&M made him too uable to be cannon fodder.

There's some evidence that Gramm had ubts about the war. "I know at one time thought it was pretty stupid that we re there," says Charles Maurice, who s a college classmate and then a colgue at A&M. "One disagreement we I was '64. I voted for Johnson, he voted Goldwater. And my reason was that I ught Goldwater would get us involved a land war in Asia. Gramm took a great l of joy in telling me I voted for the ng person." Gramm's office, however, s he fully supported the war.

A&M steeped Gramm in both a conrvative culture and a conservative ecomic doctrine. Teaching visits from monists such as Karl Brunner and Milton edman encouraged him to focus on netary theory, which offered more rigus, modern variations on the classical e-market economists he had studied at orgia. When Gramm's first child was n, he named the boy Marshall after ed Marshall, a turn-of-the-century tish economist. (The Gramms' second ld, Jeff, was named for Thomas Jefferon.) Gramm's political career would be ted in this tradition and its absolute h that markets make better decisions n governments do.

Gramm became a full professor by time he was 30, but he was already coming restless. He began consulting, ting, and speaking, searching for a te into politics. Too impatient to wait the retirement of the old baron who d the local congressional seat, he finally chose the kamikaze route of challenging his own party's senator, Lloyd Bentsen, in the 1976 Democratic primary.

He stumped endlessly around Texas, speaking to the Associated General Contractors of Waco, the DeSoto Chamber of Commerce, the Kiwanis Club of El Paso anyone who would have him on the theme that "Government Is the Enemy."

Gramm's showing against Bentsen was disastrous, but the race positioned him to run successfully for the Sixth District congressional seat in 1978. In the House, he established himself quickly as one of the most forceful of the Boll Weevil Democrats. Two years later, when Reagan took the White House, these conservative southern Democrats held the decisive votes in the House, setting the scene for a pivotal chapter of Gramm's career.

Some combination of zeal and ambition drove Gramm to ally himself with White House budget director David Stockman. Not only did he share with Stockman the secret deliberations of the Democrats on the House Budget Committee, he then worked to rally other Democrats behind Reagan's budget, breaking an explicit promise he had made to Majority Leader Jim Wright when Wright helped him get his coveted seat on the committee.

In response, the Democrats ejected him from the committee shortly after he won his third term. Gramm, characteristically well prepared, promptly changed parties. Cannily, he resigned his seat and volunteered to run again in a special election, in effect asking his constituents to ratify the switch.

It was considerably more calculated than a leap of faith: he had studied the politics of the Sixth District carefully, he had the support of Reagan's White House, and he knew that Texas's Republican governor was in a position to schedule the race so quickly that Democrats would have a tough time fielding a strong candidate. Still, there was risk involved, and Gramm has been justly credited ever since for his [illegible].

"Phil Gramm is one of the few people who has ever done that the right way," says Mark McKinnon. "It appeared that he was sort of pu[illegible]ing himself for the conversion, which was very astute." It also allowed [illegible] run on a powerfully populist line: "I had to choose between representing [House Speaker] Tip O'Neill or y'all, and I [illegible] to represent y'all."

The hal[illegible]ramm's style has always be[illegible]ization—massive, precise, well [illegible]le sort of has had his eyes on t[illegible] from the very begin-

ning," says McKinnon. "There was just a vibration that it wasn't going to stop until he got to the top. You just didn't do the kind of organizing he did to run for Congress."

After Gramm was elected to the Senate, taking advantage of John Tower's retirement in 1984, he could organize on a much greater scale. He was constantly reminding Texans of what he had done for them—to the point of claiming credit for things he *hadn't* done. His 1990 opponent coined the term "Gramm-standing" to describe his way of turning up in Texas to announce grants or projects, even many he had voted against.

"Now, any senator whose party controls the executive would expect to get the patronage, to get told about grants and things first and be allowed to announce them," says a Democratic observer, "but I've never seen anybody who sucked 'em up the way Gramm sucked 'em up. He pissed off *Republican* congressmen."

In 1993, Richard Whittle of *The Dallas Morning News* investigated Gramm's elaborate self-promotion machine. Of Gramm's 27-person staff in Texas—theoretically paid by the Senate for constituent service—20 spent all or most of their time creating or publicizing media events for Gramm, Whittle showed. He also got access to extraordinary planning documents from Gramm's 1990 campaign, which described procedures of chilling specificity: "Standard Operating Procedures" for traveling aides prescribed handshaking sessions of no more than seven minutes after appearances, and woe betide any Gramm staffer who allowed TV cameras to capture the senator having to disembark from his plane and cross the tarmac to greet the local receiving party—the greeting party should always be made to greet him *at* the plane "as soon as the plane lands and comes to a complete stop."

Small wonder that in another document Gramm's chief of staff urged underlings to identify more "warm and fuzzy" events Gramm could attend, since "our poll numbers are a bit soft on the 'CARING' ISSUES."

This is the kind of wall-to-wall organization Gramm now brings to running for president. He has traveled the country showing off to potential donors a database boasting such things as the names and phone numbers of precisely 164,454 people he met during the previous four years. At a recent state party convention in Arizona, as the Gramms wooed delegates between scheduled events, a young woman gushed, "Oh, we get your Christmas card." Another woman, standing near-

Phil Gramm

by, noted somewhat acidly, "*Everybody* gets their Christmas card."

"Sometimes you think he's running for head-of-a-1955-F.B.I. job instead of president," says one G.O.P. consultant, chuckling. "He has that mentality of 'I have a three-by-five card on everyone I've ever met.'"

This devotion to taking names extends to the colloquial meaning of the term: Gramm has a way of bearing grudges. Democrat Gary Halter is an A&M political-science professor who served for much of the 80s as the mayor of College Station, where Gramm is registered to vote. He recalls that the morning after Gramm's first Senate victory, in 1984, Gramm stumbled on some of Halter's staff eating breakfast at the local Ramada Inn. "And he made a beeline for the table and said, 'I want you to deliver a message for that mayor of yours. I wasn't his choice for senator, and the next time he runs for mayor, he's not going to be my choice.'

"Here's a guy who just got elected to the U.S. Senate," concludes Halter in amazement, "and he's picking on a little old mayor in College Station, Texas!"

Gramm's chief claim to fame as a budget hawk is, of course, the 1985 Gramm-Rudman-Hollings balanced-budget law, which mandated a series of increasingly lower deficit ceilings over five years, providing for an automatic, across-the-board cutting mechanism if those targets were exceeded. Controversial from the start, it proved to be a hollow achievement. Though it led to marginal savings, the chief effect was to provoke Congress to new levels of gimmickry in getting around its restrictions.

And Gramm himself has been a chief backer of such lavish Texas pork barrel as the superconducting supercollider, NASA's manned space station, a plant-stress lab at Texas Tech, and an annual subsidy for wool and mohair growers that last year cost $210 million.

"He is genuinely, ideologically committed to smaller government outside the state of Texas," jokes one Democratic observer.

Early in his career, Gramm was more apt to vote against these local goodies. In 1986, for example, he made a principled vote against an oil-import fee, a significant blow to a powerful home-state interest. But when such interests began to complain, Gramm paid attention. By 1989 he was boasting, "I'm carrying so much pork I'm beginning to get trichinosis."

"Let's put it this way," Gramm told *Policy Review* that year. "If we should vote next week on whether to begin producing cheese in a factory on the moon, I almost certainly would oppose it. On the other hand, if the government decides to institute the policy, it would be my objective to see that a Texas contractor builds this celestial cheese plant, that the milk comes from Texas cows, and that the earth distribution center is located in Texas."

Gramm no doubt excuses himself on the perfectly true ground that these discretionary programs are not the biggest causes of the federal deficit. As he is expert enough to know full well, it is entitlement spending—especially the kind that flows to the middle and upper-middle classes, in the form of Social Security and Medicare—that will ultimately have to be disciplined.

At first, he explained this truth well and often. Later, however, he began to take the politically popular view that budget cutters should not harm one gray hair on the head of Social Security. He has even sponsored legislation to phase out the earnings threshold that now limits the benefits of well-to-do recipients.

He is still honest enough to say that balancing the budget will require Medicare reform. But he usually implies that most of the rest of the necessary savings can be achieved by cutting entitlement programs for the poor. His distaste for welfare may well have its roots in principle, but there is cruelty in his prescription that it be ended abruptly, and in his pretense that this will make significant inroads in the deficit.

There's also an obvious tension between Gramm's profile as the champion of the little guy and the sources of his funding.

He has always been an awesome fund-raiser; in 1978 he led his 77-member freshman class in political-action-committee receipts, and in the 1984 Senate election—even before he was an incumbent—he was the top PAC recipient in his class.

He raises vast quantities of money from Texas business interests (today, the oil-and-gas industry is his biggest contributor, according to a recent analysis by the Center for Responsive Politics), and it is probably not an accident that this chief opponent of Clinton's health-care plan was, during his first 15 years in Congress, the leading recipient of money from the health-care and insurance industries. He is also clearly part of Washington's insider culture: one of his best friends and favorite hunting partners, according to several sources, is J. D. Williams, th[e] nor pareil corporate-tax lobbyist.

In 1992, *The New York Times* re[p]orte[d] that five years earlier a Dallas S&L[o]wne[r] and homebuilder named Jerry Stil[es] ha[d] performed $117,000 worth of wo[rk] o[n] Gramm's weekend house in Mary[land] and billed him only $63,433. An F.[B.]I. i[n]vestigation was dropped after Gra[mm] r[e]quested a ruling from the toothless [Se]nat[e] ethics committee, which ratified hi[s] co[n]tention that—although there was no wri[t]ten contract—the difference in pric[e] wa[s] simply a cost overrun for which h[e] wa[s] not accountable. (Gramm explained tha[t] he had chosen carpenters from Tex[as] b[e]cause he had hoped to stimulate the co[n]omy of the Lone Star State.)

At the time, Gramm was able t[o] put the problem behind him. But the [Sen]ate committee failed to talk to importa[nt] wi[t]nesses, and didn't address the fac[t] tha[t] Gramm had contacted federal regu[la]tor[s] on Stiles's behalf before his three thrift[s] were closed down—at an estimated cos[t] to taxpayers of more than $250 mi[l]lion. Stiles was convicted last year of, a[mo]ng other things, conspiracy, commercial bribe[ry], ery, and misapplication of funds.

As Bill Clinton could surely te[ll] Gramm, presidential campaigns ha[ve] a way of disturbing old bones like thes[e].

Beneath the manifest hypocrisie[s] of Gramm's Senate record lies an [e]ven more intriguing contradiction. He [is] a sort of walking advertisement for [the] bounty of big government. He was [bo]rn in a government hospital, educated [on] his father's G.I. insurance, and then [put] through graduate school by a Nati[onal] Defense Education Act fellowshi[p] grant without which he would have t[aken] a job in a bank. At Texas A&M—a s[tate]-funded university—the department [in] which he and his wife earned their [cre]dentials was lavishly underwritten in [the] early 70s by a development grant f[rom] the National Science Foundation. S[ince] going to Washington, Gramm has h[eld] jobs exclusively in government. We[ife] has worked for two federal regulat[ory] agencies, with a stint in between overs[eeing] regulatory affairs for Reagan's Off[ice] of Management and Budget.

"He is a man who has never dra[wn] a breath that the government did[n't] pay for," complains Clinton adviser P[aul] Begala. "He has had his snout in [the] trough for 50-some-odd years. [So] Gramm is pretty ripe for the argum[ent] 'If government is so bad, why don't y[ou] get the hell off it? If governme[nt]-run health care is so bad, why ha[ve]

had it since a government-paid doc- slapped your butt in a government- hospital?'"

But, of course, this argument assumes if voters perceive Gramm's hypocrisy his point they will be disturbed by it. truth is that in living out this contra- ion Gramm is an apt mirror for the ple he hopes to lead: a people who de- tly want to get government off their ks and pay lower taxes, who are sure unworthy Others are bilking the asury, but who believe with equal sin- ty that they themselves earn each and y one of the indispensable federal dol- that flow into their communities or their pockets.

Finally, there is still one more tension ween what Gramm says and he is. Gramm's presidential form serves up conservative toric as raw as young whis- : he blasts quotas, damns g dealers, argues for the abo- on of the Education Depart- nt, and promises to keep soldiers out of combat un- United Nations command. I have to string barbed wire every closed military base in erica," he said in announc- for president, "I'm going to [criminals] in jail." In addi- , he wears the air of an un- onstructed chauvinist, circa 0. What other candidate, en asked whether he would sider a female running mate, ld respond with the deeply orrect observation that "Sophia Loren ot a citizen"?

But look again: beneath the right-wing an is a divorced former Democrat who m equal partner in a two-career, two- D. marriage with a woman of Asian cent. (A Texas magazine profile from back in 1985 was headlined "Is Texas tting Two for One?" Shades of Bill and lary Clinton.) His chosen lifestyle, for past 20 years, has been more urban- fessional than suburban-conservative.

The Gramms' house—bought when the lots had scarcely been counted in his t successful congressional race, in 1978 in the Tenleytown area of northwest shington, just two blocks off a main ery, Wisconsin Avenue. Though cer- ly not one of the grittiest areas of the it is by no means one of its snootier, re cloistered addresses. And it is a far from the suburban addresses in Lean, Virginia, and Bethesda, Mary- d, that so many officials choose.

In 1978, Gramm said he had no qualms about the Equal Rights Amendment except for such mild concerns as whether the draft could exempt the mothers of small children and how to preserve women's athletic programs. In interviews in the early 80s, Wendy used to speak positively of "women's lib."

"I swear to goodness, this sounds stupid, but I don't think we've ever discussed social issues," says Charles Maurice, one of his oldest and, for a time, closest friends. "If I had to characterize Phil Gramm, I'd have to say he was a libertarian."

Added together, these details tempt one to identify Gramm as an example of what the journalist Hendrik Hertzberg has called "closet tolerants"—conservative Republicans who have no real truck with the social-issues agenda of the far right, but who have chosen, for political reasons, to conceal their social moderation.

> "His mother likes him. Wendy likes him. His dog likes him. And I like him. I've named four."

"If you just hear what he has to say right now, it seems to me a good deal more strident than in his heart of hearts Phil Gramm really is," says Ben Johnson, an Atlanta attorney and high-school classmate.

Since Quayle, Kemp, and Bennett fell from the presidential race, and Gingrich announced he wouldn't enter it, Gramm has had no serious competition on his right. He aims to keep it that way, especially with his delicate balancing act on abortion. He speaks the orthodoxy of the Christian Right: abortion should never be permitted [illegible] in the cases of rape and incest [illegible] has repeatedly cosponsored [illegible] called Human Life Amendment [illegible] onstitution. But with equal vigor [illegible] s it clear to listeners that he is n[illegible] g the White House in order to p[illegible] se positions, saying, "We're going to have to accept the fact that there are going to be differences on this issue among Republicans."

One can watch Gramm maneuvering with a machine-like precision. For example, he kept his own counsel in the first days after Clinton's controversial nomination of Dr. Henry Foster as surgeon general. But on February 9, the day Dan Quayle announced he would not run for president, Gramm gathered reporters together to declare his firm opposition to Foster because of Foster's record of performing abortions. Quayle's departure from the race had suddenly put a large chunk of the most conservative primary votes in play, and Gramm leapt on the opportunity to say something appealing.

Another example of Gramm's expediency is drawn from his 1984 Senate race, when he pounded his opponent, Lloyd Doggett, for accepting a contribution from a gay-rights group that had staged a male strip show. Doggett said he had not known how the money was raised, and immediately returned the contribution. But Gramm persisted with a statewide radio campaign that charged Doggett with pandering to gays. "You couldn't turn a radio on in Texas and not hear it," Gramm recently bragged to *The Washington Post*. Recalls McKinnon, who was a Doggett spokesman, "We just never got out of the box after that."

Old friends believe that homophobia is not a true part of Phil Gramm's worldview. He has, for example, spoken very warmly of a high-school teacher who was clearly, according to several of Gramm's classmates, gay.

But perhaps Gramm's tolerant side, if it exists, is moot: his most obvious commitment has been to whatever will work for Phil Gramm.

"If he's willing to do that to Lloyd Doggett in a race where he had all the money and he had a presidential candidate carrying 49 states," asks Paul Begala, who also worked on the Doggett campaign, "what do you think he's going to be willing to do to Bob Dole so he can be president of the United States?"

It is one of the first rules of any combat that the advantage goes to the side that chooses the terrain. By this measure, Gramm has run, so far, an exceptionally smart presidential campaign.

His strategy, beyond raising a formida-

Phil Gramm

ble war chest, has been to establish himself as quickly as possible as one of a very few credible candidates. He did this in part by carefully orchestrating victories in most of the party's early straw polls.

He has also talked up the proposition that only a candidate who has raised $20 million by the end of this year can be considered a contender. While it is true that a new, densely packed primary schedule has drastically increased the importance of money, Gramm has had great success in magnifying the significance of his financial advantage.

As a result of all this labor, people who were laughing at Gramm—his voice! his homeliness! his meanness!—are no longer laughing. Instead, they are watching with fascination the sub-rosa duel that Gramm and Dole are already fighting in the U.S. Senate. There is said to be something of a personal animus between the two men; Dole, in particular, is said to resent the younger man's intense pursuit of a job that many Republicans believe Dole has earned through seniority and his previous runs for the presidency. The majority leader has been heard to joke that he hasn't been sleeping lately, because "I wake up every two hours thinking about Phil Gramm."

Democrats, in the meantime, privately rejoice at the idea that Gramm might become the Republican nominee. Given his very abrasive personality, he—far more than Wilson, or even Dole—could repel some of the voters who would otherwise want to cast a passive anti-Clinton vote.

This is, finally, Phil Gramm's big problem: no one, including Gramm, knows whether very many people outside the state of Texas can be induced to vote for him.

"Voters vote for people they like," Buddy Roemer points out. "Now, Phil, I know his mother likes him; I know Wendy likes him. I think his dog likes him. And I like him. I've named four. Can that move out across the country? I honestly don't know."

Mulling it over, Roemer puts his finger on why Phil Gramm is suddenly the greatest show in politics: a chance to watch the culmination of a carefully planned life as it finally runs into the only force outside of its control. "Politics is a funny kind of thing," he says. "Phil could be a great candidate, or he could be a total bu[st]."

But Gramm has a quality that political pros probably can't articulate, which may carry him farther than anyone expects: it is the *conscious* quality he conveys, [of] having chosen to be the man he [is]. My hunch is that voters may find this [an] attractive contrast to our last two presidents: Clinton, who is so chronically [un]able to decide whom he is willing [to] offend that he sometimes seems to be [wast]ing his capital to run for an even [higher] office than president, and George [Bush], who was willing to do almost anything [to] win, but seemed unable to come [clean] with himself about just what frogs were being gigged in the process.

Phil Gramm's record may suggest that he's capable of lying to us, but it's probably a safe guess that he doesn't lie to himself. This is admittedly faint praise for a politician. But it's one of the things that make him a formidable man.

If you're willing to pay the price, you can beat anybody at anything. And if that means doing without the affection of the American people, President Gramm could live with that. □

Meg Ryan

(Continued from page 111) comes running through it with his nanny in hot pursuit. They have just visited one of the many nearby malls, and Jack has come back with trading cards depicting characters from *The Lion King*. "Jack has taught us all about love and patience and God and wonder," Dennis Quaid told me, and as the child starts to jabber away at me with the narrative speed of an excited two-year-old, I can see by the way his mother watches that it was one of the rare times her husband could have been speaking for her too.

"He has some words—not all of them—but he wants to be conversant, so he just . . . *chats,*" Ryan says as I try to understand what Jack is saying to me. "He was just showing you something to do with 'Hakuna Matata,'" she interprets. "That means 'no worries.'"

"He's a big kid," I tell her.

"He was 10 pounds at birth. I had to have an emergency C-section."

"Come on, Jack, it's time for your nap," the nanny informs him.

"No! I want to prway!" he complains, giving the word all the religious connotations it must have for a small child. Suddenly the muscles and bones in his face conspire in the cute way that Ryan has bragged about.

"You and your mommy are going to have some private playtime later," the nanny tells him as she picks him up and takes him over to Ryan so that she can kiss him before he's put to bed.

"Do you pray?" I ask her, taking my cue from Jack's jabberwocky.

"I've started to meditate," she says, her ears cocked toward her son's whimpering upstairs. "It's different—it's a contemplation, a spiritual discipline. I started because my mind was so chatty that it was exhausting me. I thought, I've got to get *still*. . . . I'm trying to find something that works for me, because the Catholicism I grew up with doesn't anymore. I saw too many contradictions in it. Then a few years ago my friend died of AIDS," she says, and tells me about Patrick Lippert, who spearheaded, among other social causes, the 1992 Rock the Vote campaign. "Jack was born a few months later, and I started wondering if death was like a birth. . . . When Patrick died, it was a totally different kind of experience for me than I ever anticipated. I came home that night knowing that he had died, and I had the biggest feeling of joy in my heart. I couldn't believe it. In retrospect, I think I realized—not intellectually, but just [in] myself—that there is a God. And Pa[trick] was going toward whatever that was. [I'm] very sure about it—without my *mind* [at]tached to it. It was just a feeling. . . . [Spi]tuality is the big thing in my life right [now]. The Search! . . . After experiencing [the] miracle of birth, I began to wonder [about] death. Is death that same kind of miracle?

"You and Dennis opened up [your] home for a memorial service for Pat[rick]. Friends that were there have told me how gracious you were that day."

"Well, yeah, we had this kind of p[arty] for him, and . . . ah . . . " Slowly the [mus]cles and bones in her face begin to [con]spire. As her son's soft cries subside, [she] begins to sob. "I'm sorry—I haven't . . . The tears won't stop.

"Are you O.K.?" I ask, crossing [the] room to where she has sunk into a [chair] and holding her until she can regain [her] composure. "Why don't we have some [of] what Nita sent us?" I suggest. Ryan [dries] her eyes, and we walk over to the [big] kitchen. As she finds a knife and [some] forks in the unfamiliar drawers, I gaze [out] the glass wall and see an old man, wearing the bottoms of his trousers rolled, strolling along the beach. "Mmmmm," I hear Meg Ryan murmur, and turn back to see her eating sweet-potato pie amidst the Plath[os]

arren Star

ntinued from page 147

quite improb- no one on *Melrose Place* is an aspir- screenwriter or actor. Considering all burgeoning showbiz titans who have perienced the swingy milieu of VoHo" apartment life, it's shocking that ook so long for someone to write it all as a TV pilot. It's equally surprising t the idea of doing a show about Bev- Hills High didn't come up sooner. e original concept for *90210* came m former Fox chairman and Beverly lls High alum Barry Diller. Star says studio and network brass were partic- rly excited by the idea because they re under the mistaken impression that x owned the marketing rights to Bever- Hills High.)

Hollywood types, steeped to the satu- ion point in the offbeat allure of L.A., perhaps inured to the culture's poten- l as screen material. Often an out- er's perspective is required: it took an strian, Billy Wilder, to make *Sunset ulevard*, and it took a Darren Star m the Maryland suburbs to create *lrose Place*. Star puts it this way: here just hadn't been a show like *Mel- e Place* on TV before so I wrote . . . These shows are my fantasies. I an, *90210* is certainly my fantasy of gh school, *Melrose Place* was my fanta- of that crummy apartment building I ed in, and *Central Park West* will be fantasy of New York."

Central Park West will aim to "some- w capture the sensibility of *All About* e for the 90s. That's what I'm looking I don't think that there's anything on or movies that has that sense of so- isticated people talking and behaving. here *Melrose Place* has a bar called ooters, *Central Park West* will have the b Room [inspired by the Stork Club's vate dining room as seen in *All About e*]. That sums up the difference be- een the two shows."

C.P.W.'s world of glamour and in- gue will center on a magazine that is t unlike the one you're reading right w. Its characters are young editors, ckbrokers, a ne'er-do-well heiress, a ck bisexual art dealer (pending net- ork permission), and a dashing assistant A. whose mother Star identifies as e Jackie O character." For that part has considered Angie Dickinson and ye Dunaway.

Production will take place in a special dio constructed on a high floor of lower Fifth *(Continued on page 173)*

Credits

Fashion

Cover: For **Meg Ryan's**

Page 24:

Page 89: For **Thandie Newton's** (England); Kim Hunt for Smile Management

Page 96: Sean Mc

Page 99: and Nigel Curtiss jacket, $790, from Browns, London; Dirk Bikkembergs shirt, $250, and jacket, $315, from the Library, London; Derek Lilliard shirt, $120, from Derek Lilliard, London; Agnès B. jacket, $375, from Agnès B., London; Ann Demeulemeester dress, $370, from Browns, London; Jacqueline Rabun earrings and necklace from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Dean Ricketts for the Watch-Men Agency.

Page 102: Todd Oldham shirt, $360, and pants, $380, from the Todd Oldham Store, N.Y.C.; David Yarritu for Pat Bates and Associates.

Page 103: Yohji Yamamoto shirt, $480, pants, $655, and jacket, $1,380, from the Yohji Yamamoto boutique, N.Y.C.

Page 104: See credit for cover.

Page 107: Vera Wang dress, $2,600, from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.

Pages 108–9: Only Hearts shirt, $36, from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Betsey Johnson dress, $116, from Betsey Johnson stores nationwide.

Pages 118–19: Cathy Kasterine fo

Page 120: Styled by Kim Meehan.

Pages 130–31: Kym Canter for Butler Reghanti.

Page 142: **Darren Star's** shirt and pants from Scott Hill, L.A.

Page 144: Dries Van Noten shirt and suit from Barneys New York, Beverly Hills.

Page 149: Suit from Anderson & Sheppard, London.

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: **Meg Ryan's** hair styled with Paul Mitchell Sculpting Foam. All makeup from Make Up Ever, from Barneys New York, N.Y.C., and selected Nord om stores nationwide. On her face, Liquid Foundation No. 3 and Loose Powder No. 16; on her eyes, Shadow Blush No. 17 and Mascara No. 0; on her cheeks, Shadow Blush No. 30; on her lips, Pencil No. 18 and Lips No. T10. Sally Hershberger for Profile; Lutz for Make Up for Ever/Profile

Page 20: Top, makeup by Evy Argyreas.

Page 24: Center, hair and makeup by Terri

Page 89: **Thandie Newton's** hair styled with Matrix Essentials eme Biolage Thermal-Active Setting Spray. All makeup from Shiseido. On her eyes, Petit Shadow (Duo) in Blue for Beginners, and Shad Liner in Black Variations; on her cheeks Color (Blusher & Eye Shadow) in Pi de-and-Seek; on her lips, Advanced ce Lip Gloss in Playing with bie Walters

Page 9

Page 102: Gradone for Achard &

Page 103:

Page 104:

Page 107: her lips, Lip Spa Naturel

Page 119: **Rachel Williams's** Matrix Essentials Vavoom Pomousse. **Alice Temple's** hair styled with Matrix Essentials Système Biolage Defining Elixir. All makeup from Jacques Dessange. On Williams's lips, Rose Pourpre; on Temple's lips, Bois de Rose. Brigitte Reiss-Andersen for Jacques Dessange.

Page 120: Grooming by Kate Best.

Pages 130–31: Patrick Swan for Tatoo Management.

Page 132: Kat James for Indorato.

Photographs and Miscellany

Page 10: From U.P.I./Bettmann.

Page 40: Photograph of painting from Bridgeman/Art Resource, NY; inset from the William Andrews Clark Memorial Library, University of California, Los Angeles.

Page 44: Photograph from the National Portrait Gallery, London; petition courtesy of the Public Record Office, London.

Page 48: From Celebrity Photo Agency.

Page 50: Top, from DMI.

Page 58: Both from the Picture Project.

Page 64: From Esto.

Page 80: From the *Los Angeles Times*.

Page 90: From the Motion Picture & Television Photo Archive.

Page 93: Black-and-white photographs from Springer/Bettmann Film Archive. Color photographs, left, from the Everett Collection; right, by C. S. Bull/The Kobal Collection.

Page 99: Top right, from Sotheby's, London.

Page 102: Left, top to bottom, by Robert Kalfus/Gamma Liaison, Albert Ferreira/DMI, © 1995 by the Cartoon Network.

Pages 112–13: From Gamma Liaison.

Page 115: Bottom, from Impact Visuals.

Pages 120–21: Center, from Culver Pictures; right, courtesy of the Yomiuri Shimbun.

Page 122: Top to bottom, from the Lewis Hine: Empire State Building Archive, Division of Drawings and Archives, Avery Architectural & Fine Arts Library, Columbia University in the City of New York; from A.P./Wide World Photos; from Photofest.

Page 123: Top and bottom, from U.P.I./Bettmann; center, from the Kobal Collection.

Page 124: Large photograph from *Friday* magazine/Fujifotos; inset from U.P.I./Bettmann.

Page 127: Clockwise from top left, fro Royal Commission on the Ancient and Historical Monuments of Scotland, from Focus/Fujifotos, from Gamma Liaison, from Roger-Viollet.

Page 135: Center, from Sygma.

Page 137: Top, from Hulton Deutsch; bottom, from Globe Photos.

Page 138: Bottom, from Outline.

Page 150: Large photograph British *Vogue*

Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

TAURUS *April 20–May 20*

Whether you're a posh tourist cruising on a windy sea, a computer hacker crashing somebody else's Windows in a windowless office, or a soldier trying to stay cool when your C.O. blows up right in front of you, spontaneity must become your guiding principle now. As Uranus shifts hemispheres in your solar chart, bosses will change suddenly and directions will switch faster than the weather-vane rooster on top of the barn. That is not to say that your cool, solid-oak Taurean interior must necessarily become hot rubber, although that would make everything much easier.

GEMINI *May 21–June 21*

Look overhead and you'll see that it's not a bird, it's not a plane, it's not even Superman up there. It's the other half of your Gemini self, which, sick and tired of feeling nervous, overworked, and scared of the dark, has decided to take off for a little adventure. This spring marks the beginning of a new 9th-house experience that will help silence that half of you which insists on forever considering yourself a marginally functional outpatient living on canned soda and borrowed time. Anybody who dares to limit your thinking from now on is in big trouble.

CANCER *June 22–July 22*

If you want to feel stable and secure, think hopefully, filter the chlorine out of your drinking water, and, when you must pig out, do so only on low-fat cookies. Show up for work as crisp as a new $50 bill, as perky as an actor hawking potato chips on TV, and as grittily determined as a hockey coach. With Uranus at your solar 8th-house cusp, however, what you can't do is second-guess the wild card in the deck—life itself. Tibetan Buddhists may have had to flee their country, but they sure got one thing right: the only constant is change.

LEO *July 23–August 22*

By all means defend yourself, but understand that it is folly to try to control others. Although some Leos are enlightened, many more believe it is possible to shape people into clones who will support their desire to do whatever they want to do, and God help anybody who even tries to run interference. With Uranus entering your 7th house, you've got to grant freedom to loved ones. Even if you move to one of those places where marriage to a gorgeous 16-year-old is legal—"What fun! It's like modeling clay!"—you'll still have to cope when the kid hits 21.

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

There are Virgos out there who are so terrified of taking risks that they would rather be boiled in Clorox than touch anything sticky. They go to work, come home, go to work, come home, living out their entire nonexistence doing the ant thing. Don't let that happen to you! With Uranus now moving into your 6th house, you've got to try to worry less about getting a gold watch and a pension plan, and just go ahead and leap fearlessly into new work. Healthwise, why not try something new there also, instead of pretending you already know it all?

LIBRA *September 23–October 23*

Romance: everybody needs it—especially Libras right now, as Uranus touches your 5th-house cusp and gives you a preview of coming attractions for the next seven years. If you live alone, then you'll have to go out looking for it. Whether you're talking about love and marriage or a strictly business partnership, without a jolt of fresh juice every now and then, relationships get stale. Even though Saturn's in your 6th house, the house of health, you can't expect to get all your jollies from squeezing lemons and running around the house in your undies, spraying for germs.

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

Before rushing to judgment and calling you a control freak, critics [illegible] wonder how they would have fared if they had lived through th[illegible] wrecks and blowouts at the edges of cliffs that you have had to [illegible] With Pluto dancing in and out of Scorpio, and Uranus about to ent[illegible] 4th house, maybe you can ease up on obsessing (especially abou[illegible] body) and quit believing you have to be the master puppeteer of [illegible] tire world. The family—your version of it—is now going to have t[illegible] taking care of itself. If the ceiling falls in, well, it falls in.

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

There are members of your sign who, in the days when Uranus wa[illegible] siting Scorpio and Sagittarius, delighted only in getting high, runni[illegible] lights, and then making judges cry over their sob stories. In more [illegible] years, except for a few isolated financial shenanigans, you have turn[illegible] to be almost a model citizen. More recently still, though, you've [illegible] tired of behaving. The contact between Uranus and your 3rd house i[illegible] ing off a desire to be on the move again. Good news: the current i[illegible] your feet is not a fungus.

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

The little old lady who started out by filling a coffee can with coi[illegible] ended up a billionaire had to be a Capricorn. This was always th[illegible] losophy of your sign: Get the best, get it cheap, salt away your s[illegible] and live life in expectation of a horribly rainy day. Something's ch[illegible] now, though. As Uranus touches your 2nd-house cusp, a new seve[illegible] cycle begins. Opportunities pop up out of nowhere, money blows [illegible] window, and your bank account begins to fluctuate more wildly th[illegible] Dow Jones during a feeding frenzy on a Friday afternoon.

AQUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

New position, new title, new image—get ready for all three. You've l[illegible] too much time turning yourself into something you're not, slaving [illegible] (mostly without due credit) to prove yourself to, and be accepted by, [illegible] woman, or God. Even if you're one of those early-retirement types [illegible] have been living under a rock, this is the last year you will be doing [illegible] you've been doing for the past umpteen. As Uranus, the planet that [illegible] your sign, now moves into what astrologers call its dignity, your day [illegible] be dawning. Please don't blow a gasket before that happens.

PISCES *February 19–March 20*

Isn't it a kick in the head? Just when you're all duded up in your [illegible] day best to go off to church and let the other members of the cong[illegible] tion know that you're really and truly putting yourself back tog[illegible] feeling your earning power on the rise again, and getting ready to [illegible] the world with something akin to courage and confidence, suddenly [illegible] idiot comes along and splashes mud all over you. Don't be dism[illegible] That's the secret metaphor of being a Pisces. With Uranus coming to [illegible] 12th house, the stains on your garment are your fashion statement.

ARIES *March 21–April 19*

If you've been welded to a political regime that was once stable bu[illegible] recently gone totally mad, be of good cheer. If the person you've bee[illegible] swering to (don't try to deny that your autonomy has been sharply cu[illegible] even by your own doing) has made your life a living hell, take h[illegible] Whether you're a starship captain caught in moronic red tape, a [illegible] singer stung by the Mob, or a regular person on the bottom in bec[illegible] joice. Though it may take a year to kick in, Uranus in your 11th h[illegible] will get you out. It's a contest between patience and rage. Yours.

arren Star

ntinued from page 171 Avenue build-
, which will allow for real views of the
nhattan skyline. Other scenes will be
t in an actual apartment on Central
k West.

arren Star has his detractors, though
in the words of one screenwriter
ey're hard to find." Maybe, as the
ter believes, it's "because he's so pow-
il no one wants to say anything nasty
ut him." Maybe it's because there's
much nasty to say.

The dissidents seem to air the kind of
es that naturally circulate around very
cessful people. Staff members on *90210*
resentful that Star, who is the titular
cutive producer of the series—but has
day-to-day involvement—seems to soak
all the credit. "I think Darren deserves
the publicity that Darren can get," says
arles Rosin, the show's working execu-
producer. "But we're going to set the
ord straight: on all 144 episodes of
10, I have been executive producer."

Star, in fact, got the title only when
erly spawned *Melrose.* It was all part
what a Spelling executive called "an
recedented use of leverage" on Star's
t. Of course, "leverage" is hardly an
nown factor in Hollywood.

Star and his agents are without doubt
emely aggressive when negotiating
promoting, and packaging Darren
. The day I was at the *Melrose Place*
ce, there was an invoice for just over
00 on his desk from a firm that han-
his personal P,R. Paperback novel-
ions of *Melrose Place* read, "Based on
hit TV series by Darren Star," in 18-
nt type above the title. This, Star con-
s, is because the earlier *Beverly Hills,*
10 novelizations "said, 'A novel by
l Gilden,' and I, like, hit the ceiling!"

Darren has got the need to see his
e in print," says one colleague who
nitely fell *off* the Star bandwagon.
e also has the facility to conjure up re-
onships that are very commercial."

The most lucrative of these partnerships
been with Aaron Spelling. Clearly, it
been a symbiotic affair. The veteran
has given his protege great latitude, though Spelling reserves the "final final" cut on all the shows. Boss and disciple speak on the phone several times a week. The day I was present, Star enthusiastically related to Spelling the plot and concept of *Shocker,* a horror film by Wes Craven, and then asked a *Melrose* minion to run out and rent it.

"Darren revived Aaron's career," says a former *90210* staffer. "Aaron was a stegosaurus before! You should have seen how Fox treated him before *90210* was a hit." The writer doesn't make the point that before Spelling—stegosaurus or no, he is one of the most powerful men in television—Star was only a glitter in his own imagination. In Hollywood terms, he did not exist. Spelling has been incredibly valuable to Darren, who does not deny that his mentor is a great teacher. But, as the protégé flies the coop for the presumably less restrictive confines of CBS, he is not overly effusive with praise for Spelling: "He has taught me a lot about building a performance in the editing room," says Star. "Sometimes I bring him my cut and we watch it together."

The split, Star says, was amicable. "I think we have the kind of relationship where if he thought I was going to go out and fall flat on my face he'd say, 'No, don't do it.'"

Despite Spelling's tacit assurance, more than one person connected with the shows suggests that Star might not be able to function without the old master. "Look at the first episode of *Melrose,* and look at the ratings after Heather Locklear was brought in, and check out whose decision that was," says a high-ranking source at Spelling Entertainment, suggesting that Star's golden touch might be an optical illusion. (It was Spelling's decision to bring in Locklear, and Star admits that he resisted him at first.)

Others disagree and say that it was indeed Star who nurtured the shows and made them work. "*90210* was Darren's baby. He stayed with it, he tended it, and the same thing with *Melrose,*" says David Stenn, *90210*'s former supervising producer.

After three years, Star is clearly the master of the *Melrose* universe. In production meetings, on the set, and in editing suites, the "Yes, Darren . . . of course, Darren" chorus seems as familiar as a hit single. However, his close friend Andrea King says that Star's outward confidence is sometimes tempered by reticence and fear. "Every single time Darren goes to do a new show, there's a moment when he asks, 'Why am I doing this? What if I can't do this?' At a certain point, he says, 'I don't know what I'm doing.' But he always knows what he's doing, and he always pulls it off."

With CBS enthralled, Star should have little trouble believing in his abilities. And yet, big success breeds a special degree of vulnerability, and at times he seems slightly wary about doing another TV show. "I don't envision myself doing another one after this. But the opportunity is here, so I'm taking it," he says, calling *Central Park West* the third and final chapter of a "trilogy."

He's worn out, he admits, after filling Fox's grueling orders for 32 shows a year for five years. "I really don't know how I'm still standing," he says. And, underneath the youthful grin, he looks tired, puffier around the eyes than the average 33-year-old. On close inspection, you can see his hair is flecked with gray.

"Given my choice of what I really would like to do," he says, sounding remarkably like one of his numbed characters, "I'd move to Paris or San Francisco and write for a year, take the time to figure out what's meaningful."

I ask him at one point, "Do you ever have Quentin Tarantino envy?" And Star flashes his orthodontist's son smile: "Of course I do!" he says. "I *definitely* have Tarantino envy. But the minute you start getting caught up in that, you're in real trouble. . . . I look forward to directing features and I look forward to staying in the TV business and I'd even like to write a play," he says. "But I think the time I'm putting in here is important for learning." These are, in effect, Star's high-stakes version of director Tarantino's pre–*Pulp Fiction* days as a video-store clerk.

"Everyone has their own thing and you've got to go out and do that thing," says Star. Then, issuing a forceful final warning, as if to send up a flare, he adds, "I *will* do movies." □

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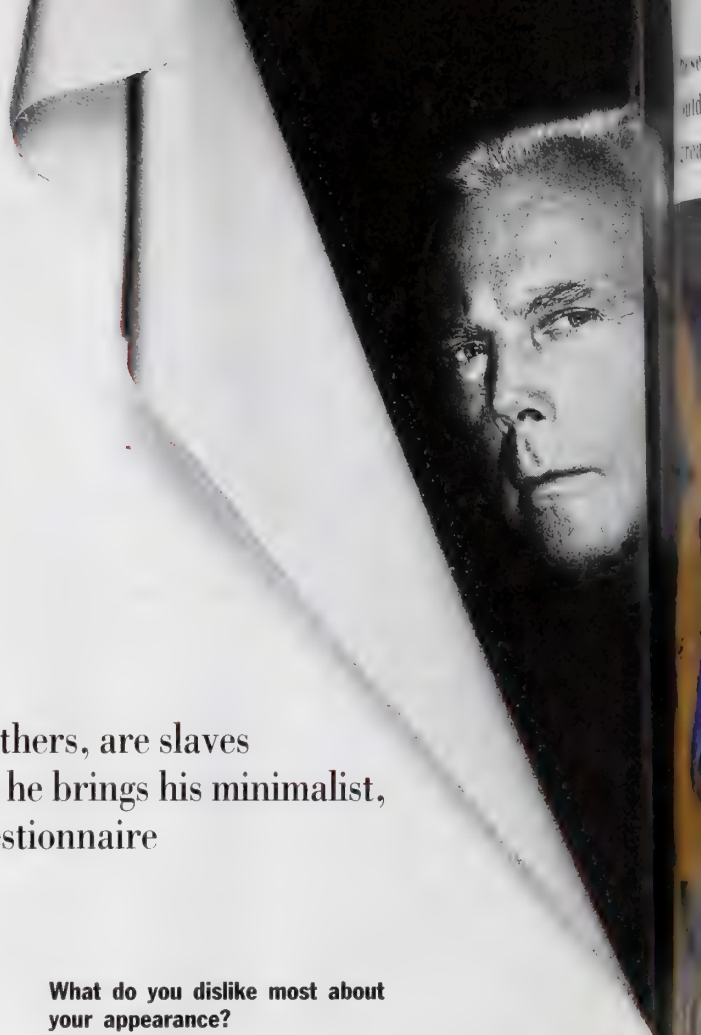
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Social Study



Giorgio Armani

Royals and Hollywood worthies, among others, are slaves to Giorgio Armani's fashion. This month, he brings his minimalist, understated elegance to *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire

What is your current state of mind?
Serene, after my first 60 years.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Achilles—the fierce warrior.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
That my work is also my fun.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Insatiable perfectionism.

What is your favorite journey?
The ones I take in my head.

What is your greatest fear?
Losing my health and well-being.

Which living person do you most admire?
Any Nobel Prize winner.

Which living person do you most despise?
All vulgar people.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Disloyalty.

On what occasion do you lie?
Like all sincere people, when I absolutely can't avoid it.

What is your greatest regret?
That I didn't start working when I was 20. That way, I'd have more time left to be "Giorgio Armani."

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"*Disgraziato!*"

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
I wish I was a little more naïve.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
Help! I'm missing at least five inches in height.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
When he knows the right moment to speak, and th right moment to shut up.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
When she doesn't think she already knows all the secret

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
The current one.

What is your most treasured possession?
Love requited.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
Like all Italians, I adore my family, but sometimes I'd l to take a break from being the "*padrino.*"

What do you most value in your friends?
Availability and discretion.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
As a libertine—the opposite of what I am.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
As a cat, lazy and aloof.

How would you like to die?
Knowing I've left a positive mark.

What is yo r motto?
"Advance, ut cherish your past."

These days, people who smoke
could use a little more room.
r a great smoke, find a new hangout.



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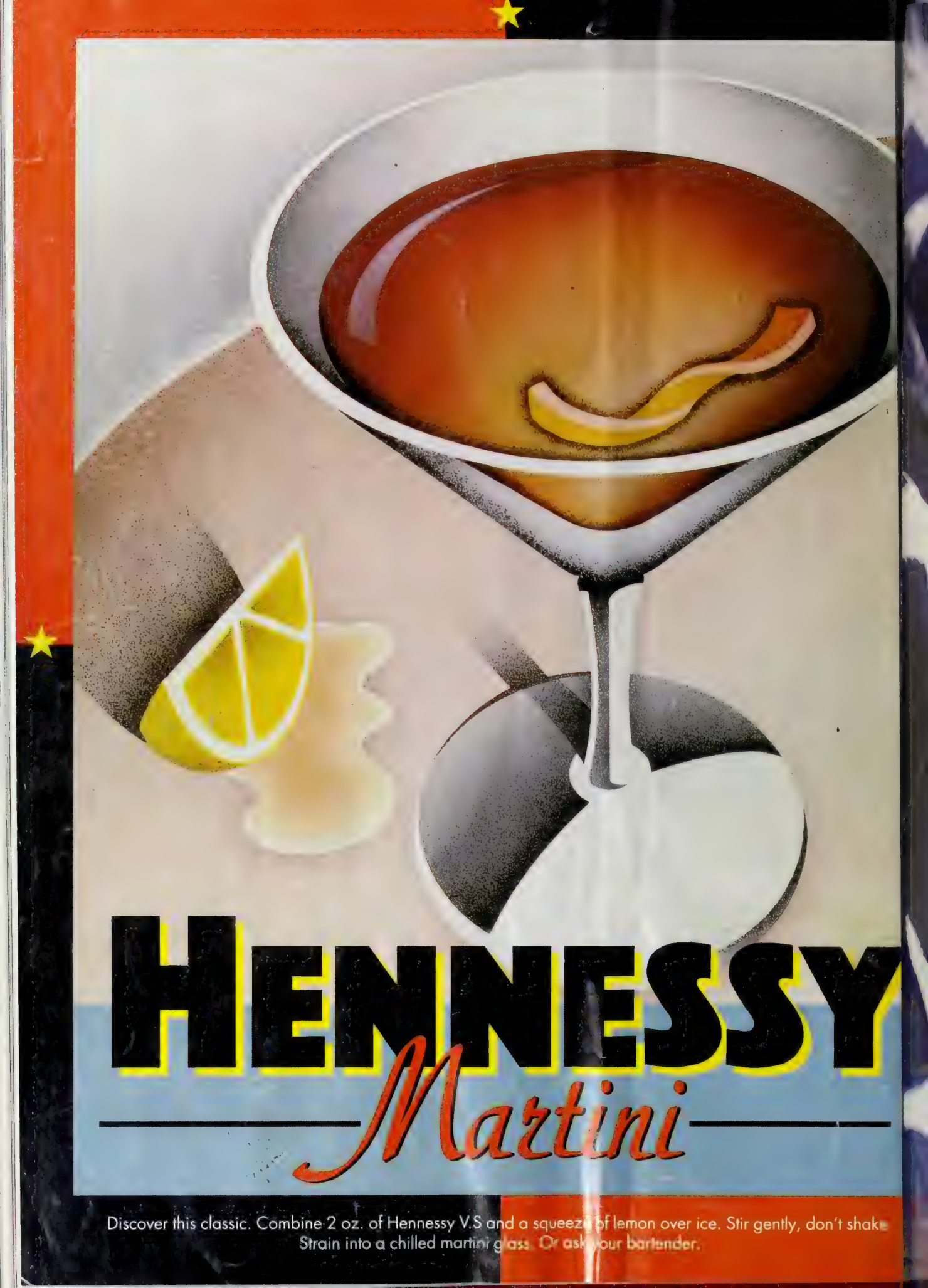


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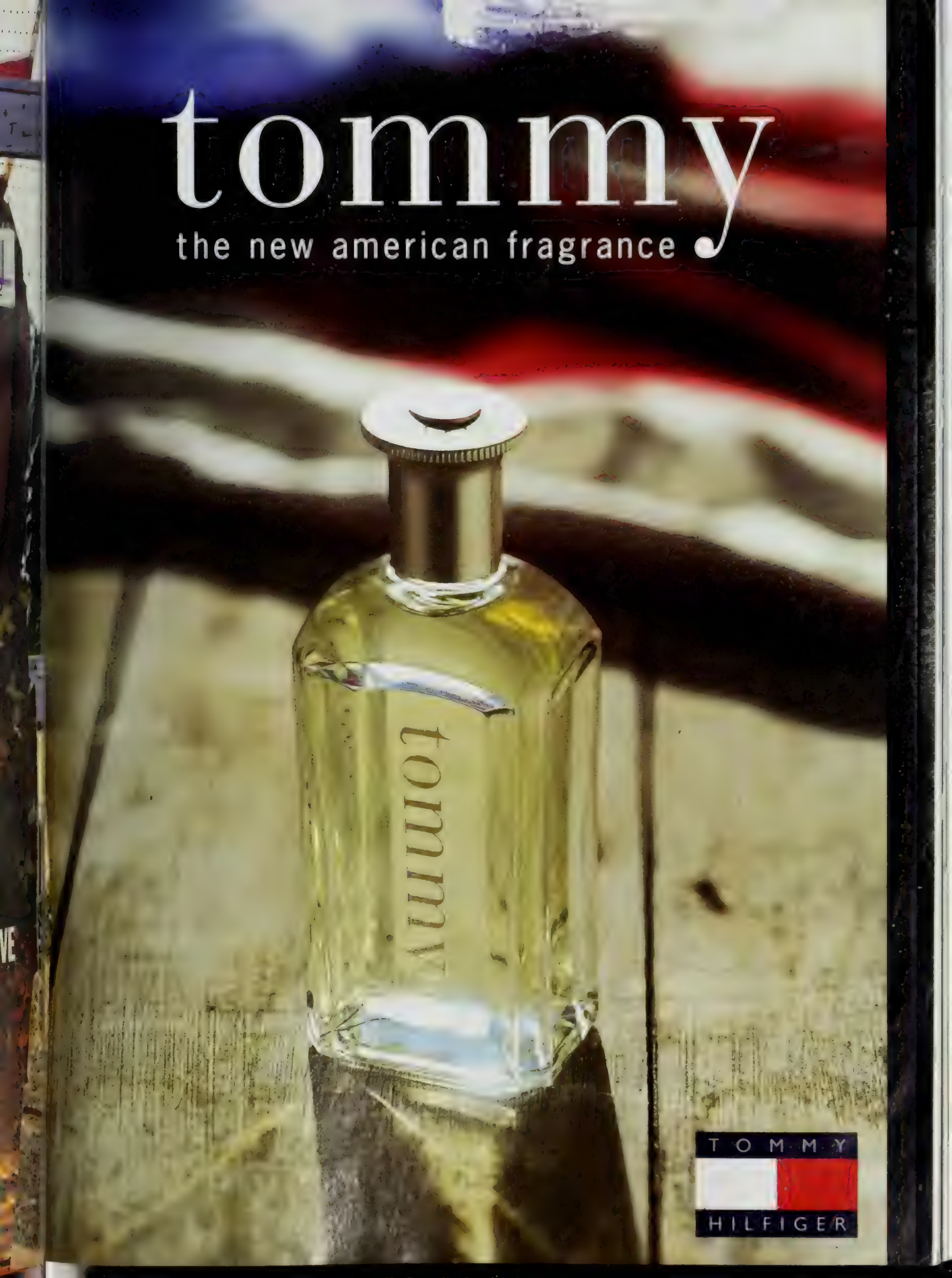
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VANITY FAIR

Volume 58 Number 6

June 19



THREE SISTERS, PAGE 138.

Features

LOVE CHILD
Grunge superstar Courtney Love is the angry, beating heart of the MTV generation. But Kevin Sessums proves there's more than sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll to Kurt Cobain's widow as he sits bathside and bedside with Love and her daughter. Photographs by Herb Ritts 1

SAATCHI'S REVENGE
The brothers Saatchi built the world's largest advertising company in the 1980s, only to be evicted last winter in a boardroom coup. Fiammetta Rocco finds the elusive Maurice brushing off his Comme des Garçons suit as he sets about rising from the ashes. Photographs by Snowdon 11

MIZRAHI UNZIPPED
Director Douglas Keeve captured the world of designer Isaac Mizrahi, his friend and companion, in a documentary that won applause even from the fashion industry. Keeve and Mizrahi give Cathy Horyn their separate takes on the making of *Unzipped.* Photographs by Dewey Nicks 12

END OF EXILE
Robert Wilson, hailed as a genius in Europe, has been largely absent from U.S. theater despite collaborations with David Byrne, Philip Glass, and William Burroughs. This month the creator-director comes home with a one-man *Hamlet,* and Bob Colacello predicts Wilson's American hour is at hand. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz 13

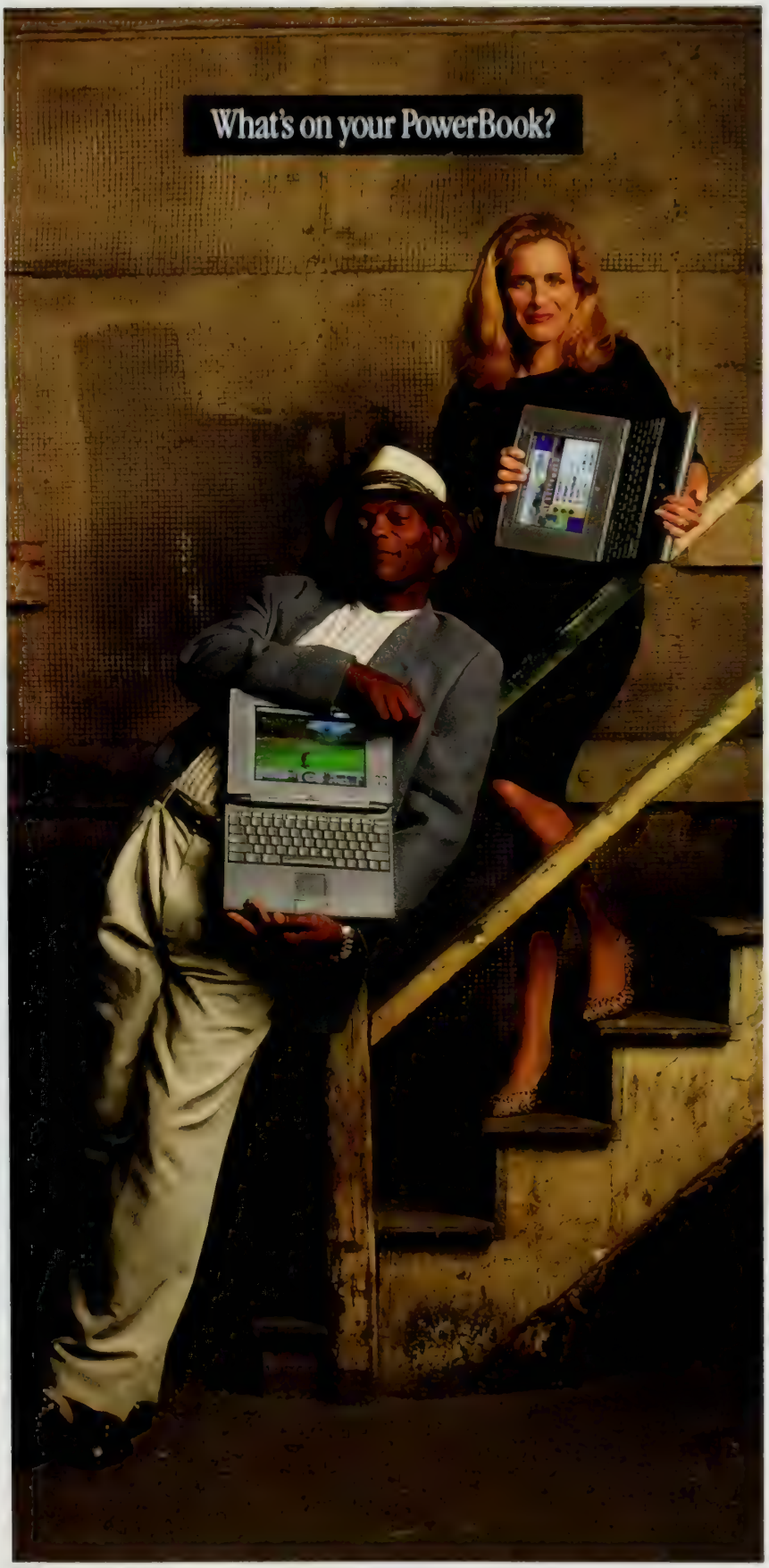
BOYS OF BROADWAY
Eika Aoshima and Susan Kittenplan spotlight seven young men, from studious Yalies to a jailhouse bard, making their Broadway debuts this season 13

THE MILLERS' TALE
As Alexandra, Marie-Chantal, and Pia unite the Von Furstenbergs and the Greek royal family with the Gettys on their duty-free-tycoon father's list of in-laws, David Seidner and Laura Jacobs introduce the fabulous Miller girls 13

MIAMI REFAB
Designer Philippe Starck and hotelier Ian Schrager have teamed up again, this time to reinvent Miami. Matthew Tyrnauer tours their Salvador Dalí–meets–*Alice in Wonderland* transformation of the historic Delano hotel. Photographs by Michael Roberts 14

THE GODDESS AND THE PLAYBOY
With an unbridled passion for fast horses and beautiful women, the Aga Khan's son Aly was notorious throughout Europe. In an excerpt from *Throne of Gold,* Anne Edwards tells the tale of Aly's marriage to Rita Hayworth—a volatile concoction of love and lust on the Riviera 14

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Samuel L. Jackson
Actor

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Final Draft 2.0
Hong Kong film library
My agent's phone numbers
My manager's phone number
My publicist's phone number
My daughter Zoe's school schedule
New York house information
L.A. house information
My LoJack number
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Photographs of my kids
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Putt-Putt's Fun Pack for my kids
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VANITY FAIR

June 1995



(Continued from page

Columns

CULTURAL ELITE
After an acerbic stint as *The New York Times*'s White House correspondent, Maureen Dowd captured Anna Quindlen's coveted spot on the paper's op-ed page. Christopher Hitchens profiles the woman who skewered Bush and zinged Clinton 4

IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER
As Malcolm X's daughter stands accused of plotting to kill Black Muslim leader Louis Farrakhan, the man she believed was behind her father's assassination, M. A. Farber sorts through the mysteries surrounding Qubilah Shabazz 5

MR. LONELY HEARTS
William Kennedy analyzes the timeless genius of Edward Hopper, the subject of an exhibition this month at the Whitney Museum. 7

A WOMAN SCORNED
Rupert Pennant-Rea, deputy governor of the Bank of England, was ruined by the tabloid revelations of a vengeful mistress. Sarah Lyall covers the affair that has London buzzing about Mary Ellen Synon's knickers 7

THE LADY VANISHES
Kato Kaelin is courted by Barbara Walters, F. Lee Bailey by L.A. society; Dominick Dunne finds the only people fading from the O.J.-trial spotlight are the victims. 8

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UNE PETITE MARCEAU
It's Mao or never for Anchee Min; George Wayne plays Dolph; Gail Sheehy's new passage 99

Et Cetera

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LANCÔ
PARIS

Editor's Letter

Still Magic



Remarkably, for all the technological wizardry of the late 20th century, the impact of still photography remains unchallenged in its intensity and power. Vietnam may have been a television war, but just as the defining images of World War II were shots of U.S. soldiers raising the American flag at Iwo Jima and the Soviet flag being planted over the shell of the Reichstag, we remember Vietnam through photographs: a young Vietnamese girl fleeing a napalm attack; General Nguyen Ngoc Loan coldly executing a Vietcong suspect at close range; Mary Ann Vecchio grieving over the body of a fallen student at Kent State. Even amidst the visual razzmatazz of the video-digital age, one of the most revolutionary TV series of the last half-decade was Ken Burns's *The Civil War*—which was made up almost exclusively of 130-year-old stills.

Vanity Fair's unrivaled stable of principal photographers—led by Annie Leibovitz, Herb Ritts, Snowdon, Helmut Newton, Jonathan Becker, Michel Comte, Dafydd Jones, and Firooz Zahedi—carry on this tradition, with the added elements of trying to marry journalism with portraiture. Leibovitz's October 1994 portfolio of the New Establishment, for instance, defined and captured a fundamental shift in American society as it entered the Information Age. In this month's issue, Ritts's startling cover shoot of Courtney Love turns a grunge icon into a Rossetti angel—and then back into a rock 'n' roll hell-raiser. Leibov offers a memorable series of images th capture the creative spirit of theatrical art Robert Wilson. Snowdon's dynamic blac and-white photograph of Maurice Saato on page 117 is a rare portrait of the elusi genius who built the world's largest advert ing company. And Jones documents *Van Fair*'s Oscar-night celebration with true paparazzi flair; li Weegee, he has an innate ability to fade into a crowd—the better to catch his subjects slightly off guard.

This month also brings Michael Roberts's take on I Schrager and Philippe Starck's latest hotel confectio the Delano in Miami, Dewey Nicks's exuberant reco of the eccentric world of designer Isaac Mizrahi, a Nigel Parry's portrait of Larry King. As well, we w come a newcomer to *Vanity Fair,* David Seidner, wh worked for years at Yves Saint Laurent while buildi his reputation as an art photographer. Ultimately, Sei ner's elegant portraits of the daughters of billionai duty-free tycoon Robert Miller, on page 138, are mo reminiscent of the paintings of Gainsborough and Sa gent than of any modern medium.



Cover

Courtney Loves Trouble



Playing up her angelic side, Courtney Love does her own interpretation o Michelangelo' *Creation of Adan* Photographed L.A., March 199

ON THE COVER
Courtney Love's dress by Zoya Bergam. Angel wings by David Ross. All hair products from Matrix Essentials. All makeup from Revlon. Hair by Danilo. Makeup by Paul Starr. Manicure by Rebecca Heath. Set design by Oliver Martin. Props styled by David Ross and Pascale Vaquette. Styled by Kate Harrington. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Herb Ritts.

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CONCORD ON...



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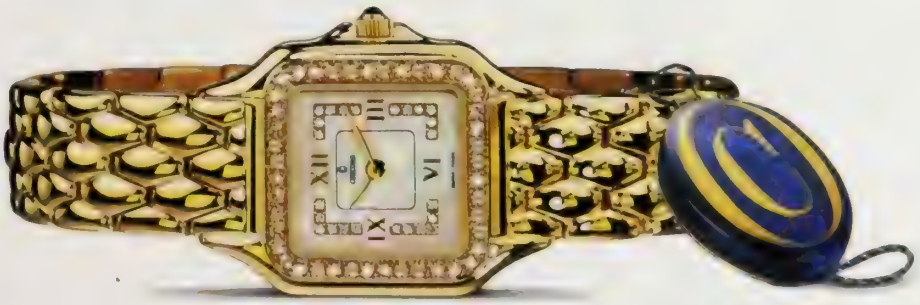
One visualizes a swan...moving across water as if by magic. Or a princess of regal poise and posture. (And, always, a long slender neck described as..."swan-like.")

Grace is majesty with modesty. In the words of one poet..."beauty without grace is like a hook without bait." With it comes a blessing of innate elegance.

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can recede into the panel to create a dash with less p

sions. They also placed the buttons where you'd expect to

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won't distract you from the road. Extreme, yes. But this

of unflagging attention to detail is not the exception at L

It is the absolute rule. In fact, you would be hard-presse

find a single system within the ES 300 that was designe

built without safety in mind. This holds true for features that are as seemingly innocu

as the headlights and even the walnut trim. If you would like to learn more, please

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these safety features. And perhaps even play one for you.

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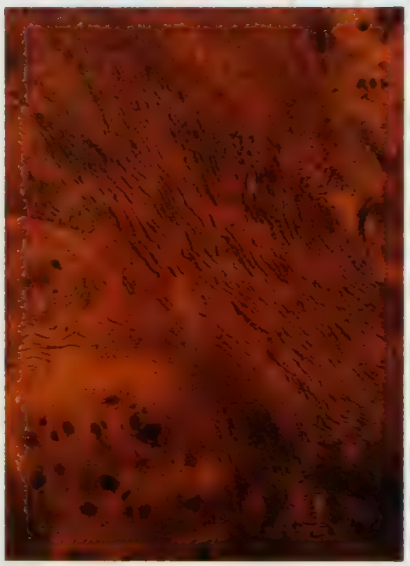


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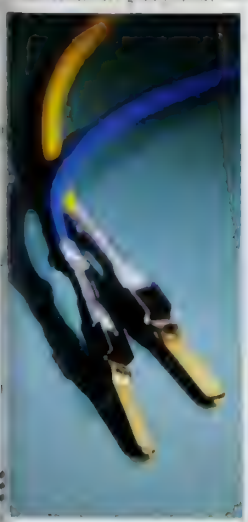


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ARISTA

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Contributors'



Contributing editor Kevin Sessums celebrated at Vanity Fair*'s Oscar-night bash at Mortons with Courtney Love, the subject of his cover story on page 106, Herb Ritts (far left), who photographed Love, and Love's doppelgänger for the evening, Amanda de Cadenet (far right).*



ROBERTA BOOTH

Of the dozen or more lives examined by award-winning biographer Anne Edwards (including those of Vivien Leigh, Queen Mary, and Ronald Reagan), two of the more exotic—the Aga Khan's and Aly Khan's—are chronicled in Throne of Gold, *excerpted this month on page 148.*

M. A. Farber is a former reporter for *The New York Times*, the author of *"Somebody Is Lying": The Story of Doctor X*, and the co-author of *Outrage: The Story Behind the Tawana Brawley Hoax*. He is completing a book on a midwestern murder for Random House.

Contributing editor **Christopher Hitchens** took a historical ride down Sunset Boulevard with director Billy Wilder in the April 1995 issue of *V.F.*

Contributing editor **Cathy Horyn** ha
been following the design antics
Isaac Mizrahi since the spring of 198
when his first big show became
"fashion happening."



Journalist Fiammetta Rocco delves into the intrigue at Saatchi & Saatchi on page 116. "The gulf between the public face of the boardroom battle and what went on behind the scenes was truly amazing," Rocco notes, "but that's the advertising business—if they can't do it, no one can." She was assisted in her reporting by Patrick Masters.

(Continued on page 26)

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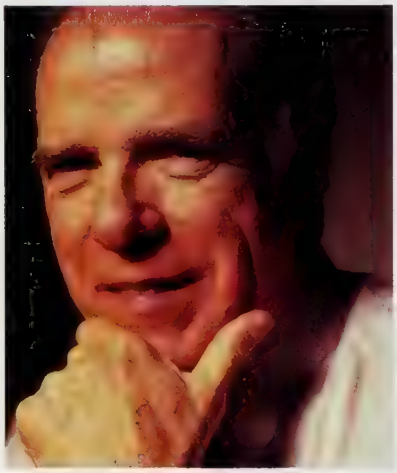
and stay tuned...

VANITY FAIR

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Contributors

(Continued from page 22)



ROBERT CLARK

William Kennedy, the acclaimed author of Ironweed, *is writing a series of novels he calls "The Albany Cycle," set in his native city, of which the most recent is* Very Old Bones. *Kennedy, who previews the forthcoming Edward Hopper exhibition at the Whitney on page 70, contributed to a literary reader that will accompany the show.*

While **Michael Roberts** was styling photo shoots as *Tatler*'s fashion and art director in the mid-80s, he took Polaroids "capturing how I thought the pictures should look." Roberts has since been taking his own fashion photographs, and is planning an exhibition at the Hamiltons Gallery in London.



JAMES WOLCOTT

Laura Jacobs, who writes on page 138 about the three soon-to-be-legendary Miller girls, has a trio of sisters of her own. Jacobs covers the fashion world for The New Republic *and* The Modern Review, *and is the author of* The Art of Haute Couture, *to be published by Abbeville Press this fall.*

Photographer **David Seidner** [illegible] straddled the worlds of fine art [illegible] fashion since he was 21, working [illegible] the couture house of Yves Saint L[illegible]rent as well as exhibiting his pho[illegible]graphs in galleries and museums s[illegible] as the Musée de la Mode et du T[illegible]tile at the Palais du Louvre. Seid[illegible] has recently published his fifth bo[illegible] *Nudes,* and is currently finishing [illegible] sixth, which focuses on artists a[illegible] their studios.



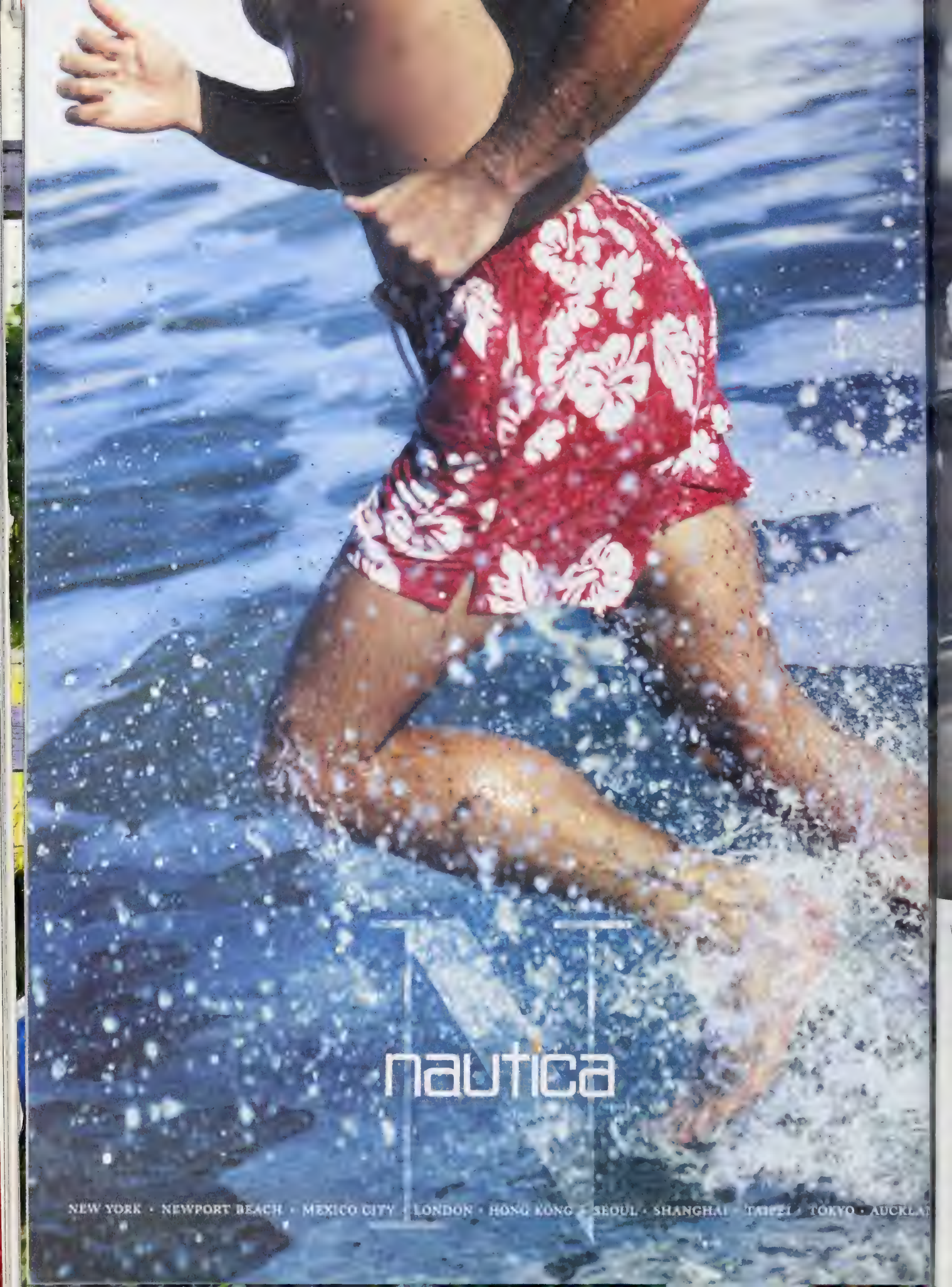
Sarah Lyall covered the publishing industry for The New York Times *before leaving the paper and moving to London. Lyall chronicles the carnal downfall of Bank of England executive Rupert Pennant-Rea on page 72. She will be married this month to Robert McCrum, editorial director of British publishing house Faber and Faber.*

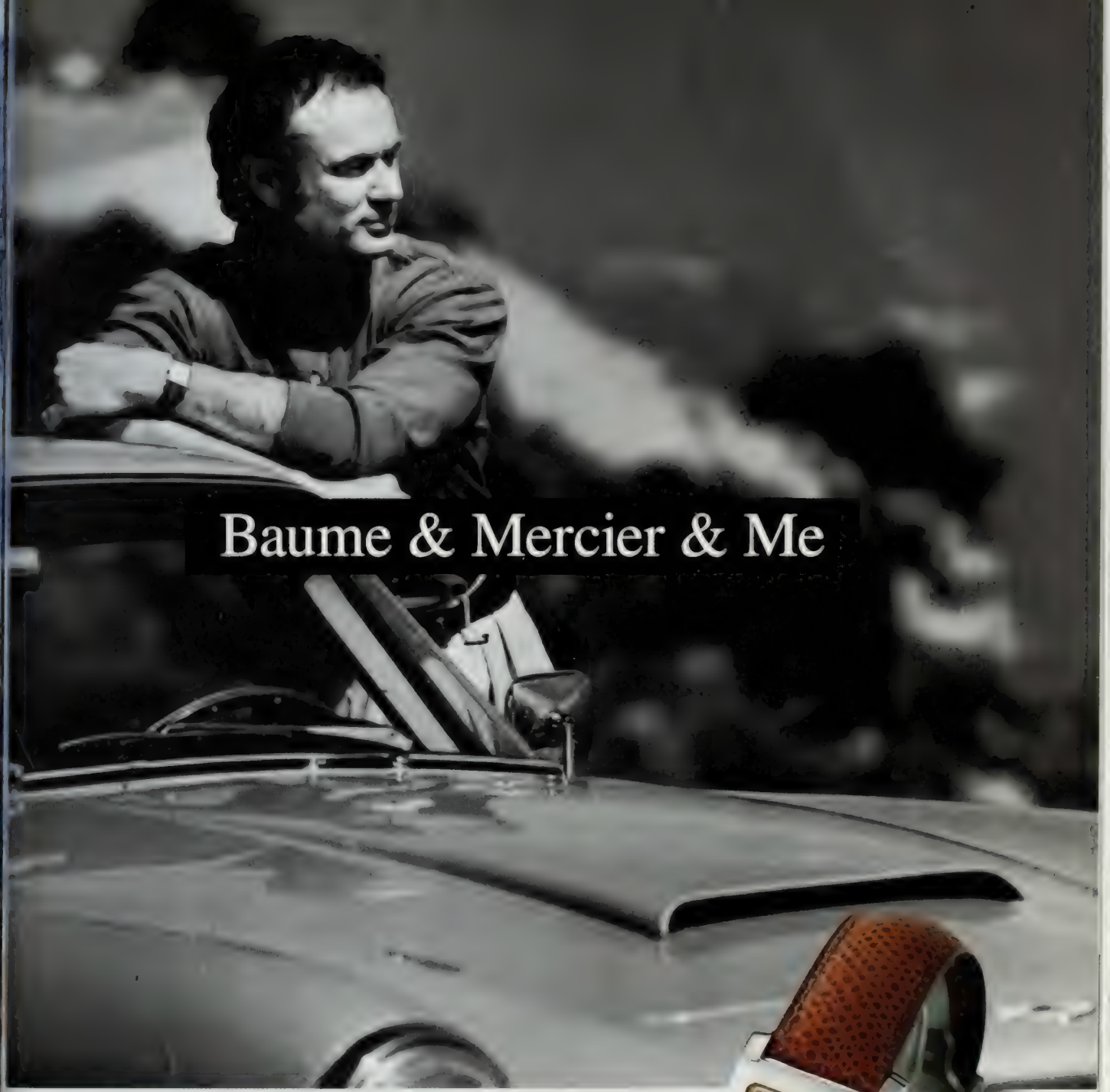
Contributing photographer **Snow[illegible]don,** whose portraits of adma[illegible] *terrible* Maurice Saatchi appear th[illegible] month, recently designed a futur[illegible]tic house for "The Ideal Home[illegible] an exhibition of alternative desig[illegible] for disabled people. "You wou[illegible] leave your wheelchair outside ar[illegible] attach yourself to a hoist from th[illegible] roof. You become like Peter Pa[illegible] flying to the top shelves in th[illegible] kitchen, down the hall, throug[illegible] passages." Snowdon has also wri[illegible]ten a small book on wildflower[illegible] for Pavilion Books, which will b[illegible] out in time to stuff stockings th[illegible] Christmas.


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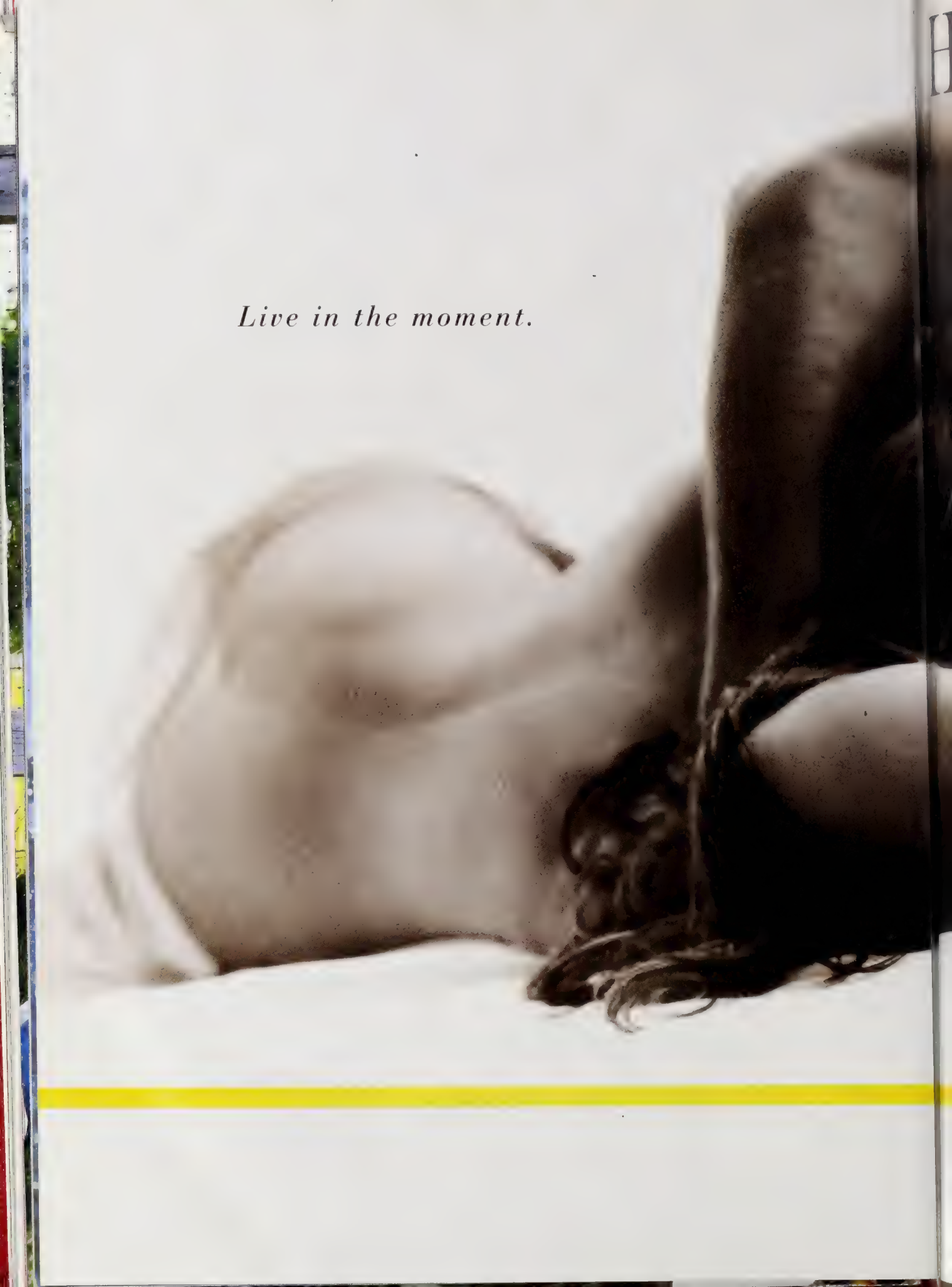
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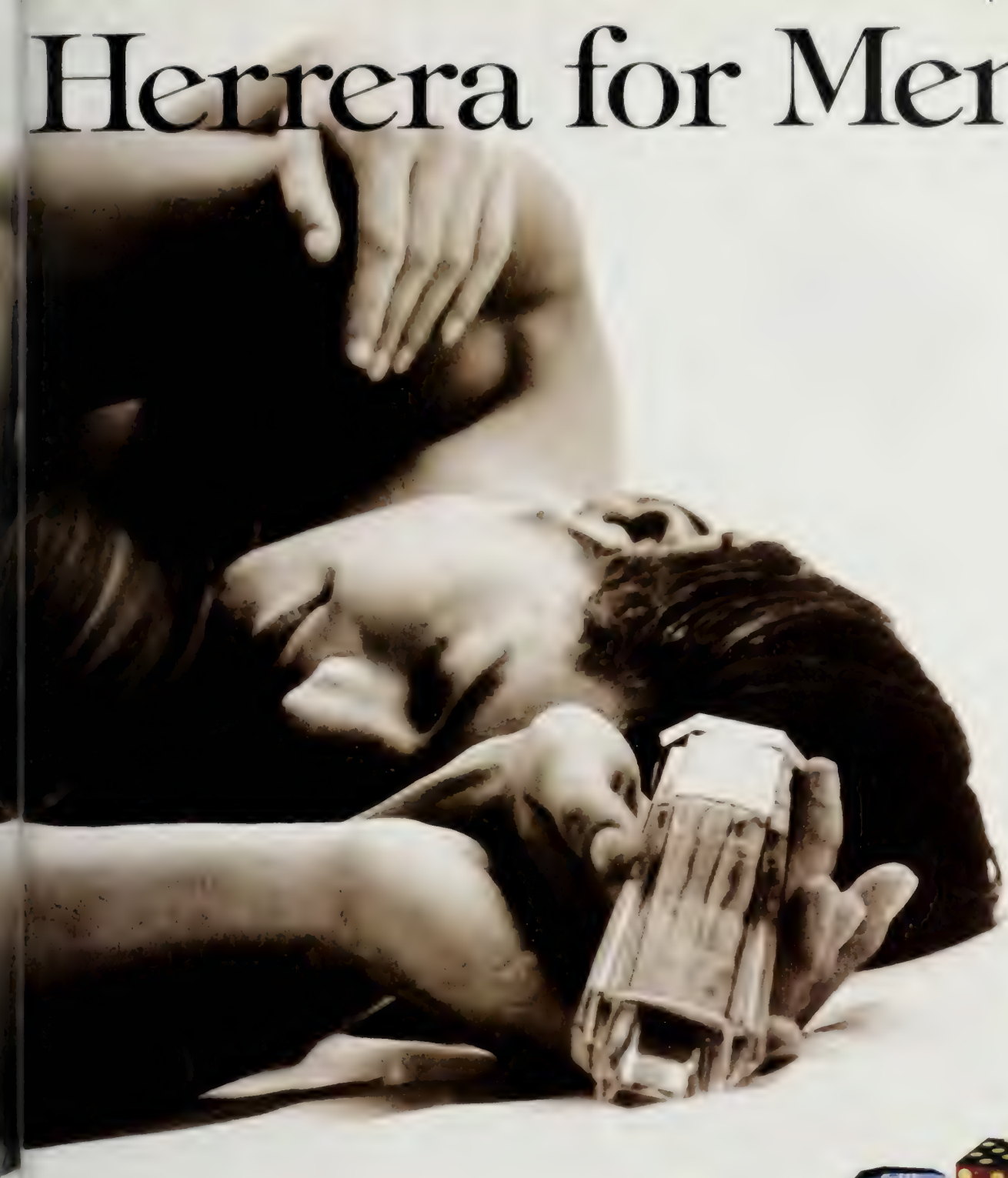
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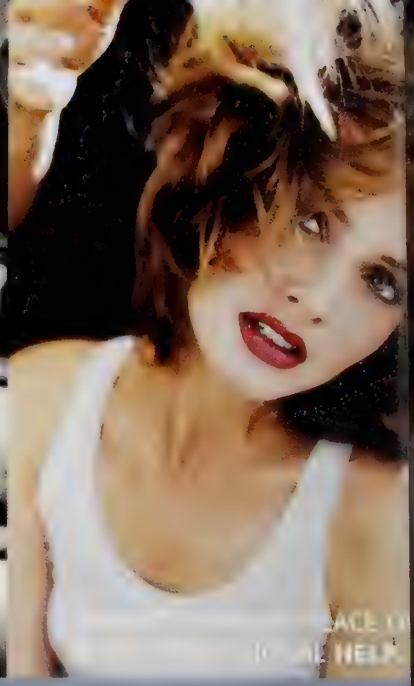
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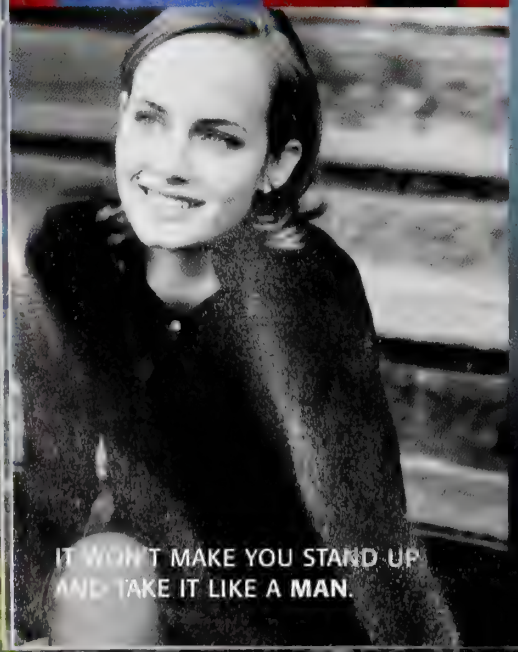


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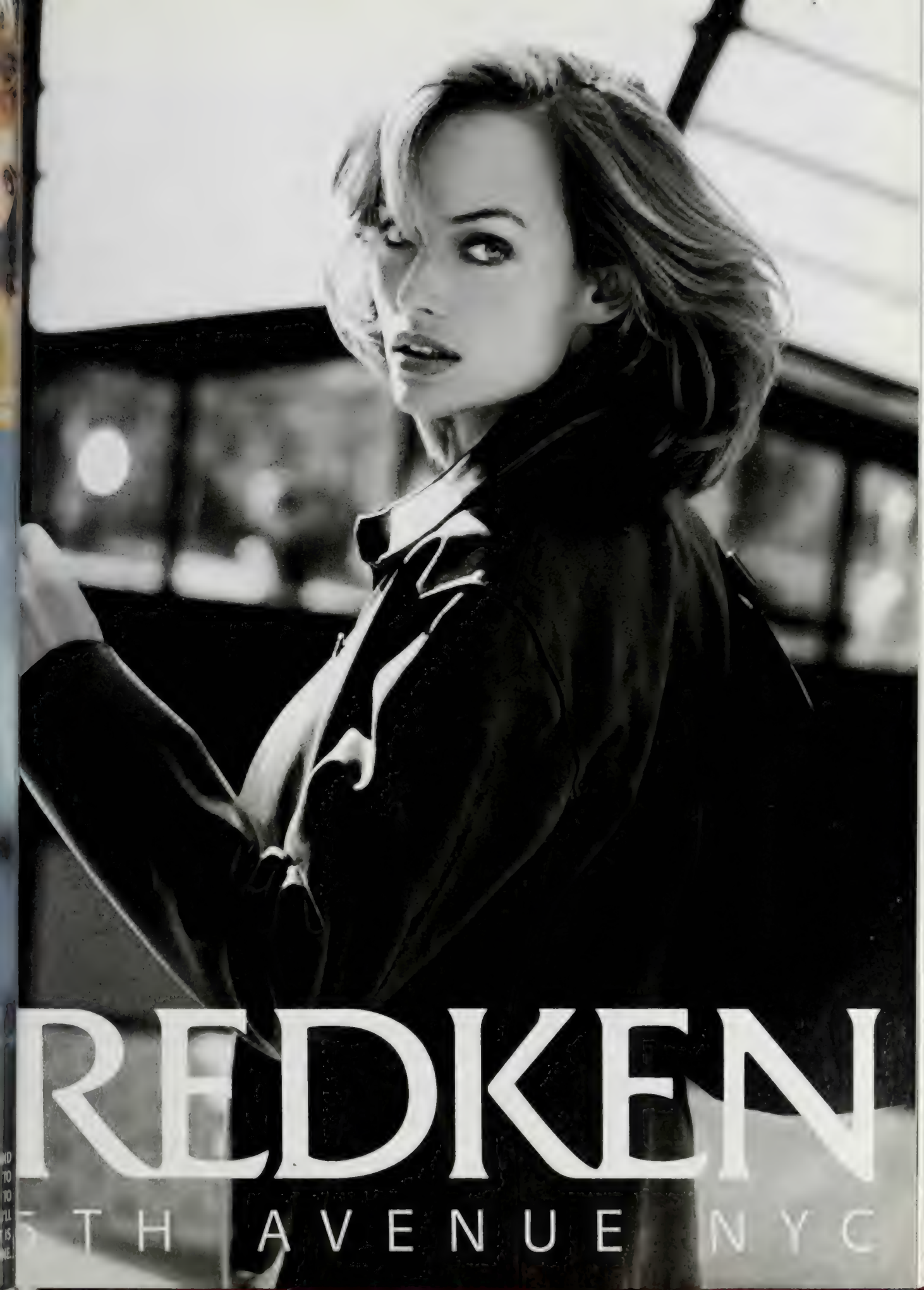
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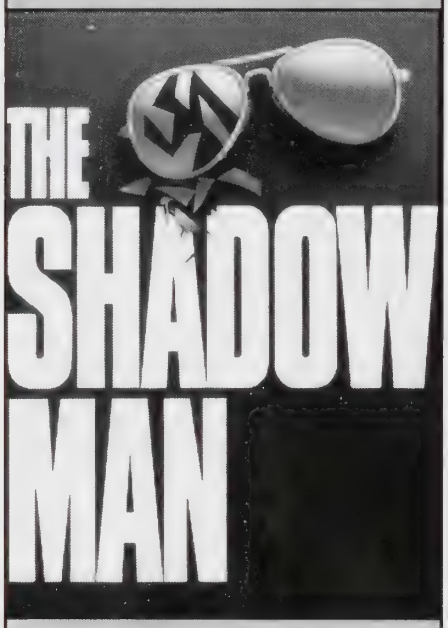


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Letters

MOST LIKE IT HOT



ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

All dolled up: Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon.

From the fabulous cover to the final words of America's queen, Doris Day, your Hollywood issue ["Special Hollywood Issue: The Power and Glamour of the Movies," April] was wonderful. Through the winding curves of Sunset, past Shirley, Frank, and Dean, and finally—Sophia Loren. The stunning perfection that is Sophia is also *Vanity Fair*.

CAROLYN SONING
London, England

Vanity Fair deserves an Oscar for its "Special Hollywood Issue."

SHERRY TERRY
Lafayette, Indiana

So often is Hollywood submerged in a sea of greed, mediocrity, and self-absorption that at times we forget that this industry is so full of positive people and ideals as well. It is truly nice to see your magazine take the time to focus on these elements.

ERIC FROST-BARNES
Los Angeles, California

The Women

I assume the reason there were no women in your "Writers" picture is that they were all too busy *working*.

ELISA BELL
Los Angeles, California

It seems the only people more marginal than women in *Vanity Fair*'s Hollywood are animators. Where are the people who created the recent Disney hits? It looks as if you've forgotten that behind every great mouse is a man . . . or woman.

ROB MINKOFF
ROGER ALLERS
Directors of *The Lion King*
Burbank, California

I want to commend you for your "Special Hollywood Issue." I feel that not only does *Vanity Fair* capture the allure and essence of the golden age of Hollywood, but it also accurately portrays what sells in Hollywood: sex.

The McCooeys



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ALTHOUGH THE MCCOOEY BROTHERS AND THEIR SISTER HAVE ALWAYS BEEN REMINDED OF THEIR STRIKING SIMILARITIES, IT IS THEIR DIFFERENCES THEY HAVE ALWAYS INSISTED ON. IT IS NO WONDER THEN, THAT EACH OWNS A DIFFERENT WATERMAN PEN. FOR WHILE STYLE IS KEY, INDIVIDUALITY IS STILL EVERYTHING.



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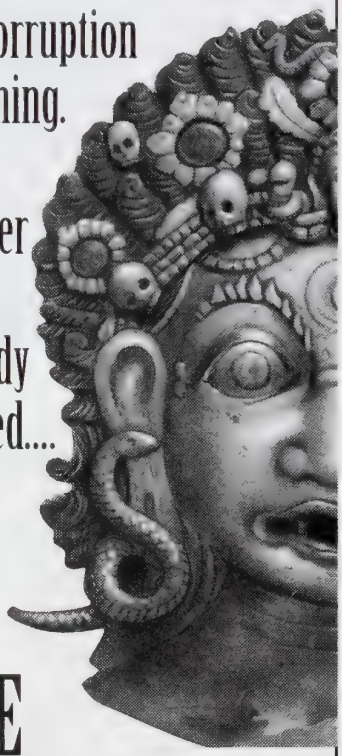
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Letters

I find it very hypocritical that Sherry Lansing would complain about your magazine's being sexist when she has produced such sex-driven movies as *Fatal Attraction* and *Indecent Proposal.*

In defense of your fabulous cover, there are photos within the magazine of a bare-chested Robin Williams, Dennis Hopper, Daniel Day-Lewis, and (AHEM!) Tony Curtis, so there is something for everyone in this issue.

TOM COLWELL
North Hollywood, California

Hollywood is shocked—*shocked*—at anyone's lack of respect for women! And it rejects the idea, apparently thought up by *Vanity Fair* alone, that women in Tinseltown can be looked at as sex objects rather than as fellow executive strivers whose sex is barely, if ever, noticed!

The *Los Angeles Times* says, "Angry executives and creative types were reeling" over your April issue because it "perpetuates a nagging image of woman as sex object in Hollywood." If your readers somehow get infected by the New York–publishing idea that Hollywood women can be viewed as sex objects, it's all your doing. Please shape up!

JOHN LEO
New York, New York

Cover Girls

Next time give us Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon on the cover of the magazine. They're the only two who look as if they're going to *do* something in their underwear besides pose for the camera!

ROBERTA POTTER
North Providence, Rhode Island

My pick for the cover would definitely have been the photograph of Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis in full makeup, or the wonderful "Oscar's Leading Ladies" in gorgeous black gowns. Kathy Bates obviously doesn't need to take off her clothes to impress anyone; she does that with her talent alone!

DOROTHY MURPHY
Aptos, California

For Art's Sake

In his article "The Art of the Deal" [April], Bob Colacello wrote that in the late 80s Leo Castelli was feuding with Arne Glimcher for luring me to the Pace Gallery and that last year I le Pace for the Gagosian Gallery. Wrong. have excellent working relations wit Pace, Gagosian, the Castelli Gallery, an the Matthew Marks Gallery—all whom show and build my work. I hav never left one of these galleries for a other.

RICHARD SERR
New York, New Yor

In his very interesting article, Bob Co lacello states that Michael Ovitz ac quired Elizabeth Murray's work fro the Pace Gallery and that Ms. Murra is a Pace artist. In fact, the work wa acquired from the Paula Coope Gallery and Ms. Murray is represente by the Paula Cooper Gallery, as she a ways has been.

PAULA COOPE
New York, New Yor

Trailers

I immensely enjoyed the excerpt from Shirley MacLaine's memoir ["Three Guys and a Doll," April], having read it three times already. This issue will hold a special place on my coffee table for many months to come.

MARY ANN STRADER
Coal Valley, Illinois

While it is not surprising that Jackie Collins ["The House That Jackie Built," by John Heilpern, April] is so very much mistress of her domain, it was a treat to learn that her house is so jaw-droppingly beautiful.

DAVID KAHAN
Brookline, Massachusetts

To end your special issue with America's sweetheart, Doris Day ["Social Study," April], was the icing on the cake.

LINDA AND JOHN FAGAN
El Paso, Texas

CORRECTION: In the May article "Famous Amis," by Michael Shnayerson, the U.K. publisher of Martin Amis's new novel, The Information, *was inadvertently identified in one instance as Jonathan Cape. The U.K. publisher is HarperCollins.*

Letters to the editor should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to: The Editor, *Vanity Fair,* 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Address electronic mail to vfmail@vf.com. The letters chosen for publication may be edited for length and clarity.

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TOP DOWD

Maureen Dowd's sharp pen sparked a revolution at *The New York Times.* Will she keep her controversial edge as she enters the stuffy sanctum of the paper's op-ed page?

BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

On Saint Patrick's Day, Maureen Dowd had her baptismal moment as the newest editorial writer at *The New York Times.* It was amusing to scroll through the roster of unsigned items in the paper's traditional big-think space and try to guess which one might be hers. That spirited piece on the "glass ceiling" and Elizabeth Dole? The grave rumination on the potato famine, entitled "Ireland's Great Hunger, 1845–1849"?

The first would have been easy meat for a girl reporter from a non–Ivy League background who had penetrated a glass ceiling of her own at the fortress on West 43rd Street before her 43rd birthday. And the second would have been a pushover for someone whose middle name is Brigid, whose father came to America from County Clare, and whose mother once picketed the British ambassador at the Kennedy Center wearing a green cape. But actually the Dowd effort was a modest and demure, even tentative mini-essay entitled "Don't Stop Now," about an obscure report that says that human evolution may have come to an end. "Have we stalled in a fit of complacency?" it asked. "Or after eons of working at it, have we decided we cannot handle one more rewrite?"

As Dowd prepares to bound across the letters column to the op-ed page, there to fill the distaff void created by the departure of Anna Quindlen, similar questions are being asked about her. "When she was a reporter, people used to moan that she was too opinionated," says her longtime pal Michael Specter, now half of a *Times* husband-and-wife team in Moscow. "So she gets a column and people start to moan that she doesn't have enough opinions." And this observation touches on a wider dispute—about the role and character of the press—which coincidentally has had Dowd at its center.

It's easy to see how this dispute got started. A few years ago, readers began to notice a certain "attitude" in the prose of a female White House correspondent. There was the time—some say the breakthrough moment—when she interviewed former national-security adviser Robert McFarlane. The circumstances were unusual, in that he was lying in a hospital bed after making an attempt on his own life. Dowd, peering through the flowers and Belgian chocolate truffles and cards, noticed the telling detail of a movie cassette. The movie was *It's a Wonderful Life.* The distraught politico spoke moistly of the consolation it had brought him. Rip-roaring stuff, I remember thinking. But many were the old-style gumshoe reporters who marked Dowd down. Why hadn't she asked him what Richard Secord did with the Iran-contra money? they demanded, as if McFarlane were going to tell Dowd things that he had never told the congressional investigation.

Then there was her description of George Herbert Walker Bush. "He talks funny. He keeps secrets. He enjoys sports



CAPITOL PUNISHMENT
Then *New York Times* Washington correspondent Maureen Dowd in 1993, in front of the Capitol, where her father was once a cop and her brothers were Senate pages.

DAN BORRIS

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AURORA
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that require Abercrombie & Fitch–style rugged wear. His second serve is as weak as a falling leaf." In a deadpan filing from the New Hampshire primary in January 1992, Dowd recorded all the tormented locutions that earned Bush his niche in the history of campaign rhetoric. "Don't cry for me, Argentina," he exhorted a group of baffled insurance workers. "Message—I care," he insisted to an audience at Exeter Town Hall. He alluded to the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band as "the Nitty Ditty Nitty Gritty Great Bird."

By the time Dowd had rather mildly defined "the articulation problem that sometimes strikes him in high-tension situations," the idea of "Bush-speak" was wrapped around George's neck good and proper. And though there was nothing factually impeachable in the portrait, it did make some of the traditionalists a trifle queasy. So, for that matter, did Dowd's capsule account of our current leader's officially nostalgic visit to his alma mater: "Bill Clinton returned today for a sentimental journey to the university where he didn't inhale, didn't get drafted, and didn't get a degree."

That last observation was the cue for a piece of flatulent pomposity by Adam Gopnik in *The New Yorker.* Gopnik, who openly pines for the days when it was the newspaperman, not just George Bush, who could keep a secret, wrote a screed against the alleged tendency of the press to "cynicism" and something called the "malicious manner." Dowd's supposed dissing of Bill (in a sentence which, you should note, is also factually impregnable) was his Exhibit A.

The *Washington Monthly,* in a long essay deploring the effect of "the new writers' bloc," identified Dowd as the de facto founder of a cult movement among reporters. "Today's campaign planes and buses are freighted with Dowd disciples," wrote Katherine Boo, "hyperliterate capital-W Writers with an eye for detail and an ear for the shuffling going on behind the curtain." Boo proceeded to ask, "So why is the creeping Dowdism in political reporting starting to irritate me?" before supplying the honest answer that maybe she was just plain envious.

In another piece of high solemnity, by then *Los Angeles Times* media man Tom Rosenstiel, Bob Woodward was quoted as saying that "most of this high-flying interpretive reporting . . . is generally impulsive, often silly and mostly wrong." Perhaps Woodward was thinking of *Veil,* his own exercise in bedside reporting, when he acted as interpreter for expiring C.I.A. chieftain William Casey.

To declare my own interest: I am not nostalgic for the days when the secretary of state said he was going on a "peace mission" and the job of the press was to refer to it as a "peace mission" thereafter. I *am* nostalgic for the days when Ernest Hemingway, Stephen Crane, Jack London, and H. L. Mencken could be used as correspondents.

I have known Dowd a little (to declare more of an interest) and admired her stuff. In happier and younger days I used sometimes to have gossipy lunches with her and her two great girlfriends, Jane Mayer (then of *The Wall Street Journal*) and Alessandra Stanley (now the other half of the *Times* Moscow team). Sitting with this trio—one redhead, one blonde, and one brunette—was a touch like breaking bread with the Witches of Eastwick.

In a deadpan filing, Dowd recorded all the tormented locutions that earned Bush his niche in the history of campaign rhetoric.

During the time when Dowd was making hay with Bush in New Hampshire, I was resentfully following the Clinton press crew and becoming annoyed at their easy decision to anoint a "New Democrat" and "front-runner" before a single vote had been cast. One freezing day I had to go to some terrible airport and see Clinton plunge down the steps into a Gennifer Flowers "press conference." While he was fibbing his way through this, I wandered out and joined the reporters who had been on the plane and didn't need to hear it anymore. The *New York Times* girl was there. Small rather than slight, with a definitely fey manner about her and a reticence which makes others want to do the talking, she stood at a slight angle to the hack pack, dressed as if for a hike.

Auburn of hair and brown of eye, wearing more makeup than was strictly good for her, she gestured vaguely toward the Democratic "front-runner" and quietly offered the words "I don't like him all that much—do you?" This was at least to put the question in the right order, and in the reverse order from many supposedly tougher scribes. I yodeled my agreement, and begged that she warn the voters before it was too late. She made some diffident reply and reboarded the Clinton jet. As I recall, whatever she wrote the next day fell under the heading of "fit to print." In those days, *The New York Times* and the rest of the press "liked" Bill—a fact that has since been forgotten by both teams. But Dowd did eventually find a way of getting her distaste into print, once again without violating the canons of the purely factual.

To understand Maureen Dowd one needs to know that she is Irish, that she is from the working class, and that she was born and raised in Washington, D.C. Two of her older brothers were Senate pages. On his first day on the job, one of them found himself alone in the Senate chamber: a 13-year-old closeted with a reeling and drunken lawmaker. The distinguished gentleman had jammed his foot into a brass spittoon and could see no clear way forward. Young Michael Dowd extricated the senator but gave a dire report to his family that very evening. You can't buy formative experience like that.

And Dowd's father was a Capitol Hill cop, some of whose relatives worked in domestic service (one of them for Senator Thomas Gore, Gore Vidal's grandfather). Say what you will about cops, they see people up close and personal, and Maureen's daddy often drew assignments like the removal of obstructive or intemperate witnesses from hearing rooms.

As Dowd herself once put it, "For everyone else, Washington is like Oz, a place associated with big events and abstract ideas. But for those of us born here, there is a secret city within Oz. For me, the Capitol is not just a famous building; it's where my mother and I picked up my father from work. Georgia Avenue, the mostly black neighborhood Bill Clinton visited as a populist gesture when he moved here, is the street I grew up on."

She went to Catholic University, where she majored in English and ran the box office at the campus theater. Her first paying job was in the pool-and-tennis club at the Washington Hilton, but "my family wanted me to have a job where I didn't have to wear a tennis dress to work" and so, after a bit of substitute teaching in nearby Prince



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Georges County, she started as a "dictationist" on the nine P.M. shift of the old *Washington Star*. By the time the *Star* folded she had become a reporter, and had interviewed for a job at *The New York Times* which she didn't get. A spell of feature writing at *Time* magazine and then "Anna Quindlen looked up my clips from the first interview and asked me back. I'm sitting in her office now, feeling like Goldilocks."

Although Dowd did very well for herself on the *Times* Metro Desk, New York in the early 80s having been rich in human material and all, it was the White House beat that drew all the threads together. When I ask her about the class aspect, a relatively uncommon consideration among *Times* staffers, she says, "Well, it's true that I have a strong sense of class, but it may show because I got to be a White House reporter at the same time as George Bush got to be president. I'm the opposite to John O'Hara: I have never wanted to be in any class but the one I'm in."

"I think of her as a Rosalind Russell character," says a friend, "tough and independent and sometimes even a bit lonely."

Of John O'Hara, Ernest Hemingway once said that his friends should just take up a collection and send him to Yale. Of Yalie George Bush it sometimes seemed, once Dowd had finished with him, that he wished he had been born a man of the people.

It is the telling detail that distinguishes Dowd's writing. Gary Hart growls at the wife he has humiliated, because she has asked Maureen to pick her up a can of hair spray and it's more costly than the generic brand. Strom Thurmond garlands her with senile gallantries. She spots the steam-sex element in the sneak preview of Speaker Gingrich's forthcoming novel. Rush Limbaugh, "scrunching up his baby face in distaste," talks of how detested and reviled he is in New York, and calls conspicuously for caviar at the '21' Club. "Mr. Limbaugh is now acting severely humor-impaired, to borrow one of his favorite phrases. So at midnight, the check is called for. Vox pop does not come cheap in Manhattan. Swollen by beluga, the bill, with tip, is $505.96. The reporter paid."

So this is all very well, and has added to the gaiety of nations while making our picture of political life sharper rather than (as the lugubrious Gopnik faction believes) more blurred. But what about the column? Ideas, thoughts, and positions are needed. Will "affect" and attitude be enough? For a start, what's it going to be called? "Well, Jane Mayer has suggested 'A Broad at Home,' to play off Anthony Lewis's column. Newt might like 'Girl's Town.'" Here is the seriousness problem, waiting to kick in.

And there are two further disadvantages. Dowd has done the odd summit and presidential trip, but has never soldiered in the foreign-policy wars. "One of my biggest regrets," she confesses, "is that I have never been an overseas correspondent." She will also find it harder to do what Anna Quindlen did on slow days—write about her private life. (Personally, I wish that she would, but she won't, and that's all I am able to say about that. Those who know don't say, and those who say don't know.)

"I think she's absolutely magical," says Michael Kinsley, one of her older acquaintances and frequent escorts. On the day we talked, Kinsley was still recovering from the description of him in *The Washingtonian* as having an "asexual forehead." ("I've written to the guy, asking what I can do to make my forehead more attractive to him.") But however cast down he may have been by this aspersion, he glowed when talking of Maureen. "She *always* gets it."

This was praise indeed from Kinsley, who has stuck up for the Clintons in thin times and who took Dowd as his date to a White House dinner. She used the occasion for a twofer, describing an event to which she had gone without the obligation that comes with being invited in her own right, and analyzing her resistance to a Clinton charm offensive. The more severe radicals in town, such as Eric Alterman, deplore what they call her absence of any detectable politics. I don't find it hard to guess what her political prejudice is—democratic with a small *d*. A leading diplomat in the city told me that Dowd once justified her scornful writing about the Bushes and the Clintons by saying that both teams had openly announced "a Faustian pact. To do *anything* to be president."

"I think of her as a Rosalind Russell character," says one of her female buddies, "tough and independent and sometimes even a bit lonely, but willing to do what she must in a man's world." A composite picture from her friends, who include the other Eastwickers as well as Kinsley and *Times* book critic Michiko Kakutani, will always stress three words, each of them slightly at odds with the others. Enigmatic. Glamorous. Private.

"Enigmatic" often does duty for a disorganization that would be almost ditsy in one who was less successful. "She doesn't pick up the telephone even when she knows you know she's there." "The bureau kept the number of her next-door neighbor in case they really needed to reach her in a hurry." "She'll call a Washington hostess on a Friday to apologize for missing a Wednesday dinner." "We had to have a fund-raiser to get her phone-call card restored on the campaign plane."

"Glamorous" is easier, because her attachment to ball gowns and glory-days extravagance is well known. ("Though is it so glamorous," muses one pal, "to nominate potato chips and champagne as your favorite feast?") "This is my Sharon Stone look," she once announced after another group of the traveling press had been compelled to club together to finance an outfit for an award ceremony for which Maureen had mislaid or forgotten the time and place.

Nobody will be quoted. Everybody adores her. And when it comes to "Private"—well, see above. "When she turns her attention fully upon you," says one veteran chum, "she's the best time in town. If you want to review last night's bash, she's the best disher I know. But if you ask what she's like when she goes home and puts on her housecoat to kick back, then I feel I don't know her." I myself have noticed that her chaotic habits and unpredictable showing-up record make her more sought-after rather than less. This would be one definition of the indefinable quality of charm.

At a celebrated *Times* internal meeting, she threatened to quit after criticism from the old school of her famous front-page story on Kitty Kelley's biography of Nancy Reagan. In



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her view, she had been asked to summarize Kelley's book and had done so faithfully. If people didn't like the play it got, then they had no business picking on the reporter/messenger. And that, says her former colleague Michael Kelly, is more or less the answer to those who accuse her and her imitators of somehow importing frivolity into a once serious press.

"She listens to a perfectly standard Washington conversation," he says, "and she can make a very exact judgment on the motives and postures that the conversation is designed to conceal. It's as if she was getting extra text, and had subtitles on her screen. Her style isn't really caustic at all; it's quite gentle, but completely authentic."

Writing what you see, which is all that Dowd is ever accused of having done, is of course quite different from writing what the readers expect. Readers expect certain templates and paradigms: you cover the Senate hearing as if it were a real thing, not as if (as is so often the case) it were ineptly staged for the cameras. But writing what you see, which by definition is the reporter's task, can also be subversive. What if you *see* the scenery wobbling, the candidate bullying his wife, the elder statesman attacking the cooking sherry and then slipping into that relaxing nurse's uniform (usually just after delivering his family-values peroration)?

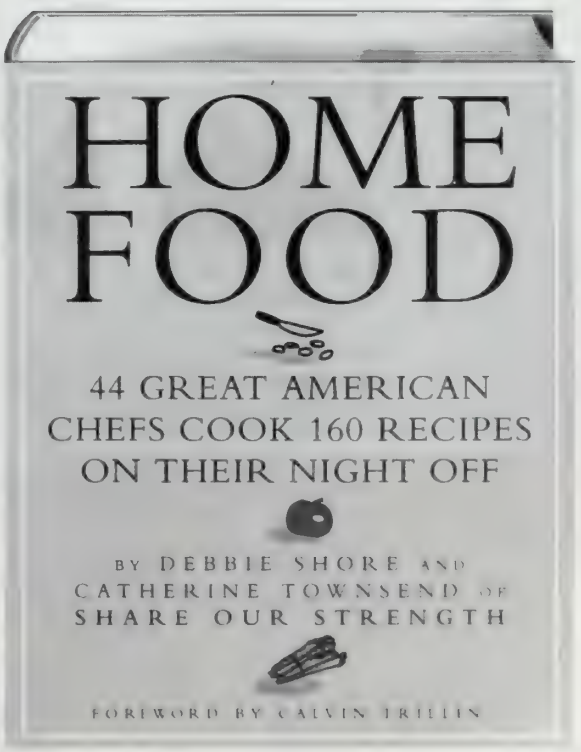
Her attachment to ball gowns and glory-days extravagance is well known. "This is my Sharon Stone look," she once announced.

Russell Baker, a distinguished colleague on the op-ed swath, tells in his memoirs of the shock he experienced on going to London for the Baltimore *Sun*, buying the English papers, and seeing how freely they wrote about the farce and comedy of proceedings in Parliament. He later recalled, in a brilliant column, his mounting distaste for the task of Washington reportage. It left, he said, as if he were being paid to be "a megaphone for the conveyancers of frauds."

This is the world that Gopnik found comfortable. The subjects themselves, who have a need to be taken at their own valuation, will not surrender their intimacy with a tame media without a struggle; they will huff and puff about "evenhandedness" and "just the facts." So it was with sadness and alarm that I read in that first Dowd editorial the dread phrase "While intellectuals on the left and right argue about the proper genetic explanation for America's social problems . . . " *Block that style!* I beseeched her. Don't commit journalism of this kind.

She heard me out and promised not to become a princess of the boringly evenhanded. Since then, she's written another unsigned editorial, about the floodlighting of the Empire State Building (which was slight), and a signed one about *The New Yorker* (which was . . . obvious). Still, as she ascends that high tower which is the *Times*, I hope she will remember what made her so worthy of the capturing. And at all costs I hope she will remember that foot in the spittoon. □

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IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER

Malcolm X's daughter Qubilah Shabazz saw her father gunned down and came to believe that Black Muslim leader Louis Farrakhan was behind the assassination. Now Shabazz herself has been charged with plotting the murder of Farrakhan

BY M. A. FARBER





"WORTHY OF DEATH": Louis Farrakhan, *above*, far right, wrote those words of Malcolm X, left, after the latter split from the Nation of Islam. Here they are in friendlier times at a rally in New York in 1963. Because Farrakhan had been so harsh in his denunciations, many believe he was complicit in Malcolm's 1965 assassination. *Inset:* accompanied by her mother, Betty Shabazz, Malcolm's 34-year-old daughter, Qubilah, arrives in St. Paul, Minnesota, on March 23, 1995, to face federal charges of plotting bloody revenge for her father's murder.

do think that eventually he's [Louis Farrakhan's] going to in a very slick way have her [Betty Shabazz] killed. OK, so it's either him or my mother.

—Qubilah Shabazz to Michael Fitzpatrick, July 27, 1994, government transcript of a recorded telephone conversation, page 7.

Fitzpatrick: I just want to make sure you want me to proceed on this.
Shabazz: Michael, how could I not want you to?
Fitzpatrick: OK.
Shabazz: I mean really, ask yourself, how could I not want you to?

Fitzpatrick: Right, well you understand because this is something I want to make [sure] isn't just idle chatter.
Shabazz: Michael, I have a lot at stake. I lost my father and I'm risking losing my mother.

—Page 17.

Fitzpatrick: I'm just going to proceed [with a plan to kill Farrakhan]. I'm just going to fucking set this shit up.... It sounds like I should prepare myself for the ugly, you know the big ugly.

—Page 20.

Malcolm X—El-Hajj Malik El-Shabazz, husband of Betty, father of Qubilah—would have been 70 years old this month had he escaped the assassin's bullet in a New York ballroom on a Sunday afternoon in 1965. In his 39 years, as he spun himself from hoodlum to implacable Black Nationalist, a riveting orator with "lightning in his mouth," a hero to the downtrodden, he saw a lot that was ugly. But even he might have been dazed by "the big ugly" that has engulfed the second of his six daughters, who was born on Christmas Day in 1960. She was present when he was cut down, and seems never to have found her place in life.

In January 1995, Qubilah-Bahiyah Shabazz was indicted by a federal grand jury in Minneapolis on charges of planning the murder of Louis Farrakhan, the Nation of Islam leader whom her mother had accused of involvement in

LEFT, BY ROBERT L. HAGGINS; RIGHT, BY CAROLYN STEWART

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Malcolm's assassination. The man Shabazz allegedly enlisted for the hit, a former private-school classmate in New York named Michael Kevin Fitzpatrick, was an informant for the F.B.I.

For many people across the country, both black and white, the indictment was simply mind-boggling. Only two years after Spike Lee's cinema bio of Malcolm, the slain black leader's obscure Quaker daughter, a reclusive potter and aspiring writer, the single mother of Malcolm's only grandson, was charged with plotting bloody revenge against the powerful Black Muslim who, for a generation, has denied direct complicity in her father's murder. If it seemed improbable, or like something from a time warp—that a corrupt F.B.I. was once again up to the dirty tricks it had used to discredit Malcolm, the Reverend Martin Luther King Jr., and others—there were still 312 pages of telephone conversations in 1994 between Qubilah Shabazz and Mike Fitzpatrick and a statement Shabazz signed for the F.B.I. in her Minneapolis apartment last December 20. "The idea to kill Farrakhan was my idea," Shabazz said in the statement. "I believed that Fitzpatrick could do it and get away with it." Shabazz said she had first broached the idea in May 1994 because "my mother has been very outspoken in naming Farrakhan as one of my father's murderers. I know that he was involved. This, coupled with concern for my mother's life, was my principal motivation for suggesting this scheme. I understood that the consequences could be very bad for my family and the black community." By early December, Shabazz said, she had changed her mind and wanted to drop the plan. But she couldn't reach Fitzpatrick—who, unbeknownst to her, was disappearing into the federal witness-protection program, telling friends that, for the peace of his "soul," he had saved a man he hated.



"OUR ROYAL FAMILY": On February 18, 1965, three days before his death, Malcolm urges people to attend the fateful rally at the Audubon Ballroom, at Broadway and 166th Street. By his side are his wife, Betty, who was pregnant with twin girls, and their four daughters. Qubilah is at far left. His family would be in the audience to witness his murder.

Having little money—prosecutors say she put down $250 against as much as $2,000 to $4,000 for Farrakhan's murder—Qubilah Shabazz is represented by a federal public defender in Minnesota and by volunteer lawyers, two of whom, Percy Sutton and William Kunstler, go way back with her family, which Sutton calls "our royal family." Sutton, a media executive and former Manhattan borough president, who identified Malcolm X's body at the morgue with Betty Shabazz, is suave and formal, impeccable in pinstripes. The theatrical, wild-haired Kunstler, who revels in being called "the most hated lawyer in America," has long been a shiv in the side of the government—"always the main enemy." However different in style and demeanor, the lawyers make the same argument: Qubilah Shabazz, whose only infraction may have been a "thought crime," was entrapped by an out-of-control F.B.I. and a paid informant whom Kunstler pronounced "as vicious and evil a snake as ever has lived on this earth," albeit with "a certain éclat." Fitzpatrick—who, after reporting Shabazz's plan, was promised $45,000 by the F.B.I. to continue his cooperation—was driven by a need for money, and help on drug and possible rare-coin fraud charges, the lawyers suggest. He was a provocateur, Sutton told a federal magistrate in March, a scoundrel masquerading as a friend and possibly more, taking advantage of "a fragile lady" who "has experienced trauma in her life." "There was affection and there was hope for love . . . a young lady who had faith in someone but who never intended to commit a crime, but strung along someone because she hoped if she did . . . it might evolve into something of substance."

It did, but it wasn't love. And the talk on the tapes is not about romance but about silencers and "nightscopes"—"Oh, like one of those things they had on 'Silence of the Lambs'?" Shabazz asks—and death after Friday prayer service, and whether Farrakhan knew "shit about security." Farrakhan probably knows as much about security as the Secret Service. Whether he deserved Betty Shabazz's televised condemnation in March 1994—which may have set this whole story in motion, reuniting two fatherless, troubled nomads of vastly different temperaments—is another matter.

Malcolm X was a fringe player in American political life, a fringe player even in the civil-rights movement that came to fruition in the 1960s under King, who was also slain at 39. He never had a large following, which he wanted, and never had anything like the acclaim conferred on King, which he also wanted. But in his prime, in the early 60s, he was a commanding champion of black separatism, *(Continued on page 59)*

GREG HARRIS











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(Continued from page 54) self-respect, and self-defense. No one, M. S. Handler wrote in the introduction to Malcolm's posthumously published "autobiography," "aroused fear and hatred in the white man as did Malcolm." And that alone, according to some historians, helped persuade white America to deal with more moderate black representatives.

Malcolm's dozen years in the Nation of Islam (N.O.I.) ended ostensibly over his widely publicized remark after President Kennedy's assassination in 1963 that Kennedy "never foresaw that the chickens would come home to roost so soon." Elijah Muhammad, then the N.O.I. leader, had forbidden any of his ministers to comment on the assassination, and suspended Malcolm from his post as minister of Mosque No. 7 in Harlem, first for 90 days and then indefinitely. But the problems between Malcolm and others in the N.O.I. leadership ran much deeper. For all his veneration of Elijah Muhammad, Malcolm had come to believe that he was an adulterer, and some of Muhammad's key associates had grown uneasy with Malcolm's increasing prominence. So Malcolm was replaced as spokesman for the N.O.I. by a former calypso singer who led the Boston mosque, a man with whom Malcolm had enjoyed a warm relationship, and whom Malcolm had often called his "little brother." He was Minister Louis X, later Louis Farrakhan.

In March 1964, Malcolm announced his departure from the N.O.I., as well as plans to form his own mosque and an entity that would become the Organization of Afro-American Unity. But he foresaw trouble, telling *Ebony* magazine that Black Muslim leaders "can't afford to let me live." Malcolm spent much of the rest of 1964 abroad, touring Africa and the Middle East like a visiting head of state. After a pilgrimage, or hajj, to Mecca—where he took the name Malik El-Shabazz and observed "pilgrims of *all colors* worshipping Allah in perfect peace and harmony"—he seemed much changed. He no longer saw the Devil in every white man but was determined to lay the "human rights" abuse of black Americans before the United Nations.

The N.O.I. didn't conceal its displeasure with its errant son. In December 1964, in the N.O.I. paper, *Muhammad Speaks*, Farrakhan wrote that "only those who wish to be led to hell, or to their doom, will follow Malcolm. The die is set, and Malcolm shall not escape. . . . Such a man as Malcolm is worthy of death, and would have met with death if it had not been for [Elijah] Muhammad's confidence in Allah for victory over his enemies." The N.O.I. went to court to reclaim the bungalow in East Elmhurst, Queens, that had long been home to Malcolm, Betty, and their four daughters, the oldest six, the youngest less than a year. Malcolm resisted. In the early morning hours of February 14, 1965, the bungalow was firebombed. Four days later Malcolm was evicted. Desperate, and certain he was being cornered, Malcolm now began to think he had been marked for death by forces in the government, possibly the C.I.A. or F.B.I. On February 20 he told Alex Haley, his collaborator on *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*, that "I'm not all that sure it's the Muslims. I know what they can do, and what they can't, and they can't do some of the stuff recently going on."

On February 21 he was scheduled to speak at the Audubon Ballroom in Washington Heights, just north of Harlem at Broadway and 166th Street. He arrived at the Audubon around two P.M. and, lingering backstage, was given a lengthy introduction by his aide, Benjamin X. "Make it plain," he had told Benjamin. "I'm just about at my wit's end," he remarked to a woman as he went out front.

"*As-salaam alaikum,*" Malcolm opened from the rostrum. No sooner had the audience responded than there was a scuffle—a diversion, it later appeared—and the roar of a sawed-off shotgun, followed by round after round from pistols in the hands of black men in overcoats. Malcolm lay dying. Betty, seated on a bench near the front, had been removing the children's snowsuits when the commotion began. During the pandemonium, she threw the children under the bench, shielding them. "They never actually saw what happened," she would tell reporters. But, years later, Malcolm's oldest daughter, Attallah, said she had indeed looked. Gordon Parks, the photographer, who is Qubilah Shabazz's godfather, recalled in *Life* magazine that in the hours after the assassination "only Qubilah, the 4-year-old, seemed to understand that her father wouldn't come again. She tugged at her mother's skirt. 'Please don't go out, Momma.'"

The N.O.I. denied involvement in the assassination, with Elijah Muhammad saying that Malcolm "got what he was preaching." In 1966 three Black Muslims were convicted of the murder. One, a confessed shooter named Talmadge Hayer, testified that he and several accomplices—not including his co-defendants—had been hired to kill Malcolm. He wouldn't say by whom. A decade later Hayer told William Kunstler and Malcolm's biographer Peter Goldman that his co-conspirators belonged to the N.O.I.'s Newark mosque—where Louis Farrakhan has said he was visiting on the day of the murder—and that the assassination was payback for Malcolm's disrespect for Elijah Muhammad. Hayer said he didn't know who ordered it. Kunstler argued that the police knew from informants that Malcolm's life was in danger and had let the murder happen.

Betty had been pregnant when Malcolm was murdered and she gave birth in 1965 to twins—two more daughters. Her husband had died broke. But with the help of friends and Malcolm loyalists, Betty was soon able to put down

"The idea to kill Farrakhan was my idea," said Shabazz in her statement.



SAVE THE CHILDREN: Photographer Gordon Parks wrote that of all Malcolm's children only Qubilah seemed to understand in the hours after the assassination that her father wasn't coming home again. *Above*, people gather around Malcolm as he lies dying. Men wearing overcoats in the audience had fired round after round of bullets just as Malcolm began speaking.

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money for a house in Mount Vernon, New York, north of the city, and enroll her children in private schools. She resumed her education, earning a doctorate in education and getting a job as an administrator at Medgar Evers College in Brooklyn, where she still works.

When Qubilah was eight, she wrote a few lines about her father on an index card. They read: "Malcolm X was a brave leader, he fought for rights for all black people. His black preachings were in everybody's heart. In 1964 he was at the autobaum preaching. And everyone was listening instead of falling asleep. Listening to his black word. Then for not long he was shot. He dyed, but his black beautiful soul is in every black person's heart."

In Mount Vernon, Qubilah is remembered as bright, sweet, and poised, but also as an introspective, reserved child, perhaps the quietest of the Shabazz sisters. Then, as later, she seldom mentioned her father. She went from a Lutheran grade school in Mount Vernon to the United Nations International School in Manhattan. Qubilah, who had studied Arabic seriously, was also nearly fluent in French. She was a member of the class of 1978, and her academic record by graduation was good enough for admission to Princeton University.

William Kunstler has called F.B.I. informant Fitzpatrick "as vicious and evil a snake as ever has lived on this earth."

Many UNIS students knew that she, like her older sister, Attallah, was a daughter of Malcolm X. But with the daughters of Pearl Bailey and Richard Burton and a son of George C. Scott also in school around that time, it wasn't dwelled on. Qubilah seems to have left little impression on her classmates. "She was very retiring, a stealth person," one remembers. "I used to see her sitting at the end of the hall near the stairwell. That's about it." But in a poignant, perhaps prescient poem for the 1977 yearbook, Qubilah took note of those around her: "How shall I say good-bye to my friends? . . . / I'll sing my song, / then depart /. . . hoping they will see / the agony / burning / through me. / And love me for it."

Qubilah showed no particular interest in politics, unlike one of her more confrontational classmates, a pasty-faced, curly-haired fellow in overalls, Michael Fitzpatrick. But, like Malcolm X, Michael's father, Tom, had been someone the F.B.I. could well have had an extensive file on. He had gone to work at Westinghouse's flagship plant in East Pittsburgh in 1922 and, in the 30s, helped organize the United Electrical Workers. By the end of World War II he was president of U.E.'s large district in western Pennsylvania and West Virginia, a national vice president of the union, and a Progressive Party candidate for public office. In 1950, Tom Fitzpatrick was cited for contempt by the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Asked whether he was a Communist, Fitzpatrick said the government had "no right to pry into my mind." (He was later acquitted.) In 1954 Fitzpatrick was dismissed by Westinghouse. For years, the company said, he had been "a disturbing influence among our employees." Fitzpatrick moved to New York and found work, but "his life," a family member says, "was never the same." He died in the early 1980s. His wife, who is believed to have been a labor organizer when she met him, became a successful businesswoman, active in the women's movement.

Michael Fitzpatrick was born in May 1960. He wasn't yet a teen when he was distributing campaign literature for Democratic presidential candidate George McGovern. Andrew Kirtzman, a close friend and UNIS classmate of Michael's, recalls that, even in the seventh and eighth grades, Michael stood out. "In an extremely sheltered place, he was a middle-class New York street kid," says Kirtzman. "He was what you'd call hyperactive—a wild kid, a prankster, funny and sharp, the kind of kid who'd talk back to teachers." Kirtzman says Michael's aggressiveness didn't prevent him from getting along with most students. "He charmed them in a rogue's way. He even landed the prettiest girl in the class." Two former students remember Fitzpatrick bringing a gun to school and firing it from UNIS's rooftop. "He was *the* scary guy in the class," says one of those students. In 1976, Fitzpatrick, whose mother is Jewish, joined the right-wing Jewish Defense League, and in 1977 he pleaded guilty to conspiracy charges stemming from the bombing of a Russian-language bookstore in Manhattan, where a small device shattered windows. Fitzpatrick, who has told friends that he declined to inform on his cohorts, received four years' probation and moved to Maine. He did not graduate from UNIS, though his picture, like Qubilah Shabazz's, appears in the 1978 yearbook. While classmates seem to have no recollection of Fitzpatrick and Shabazz's having anything but a passing acquaintance, Fitzpatrick has mentioned that he "liked" her in high school, though not romantically. Shabazz told the F.B.I. last December that she had known Michael since she was 12 and they became "close friends" because of "common experiences."

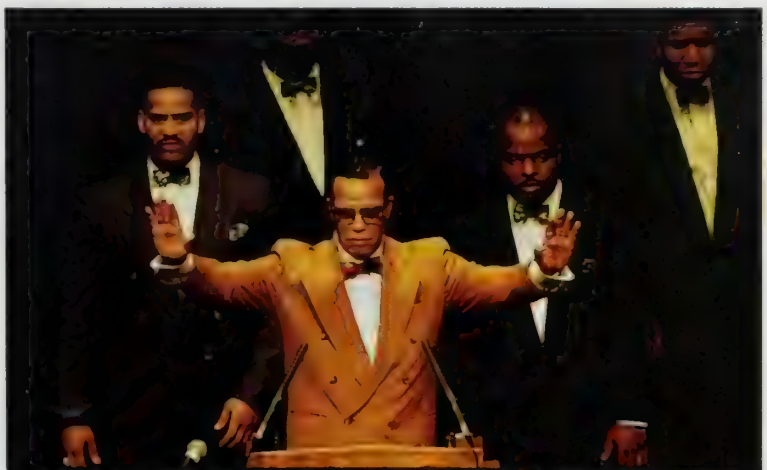
Qubilah didn't take to Princeton. She entered in the fall of 1978, stayed a semester, left, returned for the fall semester in 1979, then left permanently. William Murphy, a fellow student who has remained friendly with Shabazz, told *The New York Times* "some of the black students were expecting her to be a certain way, and she was not." "She has always wanted to be left alone. She never was interested in carrying the mantle of her father." Howard Taylor, who was chairman of Princeton's Afro-American-studies program in the late 70s, says Shabazz "didn't make herself known" to him or many others. "I knew she was there, the daughter of Malcolm X. But she was kind of a phantom, a loner who avoided interaction." In 1980, Qubilah moved to Paris, continuing her studies at the Sorbonne and working as a language tutor and secretary/translator for an electrical-engineering firm. A former UNIS classmate, then living in Montana, recalls being awakened by a "rambling" call from Qubilah in the middle of the night from Paris. It was the only time he heard from her after graduation, and she remarked, in passing, that she was "fearful for her safety, that people were after her, out to get her. . . . I didn't have a clue what was going on in her life," the friend says. Qubilah also had a son in France, in 1984, whom she named after her father. Gordon Parks says neither he nor anyone in Qubilah's family has met young Malcolm's father, who is said to be African. "She won't talk about him. . . . I think probably it was a mistake in her life."

Dan Scott, in the late 1970s, was an F.B.I. agent in New York, assigned to terrorist investigations. In 1978, during the Camp David discussions between Israelis and Egyptians, Scott asked probationer Michael Fitzpatrick

to infiltrate a J.D.L. splinter group known as SOIL (Save Our Israel Land), whose members were suspected of having set off bombs in an effort to thwart a peace accord. Fitzpatrick has said he undertook the role because it was the "moral thing" to do. Wearing a body mike, Fitzpatrick gathered information that led to the arrest and conviction of two Jewish militants, Victor Vancier and Bruce Berger, for plotting the bombing of the Egyptian tourist office in New York. After the indictment of Qubilah Shabazz, Vancier—whose truthfulness was questioned in 1979 by a federal judge—told reporters that he and others had wanted only to cause property damage but Fitzpatrick had urged them to kill. According to William Kunstler, Fitzpatrick not only egged on the SOIL members—supplying the dynamite while saying he hoped it would kill or maim—but was also promised more than $10,000 by the F.B.I. for his work. Dan Scott says Fitzpatrick was a young idealist who saved lives at a delicate time—perhaps a hero.

After the Vancier-Berger trial, Fitzpatrick was enrolled in the federal witness-protection program under the name Michael Summers, and moved to Minneapolis. He was back in New York by 1980—married, living on the Upper West Side, attending Hunter College, and running up thousands of dollars in parking tickets. One friend recalls him saying that he was "laying rails for the Communist Workers Party." Others say that for two years Fitzpatrick served as an undercover agent for the F.B.I., infiltrating the party's Revolutionary Youth League. In September 1981, Fitzpatrick was arrested by local police in Albany, New York, in connection with a protest against the South African Springboks Rugby team. The trunk of his Buick, police reported, was a small arsenal: tear gas, eight clubs, bayonet, hunting knife, and metal pipe—all of which, Kunstler says, were to be used against the demonstrators or to implicate them in illegal activities. The weapons-possession charges against Fitzpatrick were dismissed, and the court record was sealed. "He's a very smart guy who got into very dumb things," says a friend who spent much time with Fitzpatrick between 1977 and 1981. "The tragedy is he had tremendous potential. Had he found his way into law school or business, you'd be reading about him in *Forbes*."

Addicted to cocaine, abusing alcohol, and soon divorced, Fitzpatrick returned in 1985 to Minneapolis, where he became a familiar figure in "recovery circles." In January 1986 he was charged with drunken driving and possession of cocaine, although the latter charge was dismissed. Fitzpatrick was also briefly engaged with an anarchist collective in his neighborhood in late 1986 and, according to a former member of the group, Christopher Gunderson, "actively sought to involve us in illegal activities we would never have initiated ourselves," including attacking an election polling place with guns, Molotov cocktails, or bags of human feces. Gunderson says Fitzpatrick intended to set up members for arrest, and deposited a shotgun and Mace at the collective's bookstore. Fitzpatrick has said that he merely sold the gun to someone who lived at the bookstore.



AN OPEN SECRET: Louis Farrakhan is pictured speaking in 1994 at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. When asked whether Farrakhan was involved in Malcolm's murder, Betty Shabazz replied, "Of course, yes.... Everybody talked about it."

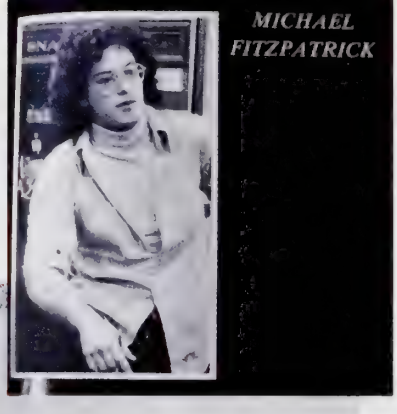
Around 1987, Fitzpatrick became friendly with a writer, Sari Gordon. They met at a "recovery meeting," Gordon recalled in an article last January in the *Twin Cities Reader*. "He was tall, heavily-built, good-looking and better dressed than most of the other addicts I had come to know. I figured him for either a coke dealer or a car salesman. . . . He was no mama's boy." He was partial to hand-rolled cigars, gold jewelry, leather jackets, fast cars, and gaming tables. Gordon wrote, and he once mentioned that he had gone to school with Malcolm X's daughter. He said "she was not a close friend. He said she was a quiet loner who drank by herself often." Gordon says she was intrigued by Fitzpatrick's intellect and ability to "grasp complex scenarios." But she found him "kind of a thug," "too slippery."

Fitzpatrick was married a second time, for eight months, in 1991. He went to work for several gold and rare-coin dealers but filed for bankruptcy in April 1993, with debts of more than $70,000. In October 1993, he left a suburban-Minneapolis employer called Investment Rarities—the company told police he was fired—and a dispute ensued over whether he had given or sold the names of customers to competitors. A police complaint report said Fitzpatrick had threatened to "expose" the company's practices, and claimed to be in the witness-protection program "for killing a mafioso." In November 1993, Fitzpatrick and others were arrested on drug charges at the Minneapolis apartment of Harlan Rosenfeld, another coin dealer. Besides crack pipes and other drug paraphernalia, more than $16,000 in $100 bills was discovered in a bedroom dresser. Fitzpatrick, who gave his name as Summers, admitted he had just flushed a "small amount of cocaine" down the toilet. According to the police report, Fitzpatrick also directed the officers to two small foil packets of cocaine—"of the size commonly packaged for sale"—under the bathroom rug.

Fitzpatrick was charged with fifth-de-

The trunk of Fitzpatrick's Buick, police reported, was a small arsenal: tear gas, eight clubs, bayonet, hunting knife, and metal pipe.

After reporting Shabazz's plan, Fitzpatrick was promised $45,000 by the F.B.I. to continue his cooperation.





"A star for noon; no more
The maiden hair, the summer eyes –
all gone.
The bluegreen sea is outward floating.
No more reflected moons or virgin ways
You have collapsed the rainbow
There is only the sunken sun."
G. Parks Sr.



OLD FRIENDS? ***Top and center:*** **Michael Fitzpatrick and Qubilah Shabazz in their photos from New York's United Nations International School 1978 yearbook. Classmates don't remember them as particularly close.** ***Above:*** **mug shots stemming from Michael Fitzpatrick's arrest on drug charges in Minneapolis in 1993, when he gave police his F.B.I. witness-protection-program alias, Michael Summers.**

gree possession of drugs, but, in his case, according to the Hennepin County attorney's office, the charge would likely have resulted in probation. The matter is still pending. By early 1994, a good friend says, Fitzpatrick was getting himself together by attending Alcoholics Anonymous, and enjoying long drives in the country with the golden retriever that was his constant companion. He rebounded financially, by his account—finding a new employer, Premier Rarities, and making more than $100,000 a year. Then, just before Memorial Day 1994, his phone rang.

Qubilah Shabazz returned from France in 1985, with little Malcolm and with what she said was a bachelor's degree in psychology from the Sorbonne. She went to work in New York in 1986 as a telemarketer. Former UNIS classmate David Steinhardt happened upon Qubilah pushing Malcolm in a stroller that summer. Oddly, Qubilah launched into a monologue about a murder in Paris. The gist was: she had been allowed by an older man to use his apartment; she saw the man's son get a knife, and then overheard sounds suggesting a murder; she went to the Paris police, who wouldn't act; investigators from Scotland Yard showed up and said her friend had been killed by his son, who had also killed his mother in England; and she, Qubilah, after pretending to be a mute who understood French but not English (to conceal her identity), went to England as a witness for the prosecution. Strange as the tale seems, authorities suggest it is true.

After a year or two in California, waitressing in the Bay area at Denny's, Qubilah sold advertising space for a civil-service workers' directory in New York, then moved in 1990 to Philadelphia, where one of her grandmothers lived. She resumed working at Denny's and, though listing herself briefly as a telemarketer and fund-raiser, she seems to have been broke, and was evicted from at least one small apartment. In 1992, when Qubilah went back to New York and the Shabazz family was caught up in the hoopla over Spike Lee's movie, she was still the most private of Malcolm X's daughters. Attallah was an actress and theatrical producer and lectured widely on her father, as did Betty Shabazz. Gamilah was a budding rapper, who incorporated excerpts from Malcolm X's speeches. Malikah, one of the twins and an architect, addressed college students during Black History Month in 1993. "Never, never, never—Qubilah never talked about her father," says Ingram Fox, a musician and writer for whom she was typing a book in 1993. "I asked her why and she said, 'I just don't like it.'" Qubilah lived at the same address as Fox, on upper Riverside Drive, in Harlem. She was, Kunstler says, surrounded by crackheads in that neighborhood, and was also having difficulties with her son, who apparently ran away at least once.

No one recalls Qubilah Shabazz mentioning Louis Farrakhan over the years. In a March 1994 speech, Farrakhan reiterated that he had nothing "to do with Malcolm's death." But he conceded that he was among those who "created an atmosphere that allowed Malcolm to be assassinated." A few days later, Betty Shabazz was asked on WNBC-TV's *News Forum* if she thought Farrakhan "had anything to do" with the murder.

"Of course, yes," she replied. "Nobody kept it a secret. It was a badge of honor. Everybody talked about it, yes."

Two months later, Qubilah's phone rang.

Who called whom first? In her statement to the F.B.I. last December, Qubilah said that, after a UNIS alumni directory was published in 1994, Fitzpatrick called her "just prior to Memorial Day" from Minneapolis. She hadn't spoken to him since 1980, two years after graduation from high school. That appears to be true, but only part of the story. Prosecutors—supported, they claim, by tapes and other evidence—say Shabazz reached out to Fitzpatrick around Memorial Day 1994 by calling his mother, who passed the message on to him.

"During the conversation," Shabazz told the F.B.I., "I jokingly asked Fitzpatrick if he would kill Louis Farrakhan. I suggested it to Fitzpatrick because I knew he was capable of doing it because he had killed people in the past and had gotten away with it." (Fitzpatrick denies ever killing anyone.)

Within a day or two, Fitzpatrick reported that conversation to his former F.B.I. contact, Dan Scott, who was now assigned to the bureau's Atlanta office. The two men had been out of touch since the New York bombing case in the late 1970s. Scott—who would retire from the F.B.I. several months later after being charged with vehicular homicide and drunken driving in a bureau car—notified superiors, and an investigation of Shabazz was opened by the F.B.I.'s Minneapolis office, under the direction of an agent, Daniel Lund, who worked out of St. Cloud, Minnesota.

Shabazz and Fitzpatrick spoke often

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by phone in June and early July 1994, but those conversations, according to Fitzpatrick, were not recorded. During that period, Shabazz said in her F.B.I. statement, "Fitzpatrick asked me if I was serious about killing Farrakhan. I told him I wanted Farrakhan dead but would feel guilty if someone else was involved and got caught." Fitzpatrick first recorded Shabazz on July 27, 1994. In that call and others in the next two days, prosecutors say, he sought to "recapture" Qubilah's intent for the F.B.I. She says, according to government transcripts, that she had long been obsessed with the idea of killing Farrakhan and was "grateful" that Fitzpatrick would undertake "something that should have been done 30 years ago." She feared doing it herself and being "dragged away," perhaps back to Bellevue Hospital, where she suggests she had received psychiatric treatment. "I'm not your classic schizophrenic but I do kind of go from one self to another self," she says. For his part, Fitzpatrick says he hates Farrakhan as "an enemy to my people" and would welcome his death as "righteous." "I think this shit is great. If you want to know my personal beliefs, I think it's fucking great. I think it's karma." Fitzpatrick promises to work on details of an assassination, perhaps bringing in "a professional" at a reduced price through a friend who owes him a "favor." Although Shabazz remarks that she hasn't much money, Fitzpatrick urges her to wire him $1,000 to $2,000 for immediate expenses. She doesn't, but she informs Fitzpatrick that she's moving to Minnesota. According to Kunstler, Fitzpatrick had told Qubilah in June that Minnesota was a better place for her to find work and raise her son.

Fitzpatrick, steering Qubilah toward the hidden F.B.I. camera, does most of the talking—as usual.



MOTHER COURAGE: Betty Shabazz, speaking to the press in St. Paul, Minnesota, after her daughter's arraignment on January 18, 1995, is said to oppose any admission of guilt by Qubilah. She is accompanied by defense lawyers Percy Sutton (left) and William Kunstler.

In August, with Shabazz still in New York, Fitzpatrick advises her to use the name "Sarah Brown" when calling him at Premier Rarities. He lies to her about going to Chicago to "scout out" Farrakhan's security—"Good luck in Chicago," Qubilah wrote on a card to him—and reports that the murder plan is "very workable." But Shabazz says she's still "nervous about the whole thing." She's worried that she and her family will be scrutinized after the assassination, and also that the Jews will be blamed by the Nation of Islam. Fitzpatrick assures her that the only Jews who would be targeted by investigators would be "active people" in the Jewish Defense Organization, a successor to the J.D.L. Meanwhile, he says, "I really need to get some money from you," even a postdated check that "won't be cashed till after it's done." Shabazz laughs. A few days later, on August 22, she is apologetic—saying that, with problems in New York, she hadn't been thinking of the murder scheme. "I don't handle pressure or stress very well." Fitzpatrick comforts her. "If you want a friend," he says, "I'm there for you."

Shabazz left for Minnesota in September 1994 after telling Ingram Fox and "Uncle Gordon" Parks that Fitzpatrick had proposed marriage. She arrived in St. Paul with her son on the night of September 6, following a grueling train ride. Fitzpatrick, who hadn't sent her a photo of himself, as she had wanted, picked them up at the station. The car he was driving belonged to the F.B.I. With the F.B.I. paying, Fitzpatrick had booked Shabazz and Malcolm into Room 149 of a nearby Holiday Inn. F.B.I. agents were in Room 151, and they videotaped a 45-minute conversation between Shabazz and Fitzpatrick that began just after midnight. Fitzpatrick, steering Qubilah toward the hidden camera, does most of the talking—as usual. Farrakhan's assassination in Chicago was going to be an "easy, simple thing," he says. It would be done in a month or so, following religious services on a Friday. Shabazz says, "The longer you wait . . . the more iffy I will feel about it." Fitzpatrick says he's "maxed out" on his credit card. Qubilah hands him $250.

From the motel, Fitzpatrick went to his new St. Paul apartment, around the corner from the brownstone in which F. Scott Fitzgerald completed *This Side of Paradise*. Qubilah spent one night at the Holiday Inn, moved into housing arranged by a social-services agency, then found an apartment in the mixed Stevens Square neighborhood, south of downtown Minneapolis. She went on welfare, which Fitzpatrick had said was easy, and enrolled Malcolm in a Montessori school. But one thing she was unable to do, in repeated tries, was reach Fitzpatrick. She had the number of his Minneapolis apartment, but, even before her arrival, Fitzpatrick's roommates had forced him out because of his drug habit. The roommates told "Qubie" that they didn't know where Michael was. Fitzpatrick—now receiving as much as $4,000 a month from the F.B.I.—had also left Premier Rarities.

Fitzpatrick finally called Shabazz on October 29, and twice in early November. "Everything," he says, "is set up." But Qubilah says she's "leery" of it. She's "afraid to have any involvement in it at this point." She's "not giving you the go ahead to do it" until she's had time to rethink it. And apparently as the result of talking to one of his former roommates, she wants to know if Fitzpatrick's a government informant. "No," he says, "I'm not an informant."

What to do about Louis Farrakhan was not Qubilah Shabazz's only problem that fall. In late November, according to Kunstler, the Minneapolis *Star-Tribune*, and others, the police removed Malcolm from his mother's apartment after a complaint that he was possibly neglected. The boy was interviewed by a county child-protection worker,

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who had concerns for his emotional health. Although at some point the case was closed as "unfounded," it is not clear when, if at all, Malcolm was returned to his mother. On December 2, Qubilah happened to be interviewed at a neighborhood check-cashing service by a KTCA television producer doing a feature on the place. When the producer, John Whitehead, started to chat with her, he noticed that she smelled of liquor, though it was morning. Qubilah had just given $20 to a handyman there, and she explained, "I was born on Christmas Day and I always have, like, lousy presents. And I always like being like Santa Claus on Christmastime."

Five days before her 34th birthday, she got another "lousy" present—a visit from the F.B.I. Shaking, she asked whether it was about her son. No, said Agent Lund, who didn't want her to know yet of Fitzpatrick's true role, it was about a murder-for-hire scheme stemming from a federal investigation of the coin industry. When Shabazz composed herself, over cigarettes and soda, Lund and a female agent played a portion of one of the tapes made of her. During the three-hour interview, according to Lund, Shabazz said she and Malcolm had come to believe that Fitzpatrick was dead but, if he wasn't, he might kill her for giving information to the F.B.I. Lund drafted a four-page statement that Shabazz initialed at every paragraph and signed "freely and voluntarily." Toward its close—after saying the $250 she gave Fitzpatrick was "in furtherance of the scheme to murder Farrakhan"—she said she had "tried to reach Fitzpatrick for the past two weeks to tell him not to do it, but have not been able to locate him." Qubilah asked Lund how much trouble she was in. Probably some, he said. Two days later, he advised her to get a lawyer.

On January 12, the government announced that Shabazz had been charged with nine counts of using the telephone and traveling interstate "in the course of hiring another person to murder" Louis Farrakhan. Eight of the nine counts related to long-distance conversations with Fitzpatrick in July and August 1994; the ninth dealt with her coming to Minnesota in September and paying Fitzpatrick. Technically, Shabazz faces up to 90 years' imprisonment if convicted on all counts. Under federal sentencing guidelines, however, she likely faces a maximum term of 12½ years.

Ironically, the indictment preceded a measure of harmony between Louis Farrakhan and Betty Shabazz. To cheering supporters in Chicago, Farrakhan denounced not her daughter—"a child I knew and held in my arms as a baby"—but government agents who manipulated Qubilah into becoming "a tool in a diabolical scheme" to undermine him as "the voice of black America." Qubilah's mother, who had long dismissed Farrakhan as an "opportunist" if not an assassin, now spoke of his "humanity." Other than the words "not guilty," delivered softly at her arraignment, Qubilah has remained silent.

Qubilah's supporters think the government is now embarrassed, and would be thrilled to have what Gordon Parks calls a "naïve, almost saintly" defendant agree to a plea bargain even during trial, scheduled for May. In fact, government officials say they were willing to forgo an indictment last winter if an appropriate deal could have been worked out, and more recently were receptive to an agreement in which Shabazz would admit guilt and undergo psychiatric treatment. But David Lillehaug, the 40-year-old, Harvard-trained U.S. attorney for Minnesota, who was a close aide to Walter Mondale in the 1984 presidential campaign, insists Shabazz chose Fitzpatrick herself, was "predisposed" to the idea of killing Farrakhan, and only sought to drop the scheme when she became suspicious of Fitzpatrick, and says that "once a crime has been committed, you just don't pretend it never happened." At a pre-trial hearing, Magistrate Franklin Noel observed dryly that the government had been "taken to task" in the past for allegedly failing to investigate threats against the defendant's father. But in a victory for the defense, Noel recommended on April 11 that Shabazz's statement, although not "coerced," be used in trial only to impeach her on the witness stand. Prosecutors have challenged Noel's conclu-

Qubilah asked F.B.I. agent Lund how much trouble she was in. Probably some, he said. Two days later, he advised her to get a lawyer.

sion that F.B.I. agents secured her apartment without correctly identifying themselves—a matter for trial judge James Rosenbaum to decide.

Fitzpatrick has told friends that he feared Shabazz would turn to a Jew who would actually kill Farrakhan. He didn't want that on his "conscience," he said, on his "soul." But with his character and credibility under withering attack, he is now said to feel that "there is no way to come out of this a winner." "In his mind, he tried to prevent a disaster," says a friend who spoke to him after the indictment of Qubilah Shabazz. Other friends say that money would not have motivated Fitzpatrick to inform on an old acquaintance, and that he had no reason in 1994 to assume a new identity in another locale in the witness program. "He had a life here, not a bad life at all . . . and he didn't have to look over his shoulder," says one. "Forty-five thousand dollars isn't going to take care of you for long."

Though prosecutors have remained open to a plea bargain, Kunstler has said that he doesn't "want to give an inch" and that Betty Shabazz, who now has custody of young Malcolm, opposes any acknowledgment of guilt by her daughter. Percy Sutton, Kunstler jokes, "calls Betty a 'drill sergeant.'" An ample woman who wears a gold necklace with a peaceful Arabic inscription, the elder Shabazz makes her presence felt, even to the point of overshadowing the defendant. She sat in the well of the court at pre-trial hearings, taking notes on a legal pad. Just in front of her sat Qubilah—a slender figure in a sober gray suit, hair braided in cornrows, fingertips at pursed lips. Fitzpatrick made one appearance at those hearings, and concurred with Kunstler that he was "living off the government." He also said he had been named in a search-warrant affidavit in the federal inquiry into the rare-coin industry, but had just learned of it. Midway in his hour-long testimony Qubilah asked to be excused briefly. The witness, balding and heavyset, maroon tie loosened at the neck, looked away.

At the end of one hearing, reporters descended on Betty Shabazz for comment on the case. She was brief. "My mother," she remarked, "always said that if you don't have anything good to say, don't say anything." It seemed, at the moment, like sound advice. But not advice that Betty—or then her daughter—had taken a year earlier on the subject of Louis Farrakhan.









Clockwise from top: ***High Noon,*** **1949 (oil on canvas, 27½ in. by 39½ in.); Edward Hopper, photographed by Louise Dahl-Wolfe, circa 1933;** ***Western Motel,*** **1957 (oil on canvas, 30¼ in. by 50⅛ in.); and** ***New York Movie,*** **1939 (oil on canvas, 32¼ in. by 40⅛ in.).**

MR. LONELY HEARTS

The timeless distillations of Edward Hopper are on show this month at the Whitney

BY WILLIAM KENNEDY

People in Edward Hopper's greatest paintings, sometimes naked, sometimes partially so, carry their sensuality to a window or a porch to let it bask in sunlight. At night, in a lunchroom or a theater, they are clothed, but still exude emotion: sadness in solitude, the tension of attraction, or estrangement. Leonard Michaels, writing of Hopper's painting *New York Movie:* "He had the erotic relation in mind, the relation between desire and what isn't there."

This is true of many Hopper masterworks, 65 of which will be exhibited in June at New York's Whitney Museum, along with multimedia and *film noir* programs highlighting influences on him, and his influence on others. The paintings will be grouped by themes articulated by writers he admired: Emerson, Frost, Goethe, Proust. Hopper believed the work of great painters was a record of their emotions. A writer looks at an empty Hopper street on Sunday morning, or a solitary woman in a doorway, a man with his back to his half-naked wife, a gas-station owner staring at a divided highway, all evoking time long gone, and feels not nostalgia but a dramatic impulse that takes him by the throat and asks to be understood. Hopper recognized timeless emotions in his life, and then he painted them and gave them to us. □



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When Mary Ellen Synon, Rupert Pennant-Rea's spurned mistress, went public with saucy, intimate details of their affair, it cost him his job as deputy governor of the Bank of England. Ugly revenge or sweet justice?

BY SARAH LYALL





THE PERILS OF BEING HARD AT WORK Rupert Pennant-Rea (*top left*) walking near his home in West London just after he was forced to resign as deputy governor of the staid Bank of England. In 1994, Pennant-Rea had sent a formal letter to his 44-year-old Irish-American mistress, Mary Ellen Synon (*above*), reiterating the end of their relationship. She finally decided not to take it lying down, and on March 19, 1995, she went public with their three-year affair in the British tabloid the *Sunday Mirror*.

LEFT, BY MARK LARGE; RIGHT, BY TONY WARD

The 300-year-old Bank of England, which prints Britain's money and regulates its finances, stands in decorous splendor on Threadneedle Street in the heart of the City, London's business district. Every morning, at precisely 8:30 A.M., its heavy doors are swung open by comical-looking guards in pink frock coats and black top hats; once a week, the bank's governing body, the Court of Directors, meets in an ornate lime-green room decorated with medallions of England's kings and queens, and ever since the 18th century this venerable financial citadel has been called the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. But this spring, in a shocking blow to yet another British institution, the bank found itself with a new name (incorporating the British tabloids' favorite word for sex): the Bonk of England.

The headline I SIT IN MEETINGS IMAGINING YOU WITHOUT ANY KNICKERS is pretty standard stuff in the British press. But when it appeared in the *Sunday Mirror* on March 19, with a story about the affair between a freelance journalist and the bank's deputy governor, Rupert Pennant-Rea, it stirred up such a potent cocktail of sex, money, and politics that the Establishment couldn't help but notice. It quickly snowballed out of control as the public was treated to a week's worth of news about sex inside the bank, about Pennant-Rea's nonbanking daydreams, and about a mistress hell-bent on revenge. Within two days, the deputy governor—in charge of discipline and personnel at the bank—had resigned from his £180,000-a-year job; Mary Ellen Synon, his former mistress, had dropped out of sight; and London was caught up in a debate about private morality and public life that was little more than an excuse to circulate the juiciest details of the affair.

As these things go, Synon and Pennant-Rea's relationship followed a path as well traveled as it is treacherous. She was an unmarried journalist, 41 years old, tough at work but oddly credulous when it came to romance. When the affair began, he was 43 years old and the workaholic editor of *The Economist* magazine, willing to promise devotion


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to his mistress but unwilling to leave his third wife, Helen. The affair lasted for three years, during which time Pennant-Rea sent Synon scores of passionate letters filled with gossamer hints for the future even as he kept up his straitlaced, married appearance. And it continued after he moved to his new job, the number-two position at the bank. The Old Lady is as stolid an institution as they come. Its employees are supposed to eat, sleep, and live banking policy. They're not supposed to be screwing around, in any sense of the word, and their private lives are not supposed to be in the newspapers.

The revelations about what Pennant-Rea had been doing in his spare time raised old questions about guilt and blame, about powerful men sleeping with not-so-powerful women, about fidelity as a qualification for high office, about the puritanical prurience of the press, and about the inadvisability of leaving a paper trail when you're having extramarital sex. But in the end the story came down to the relationship between Mary Ellen and Rupert—a highly personal tale of bitterness and double-edged betrayal that dragged both of them down. To Mary Ellen that was better than being there by herself. As she wrote in London's *Evening Standard* after the story came out, "Somebody said yesterday that there are no winners in this thing. True. But now there is one more loser."

"I spend quite a lot of my time at meetings thinking of you with no knickers," the newspapers quoted Pennant-Rea as writing.



BEDTIME READING
After the scandal broke, the British tabloids competed with one another to reveal the juiciest aspects of the affair: Pennant-Rea's erotic fantasies during bank meetings, how Mary Ellen had been smuggled past bank guards, how the couple had had sex on bank premises—on the floor of what appeared to be the dressing room of Pennant-Rea's boss, bank governor Eddie George.

Mary Ellen Synon met Rupert Pennant-Rea years ago, when both were students at Trinity College, Dublin—Ireland's equivalent of Oxford or Cambridge. In British terms, both were outsiders in the way the British regard everyone whose background is remotely different as an outsider. She had been raised in the U.S.; Pennant-Rea was from Rhodesia, where his father was a civil servant. They became friends, but by then Pennant-Rea was going out with another student, Elizabeth Louise Greer, whom he married in 1970. That marriage lasted just five years, and Rupert, who once said he believes in love at first sight, would marry twice more, first to Jane Trevelyan Hamilton, who had been the wife of an old university friend. They had two children but divorced in 1986, just in time for him to marry his third wife, already, the papers reported, pregnant with their son, Edward.

This was Helen Jay, whose brother Peter had been Britain's ambassador to Washington and is now the economics editor of the BBC. Along with her twin sister, Catherine, Helen, now 49, had been a staple of London's swinging-and-partying scene in the 1960s. (Once, the newspapers breathlessly reported, she had appeared at Buckingham Palace wearing go-go boots with see-through toes.) Pennant-Rea followed a distinguished career path, working first at the Confederation of Irish Industry and the General and Municipal Workers Union, then in a junior job at the Bank of England, and then at *The Economist,* brought there by his friend Sarah Hogg, an editor at the magazine. He became the magazine's top editor in 1986.

While Rupert had his hands full with wives and children, Synon was still single. She lived for a time in South Africa, worked in London, and then moved back to Ireland, where she was a journalist and began contributing in the late 1980s to *The Economist* from Dublin. She began an affair with Rupert in 1991, and in 1992 she moved briefly to England, believing that she had at least a fighting chance to become Pennant-Rea's wife number four.

"He promised me that I would be safe with him," she wrote in an extraordinary after-the-fact piece in *The Observer* when Rupert quit the bank. "He gave his word that he would divorce his wife. In return, I had to believe in our future together. Rupert wanted to talk about where and how we would live, about where we would travel together, how we would work, what our friends would say when they learnt we were together. I know now that it was all just a fantasy world Rupert built as an escape from his unhappiness at home. But it was real to me."

People who worked with Synon in *The Economist*'s tight-knit London office remember her vividly. While most women in the office dressed in casual-journalist style, Synon liked to wear neat skirts, ladylike stockings, and high heels, perhaps accompanied by a high-necked blouse and strand of pearls. She had a formidable mind and was a smooth and facile writer. She was colorful, clever, and

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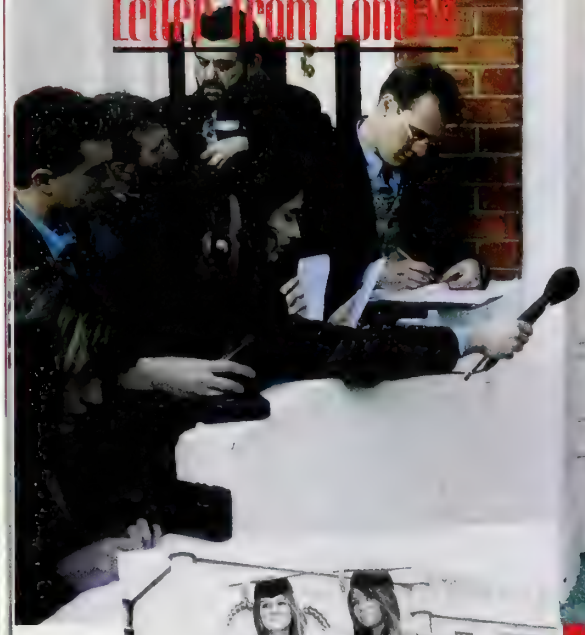
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KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING
On the doorstep of her home Helen Pennant-Rea gave a statement supporting her husband after he resigned from the bank. *Inset:* Helen and her twin sister, Catherine, at their Sussex University graduation in 1966.

Helen Pennant-Rea did what wronged British wives seem to do regularly: she served tea to the scruffy pack of reporters camped out at the front door of her home.

opinionated to the point of stridency. She had a pretty face, with small features under a mass of dark hair, and men seemed to like her more than women did.

"She was very sexy," said a male journalist who worked at *The Economist* when Synon arrived in London. Like all *Economist* staff members, both past and present, interviewed for this article, he insisted on anonymity. "She had a salty, saucy, witty way of talking. She was very smart and very funny. Is it hard to understand why a man would want to have an affair with her? Absolutely not."

But to some women in the office Synon was a colleague to keep well away from. She was competitively flirtatious, a "man's woman," one acquaintance said, and women found it threatening. "A lot of men fancied her rotten," said a woman staff member. "One man I know said, 'I thought she was the sexiest thing I ever worked with.' She was all nipped-in waists and flared skirts and high heels and batted eyelashes. I think an awful lot of men like being flirted with blatantly. She wasn't very subtle."

The luxury of hindsight makes it all too easy to recast old perceptions to fit new facts. But several women say now that they always felt Mary Ellen Synon was a bit off, even then.

"What really surprised me in the whole affair between her and Rupert was that Rupert didn't have the judgment and perception to see that on some level or another she wasn't quite right," said a former writer for the magazine. "I always thought that she didn't have a particularly strong grip on reality. There was nothing mad about her, but an intangible thing that made you want to keep your distance. Perhaps she didn't have a good sense of proportion. Not to say that she wasn't bright; she was bright. But one of the first things you noticed was that she didn't have a realistic assessment of her abilities, that she would be absolutely outraged if she was crossed intellectually or whatever. She had a very high opinion of herself."

By all accounts, Rupert Pennant-Rea had a high opinion of himself, too, at least professionally. Here, as well, men and women at *The Economist* seem to have different recollections. The men emphasized his intelligence; the women say that he was awkward, with an air of distance they found typical of that sort of man in that sort of job. He was tall and lean, with the languid diction of someone used to being in a position of authority. Though he promoted women, the feeling was that he didn't know how to act around them; for a time, female staff members used to gather to talk about Rupert's "problem with women." The word around the office was that both his wives had left him, rather than the other way around.

"He's not really a people person," said a staff member, who nonetheless said he could be funny, clever, even charming at times. "He's very, very sure of his own opinions, but he's not naturally good with people, although he became much better in the job. He sort of learned how to become a manager, but that's not his natural talent. At the annual Christmas parties, Rupert would sort of turn up rather awkwardly, talk to the business editor for half an hour, and then leave."

His male friends describe him as a monument to convention with a raffish side, a man of strict habits who had a sharp sense of humor and a headful of new ideas. He often left dinner parties early so that he could get up at 4:30 for work, yet he had an air of unpredictability, sometimes driving at 80 m.p.h. "I like him tremendously," said the man who had worked at the magazine when both Rupert and Mary Ellen were there. "He had this certain Basil Fawlty quality of being very serious but always about to have a pratfall. Outside he was the epitome of the way the editor of *The Economist* should be—extremely rational, serious, and high-minded, but underneath this there was a certain sense of chaos and madness."

It was undoubtedly his mad side that inspired him, in 1979, to write his first and only novel, the heavy-breathing *Gold Foil,* which, bizarrely, is about the affair between a Bank of England official and a beguiling journalist who "learnt at an early age that money and sex make fools of intelligent men." (She betrays him in the end.) Though Pennant-Rea has not discussed details of the affair publicly, and though *(Continued on page 81)*

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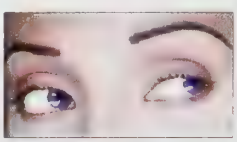
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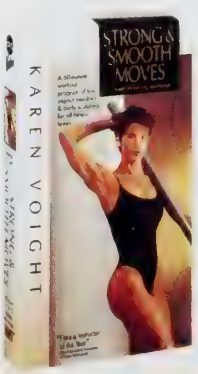
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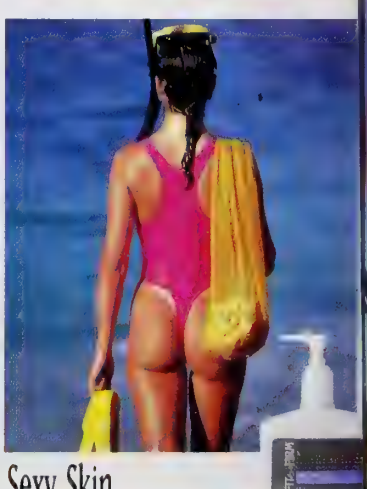
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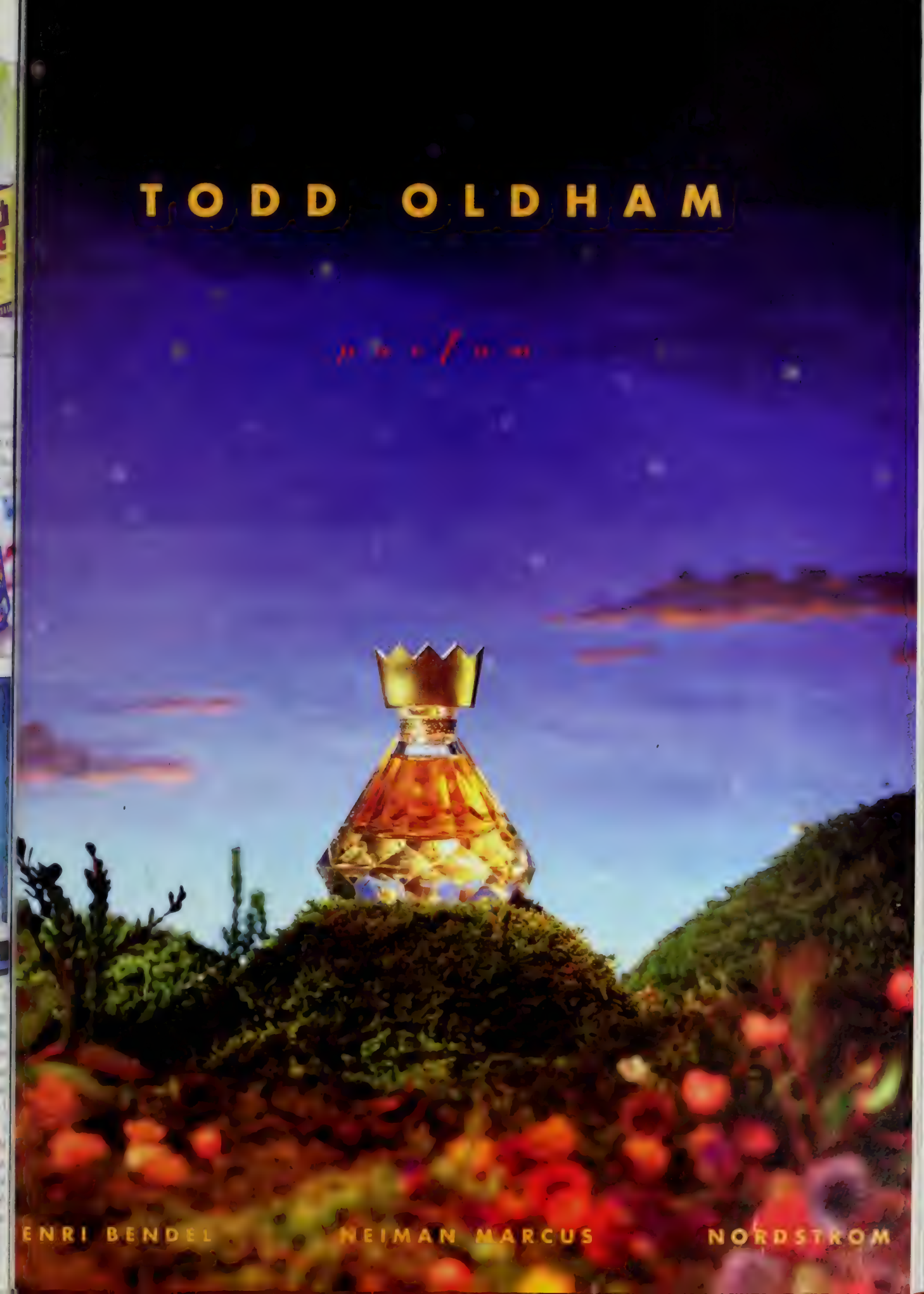
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(Continued from page 76) Synon's account of it varies slightly depending on which newspaper you read, people in the office said that before long it was an open secret they were beginning to see the two together outside of the office.

When she decided to go public, Mary Ellen provided documentation, offering up a worn shopping bag from John Lewis, the London department store. One journalist who interviewed her described the bag as "tatty" and said she "clutched it to her bosom" as if it were a teddy bear. The bag contained an elaborately organized record of her relationship with Pennant-Rea: dozens and dozens of postmarked letters, filed chronologically, and grouped into six bundles; a check from Rupert's Bank of England account saying, "Pay to ME lots of love," and signed "Roo" (ME and Roo were their pet names for each other), with three *X*'s in the space for the amount; and a key card from a Washington hotel room she says they stayed in together.



PREMATURE WITHDRAWAL
After details of the affair continued to pile up in the press, Pennant-Rea was forced to issue a statement of resignation from his office on March 21, 1995.

"An outsider would say that what we are doing is crazy: distance, danger, everything is against us. And part of me would have to agree with that view," wrote Pennant-Rea.

The letters reflect a passion that men like Pennant-Rea seem capable of lavishing only on their mistresses (and only when they have no intention of leaving their wives). For example: "Very dearest ME, yesterday has left me warm and loving, where once I was closed down and cold. Thank you for that, with all my heart." Within two weeks, he would sign another letter "with eternal love." Soon afterward he wrote, "I was thinking back to a lunch when you were there. . . . You were looking very austere in black. The knowledge that I now possess—that you probably weren't wearing any knickers was wonderfully distracting." He seemed to relish the illicit nature of the affair. On May 21, he wrote, "An outsider would say that what we are doing is crazy: distance, danger, everything is against us. And part of me would have to agree with that view."

While this was going on, Pennant-Rea's *Economist* was supporting anti-inflationary economic policy and, to the bitter end, the ultimately disastrous exchange-rate mechanism in Europe. Staff members remember his peculiarly vigorous support at this time of David Mellor, a Tory minister who'd had to resign after trouble over a mistress and other things. In 1993—about a year after Mary Ellen had moved to England—Pennant-Rea was, astonishingly, appointed to the number-two job at the Bank of England.

Ordinarily, this would have been filled by someone from within. But at No. 10 Downing Street the feeling ran deep that an outsider was needed to provide a fresh perspective and to serve as a counterbalance to Eddie George, the bank's very forceful governor. And so Sarah Hogg, now working as the prime minister's chief policy adviser, reached out to *The Economist* and tapped her old friend for the job. Eddie George wasn't informed until the last minute.

It was an awkward fit. Not only did Pennant-Rea have little supervisory banking experience, but he was the most reviled kind of outsider. "The bank doesn't really approve of journalists, or the way journalists think, or the way they do their job," said Stephen Fay, the author of *Portrait of an Old Lady*, a book about the bank published in 1987. "It believes in discretion, manipulation—I'm thinking in terms of defining an objective and chasing it rigorously. They like to think of themselves as being single-minded." What were Pennant-Rea's qualifications for the job? "You might well ask," Fay said.

Pennant-Rea himself confessed to being "gobsmacked" about the appointment (which he was given only 24 hours to accept or reject) and soon afterward said, all too candidly, "My temperament is conditioned by the last 16 years as a journalist, which is a world of quick decisions and strong words. A central banker needs to be silent and unrevealing. I am not very good at that."

In his new job, he found himself acting as a kind of banking hit man. Pennant-Rea presided over a brutal "restructuring" of the bank's internal organization, which meant firing a heavy percentage of executive and back-office staff members. By all accounts he did a smooth and professional job, but it could not have endeared him to the institution.

As Pennant-Rea's fortunes were improving, Synon's were declining. Soon after her lover had left *The Economist*, she was fired from her job. (At first, she said that Pennant-Rea had failed to protect her, resulting in her dismissal; she later amended that to say that she was so upset by their declining relationship that her work had deteriorated to the point where the editors didn't want to keep her on.) In any case, what happened was not pretty. "She was ruthlessly defenestrated," said a former staff member.

Meanwhile, Pennant-Rea was one of the select Court of Directors, a group greeted each week by a head doorkeeper wearing a long scarlet robe trimmed in black velvet and gold tassels, and a hat

that looks like an upside-down origami swan. (This tradition dates back to 1697, when the bank decreed that "ye porter at ye gate have a crimson cloth gown lined with orange and a large bamboo cane with a silver head.") The heady, stuffy atmosphere must have made Pennant-Rea feel that his days with Synon were numbered. One former staff member pointed out that by this time it was unlikely he would "have packed it all in and set up shop, creating a household with a fourth woman, an unemployed freelance journalist in her mid-40s."

Nonetheless, the affair continued for almost a year, during which, according to Mary Ellen (and to evidence from her John Lewis bag), he took her on business trips, used his official chauffeur-driven Jaguar for assignations, smuggled her past the pink-frocked guards under the name "Miss Pilkington," and even used the bank premises for sex. On one occasion, she said, they made love on the floor of a room that appeared to be Eddie George's dressing room. "He seemed to thrive on the danger we might be caught," she told the *Daily Mail.*

It was a year ago, in April 1994, that Pennant-Rea decided it was over. When he didn't call her on her birthday, Synon has said, she called him at the bank. "I said, 'Hello,' and all he said was 'What do you want?' and I said, 'Well, I haven't heard from you in a month,' and then he just said, 'Well, it's over,'" she told an interviewer. Mary Ellen was not pleased. "I rang him and told him I did not care who knew about us, whether it was Eddie George, Kenneth Clarke [the Chancellor of the Exchequer], or his wife."

That apparently frightened Rupert so much that he confessed not just to Helen but also to Eddie George. He sent his former lover a letter that is startling in its coldness, given what he had written in the past: "I want to make it quite clear that my overriding loyalty and responsibility now are to Helen and our family," he said. He referred her response to his lawyer. "You should know that neither Rupert nor Helen wish any publicity in respect of this past private matter," the lawyer wrote back.

As far as Mary Ellen was concerned, all bets were off. "I told Rupert when we broke up that I was not going to lie for him anymore, because I had had three years of lying to all my closest friends," she said on Irish radio. "I said, 'If it gets out, it is your lookout.' He started screaming and shouting at that." She was so furious that she contacted his second wife, who was embroiled in a custody dispute with Rupert over their two children, offering to provide an affidavit about their affair. The implication was that his behavior made him an unfit parent.

Then she approached the British magazine *The Spectator,* seeking the assistance of its deputy editor, Anne Applebaum. She wanted to persuade Applebaum to help her plant a story in a gossip column about an incident in which Pennant-Rea, she claims, had tried to kill himself in despair over her threats to publicize their relationship. Applebaum talked her out of it. "What she wanted to do struck me as odd and still does," Applebaum said.

"This is the type of thing that makes you stay at home," said one male journalist, visions of Medusa-haired Glenn Close dancing in his head.

As part of her new spin on the ancient scorned-woman role, Synon claimed it wasn't the breakup itself that made her mad, but the way he did it. "If he had been even vaguely nice about this, I would probably have cooled off in 20 minutes," Synon told an interviewer.

For the next year, it seems, Synon licked her wounds and stewed and stewed. But something snapped when Barings bank collapsed under the weight of Nicholas Leeson's disastrous trades in the derivatives market. There was Pennant-Rea on television, emergency spokesman for the bank (Eddie George was on a skiing vacation). "Seeing him like that brought back all the hurt," she was quoted as saying. "I just wanted to see him pay the price for the way he treated me." So she started her press offensive. She talked to *The Guardian,* which ultimately passed, saying piously in its own after-the-fact article that "there were no serious public interest issues involved."

But the *Sunday Mirror,* a tabloid that is in the middle of the pack as far as sleazy stories go, got wind of her tale and had no trouble persuading her to spill all the details. Revenge, she said, was the motive; there is no evidence that she has taken any money for her interviews, usually standard practice in the British press. When the article appeared on Sunday, March 19, 1995, complete with a damning quote from Mary Ellen about how Rupert had married Helen only because she was pregnant, it seemed that there would be some humiliation but no career-wrecking repercussions (except, perhaps, for Mary Ellen Synon). Rupert Pennant-Rea issued a statement in which he said he planned to keep his job. "The facts of the relationship are entirely private to the other party"—that must have really enraged Synon—"and to my wife and our family," he said.

Synon's accusations came, of course, at a time when Britain has been particularly confused concerning what to do about the messy lives of people with important jobs. In 1992 the nerdy-looking David Mellor resigned from his post as secretary of state for the national heritage following a string of embarrassing disclosures, the first of which was the revelation that he'd had a three-month affair with an actress named Antonia de Sancha (his wife stood by him, but he had another affair with someone else this year; they're divorced now). Soon afterward the government embarked on a laughable "Back to Basics" family-values campaign—organized by Sarah Hogg, again—that came at an unfortunate time for the family values of its own members. In 1994, Sir Peter Harding, chief of defense staff, resigned after his girlfriend, Lady Bienvenida Buck, the former wife of former Tory M.P. Sir Antony Buck, reportedly sold details of their affair to the kiss-and-tell tabloid *News of the World* for £175,000. Last year, Tim Yeo, Tory M.P. for South Suffolk, resigned from his post as environment minister after it came out not only that his mistress had just had their child but that he had had another illegitimate child with another woman years earlier. And Robert Gurth Hughes, Tory M.P. for Harrow West, resigned as citizens' charter minister after it was revealed that he'd been a little too close to the citizens, having had an affair with a constituent.

In Pennant-Rea's case, the Devil really was in the details. As more embarrassing disclosures piled up, with Synon controlling the story by making strategic calls to a few journalists (coyly refusing to give out her telephone number), submitting first-person accounts to several newspapers, and appearing on an Irish radio program, her former lover's future looked increasingly dubious. It didn't



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help that on the Monday after the *Mirror* story came out the *Financial Times,* the usually sober newspaper of the banking establishment, ran a tittery article titled "Bank Called to Act on Matter of the Heart." Also damaging was the public airing of one of Rupert's letters, dated November 5, 1993, in which he described sitting in formal conference rooms at the bank, thinking smutty thoughts.

"I spend quite a lot of my time at meetings thinking of you: sometimes practical thoughts, but mostly pretty carnal ones," the papers quoted him as writing. It is an image that begins to stick in the mind. "Perhaps it's a natural reaction to all the men in suits sitting round the table; it leads me to imagine you with no knickers, just those lovely suspenders and beautiful white flesh. You are v. beautiful; when so much of me is drained of emotion, I still stand in wonder at the sheer physical delights of you."

"To paraphrase Disraeli, revenge is the deepest and most satisfying of passions," concluded Mary Ellen.

That seemed to do it for the probity-obsessed central bank. Having barely recovered from the B.C.C.I. debacle, it was still reeling from the pain of having Barings go under after it decided not to throw out a lifeline. It didn't need another scandal, particularly one having to do with sex. "As soon as these things happen there's a kind of snigger factor," said Frank Johnson, a columnist for *The Sunday Telegraph* who knew Synon in the mid-1970s, when they briefly worked together. "I don't approve of her going to a tabloid or the tabloid exposing him, but once you're caught you have to go. The whole point of a central bank is that it's supposed to give off a general aura of safety. If the outside world thinks that inside there's a kind of bacchanalia going on, they're not likely to have a lot of confidence." It was seen as highly unwise that Pennant-Rea was apparently violating rules he was supposed to enforce—as head of personnel, he would, presumably, have fired anyone discovered having sex inside the bank.

Pennant-Rea resigned that Tuesday, looking drawn and dazed as he read a statement in which he talked about his devotion to anti-inflationary measures, took a swipe at the tabloids, and said he wanted "to avoid the possibility of the bank being damaged by some foolish mistakes that I made, albeit more than a year ago." Eddie George accepted his resignation, although the next day, the Chancellor, Kenneth Clarke, said splenetically that it was "absurd" that he'd had to go. And although Pennant-Rea wasn't an elected official, or indeed much of a public figure (at least, not until this happened), his fall was seen as yet another blow to England's embattled Tory establishment.

Meanwhile, Helen Pennant-Rea was preparing to meet the press on her own. Her family had been there before. Her brother Peter had an affair and a baby, with the family nanny, while ambassador to the United States in the 1970s. At the same time, his then wife, Margaret, was having her famous affair with Carl Bernstein, the one so wickedly chronicled by Nora Ephron in her docu-novel, *Heartburn.* First Helen did what wronged upper-class British wives seem to do regularly here (they must get it from some sort of wronged-wives manual): she served tea to the scruffy pack of reporters and paparazzi who spent days camped out at the front door of her home in Parsons Green, West London.

Then, when the time came, she appeared in a snappy suit (described as a "scarlet-and-black outfit, with an above-the-knee skirt which many 49-year-olds might only dream of carrying off," by the *Daily Mail*) and read her own statement aloud. Her solicitor was standing on her right. "I support and respect my husband's decision to resign from the bank," she said. "His relationship with Miss Synon ended over a year ago and Rupert told me about it then. Over the last year, despite her threat to publicize the affair, we have endeavored to rebuild our marriage and protect all our children. Throughout this time Rupert has paid a very high price for taking the right decision and staying with us."

Rupert left his office the next day in his chauffeured silver Jaguar; a former colleague said he went to South Africa. Synon dropped out of sight in Ireland, but the weight of public opprobrium fell squarely on her shoulders. Was she crazy, evil, or just very sad? The newspapers had a fine time, running stories about spurned women through the ages, about their reporters' brief encounters with Mary Ellen over the years, and about Helen's wild days as a fashionable twin in the 1960s. Among journalistic and banking circles, the conventional wisdom was that Mary Ellen was at best deluded, and at worst a complete psycho. "This is the type of thing that makes you stay at home," said one male journalist here, visions of Medusa-haired Glenn Close dancing in his head. Much debate in the press has ensued over whether public officials should be "outed" (for reasons of homosexuality, extramarital sex, and the like) by having details of their private lives exposed.

But in the piece she said would be the final word on the matter, published in *The Observer,* Mary Ellen told her side of things. It was a simple story, she said, of someone who had promised her the world and given her nothing, a story of "a powerful man [who] has destroyed a weak life" by preying on her need for love and a home. She said she had returned to Ireland, where people understood. And she said that, as far as she was concerned, that was the end of the affair. "I will not return to the subject again," she wrote. These days Synon is in quasi-hiding, staying with an ex-boyfriend in his secluded house in the woods 25 minutes outside of Dublin. She wasn't home when I knocked on the door recently, but the ex-boyfriend, an affable airline pilot named Ham Goulding, took a note from me, and Synon called when I got back to my hotel. She spoke in a playful, slightly husky voice (several men who knew her had mentioned her voice as being particularly sexy); our conversation was brief: "It's best for me if this thing just dies down," she said. "I'm not going to say anything more."

She is, it seems, moving on, and has reportedly just signed a contract to write for the Irish *Sunday Independent.* A journalist friend said she felt mostly sympathy and pity. "I feel sad that it all came out in the way that it did," the friend said. "I do think he treated her badly. She's a good person and a resilient person—that's how she appears and how I hope she is. Otherwise, something like this can be pretty devastating."

In the *Observer* piece, Mary Ellen said she had no regrets. "Perhaps you could say that a problem shared is a problem halved: I have handed Rupert half of my problem, and feel the burden I now carry is that much lighter," she wrote. "To paraphrase Disraeli, revenge is the deepest and most satisfying of passions." □

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Resnick, and Robin Greer, re
her for Dominick Dun

THE LADY VANISHES

The spotlight in the O.J. trial flickers from Kato Kaelin to Dennis Fung to the jurors, but the victims are disappearing

BY DOMINICK DUNNE

When he gets this crazed, I get scared. . . . He gets a very animalistic look in him. All his veins pop out. His eyes are black, just black, I mean cold, like an animal.

—Nicole Simpson to police who responded to her 911 call after O. J. Simpson kicked in her door.

It is a fact of life that victims get lost in murder trials as the focus of attention shifts to the defendant in the courtroom. No issue—not even the holes made by a stapler in a police-department form—is too insignificant to tie up a trial and distract jurors from what they are there to hear. In the trial of Lyle and Erik Menendez, days at a time would go by without a mention of the brutally slain victims, Kitty and Jose Menendez, while the defense concentrated on the tacky private life of the psychologist to whom the brothers had confessed their guilt—as if discrediting him lessened the seriousness of the killings the defendants were on trial for. The victims are, after all, dead, and the shock of their deaths has long since been absorbed, except by their families and close friends.

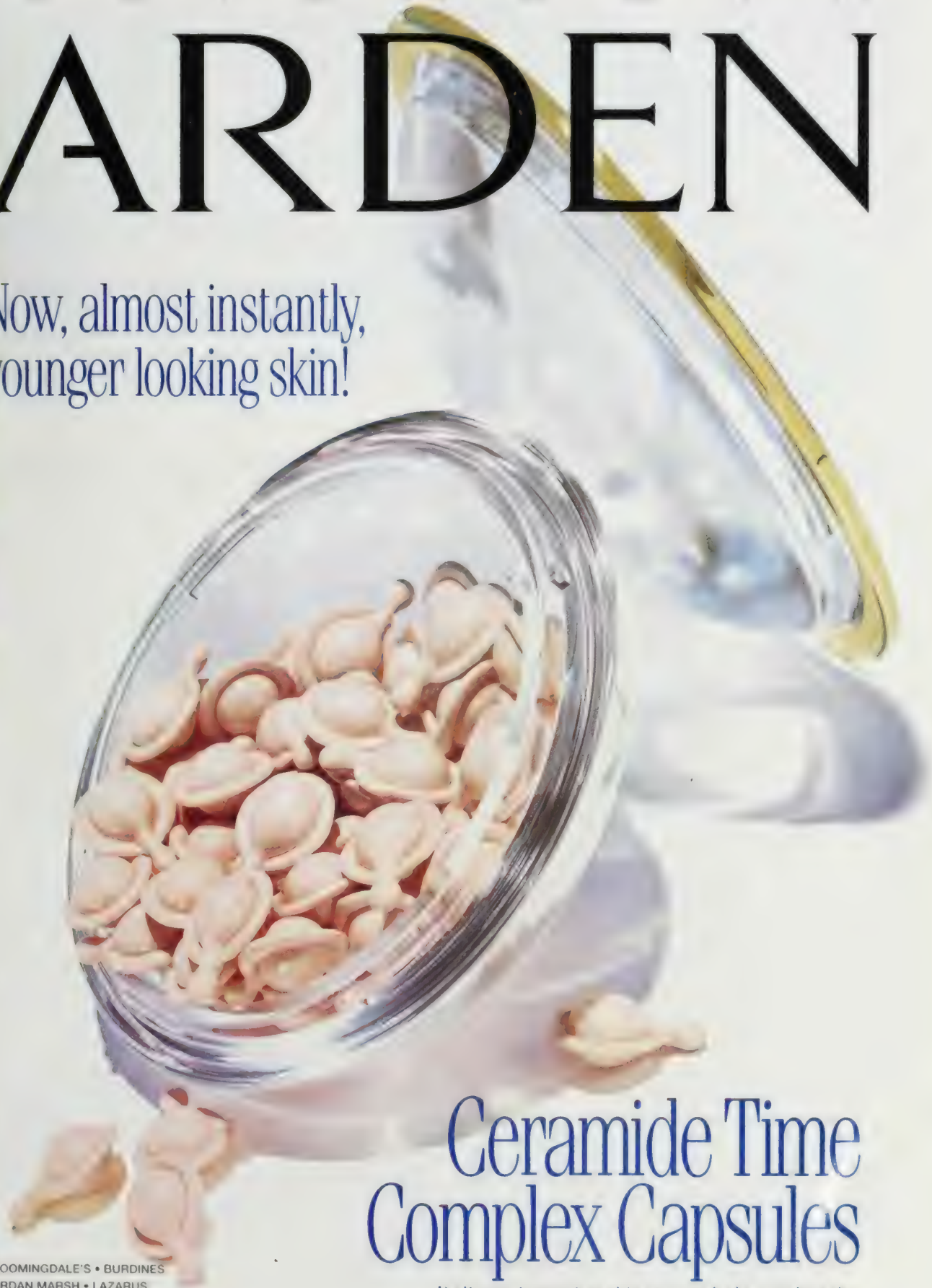
It is also a fact that the defendant becomes a sympathetic figure in many people's eyes. We are experiencing that increasingly in Department 103 of the Criminal Courts Building in Los Angeles. The charismatic star O. J. Simpson dominates the proceedings from the moment he makes his entrance into the courtroom each morning, totally aware of the effect his presence makes. His cadre of lawyers, as well as one of the deputies assigned to guard him, are deferential to him. His every reaction, from his frequent exasperation to his occasional laughter, captivates the attention of the room. When photographs of the slashed victims, Nicole Brown Simpson and Ron Goldman, lying in grotesque positions in gallons of blood, are flashed on the large screen in the courtroom, ob-

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servers no longer recoil in horror. We have become used to them.

Kato Kaelin, to whom Simpson gave a free room in the guest quarters of his Brentwood estate, amused the defendant when he was on the stand. Simpson's obvious pleasure at Kaelin's antics enraged the family of Ron Goldman, who were sitting next to me. Their anger was so intense that I thought I could feel the heat from it. They stared at Simpson as if willing him to turn and look in their direction so that he could see their hatred. But O.J. knows where not to look in the courtroom. He knows where the friendly faces are. The deputy mentioned above, who sometimes jokes with Simpson, berated a cousin of Goldman's one day when she giggled at an audible stomach growl coming from Patti Goldman, Ron's stepmother. "If you do that one more time, you'll have to leave the courtroom," he told the terrified young woman.

You can't convict $10 million.

—Hollywood screenwriter Ivan Moffat at a dinner party at Mrs. Jerry Wald's.

The two juries in the Menendez trial could not arrive at verdicts even though the used-to-be-rich killers admitted firing all those shots into their parents' faces, heads, and bodies, and the resulting nonverdicts continue to bewilder a great portion of this city. The fact that the same prospect exists again in the double-murder trial of O. J. Simpson has caused further bewilderment, if not rage, here in Los Angeles, brought on by the revelations of the most recently dismissed juror, Jeanette Harris, who had failed to remember to include on her juror's questionnaire that she had claimed in the past to have experienced domestic abuse, which is a cornerstone of the prosecution's case. Apparently angered by her dismissal, the disgruntled Harris rushed to anchorperson Pat Harvey of L.A.'s Channel 9—they share a dentist, who arranged the meeting—to secure the instant fame available to anyone involved in this trial. Barbara Walters got her next. Larry King got her after that. Harris pooh-poohed her past domestic-abuse claim against her husband, which she said she had since forgotten; accused a Caucasian juror of kicking her; said that the prosecution was spinning its wheels, and at the same time lauded defense attorney Johnnie Cochran; told of her admiration for the way O.J. was handling himself in court, "whether he did it or not"; and stated that sheriff's deputies guarding the jury were creating racial tensions by showing favoritism to the three white female panelists when the jury shopped, watched videos, or used the gym. Most important, she predicted that the trial would end with a hung jury. It was not an original thought; others have believed that, even while hoping that it would not be so. Harris dispelled that hope. The *Los Angeles Times* published a cartoon by Mike Luckovich in which the jury foreperson says, "Judge Ito, we the jury regret we are unable to reach a verdict," to which a sweating, harried Judge Ito replies, "YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE DELIBERATING YET!"

Many people feel that Johnnie Cochran won the case the day the jury was seated. The prosecution made a serious miscalculation during jury selection in thinking that black women would be sympathetic to the prosecution because of the issue of domestic abuse. Nicole Simpson's cries on the 911 tapes were not as shocking to black people as they were to whites. An African-American woman married to a Caucasian wrote me, "I believe O.J. isn't guilty; my husband believes he is. In our eight years of marriage, this is the only disagreement we've had on an issue related to race. I feel that you, like my husband, are unable to understand a black man's rage the way that blacks themselves understand it. In us, a black man's shouts do not produce the same shock that they do in the white community. Sometimes these shouts accompany physical abuse, but very often they do not. Rarely do they accompany murder. So to black people, evidence of O.J.'s rage doesn't translate to a belief in his guilt."

No one denies that the life of sequestered jurors in a long trial is a difficult one. They live in isolation from their families, friends, and jobs, and are admonished several times each day not to talk about the only topic that they all have in common. Their pre-taped television is monitored by deputies, and their newspapers are stripped of all mention of the trial. For the Simpson jurors, Judge Ito has gone out of his way to arrange special treats. Roger Williams has entertained them with a concert. Richard Koshalek, the director of L.A.'s Museum of Contemporary Art, has arranged a private tour for the group. Mr. Blackwell, the fashion maven who brings out an annual Worst-Dressed Women list, has lectured to them. Shirley Jones is scheduled to sing for them, and Jay Leno and the Tonight Show Band have given them a private performance, minus his nightly O.J. jokes and the five Dancing Itos.

On April 20, the jury was in jeopardy one more time: a female juror wanted to depart the diminishing panel. A very pretty African-American flight attendant of 25, she told Judge Ito she couldn't take it anymore. "It's either them or me," she said about certain deputies assigned to the jury. Apparently not wanting to lose her, the judge replaced the deputies. It turned out to be a rash decision and caused a furor, both from the head of the sheriff's department and, more surprisingly, from 13 of the jurors, both black and white, who wanted them to stay. In what is said to be a legal first, the jurors revolted and would not sit in the jury box. When they arrived in the courthouse, 13 of the 18 were dressed in black, as a protest. They marched in single file down the corridor, looking neither left nor right, as in a funeral procession. Maybe it would have been better to let the juror who wanted to leave go, even though that would have reduced the number of alternates to five. She sits with her eyes cast downward most of the time, hardly ever taking in the action or writing any notes. But Judge Ito saved the day. After private meetings with individual jurors, the rebellion was quashed, harmony was restored, and the trial shakily resumed on April 25.

"The police never read *Crime and Punishment,*" said Josh Greenfeld, the screenwriter and author of *A Place for Noah,* about his autistic son. Greenfeld has nothing to do with the trial, except as an observer. That day we had met by accident in the courthouse and listened to Johnnie Cochran's press conference after the dismissal of juror Jeanette Harris. Cochran said that he feared that the prosecutors were having his witnesses followed. It was ominous. Mistrial was in the air. Greenfeld invited me out to lunch, where he talked about O.J. and Dostoyevsky in the same breath. "They arrested O.J. too quick. They should have let him dangle for five or six months, like Raskolnikov. They should have kept bringing him in, talking to him, asking him questions. If he ran, they'd know where he went. If he committed suicide, there wouldn't



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have to be a trial. Maybe he'd break. Maybe he'd confess. The cops moved too quick."

"Despair" was the operative word for the prosecution team as they watched criminalist Dennis Fung squirm under the relentless cross-examination of Barry Scheck, whose courtroom expertise surpassed that of every other member of the defense team thus far. During the five days that the attack went on, the prospect of defeat was written in the slump of the shoulders of Marcia Clark, Christopher Darden, and Hank Goldberg. Fung, who wilted more each day, was unprepared for the superbly crafted onslaught aimed at destroying his credibility and competence. Scheck, who possesses the requisite mean streak and unpleasantly curled lip of the successful defense attorney, was not satisfied with mere victory in felling Fung for his failure to collect evidence properly at the crime scene. In a cross-examination sometimes painful to watch—especially with Johnnie Cochran, looking like the cat that ate the canary, beaming his approval from the defense table—Scheck verbally kicked and humiliated his victim with the insistent implication that if Fung was so inept in gathering evidence, O. J. Simpson was therefore innocent.

> Nicole felt that O.J.'s abusiveness to women had something to do with his father being gay.

In the corridor during a break, defense-camp jubilation was in the air. Johnnie Cochran sang, "We're having Fung, we're having Fung," on his way to the men's room. Inside the courtroom, Robert Shapiro handed out fortune cookies to some of the reporters, saying, "These are from Hang Fung Restaurant." My fortune cookie read, "Give time and thought to all that you do." I think Shapiro should have gotten that one, because once the story of the fortune cookies hit the wire services, he was in Dutch with the Asian-American community. Privately, he asked Fung to accept his apology, which Fung reportedly declined, and then made a public apology to the court and to his "friends in the Asian-American community" prior to a scheduled courthouse news conference and protest by Asian-Americans.

Meanwhile, Dennis Fung—beaten, bothered, and bewildered—stood by, waiting for more of the same punishment. During the break, he reportedly went up to Scheck and asked, "Are you going to buy me a beer when this is all over?" Scheck smiled but did not reply. An anonymous person sent Fung flowers with a card that read, "Stay strong. It'll be over soon."

Then Barry Scheck went too far. Not willing to quit when he was ahead, he got greedy. And by going for more he diminished the brilliant impact he had made. His attempt to tie Fung into a conspiracy/cover-up with Detectives Fuhrman, Vannatter, and Lange to frame O. J. Simpson for the double murder was as patently absurd as the defense's other preposterous theory, that Nicole Simpson and Ron Goldman were slashed to death by Colombian drug dealers who really meant to kill Faye Resnick. Watching Scheck, I wondered how he could keep a straight face. At one moment, the defense was saying that the Los Angeles police were so hopelessly incompetent that they had contaminated all the evidence at the crime scene. The very next moment, it was accusing the same hopelessly incompetent officers of masterminding a brilliant frame-up of Simpson, complete with planted blood and glove, all conceived of on the spot.

In the end, the mood in the courtroom changed. Sympathy shifted to the beleaguered Fung, who took his punishment like a man. As he departed the courtroom after nine days on the stand, Johnnie Cochran rose to shake his hand. Shapiro gave him a half-embrace. Even Simpson, whom no one is supposed to touch, gave him a dazzling smile and shook his hand. Curious gestures all, directed toward a man they had just implied was a co-conspirator.

This story has ruined fiction. No one would believe it.

—Callie Khouri, Academy Award–winning screenwriter for *Thelma & Louise.*

Such strange things happen on a daily basis here. One night when I returned to the hotel, there was a message from someone named Mary, who didn't leave her last name. "John Gotti at the Marion prison in Illinois put a contract out on O.J. Sorry I couldn't call you in person, but I'm traveling." I took it to be a hoax, but I couldn't think of a single Mary I know who has that kind of sense of humor. The message refused to be dismissed from my mind. Suppose, I thought to myself, just suppose it *wasn't* a hoax. Such things do happen in the prison system. So I faxed the message to Judge Ito. So far, no word back from His Honor.

It doesn't seem strange at all in this trial that the coroner reportedly waved a gun in his workplace and told people he wanted to kill 9 or 10 lawyers. Or that the mother of Allan Park, the limousine driver who was such a good witness for the prosecution, was the lawyer for Patricia Krenwinkel of the Manson gang, who has served 25 years so far for her part in the murders of Sharon Tate and her friends, during Krenwinkel's most recent parole hearing. Or that a man wearing a dress, earrings, and pearls caused a disruption in the courtroom and was dragged out by a couple of bailiffs. Or that the prosecution suggested that the defense might want Nobel Prize winner Dr. Kary Mullis, one of their DNA experts, to go into detox before testifying because of his use of LSD.

"I think I'll go back to New York for a week during DNA," I said to my friend Richie Berlin, an ardent follower of the trial on television, who lives in Beverly Hills.

"Chrissie's going to get her face lifted during DNA," she replied.

Those close to Simpson tell me that he wants to take the stand, and F. Lee Bailey said on David Frost's show that he and Cochran will probably recommend that he do so. If he does, all of


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America will stop work to watch. "It is in his nature," said one person. He's a showman. He's used to the cheers of the crowd. He understands the art of dazzling, whether it's making an 80-yard run, or talking a police officer out of giving him a ticket, or hitting on the prettiest girl at the party. It's a scene he would play directly to the 12 people who count.

Whether Simpson takes the stand or not, it has occurred to me and many others that the possibility that he could walk exists, a possibility I considered highly unlikely at the start. During a lunch in the Japanese garden of the New Otani Hotel, near the courthouse, I remarked to two writer friends that I couldn't imagine what Simpson's life would be like if he went free, other than that it would be very different from the life he had lived prior to the murders. We agreed that he would no longer have commercial endorsements, and that he would not be starring in any television series. I said that the doors of the elite country-club world, in which he once moved so gracefully, would be closed to him. One of my companions, it turned out, was actually quite up on O.J.'s plans should he get off. Some months ago, I reported that in such an event there was a pay-per-view deal in the works that could net him $10 million, a sum that would pay off his lawyers and leave him with more than enough to resume a life of luxury. The program is still very much a possibility, and I now learn that it could net him $20 million. It would not be done until 10 days after his release. It would feature his children from both marriages, his family and friends, and his lawyers, and the interviewer—not yet picked—would be Barbara Walters or someone of comparable stature. After that, he would drop out of the spotlight for two years, raise his children on a ranch, and then return slowly to Los Angeles to restart his life. It sounds so logical, so planned. But I couldn't help thinking to myself, What about Nicole? What about Ron? Do we just forget about them?

A lady who attended the Pediatric AIDS Foundation benefit told me it was the last time she saw O.J. before the murders. That was the benefit Kato talked about on the stand, to which O.J. had taken Sydney and Justin, and Kato had taken his own daughter, Tiffany. The lady told me that O.J. had said to her, "If you see two white-looking kids, they're mine."

"What do you think of Kato?" For days, during Kato Kaelin's time on the witness stand, everywhere I went people asked me that. Kaelin struck a nerve in a certain group in this town, the group involved with fame and celebrity, for he represents a type well known in that community. A lot of stars have Katos around. They have an above-servant-below-family status in a household, and most of them are content to bask in other people's glory. From here on in, "Kato" will be the word used to describe a hanger-on who is looking for fame himself, if it should happen to come his way through the association with his benefactor, but who is not working very hard to make it happen. Kato Kaelin is the quintessential example of that type. He is Eve Harrington in grunge.

Nicole Simpson's murder brought about Kaelin's rendezvous with fame. Nicole had introduced him into the family fold. She and Faye Resnick met him and his friend Grant Cramer in Aspen. Cramer is the son of socialite Stuart Cramer and 50s film star Terry Moore, who claims to have been married to Howard Hughes. Nicole had a guesthouse for rent, and Kato was looking for a place to live. He didn't have enough money to pay the $450 a month she was asking, so they worked out an arrangement whereby he could make up the difference by performing baby-sitting chores. Nicole wanted a guy around the house. She told her friends that she was nervous. She thought O.J. had people looking in her windows at her.

> "Kato never looked me in the eye. I told Cora, 'This guy knows something. He won't look at me.'"

For a while, it was great for Kato too. His daughter, Tiffany, could visit him on weekends, and Nicole's kids, Sydney and Justin, liked him so much that they named their dog after him. It was Kato the dog's incessant, plaintive wails, heard by a neighbor, the screenwriter Pablo Fenjves, that helped establish the likely time of the murders. It was Kato the dog that walked through a pool of Nicole Simpson's blood and went looking for someone to discover her body before her children did.

One thing you have to say about the guy: for an actor going out on the biggest audition in the history of show business, a public performance in front of the nation, with every casting director in Hollywood tuned in to watch him, he didn't go out of his way to make an impression in the hair-and-clothes department. But he had charm, and there was an easy, likable quality about him. When he was walking up to the stand, he said "Oh, hi!" in the friendliest manner to several of the people he had seen covering the trial on television, such as Cynthia McFadden of ABC. When he was on the stand, he said a few funny things. There is a juror in the back row who seems angry at the world. "Grim" is the word for her. Even she laughed at Kato, in her first and only laugh of the trial thus far. Ultimately, though, he wasn't all that charming. Marcia Clark turned on him and had him declared a hostile witness, suggesting that he knew more than he was saying. What he said on the stand and what the prosecution believed he had told his old friend Grant Cramer, with whom he stayed briefly after the murders, were inconsistent. I find it interesting that O.J.'s first lawyer, Howard Weitzman, his secretary, Cathy Randa, and O.J. himself all spoke with Kato within 24 hours of the murders. I don't suppose we're ever going to find out what those telephone calls were about.

Kato soon passed into a new phase of his fame. Donna Shalala, the secretary of health and human services, got his autograph at a Radio and Television Correspondents dinner in Washington. Barbara Walters dined with him at Drai's and interviewed him on television. He was on Larry King's show. There were other television offers. And people in



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Hollywood were amazed that there were no Kato Kaelin jokes at the Academy Awards. That's fame. Not everyone finds Kato a perfect darling, though. One who doesn't is Juditha Brown, Nicole Simpson's mother. She shook her head as we were leaving the courtroom for a morning break one day when he was on the stand. "If only he'd tell the truth," she said. When I asked her in the corridor what she thought of him, she was cautious.

"He's a nice guy," she said, but her voice didn't carry much enthusiasm. "The kids loved him. Sometimes I thought he played too hard with the kids. He got them too worked up, and I couldn't get them to calm down to go to bed. I have nothing against him, except that he didn't move with Nicole but went with O.J. instead. Nicole was very hurt that he did that. When Nicole was moving to Bundy, he helped her. He came over to hug me," she added, "but I wouldn't, because I thought he had betrayed Nicole."

> The kind of people who think O.J. didn't do it are not the kind of people he's interested in.

Predictably, Kato quickly blew it. Although he told Marcia Clark under oath that he was not writing a book, it turned out that he had sat for 16 hours of taped interviews for a book with coauthor Marc Eliot, saying things, according to Eliot, that contradicted what he said on the stand. Eliot accused Kaelin of perjuring himself, and turned the tapes over to Marcia Clark. Prosecutor Chris Darden in a sidebar suggested the possibility of impeachment.

Another nonfan of Kato's is Cici Shahian, who was a great friend of Nicole's. She thinks Kato is an opportunist who moved on from Nicole when he got a better offer. The offer came from O.J., who didn't want Kato living under the same roof as Nicole, so he invited him to live free in his guesthouse. He'd have a pool, a tennis court, a basketball court, and a Jacuzzi. And he could say he lived at O. J. Simpson's house—very important in Kato's crowd.

Shahian is a first cousin of O.J.'s friend Robert Kardashian, who was videotaped walking off the Simpson estate on Rockingham with O.J.'s Louis Vuitton bag the day after the murders, and who later read O.J.'s "suicide" note on national television, after O.J. had taken off from Kardashian's house for the famous freeway chase with Al Cowlings at the wheel of the white Bronco. Shahian and Kardashian are very definitely on opposite sides in this case.

Cici Shahian told me a story: One day, shortly before the end, when she and Nicole were jogging on the green of San Vicente Boulevard in Brentwood, they passed Kato. Nicole wouldn't speak to him. She called him a turncoat for walking out on her and moving in with O.J. She also said that nothing in life is free when it comes to O.J. She said that she would go out someplace and Kato would be there. She thought that O.J. had sent him to report on whom she was with. O.J. sent people to spy on her. She said she saw Kato in the clubs too often "for a guy who didn't have a dollar." She knew O.J.'s tactics, his M.O. "He's got me followed again," she said. "He knows everything."

Nicole told Cici, "I'm afraid my friends are going to be bought. Like before, in the divorce, he tried to buy my friends. He's going to kill me and get away with it, and charm the world, because he's O. J. Simpson."

Shahian told me, "That's what Nicole said to me one week before she was killed. She knew. She foresaw what was going to happen. She just didn't know what day it was going to happen. . . . She had her will in order. She documented her beatings."

A man who had seen me on television contacted me, identifying himself as Ron X, the lookout for J.R., the drug dealer to the stars who claims he sold crystal methamphetamine to O.J. and Kato in the parking lot of a Burger King on the night of the murders. "J.R. dresses up. I masquerade as a homeless guy, but I graduated from college and have an I.Q. of 160. How many homeless people have you met who make $200,000 a year?" The $100 bill that he and J.R. say O.J. paid for the crystal meth with has, according to Ron X, been turned over to the prosecution. He alleges that there are fingerprints of O.J.'s and crystal-meth residue on the bill. "This drug is more dangerous than any other. A good two lines would keep you up for three days. I got out of it for that reason. I don't sell it anymore."

A girlfriend of mine had a three-way with O.J.

—Start of a conversation with a stranger at artist Paul Jasmin's birthday party.

F. Lee Bailey, who reintroduced the word "nigger" into our lives with his marathon name-drop of the same during his cross-examination of Detective Mark Fuhrman—which he told Cynthia McFadden on *20/20* was a great success, approved by both O.J. and Johnnie Cochran—celebrated with a St. Patrick's Day dinner at the Beverly Hills home and gallery of Barbara DeVorzon, a prominent Los Angeles art dealer. It was a fancy affair. Approximately 30 for dinner. Place cards. Corned beef and cabbage on the menu. The entire defense team was invited, except for Robert and Linell Shapiro. No one need be reminded that Shapiro and Bailey are not the presidents of each other's fan club. Their mutual loathing was not lessened when Shapiro—on-camera of course—distanced himself from his colleague's introduction of race into the Fuhrman cross-examination and turned up wearing a police pin on his lapel. At the last minute, Johnnie Cochran and his wife, Dale, backed out of Bailey's party. Cochran, I am told, thought his presence might make it look as if he were taking sides in the fray. But the Cochrans' place cards were not removed from the table. Recently, Bailey, who is known around the trial as Flee, has remained out of sight much of the time. Has Flee fled? No. Wendy Stark

aw him having lunch at the Bistro Gar-
en in Beverly Hills with Lee Iacocca
ist a couple of days before Iacocca and
Kirk Kerkorian made their $22.8 billion
id for Chrysler.

Jici Shahian has two great friends, who were also great friends of Nicole's, Robin Greer and the famous Faye Resnick, who wrote *Nicole Brown Simpson: The Private Diary of a Life Interrupted*, the memoir that became a best-seller, although the Brown family has steadfastly withheld its endorsement of it. One night Shahian invited me to have dinner with the three of them at her new apartment in a building in Beverly Hills where I lived in the 70s. It was a strange feeling to look across the courtyard into my old apartment. Michael Viner, the president of Dove Audio Books, was also there, but he left early, saying he was meeting Jack Nicholson at the producer Robert Evans's house, where they were going to run *Muriel's Wedding*. Viner published Resnick's book, and Shahian works for him at Dove.

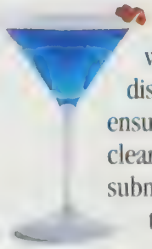
It was Shahian's first dinner party in the new apartment, and she had hostess jitters, because she didn't think her new stove was working properly. It worked fine. The lasagna was great. There was a fire in the fireplace, candles on the table, and candles on the mantel. We had a wonderful time.

I told them that I had heard from Art Harris of CNN that there was going to be a show on the next night which would deal with O.J.'s cocaine use, in which several people, including a cousin of Nicole's named Rolf Baur and a chauffeur named Mark Burris, who once drove for O.J., would tell of taking cocaine with Simpson. Drugs, which many people feel played a part in what happened on the fatal Sunday night of June 12, 1994, have been a subject avoided thus far in the trial. For reasons unknown, the prosecution appears reluctant to introduce it into the case. When we got down to some serious talking, Faye Resnick, who was in rehab on the night of the murders, opened up on O.J. and drugs. "I used to do coke with him. . . . I believe he was high on crystal meth that night. The man used to do everything," she said. "But he was a periodic. He could stop for a few months, have three days of bingeing, and then go off and drink."

All three ladies really loved Nicole. She was their friend, and they miss her. They laughed talking about her. They cried talking about her. They said that



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she always felt that she was unimportant, that she lived in O.J.'s shadow. He was always the star, the center of the universe. "If he walked into a restaurant and was not noticed, he would raise the volume of his voice so people would look at him," said Resnick. "He didn't like Europe, because he wasn't recognized there. He took Nicole on the Orient Express. He loved the Express, but he hated Europe."

Sometimes they forgot I was there and just talked among themselves, all speaking at the same time in louder and louder voices, understanding one another in the way that friends do. Nicole, who had seemed elusive to me—a beautiful face with wary eyes in a vast array of photographs—began to emerge as a person. They said she used to say "Hi, guys" every time she would meet up with them. All of them mimicked the sound of her voice and the wave of her hand as she said that. They all said that Nicole knew that O.J. was going to kill her. She had told each one of them. It is a fact that haunts them all.

"Kato's fame came about through the death of Nicole, who didn't even like him," said Robin Greer, dismissing the very thought of the man. "I've known O.J. for 17 years, since I was 15," she said. She had been a school friend of the sister of O.J.'s first wife, Marquerite. Greer, an actress, is the niece of Jane Greer, a cool and sophisticated leading lady at RKO during the 40s and 50s, when she played opposite Robert Mitchum in the *film noir* classics *Out of the Past* and *The Big Steal.* Tall, blonde, handsome, funny, sad, Robin Greer was once married to real-estate mogul Mark Slotkin, who later sold their Beverly Hills house on Elm Drive to Jose and Kitty Menendez, who were killed there a year or so later by their two sons. Slotkin took the stand during the first Menendez trial and may possibly take the stand during the Simpson trial. Greer said she wanted to move away from Los Angeles. "A lot of people who used to be really nice to me don't even speak to me now," she said. All three women feel an isolation from former friends who have sided with O.J. That feeling began on the day of the funeral.

"We walked up to pay our respects to the family," said Shahian. "O.J. was right there. We all knew in our hearts that he had done it, but we all hugged him. He gave each of us a different message. He said to Faye, 'You know, I loved her too much.' He said to me, 'Please help Arnelle take care of the children.' . . . At the funeral, I sat down, Cora Fischman sat next to me, then Faye and Kris Jenner. Who sits next to me on the other side but Kato. He never looked at me. I said, 'Kato, what happened?' He never looked me in the eye. I told Cora, 'This guy knows something. He won't look at me.'"

> "Nicole foresaw what was going to happen. She had her will in order. She documented her beatings."

There was a viewing of Nicole's body in an open casket on the day before the funeral. Robin Greer told me, "She didn't look anything like herself. She looked old and unhappy. It wasn't like looking at Nicole." Greer said that Robert Shapiro showed up with O.J. Shapiro said to Juditha Brown, Nicole's mother, "Are you sure the phone call was at a quarter to 11?" Juditha had initially made a mistake remembering the time of her call to her daughter to tell her she had left her glasses at the Mezzaluna restaurant. If it had been at 10:45, that would mean that O.J. couldn't have committed the murders. Juditha, they told me, wanted to believe that O.J. didn't do it.

"Nicole was secretive," said Greer, who had begged her not to return to O.J. "She told me about his abuse, but she didn't tell me she was seeing O.J. again."

"Nicole was somewhat of an enigma," agreed Resnick.

"Nicole felt that O.J.'s abusiveness to women had something to do with his father being gay," said Greer. "Nicole called O.J.'s mother after one of the beatings to ask her if she had been beaten by her husband. She wanted to know if it ran in the family."

Shahian said, "Nicole didn't want the kids to know she was fighting with O.J. on the phone. She would say, 'It's my friend.' I'll tell you one thing, that fight wasn't with Faye." She was talking about the fight Nicole allegedly had on the telephone the night she was killed. They are positive that the fight was with O.J. "Nicole used to say, 'You don't get it. He doesn't love me. He's obsessed with me,'" said Shahian.

"Why did she go back to him then?" I asked.

"Nicole could not be happy being alone," said Greer. "She had to have a man. She had to have someone else with her. Every guy she went out with let her down, so she always went back to O.J."

When I mentioned that a lot of people don't think that he did it, Resnick snapped impatiently, "The kind of people who think O.J. didn't do it are not the kind of people he's interested in. If they release him, they're releasing a dangerous man. He's not sorry for what he did. He's sorry he got caught."

Resnick added, "I am so tired of people going on television and talking about me. I'm getting attacked by people I don't even know who say they know me. Some guy said on TV he had nude pictures of me. There are no nude pictures of me. They're talking about a different person. It's not me. People I don't know say they did drugs with me."

"Do you think the defense will put you on the stand?" I asked.

"I doubt it. I'm full of ammunition on O.J. I'm one of the very few people who isn't intimidated by him. He knows full well I'll be another Ron Shipp up there." Then she said, "Chris Darden thinks they'll tear me down without calling me."

"She almost got out of it. She came this close," said Robin Greer suddenly. She put her thumb and first finger together to indicate how close Nicole had come to freeing herself of her former husband. With that she broke down and sobbed. "She helped me through so many hard times," she said as she tried to pull herself together. Then she repeated, "She almost got out of it." □



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Vanities



Une Petite Marceau

French starlet **SOPHIE MARCEAU**—who is making her English-language debut in *Braveheart*, an epic set in 13th-century Scotland, starring and directed by Mel Gibson—has gone from teen queen to thespian temptress faster than you can say ooh-la-la. "It's a story about a young little princess who has been educated to be a queen, in this huge story about men, battles, and politics," says the 28-year-old Marceau. Unfortunately, the luminous princess has problems. "Instead of being in love with her husband," explains the pert Parisian, "she's in love with a barbarian." But tackling such emotional imbroglios—on-screen and in life—has long been Sophie's choice. "I was born for problems," Marceau confesses. "Life would be boring without problems." *Cherchez la femme.*

—JAN BRESLAUER

Photograph by PAOLO ROVERSI

Hot Type

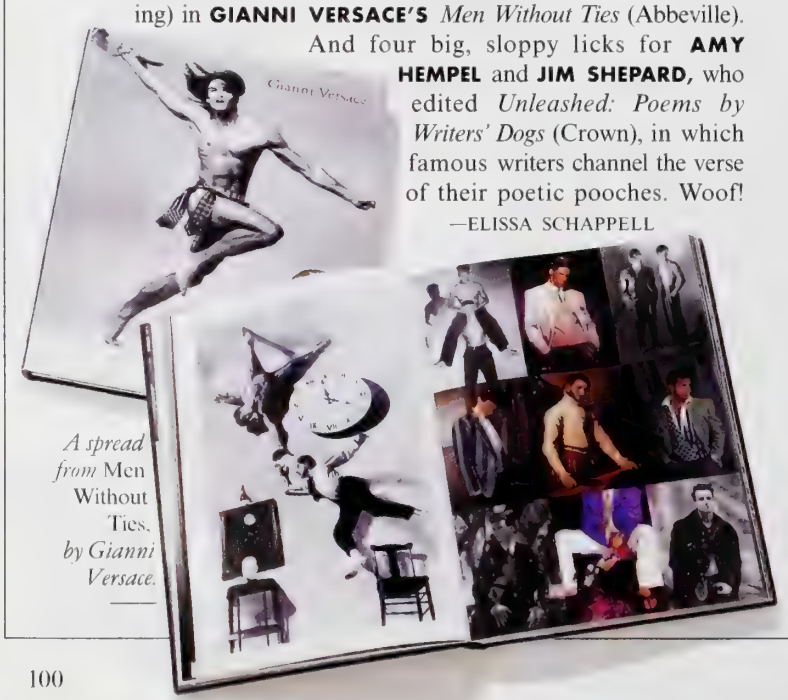
The Dead School (Dial) is Irishman **PATRICK McCABE'S** thorny third novel, in which the death by drowning of a student at a Catholic boys' school scars the lives of an inexperienced teacher and a cruel headmaster, who comes to be haunted by the voices of dead pupils.

Also this month: Perennial favorite **RICHARD FORD'S** latest is *Independence Day* (Knopf), the long-awaited sequel to *The Sportswriter. Cold Snap* (Little, Brown) is a collection of **THOM JONES'S** testosterone-charged short stories. **MARY KARR'S** East Texas memoir, *The Liars' Club* (Viking), traces her twisted family tree. An all–Native American rock band is the subject of **SHERMAN ALEXIE'S** first novel, *Reservation Blues* (Grove Atlantic). **GEOFF NICHOLSON'S** audaciously funny *Everything and More* (St. Martin's) is structured like a rambling London department store. **CALVIN TRILLIN,** that irrepressible wag, bestows on us a bouquet of topical essays, *Too Soon to Tell* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). The photographer who captured the soul of Depression-era America is the focus of **BELINDA RATHBONE'S** winning *Walker Evans: A Biography* (Houghton Mifflin). Former duffer **DAVID OWEN** rests his putter and aims to amuse in *My Usual Game* (Villard). Rock scribe **BILL FLANAGAN** went on the road with the Irish *Über*-band to research *U2 at the End of the World* (Delacorte). **KARL LAGERFELD:** *Off the Record* (D.A.P.) offers a rare peek into the designer's private amusements. Men cast off their metaphorical ties (and clothing) in **GIANNI VERSACE'S** *Men Without Ties* (Abbeville). And four big, sloppy licks for **AMY HEMPEL** and **JIM SHEPARD,** who edited *Unleashed: Poems by Writers' Dogs* (Crown), in which famous writers channel the verse of their poetic pooches. Woof!

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL



U2 lead singer Bono, surrounded by fans at Foxboro Stadium, near Boston, May 1993.



A spread from Men Without Ties, *by Gianni Versace.*



Katherine *autho*
Anchee Mi

A Cold Min

Author Anchee Min was reared in the dawn of the Cultural Revolution, and spent the 1960s in Shanghai poverty. By 17, she was in a forced-labor camp, and got out of the Gulag only when she was tapped to be an actress in revolution propaganda films. Freedom, however, was not without its costs. "When I was at the studio, I learned that you can impose a brain manipulation on a nation," says Min of her brush with Communist celluloid. "That experience ruined my innocence, because I no longer believed the people that I used to admire."

After Mao died and the revolution crumbled, Min—with the help of actress Joan Chen—fled to the United States. She has since gone on to publish two books. *Red Azalea,* her autobiography, was highly praised. And now Min's first novel, *Katherine,* is just out from Riverhead Books. Narrated by a 29-year-old woman named Zebra, it tells the story of a group of students and their fascination with the "devil" American who has come to China to teach them English. Set in 1982, with the shards of the Cultural Revolution as backdrop, the story is based on people Min once knew. "People who went through the kind of thing that Zebra went through are the powers in China now," says Min, 38, who lives in L.A. "We didn't believe in the Maoist things we said. But we said them because we had to survive." *The Little Red Book,* it seems, is all but closed. —J.B.

PHOTOGRAPHS, BOTTOM LEFT, BY TED MORRISON; TOP RIGHT, BY EIKA AOSHIMA
STYLED BY JENNIFER LEVY; HAIR AND MAKEUP BY TERRI APANASEWICZ. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

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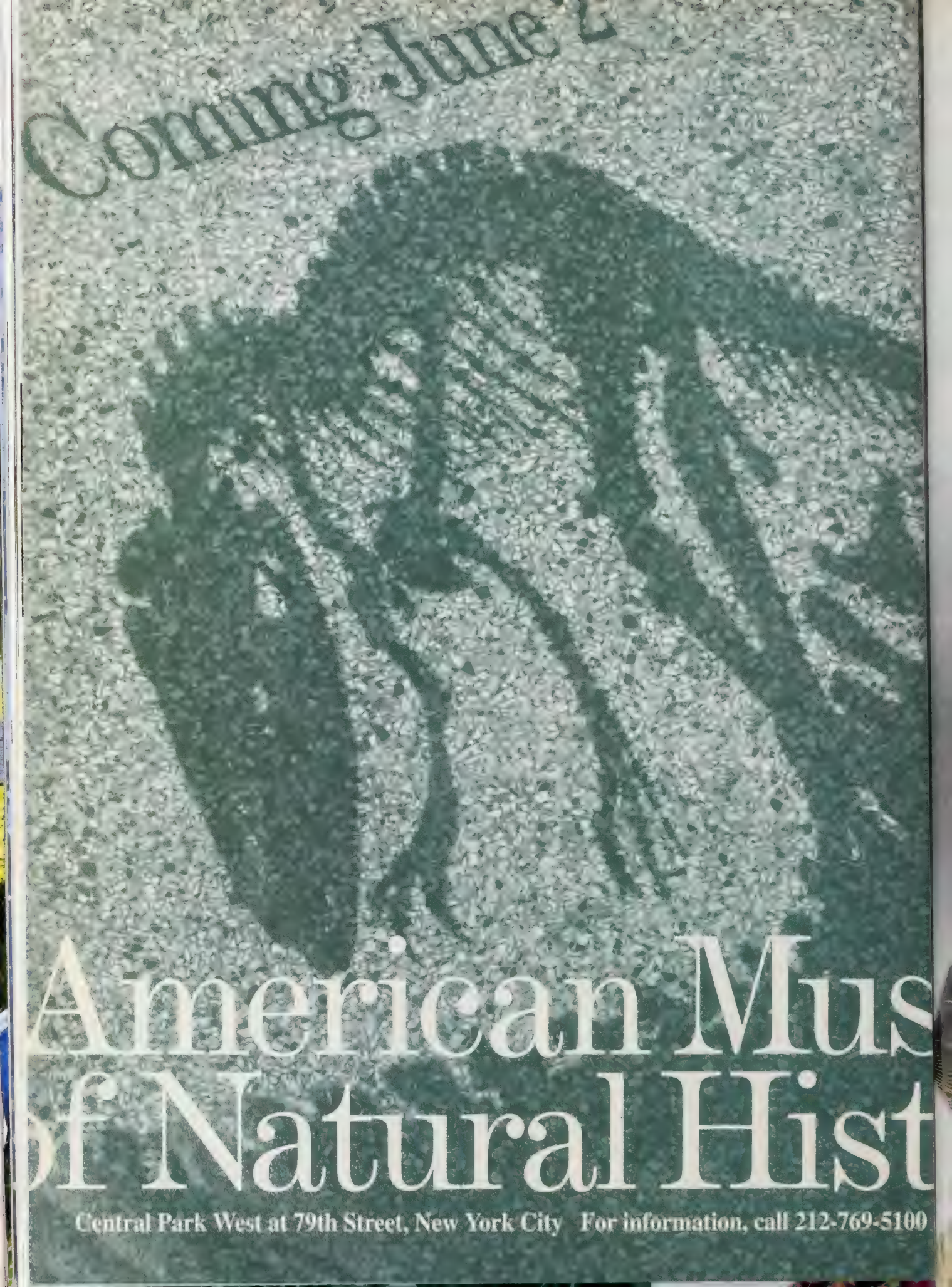
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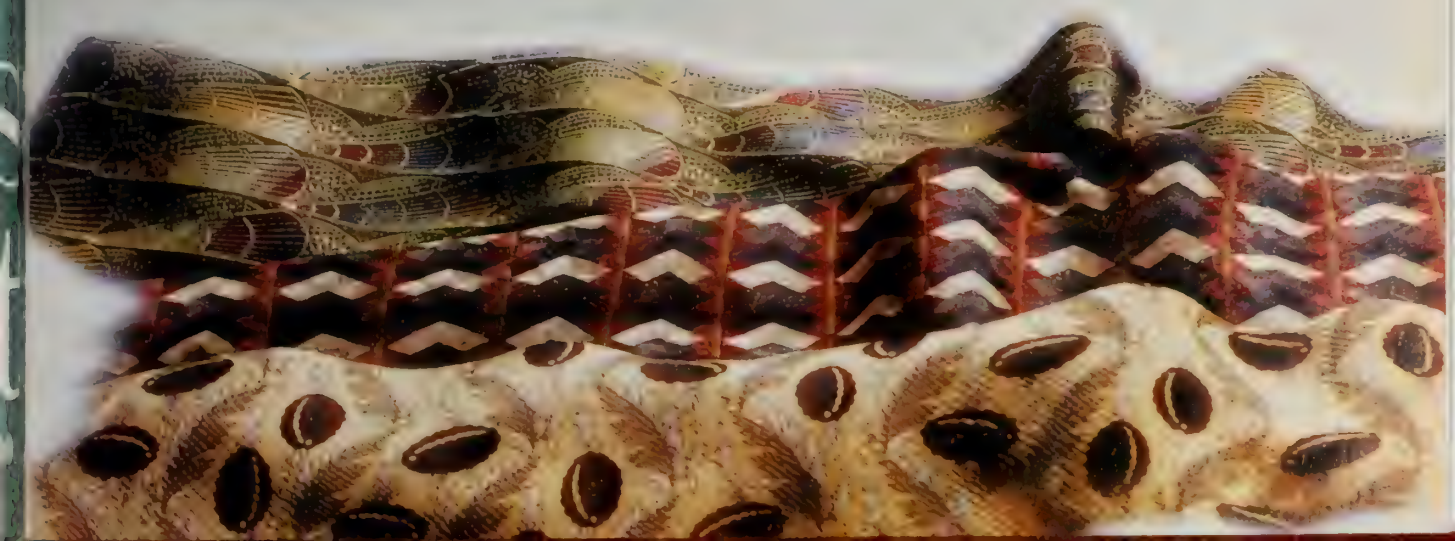
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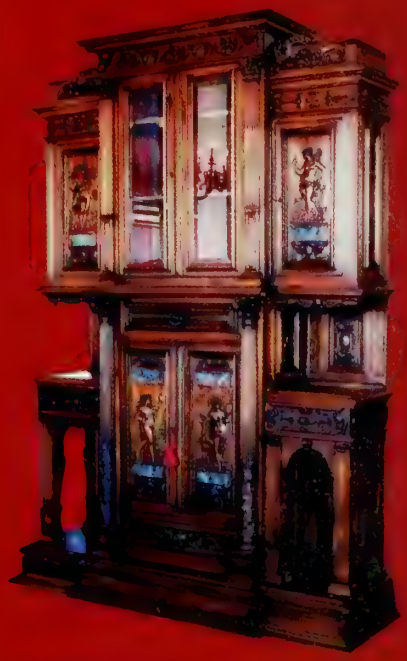
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Swede Smell of Success

Dolph Lundgren rises again

Fulbright scholar, karate champ, bouncer, movie star, boyfriend of Grace Jones—it was a rich and varied life for Dolph Lundgren. Then, suddenly, the screen went dark. But now, GEORGE WAYNE reports, the muscular Swede is back from his European exile—and ready for his close-up.

George Wayne: *So, Dolph, darling, tell me about this new movie,* Johnny Mnemonic.

Dolph Lundgren: It's based on a William Gibson story—you know, the guy who started the cyberpunk movement? I play a preacher.

G.W. *So you have a good-guy role?*

D.L. No, he's a villain, but an interesting villain.

G.W. *The thing I really dig about you, Dolph, is that you not only have the brawn but you have a brain. I hear you were a Fulbright scholar!*

D.L. Yes, that's why I came over here, to go to grad school at M.I.T.

G.W. *But weren't you a nightclub bouncer?*

D.L. I worked at Private Eyes as a doorman, and did a little modeling after I dropped out of school, but I didn't do too well, because they thought I was too big.

G.W. *Let's go over your relationship with Grace Jones. How did you ever hook up with a wacko like Grace?*

D.L. She's not a wacko. I'd say she's an eccentric artist. We met backstage at one of her concerts, where I was doing security, as usual.

G.W. *I used to think that Grace and Dolph were so fabulous! I'll never forget that night at Area when you and Grace made an entrance. You were wearing nothing but a pair of tight leather pants!*

D.L. Oh God, those were my crazy days!

G.W. *Another favorite image is that Albert Watson photo you're both nude, and she's wrapped around you like the* only *black panther.*

D.L. I remember that one. It was after I ran into Andy Warhol at a club, and I didn't know who he was, and he came up to me and said, "So what are you famous for?" And I said, "Nothing, as far as I know." And then he did this article on Grace and me in *Interview.*

G.W. *What did your parents think about Grace?*

D.L. My mother was very cool, but I think my dad had a few problems. He couldn't figure out what he did wrong, but he came around. Now I've married a Swedish girl.

G.W. *Yeah, tell me about this plain Jane you just got married to.*

D.L. She's not plain-Jane, no way! She was a fashion stylist and jewelry designer, so we had some similar interests, and, of course, she is Swedish.

G.W. *What do you think about Jean-Claude Van Damme?*

D.L. Well . . . he's amazingly successful.

G.W. *Aren't you surprised? He's shot up there, and you're still down here.*

D.L. No. I moved here because I wanted to be an actor. I was a movie star before having the chance to become an actor, so now I'm trying to backtrack.

G.W. *Do you think that Hollywood thinks you're a has-been?*

D.L. Maybe, because in Hollywood they are either at your throat or at your feet. It's the name of the game; it's nothing personal. It's a very cynical business, but I'd like to try and do it a little more on my own terms.

G.W. *Are there any nude photos of Dolph floating around?*

D.L. Aaahm . . . no.

G.W. *Oh come on! You've never posed nude?*

D.L. I've never seen them. I've never done frontal nudity, but I did a photo with Skrebneski . . .

G.W. *Frontal?*

D.L. No, sorry.

G.W. *Remember that time when I groped you backstage at a concert? This was donkey years ago!*

D.L. You did? Oh shit! I don't know, maybe I'd had too many drinks.

G.W. *You didn't seem to mind.*

D.L. Yeah?

G.W. *Which of his assets is Dolph the most proud of?*

D.L. That's a good question. I'm trying to be kinder to myself, to look at myself more positively. Let's see . . . persistence. If I want to get somewhere, I get there.

Illustration by RISKO

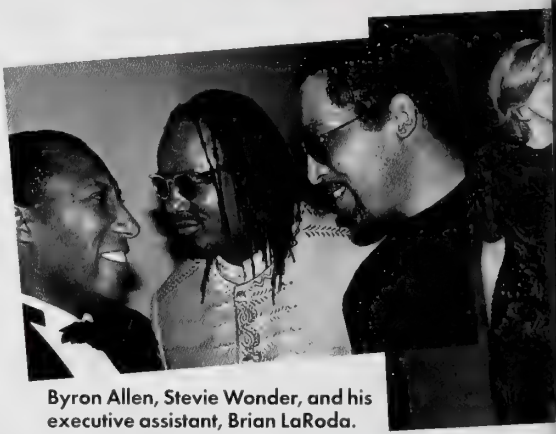
Oscar Bravo

The stars alight on *Vanity Fair*'s Oscar bash

Outside at *Vanity Fair*'s second Oscar party, the waiting crowds gasped in perfect unison as the limo doors opened. Inside Mortons, where the Terry Semels of Warner's greeted the Michael Schulhofs of Sony and the Michael Eisners of Disney, the music was soft and waves of light from hundreds of crackling flashes and strobes burst through the wall of sparkling glass. In a corner a maze of shoulders: Schwarzenegger, Stallone, co-host Steve Tisch. In distress: Anna Nicole Smith. (Don't ask.) Michael Milken had dinner, as did Jay Leno. Last year's bad girl, Sharon Stone, tossed compliments at this year's *very* bad girl, Linda Fiorentino. Jeremy Irons, in a serpentine curl of smoke, made everyone look virginal. Dominick Dunne talked O.J. and everyone listened. Jon Bon Jovi held steady. Dolly Parton held in, inhaled, and hovered over the horizon. Outside, Goldie Hawn—losing control of her rebellious shoulder strap—giggled with Kurt Russell in the surreal shadow of a giant Oscar topiary. Jessica Lange, escorted by publicist-with-cellular, cradled her Oscar gently and moved slowly through the room. Like maybe she was afraid of waking her little friend. —GEORGE HODGMAN



Jane Fonda, giddy, with Sally Field, flanked by their even giddier billionaire media-mogul escorts, David Geffen and Ted Turner.



Byron Allen, Stevie Wonder, and his executive assistant, Brian LaRoda.

Producer Joel Silv arrives with friend Lisa Reich.

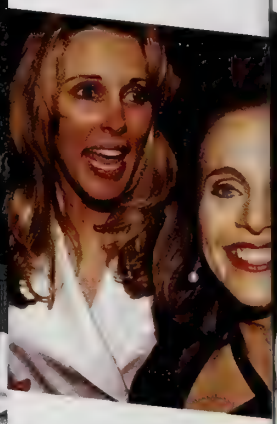


One of *V.F.*'s two 24-foot-tall Oscar topiaries outside Mortons.



The business end: billionaires Ron Perelman and Marvin Davis. Legendary ladies' man Tony Curtis enveloped by Anna Nicole Smith and his date, Jill Vanden Berg.





Stars of the small screen: Alana Stewart and Claudia





Michael Douglas slipped in after a day on the set of *The American President;* Nigel Hawthorne and Anthony Hopkins; Uma Thurman, who brought her father, Robert Thurman, a noted expert on Buddhism and adviser to the Dalai Lama.





In the driveway, infamous trouble child Courtney Love negotiated the Nikons and Leicas with Amy de Cadenet, wife of Duran Duran's John Taylor; former White House press secretary Dee Dee My



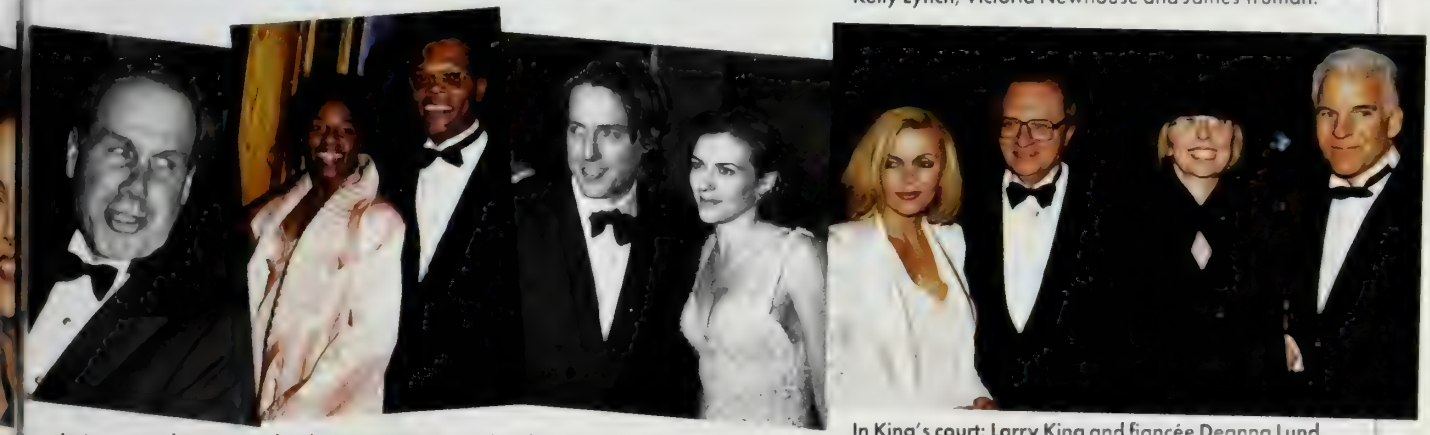
usiness partners:
Parton and Sandy Gallin.

Oprah Winfrey grips queen of the journalists Barbara Walters. "You're my heroine!" Winfrey declared
Annette Bening, shimmering. Kevin Spacey with Jeremy Irons and his wife, Sinead Cusack



-actress winner Jessica Lange
ved carrying her Oscar; actress Kathy Bates, who won a best-actress Oscar in 1990.

Mitch Glazer and
Kelly Lynch; Victoria Newhouse and James Truman.



ey chairman and C.E.O. Michael Eisner; LaTanya Richardson arrives with
uel L. Jackson; Hugh Grant and Elizabeth Hurley—well known for their arrivals.

In King's court: Larry King and fiancée Deanna Lund.
Steve Martin escorting Diane Keaton, who wore a
black fedora for the evening.



Leonardo DiCaprio, open-collared and
shagged, with Sharon Stone; George Hamilton with Patricia Kluge.

Sylvester Stallone and
fiancée Angie Everhart sail into the party

Vanities

Fresh Gail



Rites of passage: Gail Sheehy in a hallway of her New York City apartment.

In 1976, Gail Sheehy was a single mother, barely scraping by. She had just finished a book, which she thought "would probably sink without a trace." The book was *Passages;* it sat on the best-seller list for three years, was published in 12 languages, and has sold more than six million copies. (Gail knows passages: her recent best-seller on menopause, *The Silent Passage,* which first appeared as an article in *Vanity Fair,* where she is a contributing editor, was, she says, one of the 10 most shoplifted books in America.) This month, two decades after she published what has been called the bible of the baby-boom generation, Sheehy is bringing out the sequel. Well, sort of. "I set out to write a sequel, to pick up where *Passages* left off and extend my investigation," she says. "But what I found is that there had been a revolution in the life cycle." From her research, which included a database on five generations constructed with the help of the U.S. Census Bureau, she found that middle-class America is taking longer to grow up and much longer to die, thereby shifting all the stages of adulthood—by up to 10 years. "Most baby-boomers don't feel fully grown up until their 40s," she explains. "They reject the idea of middle age, which is pushed into the 50s—if it exists at all. Plus there are whole new passages in the 50s, 60s, and 70s that didn't exist for our parents." The result of these shifts? A "Second Adulthood" beginning in midlife. No wonder "people feel disoriented," as Sheehy puts it, "finding it hard to make sense of the ages and stages of their lives." In *New Passages: Mapping Your Life Across Time* (Random House), Sheehy aims to help America relocate.

Night-table Reading



Will Schwalbe,
William Morrow editorial director: Lying in Bed, *by J. D. Landis (Algonquin). "This is the most erotic novel I've read in years—it even has rumpled sheets on the jacket."*

Jonathan Galassi,
Farrar, Straus & Giroux editor in chief: A Year at North Hill: Four Seasons in a Vermont Garden, *by Joe Eck and Wayne Winterrowd (Little, Brown). "An enthralling evocation of the lushness that can be wrung out of a northern garden—and the work it takes."*



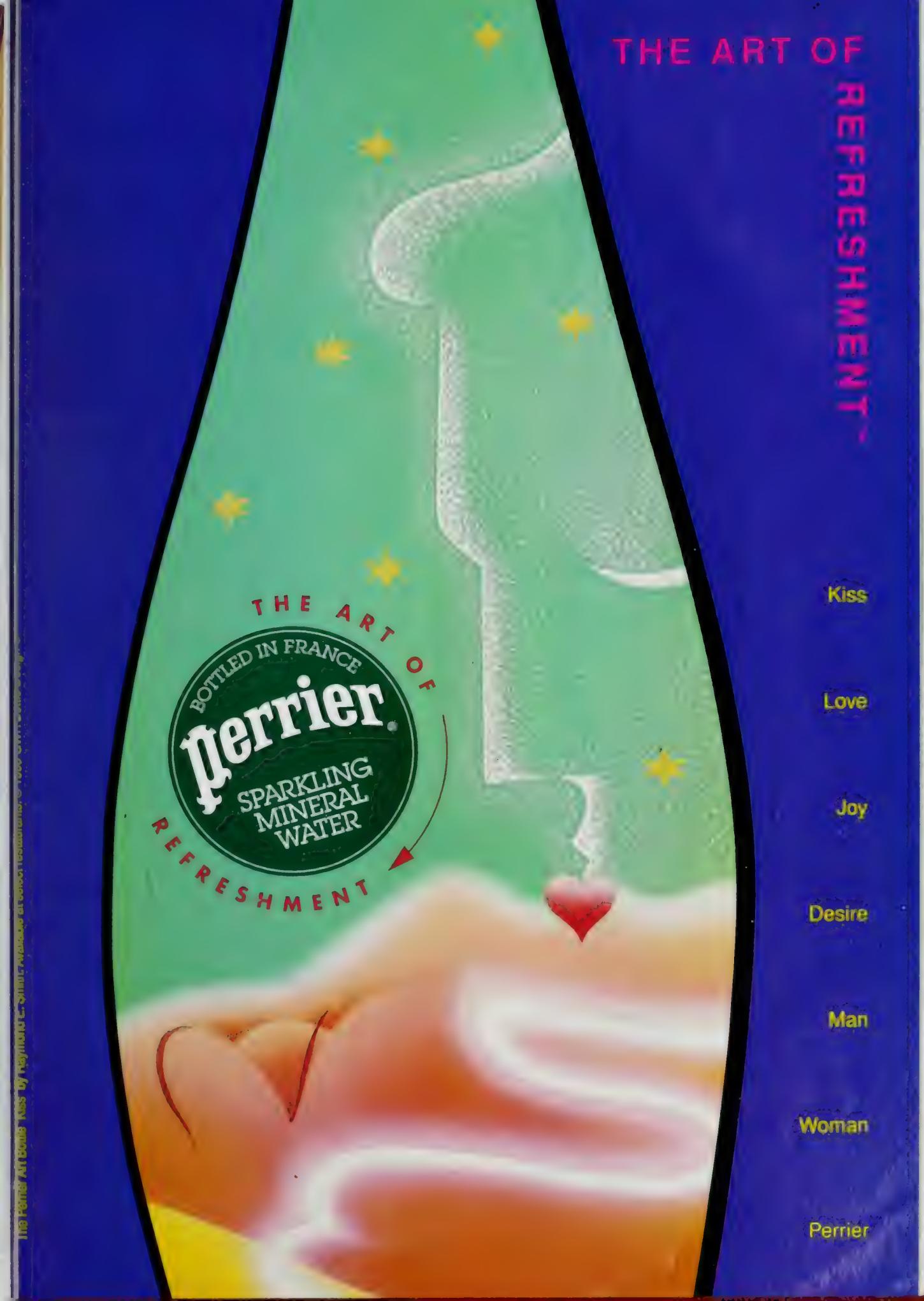


Sonny Mehta,
Knopf president and editor in chief: The Grandmother's Tale, *by R. K. Narayan (Viking),* A House for Mr. Biswas, *by V. S. Naipaul (Everyman's Library),* The Rainmaker, *by John Grisham (Doubleday), and* Paula, *by Isabel Allende (HarperCollins). "I have a tendency to read more than one book at a time."*

Phyllis Grann,
Putnam chairman and chief executive officer: The Juror, *by George Dawes Green (Warner). "This is a courtroom drama that truly feels as if it were pulled straight from current news headlines."*



The Perrier Art Bottle "Kiss" by Raymond E. Smith. Available at select restaurants. © 1995 GWP, Bottle Design


THE ART OF REFRESHMENT
THE ART OF
BOTTLED IN FRANCE
Perrier
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER
REFRESHMENT
Kiss
Love
Joy
Desire
Man
Woman
Perrier

VANITY FAIR
JUNE 1995

Love Child

Grunge queen Courtney Love is on her way to becoming the most powerful female rock icon in the country, but she thinks everybody wants her dead. As Love searches for a new home—some place with "witches and vampires"—KEVIN SESSUMS talks to the Great White Widow about sex, drugs, her daughter, Frances Bean, and the suicide of her husband, Kurt Cobain

Photographs by HERB RITTS • Styled by KATE HARRINGTON


DIVE
THROUGH
THIS
I like all the angels
around, because
I think they
protect me and
my daughter.
I mean, her
dad's an angel.

"Somebody in Japan offered me a grotesque thing," says Courtney Love, the grunge diva who fronts not only the alternative-rock band Hole but also, as the widow of Nirvana's Kurt Cobain, the grief-fed rage of an entire generation. "They offered me $4 million for this house because of Kurt dying here. Of course, I was, like, 'Go fuck yourself!' They were never even going to live here. They just *wanted* it. As what? As a fucking museum? Kurt wanted me to stay, or he would not have done it in the greenhouse," she continues, alluding to the day Cobain, having escaped from his last visit to a drug-rehabilitation center, took a gun, put it to his weary head, and pulled the trigger.

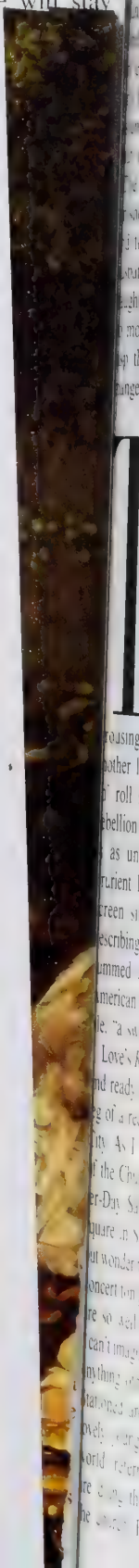
A guard unlocks the gate to the estate, which is high on a hill abov Lake Washington in Seattle, near t house of Howard Schultz, the ch man and C.E.O. of the Starbuck fee-bar chain. The first thing I the end of the drive is that ir greenhouse—now a shrine fill orchids and daphnes and gar above the garage. Parked b like a kind of auto couple, ar two Volvos, a sedan and a wagon. The bumper sticker former reads, I'M A HOMEMAI PROUD OF IT. As I enter the stone mansion, which she sa belonged to the Blaine famil were among the founders of thi beautiful of northwestern Am cities, the delighted squeals of Fr Bean Cobain, the two-and-a-half- old progeny of Kurt and Court serve as a welcoming herald. bright-faced youngster is being cha around the downstairs rooms by Lov bearded assistant. "I'm gonna get you he teases her. Captured, the child is sues a child's instinctive challenge: "*Mommy!*"

Mommy—a kind of autocouple herself since the death of her husband only a year ago, an embodiment of both Cobain's lingering spirit and her own carnal presence—cries out from somewhere above us, "*Bean! Bean!*" The voice is ragged, loving, rocked-out after two weeks of performances. "*Beeeeean!*"

To the left of the manor's grand staircase is a rather formal dining room lorded over by a dark and bedeviling Robert Hawkins painting titled *The Drug Dealer's Horse.* To the right is a parlor containing three overstuffed sofas. A giant framed needlepoint angel is on one wall. On another h a gift to Cobain from the write Burroughs, a sketch dered by the gri ently shaky h evil, alien- with the bullet h inscript Priest.

"B now wh H

But he didn't. . . . His ashes are nally going to the Calvary Cemete here in Seattle. I was thinking at c point: Because he loved it so mu would Kurt want to go to New leans? When people go and ma their fucking pilgrimage, would t like to go to New Orleans? Mmm . . . no. I guess Seattle will stay



ening a ragged old beggar woman
ne bearing a rose to the door of a
stle. She pleaded for shelter, but
spoiled young prince who lived
re turned the woman away."
Continuing to read, Love tries to wrap
r daughter in the white robe that bare-
clings to the edges of her breasts.
nding me the doll, Frances Bean
mbs higher on Love's lap and hangs
every word. The child places her
y hands on her mother's cheeks and
ens to the last lines read to her in
t ragged, loving, rocked-out voice.
he spell was broken," her mother
ishes, knowing the lines by heart,
d turns to look into her dead
sband's eyes framed there in her
ughter's face. "The Beast was
more," she recites, more in a
sp than a whisper. "Love had
anged his life forever."

There is a Grand Guignol naïveté about Courtney Love. Offstage, at home, it enhances the maternal intimacy she enjoys with her daughter. Onstage, it is monstrously effective at ousing in her audiences the other lode that all great rock ' roll stars must tap—puerile bellion. Offstage and on, Love as unpredictable as she is urient. Louise Brooks, the great reen siren, could have been scribing Love when she once mmed up the charms of the merican child star Shirley Tem-e: "a swaggering, tough little slut." Love's *Kinder*-slut persona is primed id ready by the time I catch the last g of a recent Hole tour in Salt Lake ity. As I wander around the temple the Church of Jesus Christ of Lat-r-Day Saints, located in a 10-acre uare in Salt Lake City, I can't help t wonder who will show up for Hole's ncert tonight. The young people here e so well scrubbed and polite that can't imagine them singing along with ything other than Mormon hymns. tationed around Temple Square are vely young girls from all over the orld, referred to as "sisters," who e doing their missionary work for e church. Flight attendants for the ancestral angels of this faith, they pi-ously dispense information about the holy pioneers who settled in this valley in 1847.

Even in Salt Lake City, it turns out, Courtney Love and Hole can pull in a crowd. "Hers is the heart of the rock 'n' roll audience," Danny Goldberg, who once managed Nirvana as well as Hole and is now chairman and C.E.O. of Warner Bros. Records, tells me. "You meet 14-year-olds and they're all into Hole. It's not just a cult. It's not just colleges. It's not just critics. She's appealing to the heart of the MTV mainstream rock audience.

> "The American public really does have a death wish for me. They want me to die. I'm not going to die."

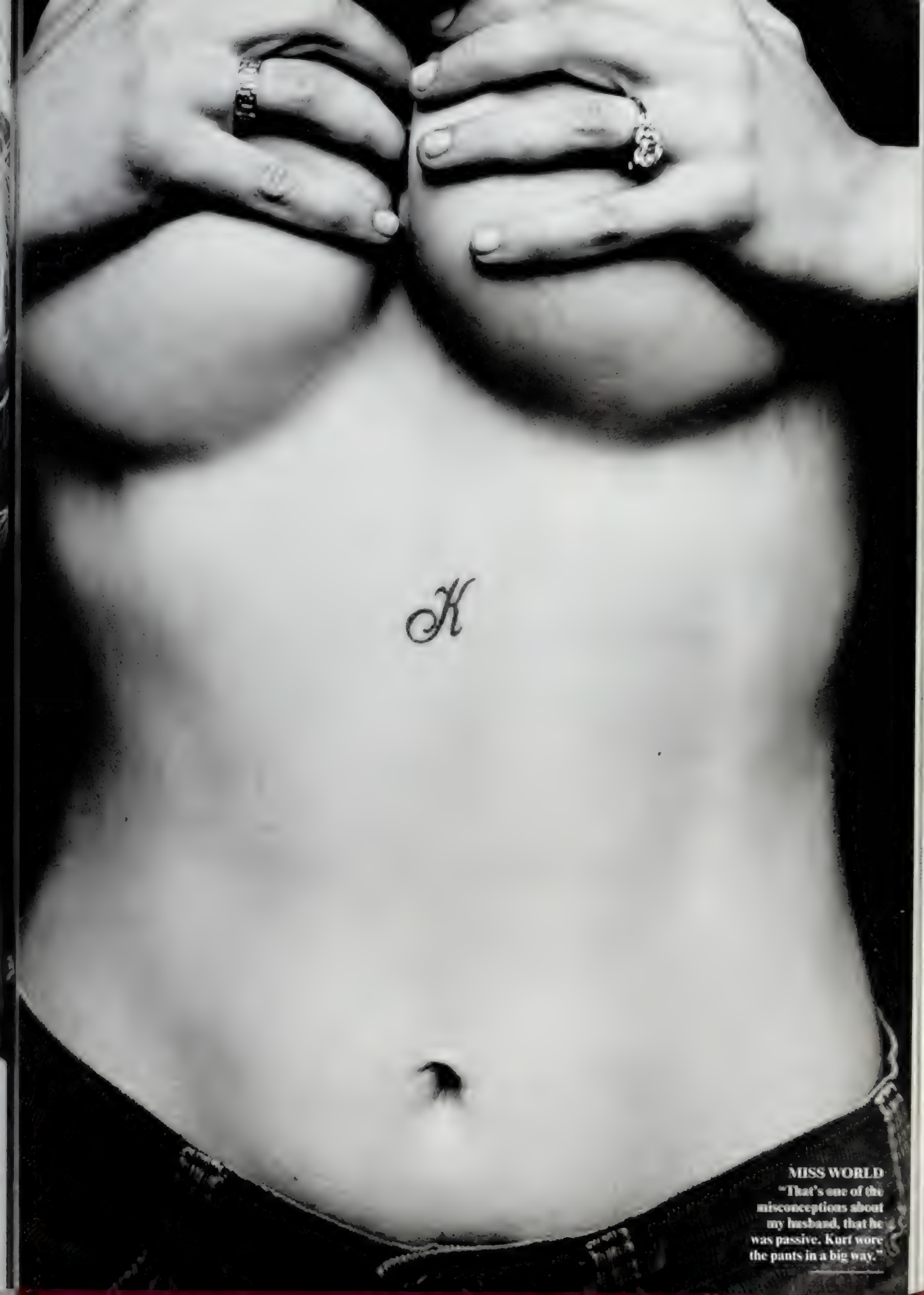
It's not just based on one song. It's *her*. There are very few women who have ever done that. . . . My daughter, Katie, who is four and a half, often says she wants to be like Courtney when she grows up," Goldberg continues, laughing nervously.

"I'm a Courtney Love fan because I think she's a woman who goes beyond the limits of anything to say what she wants to say and to do what she wants to do," a chubby teenager named Holly tells me just before the concert begins in a small hall on the shore of the Great Salt Lake. Along with hundreds of other sweet-faced girls and tough-talking boys, she is getting revved up for her idol's entrance. "I think she's been through hell and back," says Holly. "And she's *survived*!"

Suddenly the crowd lets loose with a pulsating roar. I look up and see Love, in a girlishly pink getup, stagger onto the stage full of Stoli and a couple of weeks' worth of reactionary attitude. Her band—the beautifully aloof bass player Melissa Auf der Maur (who replaced Kristen Pfaff after her death from an overdose of heroin last year), guitarist Eric Erlandson (his stoicism tested tonight by the news of his father's death), and drummer Patty Schemel (calm, kick-ass, the keeper of the rhythmic flame)—grab their instruments and wait for Love's signal to let the music rip. Holding a stuffed Barney dinosaur in one hand and a Dunhill cigarette in the other, she pauses to stare down at the throng of rowdy boys crowding the stage below her, then smirks at their crude innocence and drops the Barney amid the trademark array of broken dolls that adorn the stage around her. (Love's song "Doll Parts" has become the latest teen anthem for pubescent girls terrorized by their own tender, morphing bodies.) Ready to mosh—an activity that entails pushing, shoving, and lifting performers or audience members and passing them over the heads of the crowd—teenagers of both sexes are screaming obscenities at her. One boy even has the audacity to shout out that he loves her. "How do you know you *can* love me?" Love asks him with disdain. "*I'M A BITCH!*" she warns them all and cranks up the music.

For more than an hour, her vulgar allure in full bloom, Love flaunts her superiority over the audience. Her performance is a slur of politics and pouty sexuality. She is scornful. Scatological. Scurrilous. Every lyric she sings—from "I fake it so real I am beyond fake / Someday you will ache like I ache" to "I made my bed / I'll lie in it, / I made my bed / I'll die in it"—is echoed by these kids. A fervor bordering on the religious seems to be sweeping through this more or less Mormon congregation, and as she douses them with bottled water—a ritual she performs for her audiences





MISS WORLD
"That's one of the misconceptions about my husband, that he was passive. Kurt wore the pants in a big way."

the shtick takes on the added ceremonial trappings of baptism.

At one point Love beckons a boy from the crowd, who, shouting "Fuck you, Courtney!" over and over, shoots her the finger. By the time the others have passed him over their heads to the stage, the boy's pants are down around his knees and his boxer shorts are low on his hips. Love elaborately fakes fellating the teenager, then pulls his boxers all the way down. The kid flashes his penis at his buddies before Love wrestles him to the floor and kicks him off the stage. All in all, Sister Love is giving an amazing, appalling performance. She possesses the swagger of Joplin at full swig and the foul mouth of Morrison at his marauding, raunchy best. Expertly guiding this latter-day throng into a Holey, ghostly frenzy, Love is a tough little slut all right, a flight attendant for the ancestral angels of her own deeply rooted American faith.

Already in a state of dishabille—a dirty T-shirt and panties the extent of her attempt at getting dressed today—Courtney Love strips the rest of the way and steps into the bath she is drawing on the second floor of her Seattle home. The steaming water rushes from the faucet as she slides down lower and lower into the tub. Spreading her wounded legs, scabbed and bruised from stage-diving into the waiting clutches of her fans, she lets out a low moan as her body reaches the onrush of water. Slowly she slides back up and begins to wash herself deep beneath the suds that surround her. Her white breasts, like great cakes of soap, bob about in front of me.

"I've always had great tits," she's told me. "So after Frances, I had them lifted. . . . They didn't move my nipples, and they didn't put anything inside of my breasts. But if I see this in a pull-quote in the story, Kevin, I'll say you've had a penis extension."

Love lathers up her hair, and as she scrubs away at her black roots, she tells me how her buddy R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe has inspired her to experiment with sleeping with members of her own sex with what she calls his pansexuality. "But I'm more of a fag," she has told me. "I've got the same tastes as fags. I like to suck. I go for the rough-trade boys. I'm a total drag-queen fag."

"Are you a top or a bottom when you sleep with women?" I ask.

"I'm still trying to figure that one out."

"How about heterosexually? Top or bottom?"

She dips her head back in the water. "Heterosexually I'm a full-out bottom."

"You're probably a bossy bottom," I guess.

"No," she says. "That's Madonna. *That's* the difference between us. . . . I let men be men. I should let people know this so that then I won't have all these wimpy little boys chasing after me anymore. They keep thinking I'm going to beat the shit out of them. . . . That's one of the misconceptions about my husband that was so fucked up—that he was passive. He wore the pants in a big way."

"So he wasn't bisexual? Some people have even suggested that he was gay."

"He wanted people to *believe* that. I don't think he was ripping them off, either. He wanted that part of himself to be free, but he didn't go through with that, because that wasn't his preference. . . . I left him with Michael Stipe one night and told him to go explore his cravings. 'Big talker, go on!' I told him. All he'd ever done was kiss some guy in high school and some kid in a club. He came back the next day, and I started screaming, 'What happened?' He said, 'I dunno. It was just weird. Nothing happened, but *sort of*.' I'll never know. Michael's never told me. . . . I don't know, this whole subject of sleeping with people and going out with somebody. . . . It's been a weird year. A few months ago I really began to 'see the world,' so to speak. . . . You know, I have a weird Michael Douglas fetish. I *love* Michael Douglas. He's older. Jewish. Hot. I really want a Jewish prince."

No matter what Love claims, she is interested less in Douglas's ethnicity than in his Hollywood pedigree. She has become increasingly enamored of the idea of becoming an actress. "My agent kept saying I was a cross between Bette Midler and Madonna," she says, remembering her early foray into Hollywood. "But I kept saying, 'No, I'm not. Fuck you. I'm James Dean. I'm Sean Penn.'" Recently, her movie dreams rekindled: she was hired to play the small part of a waitress in Keanu Reeves's upcoming film *Feeling Minnesota*. "Keanu is pretty savvy," she says, putting out her cigarette in the tub. "He keeps to himself. . . . During *My Own Private Idaho,* all those boys were in Portland fucking up big-time." She is referring to the disturbing Gus Van Sant film that starred the late River Phoenix and depicted the deliriously dark lives of northwestern street urchins. "I've gotten real scared that dope—you know, heroin—has gotten more and more chic with the actors. They don't know how to deal with dope. It's been in my world—rock 'n' roll—forever. But these are little kids. Little actor-boys. 'Aren't we cool? We're copping!' Well, no, it's not cool. I remember one night, New Year's Eve 1991 into 1992, Keanu was really trying to make friends with Kurt. . . . But Kurt was being really rude. There were a bunch of fucking Ashley Hamilton rich kids in their rooms, and they were all fucking wasted. We were, too. Kurt finally put a sign on our hotel-room door: NO FAMOUS PEOPLE PLEASE—WE'RE FUCKING!"

"Courtney, how can drugs be in your life?" I ask her. "Your husband blew his brains out. Dope played a large part in that. Your bass player in Hole OD'd. Your child was almost taken away from you because of allegations about your using heroin during your pregnancy. How can you be around dope, much less use it?"

There is a long pause.

"For me, I've found that accessibility is nine-tenths of the law. . . . Yeah, I was taking drugs for a while after Kurt died . . . " She stands and wraps herself in a white terry-cloth robe. Tying a towel around her wet hair like a turban, she closes her eyes and turns her face toward the late-afternoon light. Scrubbed clean, as if she had washed away all the cloying aspects of her personality along with the grime from two weeks of road shows, she sighs and takes in the



THE GIRL WITH THE MOST CAKE

Love's fairy tale for her daughter, Frances Bean: "Once upon a time you were the first of your generation. Ignore everything else that went on before you."

sun's final inches of warmth. At this moment—as sad and sultry as any Marilyn ever had—the woman is adorned with nothing but her damned beauty.

"Come," she commands.

"Courtney is the definition of a star," says David Geffen, who signed Nirvana and Hole to recording deals with his eponymous company. "She both excites people and provokes them. She's on the beat and pulse of the time. Mostly, though, she's talented. . . . Yet I think that being a big star is a very, very damaging experience, so who she will evolve into out of this experience is really a big question mark and can only be dealt with in its time."

"Is part of her appeal the fact that she's the Great White Widow?" I ask him.

"No, I don't think that at all. The fact that she is the widow of Kurt Cobain made life more difficult for her and her record [*Live Through This*]," says Geffen. "When it came out pretty much at the same time, I think people were hostile to her, and hostile to it, and didn't deal with it on its own terms. The fact that it has nevertheless been this great success is in spite of that, not because of it."

"Courtney is emerging at a time when women in general are becoming important in rock 'n' roll, and she is the primary symbol of that," says Danny Goldberg. "She combatively and assertively identifies herself as a feminist rock singer, and this is a time when the culture is ripe for that. In some respects she is the most powerful female rock star. I'm not saying she's the best, because there have been so many great ones—Chrissie Hynde and others. But there is a kind of cultural power she has that I don't think anyone since Janis Joplin has had. She has the *power* of real hard rock. It's not middle-of-the-road music. . . . There are many, many artists that get a lot of press and win critics' awards that don't really sell a lot of records. But without selling a million records—which she's going to do with *Live Through This*—you're not a rock star. You're a cult figure. She's emerging from cult status."

Syndicated rock columnist Lisa Robinson sees Love, ironically, as the latest in a long line of male rockers. "Courtney has that element of danger," says Robinson. "You never know what she's going to do next. We're not used to seeing that in a woman. We're used to seeing that from Jim Morrison, or Iggy Pop, or from Johnny Rotten in the early days of the Sex Pistols. She's a rock star in the sort of unpredictable, volatile way that people voyeuristically expect. But if she had not made a really great record, which she did, none of that would matter."

Robinson's colleagues agree with her. Though Hole's first album, *Pretty on the Inside,* challenged mainstream audiences with its raw power, *Live Through This* has crossed over and gained Love and the band the respectability of being not only rock artists but also record-label moneymakers. The rival rock journals *Spin* and *Rolling Stone* named *Live Through This* best album of the year in 1994. In both readers' polls, Love was named best female singer. Hole opened MTV's "Unplugged" series in April of this year. And even *The New York Times* hailed her as "nobody's victim. On the stage, she is a charismatic and powerful performer, in complete control of her band and her audience."

"There are two rock 'n' roll audiences—there is the *Beavis and Butt-head* audience and the R.E.M. audience," Love claims, and she'll have to confront them both when her band becomes one of the star attractions during this summer's Lollapalooza tour. "The R.E.M. audience is older. They're like the Sarah McLachlan audience. You've *got* to have the *Beavis and Butt-head* crowd, but it's really hard to train *Beavis and Butt-head*ers to understand that girls can play rock. . . . Rock is all about writing your own script; it's all about *pioneering.*"

"There's never been a woman quite like her before in rock," says music critic Jim Farber of the New York *Daily News.* "The really great show I saw her do was the one at the Academy last September in New York for the college media. At the end she did 'In the Pines,' the old Leadbelly blues number that Kurt Cobain had done at the end of *(Continued on page 169)*





HIGH MAINTENANCE
Maurice Saatchi is candid about enemies who made much of his expenses, which cost Saatchi & Saatchi nearly $1 million in 1993. "If the best they can muster is 'What an expensive fellow. Dear, oh dear.' To me, that is the absolute last refuge. It is *pathetic*."

tors kept him waiting for seven hours in the purgatory of his bright bunker with its white desk and white walls.

Within days, he would join Elvis, Madonna, Charles and Diana as a British tabloid icon recognizable by only his first name: *Maurice Versus the Beancounters.* Or *Maurice Stages a Talent Raid.* But on that December day, there was only the skyline for distraction, the city lights, and the company of his older brother Charles, with whom Maurice has shared a business partnership and a fraternal rivalry that reminds public-relations maestro Sir Tim Bell of Cain and Abel.

"The level of rage," says Bell, "is extraordinary."

On that December day, however, Cain and Abel spoke in quiet tones. And what did they discuss? "I don't know," Maurice says. "I just remember being there a very long time."

Down the hall, the Saatchi board was sequestered behind closed doors. Their topic was ostensibly confidential, though such was the company's fame that speculation about the outcome of the meeting was splashed over the morning papers. Maurice Saatchi was under siege. For nearly 25 years, he had ruled a company defined by the phrase "Nothing is impossible" and an attitude of gunslinging self-assurance so profound that insiders called it "the virus." He had stood at the center of his company's every victory: the momentous occasion when a handful of brazen campaign posters won the undying loyalty of Margaret Thatcher and the Conservatives; the day when Saatchi's seemingly life-size poster of the Concorde ascending was installed near the Queens Midtown Tunnel in Manhattan; the time in 1986 when the agency's London share price hit a high of $78 (an increase of more than 10,000 percent on the launch price); the premiere of the hugely successful "Tastes Great, Less Filling" campaign for Miller Lite; the opening of the agency's landmark Manhattan fortress, with its rooftop running track; the 43rd corporate acquisition, when Saatchi became the largest advertising company on the face of the globe.

That was then. Saatchi & Saatchi's current offices, at 83-89 Whitfield Street in Fitzrovia, a rather drab London neighborhood, now seem emblematic of a frailer spirit. The sixth-floor boardroom is functional, devoid of expensive canvases, representative of a style the Italians call *meschino,* or "mean." The table is large, but not imposing. It makes no claims. The chairs do merely the job they were made for.

The Saatchi agency was defined by an attitude of gunslinging self-assurance so profound that insiders called it "the virus."

It's a far cry from the days before the company's financial comeuppance, when art filled the Saatchi suites at the company's global headquarters. The vast *immeuble* stretched across one entire side of Berkeley Square, anchoring a neighborhood where Lord Lucan once played backgammon at the Clermont Club and Prince Charles danced the night away at Annabel's. Yet even before the battle of December 16, the spirit of Saatchi & Saatchi had been broken by accountants who neither breathed fire nor embraced risk. Men who treasured simple things. Men who had never frequented Jack Barclay's Rolls-Royce emporium on the square and who neither knew nor cared how to properly hang a Baselitz portrait.



They included board member and chief executive Charles Scott, Maurice Saatchi's chief antagonist. A straightforward man, known as Charlie to friends, Scott loves nothing more than a good game of football.

Also present at the board meeting: Jeremy Sinclair—a member of the Saatchi circle even before "The Brothers," as they are known, started their business in 1970. Widely considered one of the most creative men in advertising, the soft-spoken Sinclair—a Saatchi loyalist—decided long ago that his life would include one wife. And one job.

There were two Americans: Professor Theodore "Ted" Levitt, author of a celebrated *Harvard Business Review* essay on the globalization of markets, had grown disenchanted with Maurice Saatchi over time. No less antagonistic was Dr. Tom Russell, a businessman who resides in Florida and who joined the board in 1990. Russell had fallen out with Maurice Saatchi in the summer of 1994. The reason







FAST CAST
Clockwise from top: former prime minister Margaret Thatcher and husband Denis in 1978, the Saatchi-devised poster in the background heralding her subsequent election victory; Saatchi & Saatchi board member Charles Scott (left) with Maurice Saatchi, whom he helped to depose; Robert Louis-Dreyfus, chief director of Adidas and former Saatchi chief executive, at Adidas headquarters in Herzogenaurach, Germany, in May 1993; Saatchi & Saatchi's former London headquarters in Berkeley Square.

ould become clearer as the oard meeting wore on.

Missing that day was Sir aul Girolami, the forceful x-chairman of Glaxo phar- naceuticals. From Rome he ent a handwritten fax urging estraint.

The second absentee, much ess well disposed toward laurice, also communicat- d by fax. The message from obert Louis-Dreyfus, Saat- hi's former chief executive, nnounced that he was resigning rom the board. A cocky French usinessman with a reputation for sav- ng companies in financial difficulty, ouis-Dreyfus later cited the pres- ure of his new post as head of Adi- las, the troubled German sportswear nanufacturer, as the reason for his leparture.

There was no small talk that day. hairing the meeting was the Hon- urable Clive Gibson, a member of ord Rothschild's inner circle. In front of each director were notepads, pens, a glass of water. There was only one tem on the agenda, but it was far from clear what was going to happen. If the board retained Maurice Saatchi, it ran the risk of his being removed at a special gathering of shareholders within six weeks. If it discharged him, it risked a bloody war that might well level the company.

The campaign to evict Maurice Saatchi from the board of Saatchi & Saatchi Company P.L.C. (the holding company that owns the group's two main divisions, including Saatchi & Saatchi Advertising Worldwide) had been started the previous spring by David Herro, a 33-year-old Chicago fund manager, whose Oakmark International Fund owned nearly 10 percent of Saatchi's shares. He had taken a violent dislike to Maurice when they met at a lunch in Maurice's Berkeley Square office. Herro had insisted on pronouncing Saatchi's name "Mo-reees." After the meeting, he made no secret of the fact that he disapproved of Saatchi, and reportedly described him as a "toffee-nosed Brit."

"I'll never forget," says one who was there, "at the end of lunch Maurice takes out this big box of cigars, lights one up, looks out over the most expensive real estate in London. He says, 'What are we going to do about all these expenses?' I mean, knock, knock, knock. Is there anybody home? What a way to run a company!"

The board meeting's deciding moment came when one director, Tom Russell, brought up a rumor that the directors had been discussing among themselves



"These are not *nice* people. You can still love them and admire them. But they're totally manipulative. Totally."

for more than a week. For five months, the Saatchis had been involved in a legal fight with Robert Louis-Dreyfus over a private investment in Adidas in February 1993. The confrontation was bitter, and in early December before the board met, a secret settlement had been imposed involving a substantial payoff to the Saatchis. Did the board know the exact details? The answer was no. They knew only, by way of a brief memo to the audit committee in the spring of 1993, that Robert Louis-Dreyfus, Tom Russell himself, and the Saatchis had made the investment.

When the extent of the windfall was revealed, the board was aghast. Was this really just a private investment? Or had the brothers worked for their money? And if they had, then didn't it belong, by rights, to Saatchi & Saatchi, the company that employed them? In a silent eruption of fury, envy, and confusion, the last dregs of support for Maurice simply drained away.

Charles and Maurice Saatchi had been paid $38 million.

Two hours later, the meeting broke up. But the stage was set. For absolutely nothing that came afterward—not Maurice's departure, not his opening of the New Saatchi Agency, not his terrible public battle with Saatchi & Saatchi, not even the 47 percent drop in the company's share price—would have happened the way it did had it not been for the disclosure of the payment to the Saatchis. "People wanted to get Maurice after that," explained another former senior Saatchi executive.

"I believe that Adidas changed everything," Bates's chief executive officer, Michael Bungey, said shortly after he'd been named to the Saatchi board. But he wasn't referring to the disposition of the Saatchi board.

"For the first time," said Bungey, "Maurice had a lot of cash."

On January 3, Maurice Saatchi informed the board that he had decided *not* to accept their conciliatory offer of the chairmanship of the company's principal division, Saatchi & Saatchi Advertising. Fueled by his new wealth, he gave vent to his feelings in a splenetic little memo to company secretary Graham Howell. "Please inform Mr. Herro that I do not accept his offer. It was kind of him to consider me for the position."

Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!

The first time I met Maurice Saatchi was on February 8, when he gave a speech to the Foreign Press Association in London. It was nearly five weeks after he'd quit his old company, and then announced he was starting a brand-new agency. By coincidence, it was the same day that a judge—asked



DAMAGED PEOPLE ARE DANGEROUS *Left to right:* The novels of Josephine Hart (Mrs. Maurice Saatchi) are known for characters of delicate sensibility. Old Hall, the Sussex estate shared by Maurice and Josephine, dates to 1842 and is set among lavish gardens. A Richard Serra sculpture stands on exhibit at the Saatchi Gallery in London. Charles Saatchi's art partnership made at least $42.3 million in profit between 1988 and 1994. Charles is shown with his wife, Kay, in the West End in December 1993.



y Saatchi & Saatchi to issue an in-
nction to block Maurice's plans—
egan hearing evidence in the High
ourt. It was the first time Maurice
aatchi had publicly faced the press
nce the debacle.

For all the stresses of the previous
eeks, Maurice looked rather spec-
icular as he stalked up the associa-
on's grand stairway. He has curly
eddish hair fashionably shorn, ex-
des a sort of ravenous magnetism,
nd stands taller than he appears in
hotographs. His suit was baggy, its
tudied shapelessness balanced by its
xcellent cut. The label, he told me
ater, was Comme des Garçons. Lit-
le things like that—like the neo-
wifty glasses, with their trendy thick
rms, and the black suede shoes—
nark him as someone deeply concerned
vith appearances.

Before he began, Saatchi laid out
he rules. His speech concerning the
ecessity of truth in advertising—would
e on the record, but he would take
o questions afterward. He *never* gives
nterviews, a point he took pains to
mphasize. But if people wanted to
peak to him later, his comments would
e off the record. It all seemed rather
contradictory, and one European re-
porter leapt up angrily to protest.
"You shouldn't have come," she shout-
ed. "It's an outrage." But Maurice in-
sisted. He did not say—as quiet cour-
tesy is one of his most disarming char-
acteristics—that if she didn't like it
she could leave. After the formal pres-
entation, when Saatchi did speak (at
length) about his battle with the com-
pany and his future, he didn't seem to
be at all put out by the fact that the
recorders and TV cameras were hum-
ming. When he left, he seemed confi-
dent that in some private way he had
breached none of the rules he has set
for himself.

It was a firsthand lesson in Saatchi's
games of confusion and control, how
he makes his own rules as he goes
along and then modifies them, obliv-
ious of the effect on other people. Or
perhaps not so oblivious at all. "You've
got to understand, these are not *nice*
people," said a Saatchi friend, who,
like so many others, spoke only on
the condition of anonymity. "You can
still love them and admire them. But
they're totally manipulative. *Totally ma-
nipulative.*"

"Maurice doesn't like his finger-
prints on things," Saatchi's press
representative Sir Tim Bell had told
me weeks before. I was reminded of
this when I visited Maurice Saatchi
in his new office, a few doors down
the road from the Comme des Gar-
çons store in central London. In
the middle of the room is a broad
black desk, surrounded on three walls
by a series of muted paintings of hero-
ic women by the Portuguese artist
Paula Rego. He began with his
mantra: "I don't do interviews. It's
just something I've never done." As
he unlaced one black suede shoe and
slipped it off, he explained that he
would give me a "background brief-
ing," some of which could be on the
record.

Though his semantic distinctions
are baffling, there is a purpose to
Maurice Saatchi's incessant stage-man-
aging: his version of events gets pub-
licized, yet he can deny all responsibility.
*Maurice doesn't like his fingerprints
on things.*

Some would say that Maurice's
belief that conventional rules apply
only to little people was one of the
main causes of his downfall. But it
must also be remembered that—along
with his persuasive charm and Charles's

creativity and ruthlessness—it was instrumental in his success.

That success, even after the past six years of turmoil at Saatchi & Saatchi, is there for all to see. Maurice and his beautiful second wife, Josephine Hart, the Irish fund-raiser and novelist (*Damage, Sin,* and the soon-to-be-published *Oblivion*), live in London in an elegant mews house near Berkeley Square. They summer at their home in Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat, and spend weekends and winter holidays at their country house in Sussex. Old Hall is just an hour and a half's drive from London. ("An hour, if there's no traffic," insists Maurice, who owns a pair of dark-red Bentley Mulsanne Turbos: one in France and one in London. The cars are identical, except that the one in England is usually driven by chauffeur.)

Saatchi's splendid country mansion dates back to 1842. The house is set in an abundance of gardens which surround a lake Saatchi created by flooding a full 13 acres of pastureland. Where Charles's passion is contemporary art—he and his first wife, Doris, opened the Saatchi Gallery in north London in 1985—Maurice's is gardens.

When the Saatchis bought Old Hall in 1980, its grandeur was hidden behind an English prettiness. But Saatchi removed bedrooms to heighten the great hall, which has become a vast mirrored showcase for a carved staircase that is perfect for grand entrances and dynastic occasions. Particularly memorable was the day Josephine Hart carried their son, Edward, now 10, downstairs for the first time.

Old Hall is the setting for most of the Saatchis' rather lavish entertaining. (They transformed a Roman Catholic chapel, formerly used as a cloakroom, into a dining room, where they occasionally seat 40 or so for lunch.) It was also at Old Hall, in the former chapel, that Josephine Hart began *Damage,* which contained those haunting words: "Damaged people are dangerous. They know they can survive."

Maurice Saatchi went to Old Hall to ponder his future after the December board meeting. "Walking round my garden is the only thing I do to relax," he says. Until December 16, Maurice's life appears to have been a saga of ever upward mobility. A costly saga. His expenses, a major issue at the company, came to more than $700,000 last year and nearly a million dollars the year before. In addition, he spent $60,000 last year on hiring cars and taxis, $50,000 throwing a party for the premiere of the film version of *Damage* (which starred Jeremy Irons and was directed by Louis Malle), and $8,500 dispatching flowers. "Every time a government minister changed jobs, he or she received a bouquet of flowers from the brothers.

Few things wrinkle Maurice Saatchi's Comme des Garçons more than the subject of his expenses, the subject which so infuriated David Herro. Mention this money and Saatchi's lips grow thin, his voice clipped. "Chairmen of public companies do business entertaining," he says. It comes out as four precisely enunciated utterances: "En. Ter. Tai. Ning."

"They take people out. They organize events. They take groups of people to the opera or the theater, or have cocktail parties. That's what chairmen do with their customers.

"That's what *I* do. That was part of my job. So, yes, if a company like this one, which is in the hands of people who have somehow to rationalize how they've halved the share price and lost half a billion dollars of business, and the best they can muster is 'What an expensive fellow. Dear, oh dear.' To me, that is the absolute last refuge. It is *pathetic.*"

Born in Baghdad on June 21, 1946, Maurice Saatchi is the third of Nathan and Daisy Saatchi's four sons. Charles, the Saatchi's second child, had arrived three years earlier. Their father was a prosperous textile merchant, and the family was part of the permanent Iraqi-Jewish community that once flourished in Baghdad. The end of World War II brought grave political difficulties for Iraq's Jewish population, and by the mid-1940s, Nathan Saatchi had begun searching Europe for an alternative home for his family. He bought two textile mills while on a visit to Britain in 1946. The following year, he sold the business in Baghdad and moved his family to Hampstead, where he had already bought a house. Just in time; shortly after the Saatchis left Baghdad, 120,000 Jews were forced to flee the country.

The children were quickly assimilated and, although their parents' mother tongues were Arabic and Hebrew, spoke English at home. Nathan Saatchi is an elder of the Sephardic Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue on Lauderdale Road (where Maurice married his first wife, Gillian Osband) but today Maurice has ceased his religious observance. Michael Green, chairman of Carlton Communications and a childhood friend, says he has spent years arguing with the brothers about the importance of Judaism in their lives. "I am very aware of being Jewish," he says. "They say I am still stuck in the ghetto. They say, 'Why don't you grow up and move on. You should get out of this ghetto, like we have.'"

Maurice does not care to discuss his family in detail, saying only, "I had a very nice, upper-middle-class upbringing in a very nice house in Hampstead. It was all very good, and very happy, and very nice." Yet the differences between the brothers were evident early on. Where Charles, the maverick, struggled with school until he eventually abandoned it at age 17, Maurice earned a first-class degree in sociology at the London School of Economics.

The power equation between the instinctive, brilliant Charles and his steady, studious brother remained somehow unbalanced. "For years, Maurice was always in the shadow of Charles," says one man who knows both brothers well. "Even if he wasn't really, he felt as if he was." Another colleague explains it more colorfully: "It is Charles who makes the bullets that Maurice fires."

Charles and Maurice Saatchi started their ad business in 1970 with $60,000 in backing from a group of investors, including the fashion designer Mary Quant, *(Continued on page 161)*

David Herro pronounced Saatchi's name "Mo-reees" and reportedly described him as a "toffee-nosed Brit."



ADVERSITY
Maurice Saatchi, in the black coat and white scarf he favors for evenings. When questioned about his future, he refers to what he calls "the proverbs that have been handed down for thousands of years." He cites "Stick to your knitting" as a good proverb to relearn.



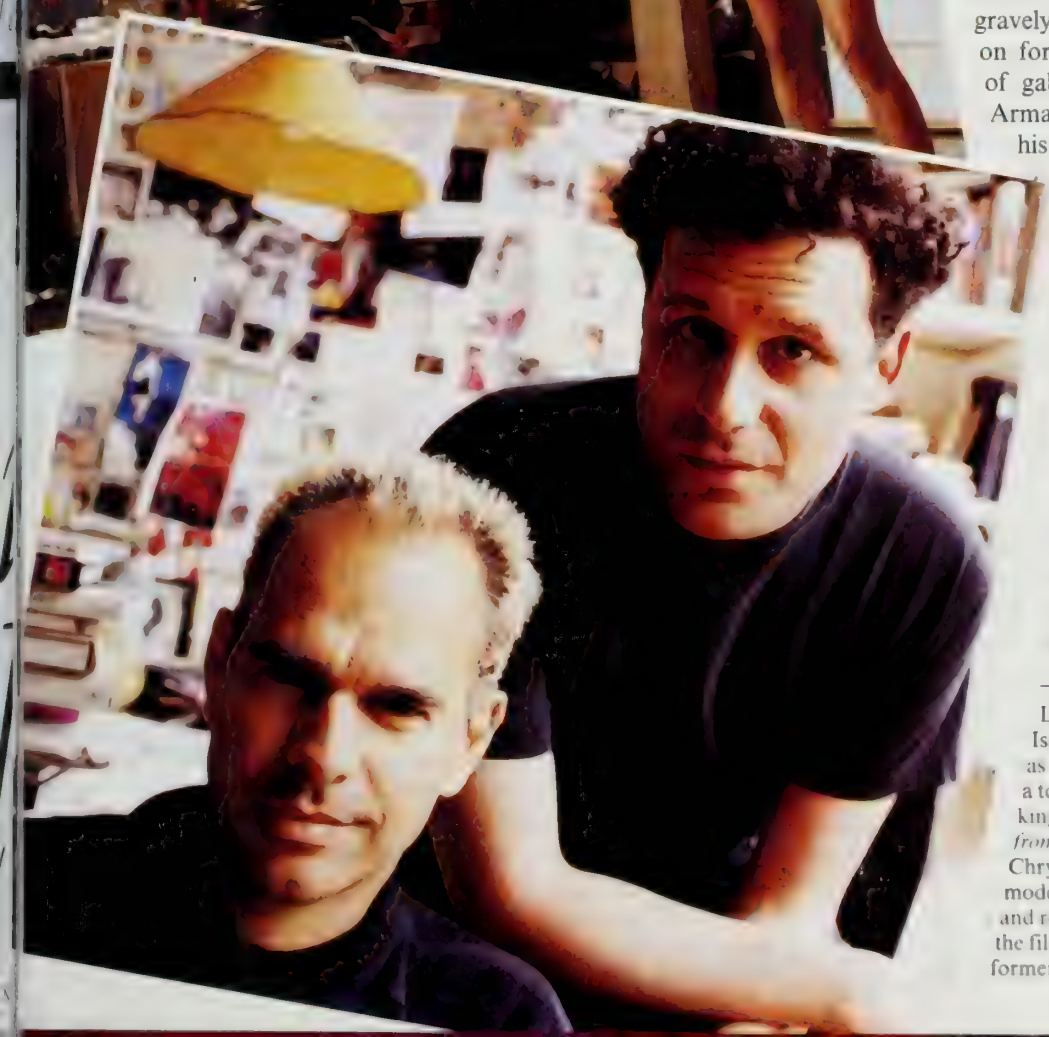
When filmmak
Douglas Keeve made
documentary about
friend Isaac Mizra
the designer, th
relationship hit
rocks. But Keev
funny, stylish mo
was a big hit at
Sundance Film Festiv
in the hypercritic
fashion world, and wi
Miramax, which w
release it this fa
CATHY HORY
gets two takes
the final c

Mizrahi Unzipped

Photographs by DEWEY NICK







The scene: dinner in Manhattan at Union Square Cafe with Douglas Keeve, director of *Unzipped*, and Isaac Mizrahi, star of *Unzipped*. The meal: martinis, calamari, soup.

"Did I tell you I saw Ray Charles on the Concorde the other day," says Mizrahi. "He was reading *Playboy* in Braille."

"Do you have your reservation for Cannes?" Keeve asks.

"I'm not going."

"Yes, you are."

"No, I'm not."

"You are so, like . . ."

"I'm sorry. My white mink coat and my matching maillot are *not* flying to Cannes."

"You had better be there."

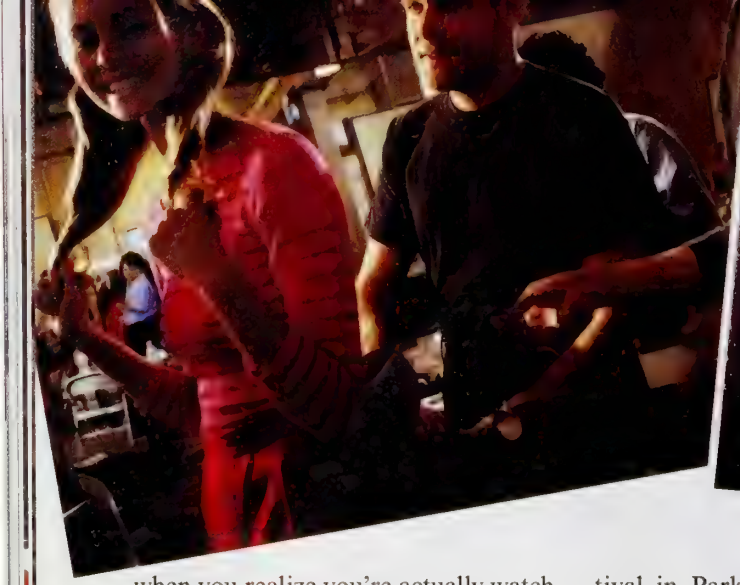
As occasions for self-indulgence, fashion documentaries tend to bring out their subjects' worst. In 1989, Yohji Yamamoto, convinced that silence was less than golden, showed Wim Wenders that he could squat, gravely stroke his beard, and run on for hours about the meaning of gabardine. In 1990, Giorgio Armani sounded so tortured in his quest for the perfect jacket that Martin Scorsese's *Made in Milan* seemed like a bid for sainthood. No wonder the film provoked muffled laughter when it was shown in New York.

Until now, no documentarian has been able to do much more than remind us of fashion's transient import and the more annoying qualities of its practitioners. But the surprise of *Unzipped* arrives

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LES MIZRABELLES

Isaac Mizrahi's performance as himself in *Unzipped* is reportedly a tour de force. The would-be king of Seventh Avenue is shown, *from top*, joking with runway superstar Chrystele; playfully instructing model Niki Taylor during a shoot; and relaxing with Douglas Keeve, the film's director and Mizrahi's former boyfriend





when you realize you're actually watching a very funny, slightly bent film about a world that is, to the very tips of its stilettos, very funny and slightly bent. Mizrahi is one designer you'll never see fingering the goods or getting misty-eyed over a sleeve. Although the guy obviously loves what he does, Mizrahi seems to approach the movie with the bemused detachment of Cary Grant and the deadpan delivery of Jackie Mason. At one point, on a trip to Paris, he's seen commending the city's virtues, praising its beauty; in the next breath, he's the chronic New Yorker who just "wants to have a great cup of coffee and get the hell out."

The fact that *Unzipped* shared the audience award for documentaries at this year's Sundance Film Festival should persuade Miramax, which will release the film in September, that there's a market for this kind of stylish brilliance. It may also show Miramax co-chairman Harvey Weinstein that there's more to fashion than *Ready to Wear,* Robert Altman's Parisian pile-up of dog doo-doo and stars in search of dialogue. Since Altman succeeded in offending the fashion establishment—which will forgive anything, it seems, but a bore—Weinstein (also Altman's distributor) certainly had reason to pass on another trip down the runway. Particularly one involving a 76-minute documentary by an unknown director. As it was, Weinstein didn't make an offer for *Unzipped* until after Fine Line had dropped out of negotiations with Hachette Filipacchi, which financed the film.

But anyone who attended the festival in Park City, Utah, can understand why Weinstein came through. "*Unzipped* . . . happens to be everything that *Ready to Wear* is not," Janet Maslin said in *The New York Times.* Where Altman was unrelenting in his cynicism (and apparently unconscious in the editing room), Keeve glides lightly. And unlike Altman, who promised a spot-on satire of fashion's flimsy nature, Keeve knows that taffeta won't stand up to a laser beam. You can't satirize a world that's constantly satirizing itself, where the only reality *is* performance. Indeed, truth telling seems to have been the furthest thing from Keeve's mind when he set out three years ago to make a documentary about Mizrahi, his boyfriend at the time.

"I wanted to capture the spirit of fashion and the fabulousness of fashion," says Keeve. "If I had to fake everything, I would."

When Keeve enters the lobby of the Royalton hotel, his black snow boots scraping along the freshly vacuumed carpet, he looks like one of those guys you knew in high school—you know, the ones who were always staging conversations between their pencils in math class. There is a large, appealing goofiness about him. He laughs at the end of most sentences, and sometimes, when his eyes are shut and he is laughing, he seems to be waiting for the loop in his brain to replay some delicious morsel of silliness. He is six feet four, with short bleached-blond hair, and thi morning he's wearing black jeans, heavy gray pullover, and a vintag Rolex fastened with a Velcro surfer' band. He has just arrived from Lo Angeles on the red-eye.

He starts up, from out of nowhere "I just have this routine when I'm i Palm Springs . . . Denny's . . . Gran Slam breakfast special . . . write al day . . . dinner at the same place . . bowl of soup . . . shot of tequila . . every day . . . Denny's . . . and . . . "

He smiles. "I love repetition. I could have the same bowl of cereal every day for the rest of my life."

At 39, Keeve is that exciting and peculiar combination of showman and neighborhood shut-in, Flo Ziegfeld and Boo Radley in spades. "He's really brilliant in that he's sort of moody and hysterically funny," says his friend Steven Bluttal, a SoHo antiques dealer. Mizrahi says Keeve probably possesses the best imagination of anyone he's ever known. "He's kind of like a crazy child in that way," says Mizrahi. "Sometimes he would talk to me about my collections and say, 'Why don't you have a million windup toys with dresses on them and just send them down the runway.' And I'd think, That's a really great idea."

Even as a photographer in the 80s, Keeve seems to have made no distinction between the perverse and the beautiful. Recalling his first amateur efforts, snapping mug shots for a black modeling school in L.A., he finds it rather enchanting that at the beginning he underexposed the film so badly that "all you had was these

"I wanted to capture the spirit of fashion," say



MIZRY
Isaac Mizrahi's Wooster Street studio in SoHo—where he is shown, with Niki Taylor, in the series of shots above—is the setting for some of *Unzipped's* most outrageous scenes. And some of Isaac's most outrageous scenes.

ads floating in white space." By 1991, hen he met Mizrahi during a portait session for *Esquire*, he had entered what he calls his John Travolta eriod: "When nobody wants you and ou've kind of ruined your reputation nd yourself by making bad decions." He was beginning to make shion videos, a job he considered n extension of an earlier phase in s life. As a kid growing up in San Monica, Keeve used to make "terble movies about giant pencils and rinking things." At U.C.L.A., he skillfully put off dental school and entertained friends with a frequent light now accompanied by music, puppets, and drugs. "I was like this Junior Disney," he says. But apart from ccumulating fantasies about what he ould say when he won an Oscar (he ays he planned the classic revenge peech), Keeve didn't get going on ctually making a movie until he met Mizrahi.

You can understand why director nd subject would have been attracted to each other, on-camera and off. Mizrahi is debonair by way of Brookn, a designer who combines a keen ind for classics (George Balanchine) ith a taste for pop culture (Mary Tyler Moore). Almost from the beginning f his career, when he worked for erry Ellis (who addressed him as Yves-aac"), Mizrahi seemed to know xactly where he belonged in the fashon firmament. "Longing," he has aid, "was one of my biggest creative mpulses. . . . It compels you." Those who happened to catch his first show, n a SoHo loft in the spring of 1988, must have felt they were witnessing something extraordinary: the birth of a designer whose themes were almost defiantly American. The parka, the pullover, the boat-neck dance dress: rarely has the familiar looked so ravishing. It was an evening of blue suede Desert boots, sweet-pea greens, and a stunningly groomed Manolo Blahnik bobbing excitedly on the edge of his chair.

After nearly 10 years in business, Mizrahi—now 33—is well positioned between New York's worlds of dance and other entertainments (he counts Mark Morris, Twyla Tharp, and Sandra Bernhard among his closest friends) and Hollywood, where his irreverent clothes get high visibility. On the day that I saw him in his SoHo loft, I ran into *Forrest Gump* producer Wendy Finerman coming in for her Oscar gown (a teacup swirl of black lace). On my way out, Rita Wilson, actress wife of Tom Hanks, stepped from her Lincoln Town Car for her pre-Oscar appointment.

"Isaac's original," says TV producer Susan Harris, who was introduced to the pleasures of Mizrahi by her friend Lisa Eisner. "He is, in a way, unpredictably predictable. His clothes are always a surprise, but they're wearable surprises."

"Isaac has this unbelievable quality," marvels Keeve. "His belief in himself is unshakable. He goes through moments of doubt, but he believes in himself and his talent. To me, this is a gift. I think I lacked courage most of my life. Now I'm, like, a monster."

Because of his personal relationship with Mizrahi, which came apart as the film was being edited, Keeve was in a unique position to observe the fashion world. Yet he wasn't interested in making "a textbook" about fashion. "I wanted to make Stephen King or *Jurassic Park*," he says playfully. Luckily, it isn't so uncommon in documentary filmmaking to fudge the line between fact and fiction, particularly when performers are part of the bargain. Think of Madonna in Alek Keshishian's *Truth or Dare:* the pop star as an icon in her own sitcom. What was *really* real? You could ask the same thing of William Klein's fashion satire, *Qui Êtes-Vous Polly Maggoo?* "What I really like about *Unzipped*," says Geoffrey Gilmore, the executive director of Sundance, "is that it's a wonderful metaphor about the kind of revelation that doesn't really take place. In a way, it's a kind of performance."

If Keeve hoped for a performance from Mizrahi, he got a tour de force. Here is the designer, the would-be king of Seventh Avenue, soaking in his bathtub and, later, looking bemused while

Keeve. "If I had to fake everything, I would."

"Unzipped," says Sandra Bernhard, will "put Isaac the

Davé, the Parisian restaurateur, reads his tarot cards as designer John Galliano and editor André Leon Talley watch. Such scenes—filmed by Keeve and cinematographer Ellen Kuras in an art-house smorgasboard of super-8-, 16-, super-16-, and 35-mm.—are interspersed with moments in Mizrahi's studio and clips from *Nanook of the North* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show.* One scene, currently cut from the film, shows Mizrahi fitting Faye Dunaway. In the next, he's mimicking her in *Mommie Dearest.* "It was one of the most brilliant things in the film," sighs Keeve, who seems to have extracted quite a bit of performance from his supposedly spontaneous players. Linda Evangelista understood what was up and obliged Keeve with a hissy fit, which is one of *Unzipped*'s best moments. "Linda is the only one who really got it. What she did was kind of approximate what really happens but what nobody would really do in front of the camera. She was giving us that.

"To make a documentary you have to be such a bastard," Keeve concedes. "You have to be merciless. And when you're involved with your subject, as I was with Isaac, you have to hope for disaster." Keeve, with the help of Nina Santisi, a longtime Mizrahi employee (who also served as the film's executive producer), set up the scene where Mizrahi discovers—via *Women's Wear Daily*—that Jean Paul Gaultier has beaten him to the punch with his own "Eskimo Chic" collection for fall '94. Surely there are not many hierophants of glamour who would allow themselves to be seen looking crushed and beaten, much less accusing a faithful employee of taking "evil pleasure" in bringing him bad news.

Not every scene produced a moment of Schadenfreude, but Keeve just basically arranged the details to suit his purpose. He claims to have had a "huge fight" with Cindy Crawford (which hardly seems possible) when he asked her to re-create a photo shoot. "Fake the shoot?" the supermodel reportedly sniffed. "How tacky!" Apparently this didn't happen often. For someone who thinks he has a "knack for totally uninspiring people," Keeve seems to have had no trouble getting them to do what he wanted. In the end Cindy faked the shoot. Even Mizrahi found it more gratifying just to go with the flow, as when Keeve dragged him uptown to the Carlyle hotel to film a scene with Eartha Kitt.

"All I did was say to him, 'Douglas, fuck you. I'm not going to visit Eartha Kitt. I don't know her. That's insane.' And then he'd be, like, 'Here's the car. Get in the car.' All of a sudden we were in her room, and I'm thinking, Oh, my God, it's Eartha Kitt." Mizrahi, a great mimic, later did another scene in which he imitated the chanteuse's famous rasp. Keeve put the two scenes together, and it's one of the funniest bits in the movie.

Keeve thinks the reason people in the fashion business have responded so warmly to *Unzipped* is that "it doesn't have a mean bone in its body. And people in fashion are so unused to that. They're so used to the game, the politics."

But Keeve's new fans go beyond the world he has just portrayed. He now has a Hollywood agent, Jay Moloney of the Creative Artists Agency, who regularly sends him scripts "attached" to stars such as Michelle Pfeiffer. When I ask Keeve if any of these scripts interest him, he looks positively blighted. "Oh, please."

The director has spent the past few months shuttling between his apartment in New York and a friend's house in Palm Springs, where he's been working on the script for his first feature film. "It's about five male models who live in an apartment in New York," says Keeve, smiling. "It's called *Balls.*" Shooting is scheduled to begin later this summer. The tentative cast includes Marcia Gay Harden (in the role of one of the boys' mothers), Linda Evangelista, Naomi Campbell, and Tyson Beckford, who fills out Ralph Lauren's ads so superbly. Keeve expects to make the film for around $1 million—small change by Hollywood and supermodel standards. (Ironically, Nina Santisi spent months trying to wheedle less money out of Columbia, Fox, and MTV for *Unzipped.*) It took Moloney about 10 minutes to come up with the money.

No one knows better than Keeve how daunting all this is, and for the first time in our conversation I sense the frightened man standing behind the door. "It's the thing that scares me about going to Hollywood," says Keeve, running his hands over his head. "I don't want to lose my eye and I don't want to lose my edge. . . . It's why people in the fashion business are so protective of themselves." Still on the subject a few minutes later, he says, "I guess I'm terrified. I don't like people telling me I'm great. I'm trying to shut that stuff out."

I wondered, though, if he felt he had sacrificed his relationship with Isaac for the sake of his art. Santisi had told me that Keeve and the designer were barely speaking to each other by the time filming was finished last spring.

Keeve's response sounded surprisingly confident for someone who had just been wallowing in self-doubt.

"I think it had absolutely no effect whatsoever. I knew that Isaac was a terror. He's a perfectionist and extremely difficult. . . . There were a lot of times when I hated working with him, but it had no effect on the friendship, because it was the one thing I had a really good perspective on."

Downtown, in his SoHo loft, Isaac Mizrahi is giving me that fey-bemused Cary Grant look. I'm telling him Keeve's best anecdote from Sundance: apparently when he heard his name called at the awards ceremony, he threw his ski gloves in the air and one hit executive director Geoffrey Gilmore on the head.

Mizrahi winces. "Oh, pretty."

"You didn't know?"

"No, I didn't. He hit him on the head with a glove?"

"That's what he said."

Mizrahi lights a Merit and exhales. "Oh, God, that's good."

Sandra Bernhard, who appears briefly in *Unzipped,* says she thinks the film will "probably put Isaac in the category of great American designer." There is no doubt the film comes at a critical time for Mizrahi and his partner, Alain Wertheimer of Chanel. Last year,

the category of great American designer."

company brought in Peter Arnell, advertising whiz behind Donna aran's successful campaigns, to help arpen Mizrahi's image, which has ver been as clear to the public as it to fashion insiders. This should help September, when Mizrahi launches secondary line. Perhaps *Unzipped* ll also help sell more clothes.

That is about as much as Mizrahi pects. "In my most paranoid moents, I think, Oh, what do I get om this? But I can't really say it's ossed my mind in a big way. There really nothing I can say about that."

But Mizrahi takes a different view om Keeve of the effect of the film their relationship. "I think it had erything to do with [our breaking]," he says. "I think it was a reallgood metaphor—an exquisite, ironsituation. The fact is Douglas doesn't e it that way. Douglas doesn't think had much to do with our breaking . But it pointed out things about ir personalities that, I guess, we're compatible."

But Mizrahi makes this sound far ore dramatic than he probably innds. And right now he prefers to scuss his own future in film. He as, after all, cast to play a designer that Michael J. Fox vehicle *For ove or Money* a few years back. A sting director had seen him in one Keeve's videos. So who knows?

"That would be such a fantasy, ouldn't it?" he says, leaning in for a ishy chat. "What if Woody Allen alled me and said, 'I'm working on is movie and there's a really divine le for you. We want exactly you. Ve don't want Robert Redford. We on't want Ralph Fiennes. We want ou.' It would be such a fantasy. Forget it!"

Mizrahi throws back his head and ughs. "My idol, Woody Allen. Right?"

Many people who have seen *Unzipped* y they like it because it doesn't porray the fashion world as a bunch of umble titans with busy empires to run. But it's the idiosyncratic behavior of saac that's so appealing," comments eoffrey Gilmore. "You really feel his isappointment and his struggle."

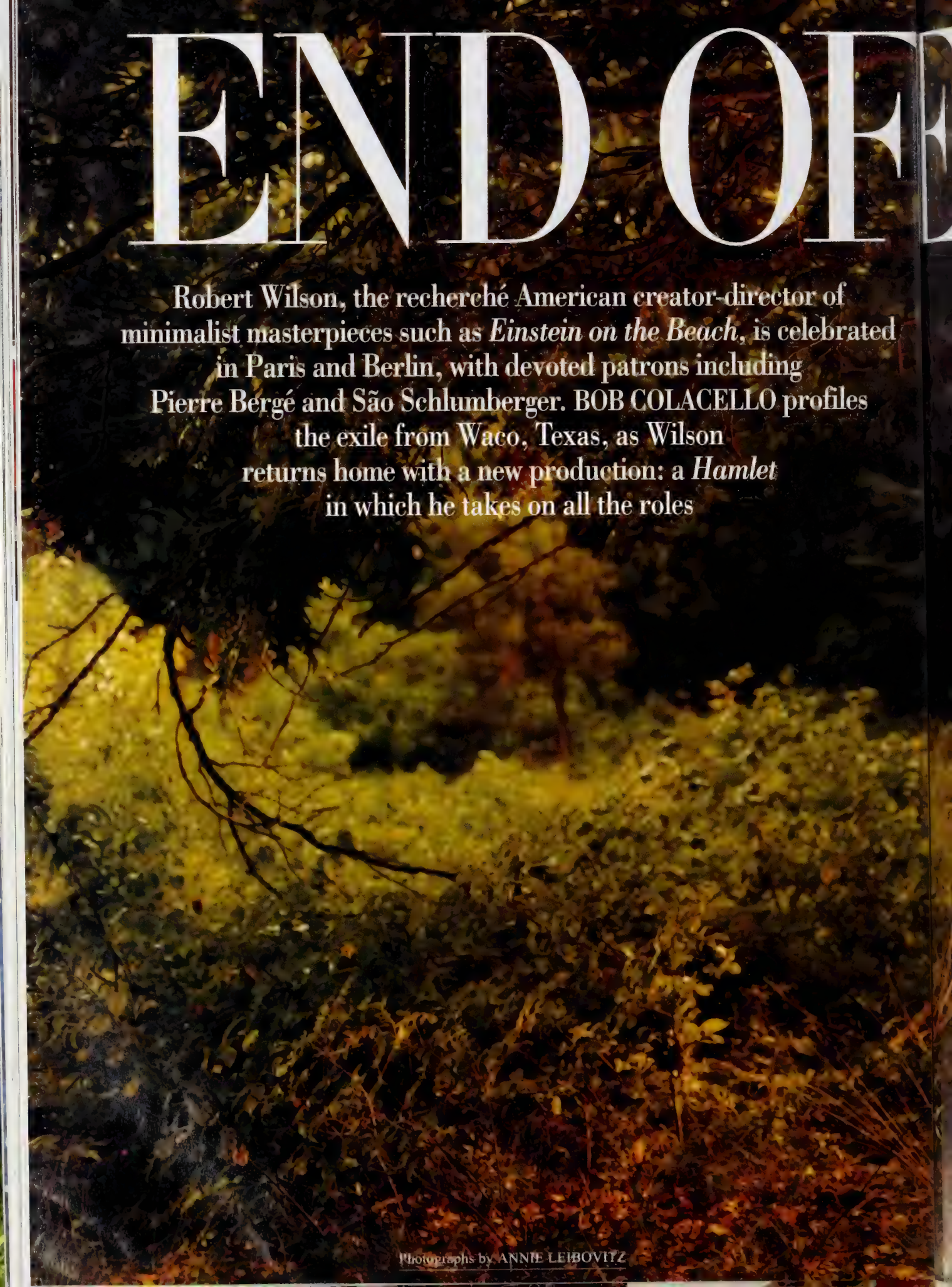
Then he tells me the glove never uched him.



AUTUMNAL ISAAC
Mizrahi's fall 1995 collection, presented in New York in April, emphasized elegance, glamour—and simplicity.

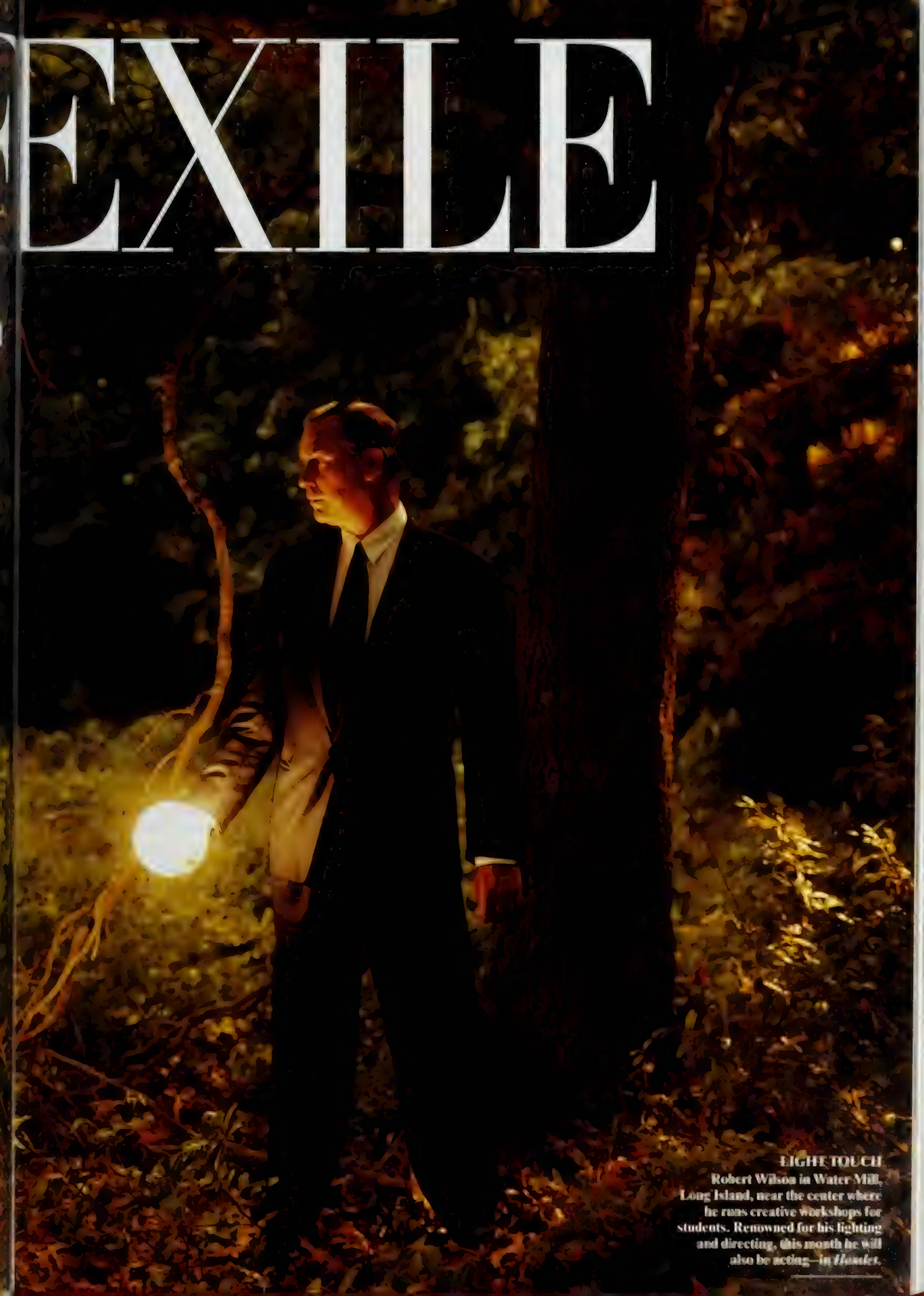
END OF

Robert Wilson, the recherché American creator-director of minimalist masterpieces such as *Einstein on the Beach*, is celebrated in Paris and Berlin, with devoted patrons including Pierre Bergé and São Schlumberger. BOB COLACELLO profiles the exile from Waco, Texas, as Wilson returns home with a new production: a *Hamlet* in which he takes on all the roles



Photographs by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

EXILE



EIGHT TOUCH
Robert Wilson in Water Mill, Long Island, near the center where he runs creative workshops for students. Renowned for his lighting and directing, this month he will also be acting—in *Hamlet*.

"We had the Persian army to help us, 5,000 troo

One afternoon last spring, at Harry's Bar in Florence, I listened as two international writers pondered a curious conundrum: Why is Robert Wilson, the most celebrated creator and director of theater and opera in Europe today, so uncelebrated in his own country?

"I think his *Madame Butterfly* at the Opéra Bastille was the best one ever done," said Edmund White, the American novelist and Jean Genet biographer, who lives in Paris.

"A woman who is hard as nails told me she cried," said Gregor von Rezzori, the Romanian-born, Tuscany-based writer probably best known for his novel *Memoirs of an Anti-Semite.*

"The problem with Bob is that he is a playwright who doesn't really write," White said. Wilson's early original works, such as his 1973, 12-hour *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin,* had no dialogue and no plot, and even his newer productions with texts are uncompromisingly antinarrative.

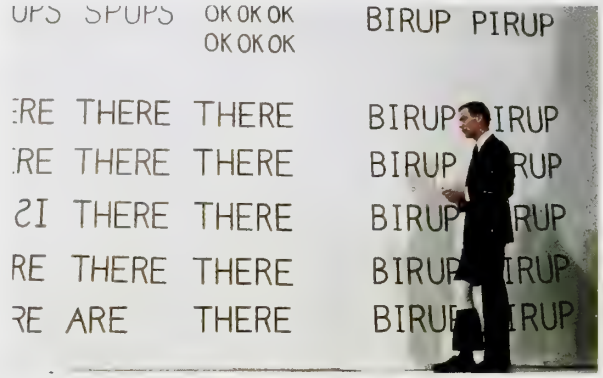
Perhaps, I suggested, Wilson's works are too unclassifiable for Americans, who like to pigeonhole everything. Are they plays? Modern-dance works? Performance-art operas? Among the "crucial, Zeitgeist-defining artistic creations of the Western world," as *The Washington Post*'s Alan Kriegsman suggested in a review of Wilson's most famous work, *Einstein on the Beach*? Or are they, as Wilson's detractors maintain, just too long, too pretentious, too expensive, too perverse—elaborate private jokes that only he gets? ("Smile at the wrong times" is a typical Wilson direction to actors.)

"Bob's work is *Gesamtkunstwerk*—an idea of Wagner's—the total abstraction of theater," von Rezzori said.

"He starts with the décor, like Meyerhold did in Russia in the 20s," White said. "He's also related to Artaud and the Theater of Cruelty."

"Very much so," said von Rezzori.

We were on our way to the Teatro della Pergola to watch Wilson rehearse a pair of one-act operas based on Japanese Noh plays—*Hanjo,* "a little lesbian love story," one Wilson follower put it, by Yukio Mishima, with music and libretto by Marcello Panni, and *Hagoromo,* a more traditional piece, with music by Jo Kondo—which were being presented at the 57th May Music Festival in Florence and which would go on to be honored by Italian critics for best direction and set design of 1994. Since 1984, when the Los Angeles Olympic Arts Festival canceled his $2.5 million dusk-to-dawn epic, *the CIVIL warS: a tree is best measured when it is down,* sections of which had been staged previously in Rotterdam, Cologne, Paris, and Rome, Wilson has worked primarily in Europe, mainly transforming other people's operas and plays into his own, unmistakably minimalist yet grandiose visions. These have ranged from Richard Strauss's *Salome,* starring Montserrat Caballé, with costumes by Gianni Versace, at La Scala in Milan in 1987, to Virginia Woolf's *Orlando,* starring Isabelle Huppert, which was extended by popular demand from 30 to 60 performances at the Odéon theater in Paris last summer. His 1991 production of Mozart's *The Magic Flute* has been revived four times at the Opéra Bastille.





WORDS AND MUSIC
Wilson, *top,* in *A Letter for Queen Victoria* in Paris, 1974; *above,* a 1984 staging of the four-and-a-half-hour opera *Einstein on the Beach* at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

And yet only a handful of Wilson works have been seen in New York in the last decade, the most recent being *The Black Rider: The Casting of the Magic Bullets,* at the Brooklyn Academy of Music (BAM) in 1993. This relatively short musical-theater pastiche, with hummable music by Tom Waits and an amusing text by William Burroughs, was created, however, at the Thalia Theater in Hamburg, where it ran for two seasons, and went on to Vienna, Paris, Amsterdam, Berlin, Genoa, and Seville before traveling to BAM for a limited engagement of 10 sold-out performances.

New York Times critic John Rockwell, a longtime Wilson loyalist, had also trekked to Florence to see the Noh operas. He later recalled a conversation he had with Wilson there: "Bob said he was feeling a bit burned out in terms of reinterpreting classical works. He was tired of wandering around the European cultural diaspora. He said he was actively pursuing different kinds of work. And he also said he wanted to act."

This month America's most misunderstood genius is coming home to the state of his birth, Texas, and making

ilding scenery and 2,000 performing with us."

e that everybody knows it, by taking on the greatest I most difficult role of all, Hamlet. What's more, Wil- n being Wilson, he's portraying not only the Prince of nmark but also King Claudius, Queen Gertrude, Ophe- Laertes, Polonius, and Horatio—and designing the sets well. "It's done as a series of flashbacks, which start onds before Hamlet dies," Wilson told me. "All the eeches of the various characters are included. It's Shake- eare's text, but I've rearranged it."

HAMLET a monologue, which will run between 90 nutes and two hours without an intermission, opens May 24 at the Alley Theatre in Houston. It will also in Lincoln Center's Serious Fun! festival in July. In ovember the Martha Graham Dance Company is heduled to premiere Wilson's evocation of its legen- ry founder at the Kennedy Center in Washington, C. In January the Houston Grand Opera will mount s production of Gertrude Stein and Virgil Thomson's 34 work, *Four Saints in Three Acts,* which will also included next summer in a w international arts festival Lincoln Center, organized John Rockwell.

If a Wilson revival in Amer- a is at hand, it seems aus- cious that it should involve o of his idols: Martha Gra- am, whose dictum "All the- er is dance" Wilson cites nstantly, and Gertrude Stein, hose way with words was as iginal and maddening as his. a sense Graham, the *sui neris* American artist, and ein, the quintessential Amer- an expatriate avant-gardist, e Wilson's spiritual and aes- hetic godmothers, the two des of his persona and oeu- e. For all of his highbrow ontinental airs, Wilson's sto- is pure Americana, and the nnerving silences, wide-open paces, and slow, straightened ovements of his stagecraft an be read as pictures of here he came from.



WILSON ON THE BEACH
In 1971, when Wilson had his work first performed in France a seven-hour program composed of two plays the Surrealist poet Louis Aragon wrote, "The miracle was produced, the one we were waiting for."

I was born in Waco, Texas, in 1941. It's very conservative. It has the largest Baptist institution in the world, Baylor University. When I was growing up, it was a sin to go to the theater. It was a sin if a woman wore pants. There was a prayer box in school, and if you saw someone sinning, you could put their name in he prayer box, and on Fridays everyone would pray for hose people whose names were in the prayer box. Smoking a cigarette was sinning, too." He lit another Parliament before ordering lunch in Florence's Hotel Excelsior. "I couldn't wait to get out."

At 17, Wilson was cured of a severe stammer with the help of a local dance instructor named Bird Hoffman, who encouraged his interest in the performance arts. But to please his father, a lawyer who later became the Waco city manager, he spent the next three years studying business administration at the University of Texas in Austin. In 1962, just a few credits short of graduation, he dropped out, moved to New York, and plunged into the overlapping worlds of art, theater, dance, film, poetry, and happenings. He soaked up the classical ballets of George Balanchine and the avant-garde works of Merce Cunningham and John Cage. He studied interior design at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn and worked with choreographers Alwin Nikolais, Meredith Monk, and Kenneth King as a handyman, set designer, and performer. He had a nervous breakdown, tried to kill himself, and was put into a mental institution for several months. In 1968 he founded his own experimental theater company, the Byrd Hoffman School of Byrds, named after his Waco teacher, and installed it in his SoHo loft building, which evolved into an intellectual version of the Warhol Factory. "I had open houses every Thursday that went on all night," Wilson told me. "There were three floors: one for dancing, one for eating, and one for discussions."

All through this period, Wilson also taught brain-damaged and disturbed children in Harlem and New Jersey. One day in 1968, in Summit, New Jersey, Wilson remembered, "I saw a policeman about to hit a child over the head with a club. I recognized that the sounds the child was making were those of a deaf person. He was a 13-year-old black deaf-mute child, and he was going to be locked up in a delinquent home. They said he was uneducable. Eventually I went to court and became a legal guardian, and he lived with me. It became apparent after a short while that he thought in terms of visual signs and signals. He made drawings of things I couldn't see because I was preoccupied with words. My first major works in theater were written in collaboration with this young man: Raymond Andrews."

"Bob's this incredible person who has *annexed* the most interesting rich people in the world."



SPECIAL EFFECTS
Audiences never cease to ask how Wilson achieves the eerie, outsize, slow-motion effects that distinguish his long, operatic productions.



Wilson's first complete play, *The King of Spain*, ran for two nights in 1969 and consisted of one scene, about two hours long, of various people—including Wilson and Andrews—coming and going in a Victorian drawing room, the back wall of which was slit open to reveal a sandy landscape. The highlight came near the end when 30-foot-high white cat's legs walked across the stage slowly. "It was very different from anything happening in theater at that time in New York," Wilson told me. "Living Theatre, La Mama—that was all too expressive for me. *The King of Spain* was very formal, very carefully lit. There were no words. There was a tea cart, and sometimes it would shake, and you'd get little sounds like that."

Then came *The Life and Times of Sigmund Freud* and *Deafman Glance*, both of which were also stylized and lengthy. In 1971, Wilson was invited to the Festival Mondial in Nancy, France, by its director, Jack Lang, the future minister of culture. Wilson helped cover his troupe's trip by selling five drawings Andy Warhol had given him to Dominique de Menil, the Houston art collector. In Nancy, he combined *Freud* and *Deafman* into a single seven-hour work, which caused such a sensation that the couturier Pierre Cardin moved it to Paris for a six-week run at the Théâtre de la Musique. "The miracle was produced, the one we were waiting for," wrote Louis Aragon in an open letter published in a Communist journal, to his fellow Surrealist André Breton, who had died five years earlier. "You would have loved it as I did, *to the point of madness.*" Eugène Ionesco compared Wilson to Samuel Beckett, and other reviewers invoked the names of the Douanier Rousseau, René Magritte, Paul Delvaux, Salvador Dalí, and Marcel Duchamp to describe Wilson's unexpected imagery and otherworldly lighting. Charlie Chaplin went back a second time, and Empress Farah Diba was entranced.

"She asked me to go to Iran and do something," Wilson told me. "I did a seven-day play." *KA MOUNTAIN AND GUARDenia TERRACE: "a story about a family and some people changing"* was presented as one continuous performance lasting 168 hours at the 1972 Shiraz-Persepolis Festival of the Arts. "It was structured a little bit like television," Wilson explained. "There were seven hills, and by the seventh day we had activities happening on all of them. We had the Persian army to help us, 5,000 troops building the scenery and 2,000 troops performing with us. There were 500 actors. We painted one hill white and we had a big dinosaur at the top, and we had groups of actors and troops stationed on the other hills, chanting the word 'dinosaur.' At the final hour, we blew up the top of the white hill with dynamite—like this snowcapped mountain erupting."

In 1973, as Wilson prepared to go onstage—he acted in all his early works—for the premiere of *The Life and Times of Joseph Stalin* at BAM, there was a knock on his dressing-room door. It was a friend of (*Continued on page 165*)

SPOTLIGHT

Boys of Broadway

Facing the lack of dramatic roles on the Great White Way is part of the basic curriculum for today's stage actor. But these seven young men are making their Broadway debuts this season, a seminar only a talented few can take.

"I see the whole process of theater as a class," says Jude Law, who turned down being this season's Royal Shakespeare Company Romeo to co-star in *Indiscretions* with Kathleen Turner. Damian Lewis, who is now playing Laertes opposite Ralph Fiennes's Broadway version of the Danish Prince, just finished his own run as Hamlet in London. "Acting was the only thing I could get up in the morning for," says Rufus Sewell, who was the highlight of Brian Friel's short-lived *Translations* (as well as last year's *Middlemarch* on the BBC and PBS). His first professional acting job was touring jails: "Maximum-security prisoners are the most alive audiences you'll ever play to." Alessandro Nivola, who starred in *"Master Harold"... and the Boys* in Seattle while at Yale, is currently playing opposite Helen Mirren as the simple tutor in Ivan Turgenev's *A Month in the Country*. N.Y.U. graduate Billy Crudup portrays a more manipulative tutor in Tom Stoppard's *Arcadia*. Malcolm Gets, a Yale School of Drama alum, trained as a concert pianist until age 15, and says speaking verse in his critically acclaimed performance in *The Molière Comedies* "agreed with my musical bent." Juilliard-trained John Benjamin Hickey has survived the scrutiny of binoculars during frontal-nudity scenes in *Love! Valour! Compassion!* Hickey turned down an appearance in the film *Dolores Claiborne* to stay in the Terrence McNally play while it was still Off Broadway. "The brass ring of L.A. is tempting," he acknowledges, "but nothing compares with the joy of collaborating in new works—it's hard to come by, and when it does, it's the very thing that gives you confidence."

—SUSAN KITTENPLAN

Photograph by EIKA AOSHIMA





TREADING THE BOARDS

These seven young talents are making their Broadway debuts this season.

PACK OF THESPIANS
Stage players John Benjamin Hickey, Jude Law, Malcolm Gets, Rufus Sewell, Damian Lewis, Alessandro Nivola, and Billy Crudup, Brooklyn-bound on the Brooklyn Bridge.



SISTER ACT

Opposite, the wellborn Miller sisters, clockwise from left: Pia, Alex, and Marie-Chantal. Twenty-six-year-old Marie-Chantal Miller, *this page,* the sister in charge of organizing a family fund that will promote environmental awareness, will walk down the aisle with Crown Prince Pavlos, the son of Greece's King Constantine, in the Greek Orthodox Cathedral of Saint Sophia.

Photography by DAVID SIMONET

The Millers' Tale

The daughters of duty-free king Robert Miller are a fairy-tale trio: one is already wed to American royalty and the other two are about to marry princes. LAURA JACOBS talks to the Cushing sisters of the next millennium



Once upon a time there were three sisters who lived in a house on a hill in Hong Kong. Their American-born father, Robert W. Miller, was known to all as "the duty-free king," famous for his airport emporiums. Their mother, Chantal, born in Ecuador, was said to be the Last Incan Princess. The eldest daughter, Pia, played with pretty dolls; the middle girl, Marie-Chantal, chose G.I. Joes; the youngest, the pet, Alexandra, collected Barbies. They went to an English school, then off to Swiss boarding school, and then each in her turn to America for a degree in art history, meanwhile doing things girls who are not the daughters of billionaires do: going out with friends (and eligible men), taking dance class, catching movies, watching *Melrose Place*. This is a Gen X fairy tale.



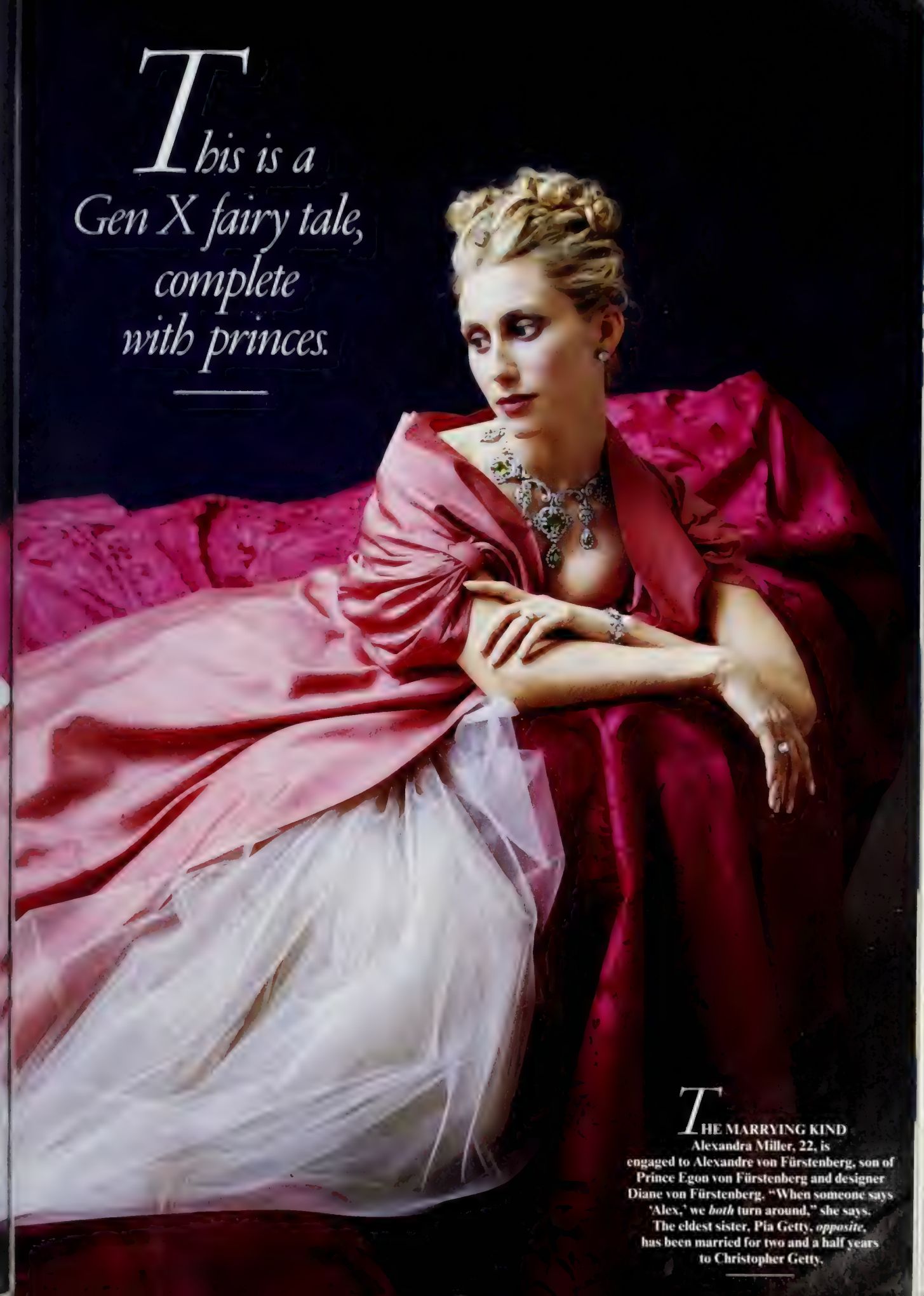
But it comes complete with princes. For soon two of the Miller sisters will marry into aristocracy. On July 1, 26-year-old MC exchanges vows with Crown Prince Pavlos, the eldest son of Greece's King Constantine, in front of 1,000 guests in the Greek Orthodox Cathedral of Saint Sophia in London. In preparation for the ceremony, MC will not only convert from Catholicism but privately rehearse. "I have to walk around the altar three times in a huge train," she exclaims. "They're giving me a mock train to practice with." A train (and gown) by Valentino. Three months later in New York, 22-year-old Alex will marry childhood sweetheart Alexandre von Fürstenberg, son of Prince Egon and designing Diane. "When someone says 'Alex,'" Alex says, beaming, "we *both* turn around." And while the Miller parents own homes in New York, Paris, London, Hong Kong, and Gstaad, plans post-honeymoon see the two Alexes settling down in L.A., and MC and Pavlos in Manhattan—where Pia, 28 and since 1992 the wife of Christopher Getty (grandson of J.P. and as close as you come to American royalty), already lives. Asked what advice she has for her affianced siblings, Pia says, "None. I think they've made the right choices."

Indeed, choice is at the heart of our fascination with sisters. From Jane Austen's Bennet girls to Black Jack's Bouviers to the cushy Cushings (a trio that racked up six sterling surnames: Astor Fosburgh, Roosevelt Whitney, Mortimer Paley), beautiful daughters—especially those in fabled threes—have embodied epochal promise and plenty, a kingdom's or a culture's claim on the future. Of course, there is also the symmetry, the déjà vu of those duty-free dimples, those champagne complexions, those pink Miller manicures, and that fine photographable nose. "Our little bumpy nose," MC notes. "It's our father's father's, so we hear, from Boston."

Until now the sisters have not felt Society's heated stare; they pose for the camera with old-world aplomb. Alex looks the baby czarina, with glowing dark eyes and the high forehead of a Tolstoy ingenue. MC is a Fragonard with a Mitford-sister wit. She paints in a Pop-art style, advises her parents on their art collection, and is the sister in charge of organizing a family fund that will promote environmental awareness. Pia, who grows rose-quiet when the subject turns to her private life, opens up talking about art, literature, and the writing she has just begun to do. She speaks the Miller motto when she says, "You draw your strength from the family. It's like a seed." Would there have been room for a Miller boy? "I can't *imagine* a brother," MC blurts. "A brother is not even in our vocabulary."

But "happily ever after" is, or so it seems at this perfect, fateful moment. □

This is a Gen X fairy tale, complete with princes.



THE MARRYING KIND Alexandra Miller, 22, is engaged to Alexandre von Fürstenberg, son of Prince Egon von Fürstenberg and designer Diane von Fürstenberg. "When someone says 'Alex,' we *both* turn around," she says. The eldest sister, Pia Getty, *opposite*, has been married for two and a half years to Christopher Getty.

MIAMI REFAB

Haute hotelier Ian Schrager and designer Philippe Starck have stormed the beach—Miami's South Beach—with a fabulously surreal renovation of the 1947 Delano hotel. MATTHEW TYRNAUER checks into their "stealth wealth" fantasia, which includes a branch of the David Barton Gym, a spa planned by Schrager's ballerina wife, Rita, and a restaurant co-owned by Madonna and Brian McNally



DE LOVELY DELANO

Left to right: David Barton, whose eponymous gymnasium will grace the Delano; Ian Schrager, the enterprise's grand impresario; Brian McNally, co-owner (with Madonna) of the Blue Door restaurant; Leila Fazel, director of the Agua rooftop spa; design king Philippe Starck; Michael Overington, director of development; Anda Andrei, director of design at Ian Schrager Hotels; and Rita Norona Schrager, Agua's queen bee.



Photographs by MICHAEL ROBERTS

On the roof of the Delano hotel's spacious white portico, Philippe Starck—the dark, burly Tasmanian Devil of French design—is doing his Adolf Hitler impersonation. Thrusting his stiffened arm into the warm South Florida gale, staring up toward an imaginary Valhalla, he pretends to address an invisible Weimar throng. Directly across from him, in a tiny sidewalk garden, the last three old people in Miami Beach are on the verge of heart attacks. "It's like a Leni Riefenstahl film," an old man gasps as he watches Starck's Wagnerian pantomime. Soon tourists begin to stop and gawk; flashbulbs fire from slow-moving cars. Tanned, spandexed Rollerbladers speed by in all directions, oblivious.

If this scene is tinged with a measure of the absurd, it is only a taste of what's to come on the 1600 block of Collins Avenue, in Miami's thoroughly—some might say overly—refabulized South Beach.

The old Delano, a 1947 landmark with a broad, pleated stucco façade—and saw-toothed side elevations that allow most rooms an ocean view—is in the throes of a transformation from hulking pink battleship of yesteryear to pristine white citadel of 90s chic.

The style warlord behind this incursion is Ian Schrager, the New York nightclub baron turned hotelier (Morgans, the Royalton, the Paramount), who has engaged the madcap Mr. Starck as his architect/designer and master planner. In the 1970s, Schrager (with his late partner, Steve Rubell) invented the modern conception of the velvet rope and V.I.P. room. Studio 54, where Liza and Calvin cavorted and reputations rose and fell during a single chorus of "Boogie Wonderland," was the first legendary disco of the modern era. It defined a time, a way of life, and eventually a course of treatment. Schrager achieved the status of mega-trendsetter. Then, in 1978, he and Rubell's disco ball burst; they were nabbed for tax evasion and later sentenced to three and a half years in a prison in Alabama.

Schrager's comeback as a civilian was the 1984 opening of the discreet Morgans hotel in Manhattan's Murray Hill. That was followed, in 1988, by the Royalton—his first collaboration with Starck. Instantly, the 44th Street jewel box was renowned—and occasionally renounced—for its long catwalk lobby, glass rhino-horn sconces, and infamously unstable three-legged chairs. (Later, the two partnered on the more populist—but no less dramatic—Paramount, in the theater district.)

Now Schrager and Starck have brought their hostelry revolution to Miami, where they plan not just to launch a supersuccessful haute hotel but to change the very notion of Miami Beach accommodations. Not since the dawn of the white loafer and the Sansabelt slack have the good citizens of Collins Avenue witnessed such an ambitious architectural rebirth.

"The Delano is the next stage of evolution," says Schrager, a Cagney-esque figure who tends to stab the air as he talks, and likes to grab on to your elbow. "But we weren't interested in picking up where we left off at th Royalton and Paramount. We wanted something new. Th question was, could Philippe be brilliant enough to wo in a completely new vocabulary? . . . I asked him, *Philipp can you envision a new kind of Miami? Can you reinvent new kind of resort? Are you seeing it as I'm seeing it, th this is not a time for three-legged chairs?*"

Imagine Bugsy in Vegas, the kind of cue that might i duce the appearance of an MGM chorus, and you get a idea of the enthusiasm Schrager brings to the story of h Miami mission. Moving about the Delano's palm-dotte compound with an intense, high-velocity waddle, he chug up the stairs and rolls through the lobby. You can almo hear him belting out the lyrics from a big production nu ber: *How'd a kid like me from Brooklyn ever get to own place like this?*

"For the Delano I wasn't interested in being pigeon holed into doing something retro, something Art Deco c Art Moderne. I had these questions for Philippe: Wha does Miami feel like? What does Miami smell like? Wha is its *essence?*" Starck had a simple, exciting response t Schrager's quiz: Ignore Miami. Create, instead, "a sepa rate, intense reality."

More than 20 million intense, real dollars later, it woul be hard to deny that they have succeeded. In June, whe the Delano throws open its doors, guests will find a ho telscape like none they have ever seen before, least of al in pastel, of-a-piece Miami.

"Miami is a good place," says Starck, just in from hi attention-getting turn on the roof of the portico. "But think it is not very sophisticated. Everybody make a sor of caricature of Miami. We have not made a caricature o Miami. We have made *deeply* the right place."

Part of what's right about the Delano—though not nec essarily the part Starck is alluding to—is its array of New York–caliber venues, including a restaurant, called the Blue Door, co-owned by Madonna and Brian McNally who gave the world 44, the restaurant at the Royalton, and who has had many triumphs in the past, including Indochine and 150 Wooster. There is also a branch of the David Barton Gym, a Manhattan iron pit of choice, and an elaborate women's spa on the roof, called Agua, which is being planned by Schrager's wife, former ballerina Rita Norona Schrager. (A local wag to Mrs. Schrager: "If you want to open a successful spa on this beach, honey, you better open one that's all for men.")

Above all else, though, there is Starck's design: a surrealist's dream in three dimensions that blurs distinctions between exterior and interior, formal and casual—even wet and dry. "I want to be the movie director of the time in this hotel where the people will be perhaps more beautiful," says Starck. (English is a piano he plays by ear.) "That is my work. I am the movie director of the clients of this hotel; they are the actors, not the spectators—*never!* Everything is make to give surprise for the people, and this surprise must wake them up. And they say, If all that can be so different, if this feeling is so different, why am I not different? Why don't I become the actor of my life?"

"I asked him, 'Philippe, can you envision a new kind of Miami?'"

Act One, Scene One at the Delano takes place in a large outdoor anteroom just a few feet from the Collins Avenue sidewalk. Bounded on three sides by a tall, cornice-shaped topiary privet, this prefatory space is a signal to all who enter that they would be wise to abandon familiar notions of Miami at the door.

Inside the lobby, past the check-in area and bellman's station, it becomes very purposefully almost disconcertingly dark. "The way it's done in tropical resorts all over the world," notes Schrager. "If you walk into a place in Phuket or Bali, you walk into a dark space." The walls here are lined with deep-brown ashwood panels, arranged in a harlequin pattern and pierced by small, shaded sconces. The floors, once upon a time flamboyant pink terrazzo, have been covered with 12-inch-by-20-foot planks of rich Brazilian cherry wood.

Dominating the space is a dual sequence of tall, fat pillars that run the lobby's length to form a dramatic, high-ceilinged nave. In the center of this soaring oblong space is the large "living room" area, decorated with a mismatched collection of antiques and "the greatest hits" from the modern era of furniture, all handpicked by Starck. There are chairs by Charles and Ray Eames, Gaudí, Man Ray, Starck himself, and, in a place of honor, a seat designed by Salvador Dalí that has high-heeled shoes as feet.

The surreal and absurd serve as unifying themes throughout the Delano, but never more apparently so than in the hotel's extravagant oceanside backyard, where Starck's "movie" begins to look a bit like *Alice in Wonderland.* At the foot of a wide set of terra-cotta stairs that tumble down from the rear of Madonna and McNally's restaurant there commences an elaborate orchard. It's "really an indoor room outside," says Schrager. "It's very surreal, very Dalí-esque."

This "room" is appointed with an oversize chess set designed by Starck, indoor tables and chairs, and lamps that hang from a "ceiling" canopy of cunningly pruned trees. Underfoot will be grass and, all around, full-length mirrors propped against the tree trunks. There will also be a fountain "spray," says Schrager, who simulates a shower with his hands, "where you can go if you want to get sprayed."

Beyond the fantastic coppice, another splendid area is dominated by the 150-foot-long pool. It is just one inch deep in the shallow end and is fully furnished with tables and chairs. "It's an outdoor salon of water. It's not meant for living. It's not for laps. . . . We wanted to be more lyrical, more poetical," Schrager explains. "They said people like to look at the pool from the hotel. But where is that written? So I moved the pool about 60 or 70 feet toward the ocean. We've made our own man-made beach, and a place where you can have water running down your back. We said, Why can't we go back and do it like the Romans did? Why not?"

Schrager's Roman fantasia at ground level will serve as a shocking contrast to Starck's almost overwhelmingly spartan themes for the upstairs—where one color, *white,* is predominant in all 238 rooms.

It is to evoke "the elegance of a small room somewhere," explains Starck. "Clean and pure. You know, when you are in the houses of people very poor, poor fisherman?



STARCK REALITY

Designer *extraordinaire* Philippe Starck created nothing less than a new Miami hotel reality. "Everything," he vows, "is make to give surprise for the people!"

Pristine white orchids peek out from glass laboratory beakers in every room.



WHITE ON WHITE

No beige, no ecru. The color scheme in the Delano's 238 rooms is white, from the crisp linen bedcovers to the highly glossed epoxy floors to the Starck-designed armoire (complete with clock), which houses a white TV, white CD player, and white refrigerator.

is *perfect!* And the idea was to bring this perfect life in hotel especially in U.S.A., especially in Miami!"

The poor—even "poor fisherman" it should be noted, ever had it quite like this: crisp white linen covers near- every soft surface in the rooms, from the draperies to e wood-framed bed; a white TV, white CD player, and hite refrigerator are stacked and hidden away in a tall arck-designed cabinet that has simple leather nooses for orknobs. The highly glossed poured-epoxy floors (five parate coats) look as if they were contrived by the Para- ount set department circa 1935. Pristine white orchids ek out from glass laboratory beakers in every room.

In freshly minted Room 304, which overlooks the sea, Starck and Schrager are conducting a last-minute interior-design sweep in their stocking feet. So not to *scuff*. Starck does pirouettes, shuffles back and forth. Schrager produces a red orchid and introduces it to a small round vase. At first, Starck is too distracted to notice. When he does, there occurs something approximating the vapors or perhaps a seizure: "What, red flower? No! No! Never! Never! Me? Alive? *Nev-!*" he says, pretending to cock a gun.

The only color native to the Delano's rooms (save a w accents of pearl gray and pale green) comes from the ne Granny Smith apple that rests on an oversize hook ear the bathroom door. Below it the wives' tale "An ap- le a day keeps the doctor away" is engraved.

"When the people arrive, wow! It's a beautiful gift. It's real gift," Starck decides after a thorough review of his *ise en scène*. He seems to especially love his little white athroom: "It is strictly perfect. We cannot make better an this," he tells Schrager, gazing upon his signature etal bowl sink, modified for the Delano with a coat of hite porcelain, and mounted on a simple stool, evoking n old-fashioned—but much perfected—washbasin. A little ooden ladder propped against the wall holds the bath owels, and the shower has been so refined that it consists nly of a spigot and a large pane of plate glass—no cur- ain, no door. Soap comes in a plain white box with the otel logo emblazoned across it in thin sans-serif type.

Schrager, who must consider the all-important cost-to- lamour ratio (and thus keep a subtle but hawkish eye on tarck's every move), notes that "the room is a surrealis- c dream for the guest, and a nightmare for the house- eeper." Yet what are a few extra swishes of a beleaguered weeny's mop when the greater aesthetic good is at stake?

"This place is perfect for the 90s," says Schrager. "It's ndesigned. The 80s were about design on steroids. Now ere's a kind of quiet wealth—*stealth wealth*."

"This place, I think, will be a door for the new," con- urs Starck, "to reinvent the real Miami, without making aricature! That's what interest me. This place is perhaps ore serious than other hotel we make, because Miami is lways *fun*. I do not like the idea of fun. I think it is too uch simple. I prefer smile. I prefer jubilation. Fun, I hink, it's just invented by ad agency to sell drink and hing like that. We don't sell drink. We try just to give eople a better life." □



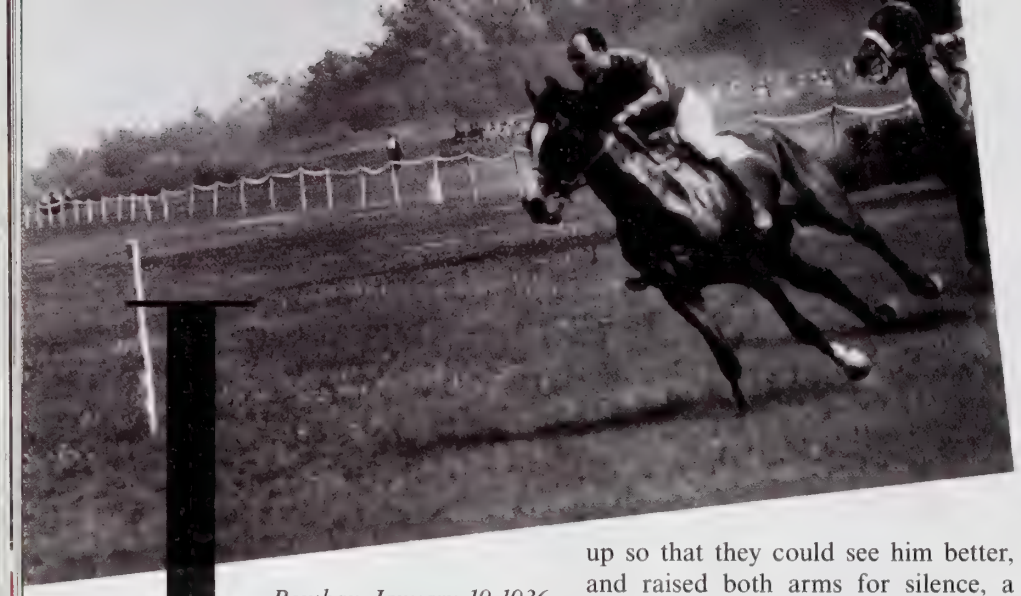
Aly Khan, legendary playboy son of the Aga Khan, prowled the Riviera in relentless pursuit of speed, sport, and women. In 1948 he set his sights on Hollywood's "Love Goddess," Rita Hayworth, who was being pursued by Ari Onassis and the Shah of Iran after her marriage to Orson Welles disintegrated. In an excerpt from *Throne of Gold*, ANNE EDWARDS tells the tale of Rita and Aly's tumultuous union

The Goddess and



THE BOLD AND THE BEAUTIFUL
Aly Khan (at the head table) in 1949 became obsessed with Rita Hayworth in 1948 when he screened her movie *Gilda* at his château on the Riviera. Soon thereafter she visited Monte Carlo, and hostess Elsa Maxwell arranged for the two to meet at a party. *Opposite*, in a still from *Gilda*, Rita performs her famous striptease to "Put the Blame on Mame."

The Playboy



Bombay. January 19, 1936.

Intense sunlight made a blaze of the magnificent spectacle of His Highness Aga Khan III's golden-jubilee procession. A platform, with a divan upholstered in spun gold and studded with hundreds of diamonds and rubies, had been erected in a large open square in the section of Bombay often referred to as "the Ismaili Vatican." The vast throng of more than 30,000 of the Aga Khan's followers were crushed together, waiting to be blessed by their divine ruler and to see him receive his weight in gold in the style of Moguls of an ancient time. The ceremony, *tula-vidhi,* was supposed to bring peace, health, and prosperity to the person weighed.

Directly descended from Muhammad through the Prophet's daughter, Fatima, and thought by his followers to be endowed with the infallible gift of revelation, the Aga Khan was the Imam (spiritual leader, or "Pope") to more than 15 million Ismaili Muslims. Yet, though recognized as an important linchpin in Oriental politics, he possessed no political territories. To the world at large he was known for his fabulous wealth and his Thoroughbred horses, and, in fact, he spent more time in his luxurious suite at the Ritz Hotel in London and his several homes in France than at his princely estate in the elite Bombay suburb of Malabar.

Once the Aga Khan was seated the shouts of his followers rose. He stood up so that they could see him better, and raised both arms for silence, a gesture which the crowd mistook for a salutation and cheered vigorously. Nearly 15 minutes passed before the shouting subsided.

At last the Aga Khan sank heavily onto the weighing chair. His eyes narrowed behind the round gold rims of his thick glasses as he watched three Ismaili nobles load bars of gleaming gold bullion onto the counterpan until the scale was finally balanced to rousing cheers from the spectators. The Aga Khan tipped the scale at 220.3 pounds (he was barely five feet five inches tall). The value of his weight in gold was 335,000 rupees, about $125,000, a vast fortune in 1936 in either America or Europe, but almost beyond imagining in India, where even 30 years later, according to the writer V. S. Naipaul, the poverty was *quivering.* India was a nation where it was cheaper to use men than machines, where parents lopped off a child's hand or crippled him to make him a more poignant beggar, where great masses of people spent their entire lives on the streets of the country's overpopulated cities.

After the weighing, personal and valuable gifts were presented to the Aga Khan: a gold-bordered robe and 1,000 rupees in silver from the Maharaja of Kutch, silver and jewels from other rich men. Passages of the Koran were read to the crowd by the Aga Khan, after which a path was cleared. The immense crowd fell to their knees. Rose petals, to scent the air, were thrown "like a gentle rain" before the Aga Khan's gilt palanquin as it moved through the streets of Bombay.

The public celebration was almost certainly a personal benchmark f the Aga Khan as well. It was a ti not only to reflect on a full and markable life thus far but also to b gin to think about the man who mig succeed him as Imam.

The Aga Khan's elder s and heir apparent, A was 25 at the time the golden jubilee. Aly mother, the second of t Aga Khan's four wive was a beautiful, dark-ey Italian ballerina whom t Aga Khan had relentles ly courted after seeing h onstage in *Giselle* at the Monte Ca lo Opera House in 1907. Aly's chil hood was lonely. His mother pursue a career as a sculptor by day, an gave lavish parties at night, while h father shuttled among the capitals the world, seeing to the concerns his followers.

As a young man Aly was tremen dously good-looking, quite exotic wit his mixed Italian and Oriental heritage He seemed solemnly determined t prove that he could do everything anyone else could do—only faster. H was always at the top of the hun when he rode to the hounds. He race his horses with reckless abandon. H drove in famous Grand Prix races i France, Monaco, and Italy.

To Aly it was all "fabulously fun," which is how he described a 10,000-mile round-trip flight—the longes civil flight ever out of India—from Bombay to Singapore in 1932, flying over treacherous jungles in a single-engine plane with no radio. He had a lot of experience at big-game hunting, having bagged three lions, seven tigers, and some 20 leopards and panthers while on foot, not from the safety of the elevated platform called a *machun.*

Like his father, Aly was never attracted to Oriental women. When he was 23, he fell deeply in love. She was a tall, slim English beauty, three years his senior, fair and slightly haughty, and she was married. Her name was Mrs. Loel Guinness, née Joan Barbara Yarde-Buller, daughter of Lord Churston, who was descended from King Edward III. She had been married to the Guinness heir when she was 19 and he was only 20, and

Excerpted from *Throne of Gold,* by Anne Edwards, to be published in July by William Morrow; © 1995 by Anne Edwards.

r wedding was the society high-
ht of 1927.

The Yarde-Buller's were fabulously
althy in their own right, but with
r marriage Joan was now hostess
her husband's town mansion, 11 and
Carlton House Terrace, overlook-
g St. James's Park, and spent sum-
rs at his parents' spectacular estate
Mougins, near Cannes in the South
France (where an airstrip had been
d down so that Loel's private plane
uld land), and at Deauville, where
ey also owned a villa.

It was at a dinner party in Deauville,
the late summer of 1933, that Aly
et Joan; Loel was abroad. There is
story that Aly was so taken with
r at first sight that he leaned across
e table and asked, "Darling, will you
arry me?" She laughed and in-
rmed him that she was already mar-
d and the mother of a young son.
at did not stop Aly. He wooed her
ith flowers and private, romantic
essages until finally she agreed to
eet him secretly. Soon they had em-
rked upon a very serious and all-
nsuming affair that culminated 18
onths later in a sensational divorce
al that made front pages of news-
pers worldwide.

On May 18, 1936, Joan and Aly were
arried quietly in Paris, with the Aga
n present. The bride wore a sim-
e black silk ensemble trimmed in
h , and a broad-brimmed black straw
at with a white bow that framed her
rrow, piquant face. In photographs
e eye is caught by the Aga Khan,
tund and smiling, his white jacket
d metal-framed glasses glittering in
e bright spring sun. However he
ay have felt about the public nature
his son's romance and winning of
a bride, there is little

"The trouble with Aly," an intimate of his ventured, "is that he is grossly oversexed."



THE THRILL OF THE CHASE
Aly [illegible] the Aga Khan, were among the most important horse breeders and owners in the world. *Opposite:* Aly rides Alborak at La Touques in 1955. The only thing Aly pursued more enthusiastically than horses was beautiful women—not "tarts . . . [but] decent, presentable women," as one friend recalled. This page, he dances with Joan Fontaine in Cannes, 1956. Inset: Aly and Countess Attolico of Rome at a Monte Carlo gala in 1953. Sitting next to Elsa Maxwell.


"I never saw the prince as a sex maniac. . . . It was *Miss Hayworth* who was insatiable."

ubt that he had great hopes that mar-
ge and fatherhood would give Aly
sense of maturity and of his re-
onsibilities.

Yet Aly's marriage did nothing to dampen his interest in speed, sports, bloodstock, and women. During World War II, he served with British intelligence forces in the Middle East. His immediate superior officer, Colonel A. D. Wintle, members being told "the only risk I n in having him on my team was at he was irresistible to women, could ot leave them alone. And the Ger-ans knew it. . . . I once asked him hy he chose to pose as the great lover hen he could have been remembered r so many other things.

"'They call me a bloody nigger' as his reply, 'so I pay them out by inning all their desirable women.'" fact, Aly was always convinced at Joan's family and English friends eld him in low esteem because of his ixed racial background.

After the war Aly was often seen with-ut his wife in Monte Carlo and in e chic clubs and casinos on the Riv-iera. The Riviera chronicler Stanley Jackson wrote, "Aly Khan walked [into the restaurant of the Cannes Casino]. . . . He was smaller than I expected [he was five feet six inches tall], quite roly-poly [weighing about 160 pounds] and going bald [this was in 1947]. He was soon chatting merrily away about Maxine Elliott's luxurious villa, the Château de l'Horizon, which he had just bought for £35,000. I gathered that Aly would preserve the water chute down which guests could slide straight into the sea [he did], if they preferred that to the huge swimming pool, but he had no intention of switching on her imitation moon for dark nights.

"Suddenly he jumped to his feet and shot off to greet a very pretty brunette. . . . They were soon dancing cheek-to-cheek, locked in trancelike mutual admiration," Jackson continued. "It was said that he dipped his fingertips in rosewater to prolong his lovemaking and boasted cynically that he never shot until he saw the whites of their eyes." One of Aly's lovers claimed that he was able to hold an erection for hours.

The ancient Arabic art of *imsák* was said to be responsible for Aly's extraordinary sexual prowess. As a young man he had gone (as the Aga Khan had before him) to a doctor in Cairo, with whom he had spent six weeks studying the control of his muscles so that he did not reach a climax. "He liked the effect it had on women," one friend claimed. "He liked to get them out of control while he remained in control—the master of the situation."

Aly's romantic adventures brought him international fame, the press stepping lively to keep up with the "most recent #1 equestrienne of his romantic merry-go-round." Attractive women had a startling effect on Aly. A beautiful young society matron sitting across from him at dinner at this time recalled that "suddenly he began staring at me, very intently, not moving his eyes. Then his nostrils began to flare. I swear they did, just like Rudolph Valentino's in the silent movies. I was at a complete loss. All through dinner, every time I raised my eyes, he was staring at me and flaring his nostrils."

"The trouble with Aly," an intimate of his ventured, "is that he is grossly oversexed. If he would stop chasing women he probably would be all right. But the man must have three or four of them at a time. He doesn't chase tarts. He runs after lots of decent, respectable women. And he has made many enemies doing it."

One of Aly's favorite diversions when not pursuing women or one of his demanding sporting activities was viewing movies. He had added a projector and screen to the many other luxuries at Château de l'Horizon. In the early days of the summer of 1948, the most popular film in Europe was *Gilda,* starring Rita Hayworth—a role that earned her the name of Hollywood's "Love Goddess." Aly had the film run several times, fascinated by Rita as she sang (her voice was dubbed by the singer Anita Ellis, but he learned that only later) "Put the Blame on Mame," oozing sex in a formfitting gown while dancing and peeling off a pair of elbow-length black gloves.

Aly had just ended a short affair with Pamela Churchill, the red-haired, free-spirited former daughter-in-law of Winston Churchill, a particular hero of his. In fact, one of the largest of the 10 bedrooms at the château was called the Winston Churchill Room from the days when he had been the former owner's guest. Pamela departed by sea with one of Aly's closest friends, the Fiat heir Gianni Agnelli. Aly did not seem too disturbed by this, especially when he learned that Rita was on the Riviera.

He had voiced his desire to meet Rita to Elsa Maxwell, gossip columnist, friend (and enemy) of the rich and famous, who was also grossly overweight, celibate (she said), and renowned for her parties (always paid for by other people). Lady Luck was in his corner. Rita Hayworth was arriving in Europe at any moment. And it so



PUT THE BLAME ON RITA
Rita Hayworth was the rare movie star who was more beautiful in person than on-screen. She was a magnet to such rich, powerful men as Howard Hughes and Columbia Pictures studio head Harry Cohn. *Far left,* she is at the peak of her beauty, in 1944 in Hollywood. *Near left:* in 1947, Rita celebrates a birthday aboard Errol Flynn's yacht *Zaca* with her second husband, Orson Welles. Welles tried to refine and polish Rita's talent, when their marriage broke up, the actress was devastated.

happened that Elsa was helping to arrange a party on July 3 at the elegant Palm Beach Casino. She would, she promised Aly Khan, make sure he was invited and seated next to Rita.

"The Love Goddess" was married to the actor-director Orson Welles, but the marriage had fallen apart and Welles was living with an Italian woman. Not that Rita needed to be lonely. She was being wooed at the time by Aristotle Onassis and the Shah of Iran, but chose to ignore telephone calls, flowers, and gifts from both these powerful men. The failure of her marriage had been an enormous disappointment. She greatly admired Welles, and they had a small daughter, Rebecca. She was in a depressed state and considering returning to the States sooner than she had planned. Maxwell urged her to attend the party where Aly Khan was also to be a guest.

"I have nothing to wear," Rita lamely protested.

Not a woman to give up easily, Maxwell told her to go and buy a new dress in the boutique of the Hôtel du Cap, where Rita was staying. "Come in late. Make an entrance," she prodded.

It was nearly midnight when supper was to be served. Everyone had arrived an hour or so earlier. The room was glittering, the doors thrown open to the soft breezes of the Mediterranean night. Rita stood on a landing, a winding staircase before her, dressed in a stark white Grecian gown that hugged her sun-bronzed shapely body; her red hair was loose about her bare shoulders, and around her neck was a shimmering emerald-and-diamond necklace. She looked spectacular, and heads turned toward her as she started to descend, slowly and majestically, head up, never looking at her feet.

Aly was at her side when she reached the bottom step, and never more than an arm's length from her for the rest of the evening. He was a smooth and expert dancer; he was equally adept at seduction. At about three they left the party and drove up to where the precipitous Grande Corniche overlooks the Mediterranean coastline, miles below, a ribbon of lights charting its path.

Rita's secretary and traveling companion, Shifra Haran, said, "The prince was immediately *smitten,* but Miss Hayworth definitely was *not.*"

If not *smitten,* she was certainly charmed, because she went back to the Château de l'Horizon with him and did not return to her hotel until later that morning. Aly was to have flown that day in his private plane, *Avenger,* to Ireland, where Attu, one of his newest horses, was to race, but he canceled his trip. Rita had agreed to return to his white seaside villa in the afternoon. When she arrived, three hours late for their appointment, she was dressed in white shorts, her hair loose and her face free of makeup. Aly was stunned by her natural beauty. They danced cheek to cheek in the grand ballroom of the spectacular house, just the two of them, a record player spinning Gershwin, Porter, and Berlin.

When he left for Ireland the next morning, Rita promised she would remain in the South of France until his scheduled return, five days later. While he cheered Attu to victory, Rita was deluged daily with huge bouquets of red roses. The day before his return, a Gypsy woman (who spoke Italian and was accompanied by a translator) appeared at Rita's hotel, insisting on seeing her. Intrigued, Rita asked her up to her suite. The woman predicted that she was "about to embark on the greatest romance of her life. He was someone she already knew. . . . Rita [she insisted] must relent and give in to him totally. Only if she did that would she find happiness at long last."

Aly's hand in this prediction seems likely, but Rita was strangely convinced by the fortune-teller's words. She extended her trip and all but moved into l'Horizon for the 10 days before she had to return to Hollywood, where she was committed to start a new film. The impressive white, green-shuttered three-story château, with its dozens of sun-filled rooms, paintings by the great Impressionists, whom Aly collected, the magnificent sea views from the immense terrace that almost encircled the gracefully sprawling building, the Olympic-size swimming pool, the safe in his bedroom that contained thousands of dollars in many different currencies so that he could fly off on a whim in *Avenger* to any place he wished, and the quality of pampering she received from Aly's exotic Indian staff all contrived to fuel her romantic natur
Aly's great charm completed the s
duction. Rita believed herself to
deeply in love with him.

Hollywood's "Love Goddess" sh
may well have become, but Rita Ha
worth's roots were rough and humbl
Born Margarita Cansino in Brookly
New York, she was the daughter
Eduardo Cansino, a professional Spa
ish dancer, who took her out of scho
at the age of 12 to dance as his par
ner (made up to look older) in T
juana, across the border from Souther
California, and who (according to he
own tortured confession) had abuse
her sexually since she was 10. The
were known as the Dancing Cans
nos, and Eduardo passed her off a
his wife in the "raucous, offshor
gambling ships" and Mexican gi
mills and casinos in which they pe
formed. Her mother, the exoticall
named Volga Hayworth, was an Amer
ican showgirl who became an alco
holic (as did Cansino later in his life
and seemed to have more than sh
could handle with Rita's two younge
brothers.

At 17, shapely, a dark-eyed, raven
haired beauty, Rita was signed by 20th
Century Fox, only to be dropped, t
her father's great disappointment,
few months later. He turned to
promoter named Edward Judson, 2
years Margarita's senior, to help her
get another contract. Judson took over
the girl's life, creating a new young
woman by subjecting her to painful
electrolysis to raise her hairline, dye
ing her hair red, dressing her in more
glamorous and formfitting clothes, and
renaming her Rita Hayworth. He did
get her a seven-year contract with
Columbia, but first he married her.
Then he pressed her to have sex with
studio executives to further her career.

She was the obsession of Harry
Cohn (head of Columbia Pictures)
and then the mistress of the rich and
powerful Howard Hughes, neither of
them known for his respect for women.
She did not emerge as a star in ma-
jor films until 1941, with *Blood and Sand.* She was 23 and becoming a
little more secure about herself. Jud-
son threatened to disfigure her if she
left him, but she got up her courage
and walked out on him with the help
of strongman actor Victor Mature, who
was then her lover.



GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER
Just after Rita and Aly's marriage in 1949, the Aga Khan posed for a portrait with his family at his villa in Cannes. Counterclockwise from upper right: Karim (Aly's son by first wife Joan); Aly; his brother, Sadruddin; Amyn (another son by Joan); the Aga Khan's fourth wife, Yvette; the Aga Khan; and Rita.

A few months later, everyone's surprise, e married Orson elles. However, Welles, ose realistic radio aptation of H. G. ells's *The War of the orlds* had terrified a tion into believing en from Mars had nded in New Jersey, as well suited for the le of Rita Hayworth's sband-mentor. He was take-charge person d immediately as- med control of his ife's appearance, ca- er, and education. A illiant man, he at- mpted to make Rita to his vision of what e should be—a beauti- l, gracious woman with ains enough to star in ms of a higher intellectual caliber an those she had been making. He emed to be following the sort of enario he had helped create for *Citi- en Kane*, but it did not work any tter in real life than it had on film. The breakup of their marriage left ita shaken, and it was at this time at Aly entered her life.

Only a few female stars (Vivien Leigh, Virginia Bruce, and Elizabeth Taylor, perhaps) could claim to be more beautiful offscreen than on. Beauty on-screen can be greatly enhanced by a star's photogenic qualities—skin that has a third mension on film, eyes that glow, bone ructure that draws the light. Rita pho- graphed extremely well and had a arvelous way of moving, walking, ancing, or merely tossing her head ack that made the viewer take note. ut off-camera she was truly ravish- ng, with her olive skin, large, dark ves framed by that startling mass of ed hair, and a body that seemed to e pure perfection.

After a little more than a week, Aly ould not resist showing the world is newest conquest. He organized par- es at the château. This was a fatal rror, because Rita suddenly found herself in a hostile environment. Aly's social friends were inclined to put her down. Mostly they conversed in French, which she did not speak. According to Shifra Haran, "It was too overwhelming for her."

Aly appeared to understand what had happened. Fearing she might return to Hollywood, he arranged a motoring trip to Spain, which he believed he had managed in great secrecy. Somehow the press got wind of their "elopement," and when they arrived in Madrid they were harassed by reporters and photographers. They moved on to Seville, her father's birthplace, where her elderly grandfather Padre Cansino happened to be visiting his relatives, who were rather simple, poor people. Rita invited them all to a family gathering at a local restaurant, and Aly joined them and watched, fascinated, as Rita danced the flamenco with her grandfather.

"She danced like a real Spaniard," one bystander recalled. "Her white arms flashed above her head as she clicked her fingers. Her skirt had wings as she spun round, and long, loose red hair floated above her shoulders."

Aly proposed marriage to her, promising he would apply for an immediate divorce. To his shock, she refused him and shortly after left for Hollywood to be reunited with her young daughter, Rebecca Welles. Aly followed in

A Gypsy woman appeared at Rita's hotel and predicted that she was "about to embark on the greatest romance of her life."

Rita telegraphed Orson Welles just before her wedding to Aly, asking to see him. When he arrived there were "candles, champagne—and Rita in a marvelous negligee."





TROUBLE IN PARADISE. In public Rita and Aly seemed a modern-day Romeo and Juliet, as in this shot on the balcony of their rooms in Paris in 1952. In private, however, marriage did nothing to dampen Aly's interest in other women, and during a disastrous trip to Africa to see the Aga Khan's followers, Rita fled the marriage.

hot pursuit. He took a Mediterranean-style house across the street from her movie-star mansion in Brentwood and plied her with gifts of jewelry and a small poodle puppy. Before long they were spending almost every evening alone together, usually at Aly's so that Rebecca would not be aware of the depth of the affair, and to avoid the press. Shifra Haran claims that it was an intensely passionate time for them both. "I never saw the prince as a sex maniac," she later said. "It was *Miss Hayworth* who was insatiable."

Of course, Miss Haran could not have been a witness to their lovemaking. She is reporting her instincts and reactions in seeing them together. From the time she was a child, Rita had been used and abused sexually. Her father and Judson had trained her well in how to arouse and satisfy a man, and she knew how to win men of power. But Welles had wanted much more of her, and her failure to hold him had wounded her deeply. In a sense Aly was helping her heal those wounds. He wanted nothing more of her than her love and possession of her body. On her part, she was determined to make sure he never became bored.

The London newspaper *The People* blazoned the headline: THIS AFFAIR IS AN INSULT TO ALL DECENT WOMEN. In the castigating article that followed, Aly was called, in a rather denigrating manner, a "colored prince." *The Sunday Pictorial* added fuel to the fire by publishing a photograph of Rita and Aly side by side with one of Joan and her two sons, Karim and Amyn, under the headline A VERY SORDID BUSINESS, adding gratuitously words of dialogue Rita had spoken in *Gilda*: "If I had been a ranch, they would have called me the Bar Nothing."

The Aga Khan began to put pressure on Aly to end the affair with Rita or stop seeing her until a divorce from Joan (whom he very much liked) was arranged. It was not that he did not understand how Aly could become enamored of such a beautiful woman. He was the last one to cast stones. But he had always dealt with the women in his life in a discreet



THE END OF THE AFFAIR
When Rita divorced Aly she was terrified he would try to get custody of their daughter, Yasmin. *Below,* Rita, Yasmin (left), and Rebecca (Rita's daughter by Orson Welles) drive near Aly's château on the Riviera.

Aly's troubles were creating problems for the Aga Khan. Members of the sect were calling for their abdication.

fashion. It did no good for Aly to explain to him that Rita was a famous movie star whose every move alerted the press. Finally plans were set in motion for Rita and Aly to meet with the Aga Khan. What he did not know at the time was that his son's mistress was pregnant.

Rita was dressed in a conservative caped suit, her abundant red hair brushed back smoothly from her lightly rouged face, when she arrived with Aly at the Aga Khan's villa near Nice. It is difficult to know what her decision might have been had she not been pregnant. She had nearly died during an abortion. It is unlikely she would have chosen to repeat the experience. But these were not the days when a public figure could have a child out of wedlock without serious repercussions. And, also, Aly was madly in love with her, and desperate for them to marry.

The Aga Khan finally gave his approval, but not until he was assured Joan would be well provided for. Joan did what had to be done with great dignity and speed, securing a divorce in Paris.

There was the matter of a prenuptial agreement for Rita. Perhaps to prove the depth of her emotions for Aly, or to savor her integrity in the matter, she rejected any arrangement to receive money from Aly should the marriage fail. In appreciation he presented her with a magnificent diamond necklace valued at $150,000; the wedding was set for May 27, 1949.

As the day grew closer, Rita began to panic. She was aware of the Aga Khan's reluctant approval and had been warned by several friends that Aly would never be faithful. Orson Welles, who she was always to say was her greatest love, was in Rome at the time. She telegraphed him just before the wedding, telling him she had to see him, that it was a terrible emergency. "I couldn't get any plane," he

d biographer Barbara Leaming, "so vent, stood up in a cargo plane to tubes . . . [When I arrived at her tel, there] were candles and champne ready and Rita in a marvelous gligee. And the door closed, and said, 'Here I am. Marry me.'"

He did not make little of this request. Rita was in a painful situation, d he was sensitive to her dilemma. hatever she felt for Aly, Welles had strong hold on her emotions. He naged to calm her, to explain that couldn't remarry her, because he is otherwise involved; nor would e find it a happy solution if he uld. Against his better judgment he d to advise her to go through with No law could stop her from dircing Aly if it didn't work out.

"She was marrying the most promisous man in Europe," Welles said, ist the worst marriage that ever could ve happened. And she *knew* it! It is a *fatal* marriage, the worst thing at could have happened to her. He is charming, attractive, a nice man . but the *wrong* husband for her."

The ceremony at the town hall beme a media event, with reporters id photographers from all over ushed together to photograph and eak to the newlyweds. (A Muslim remony would follow later.) The reption at l'Horizon was one of the ggest and gaudiest ever held on the iviera. Rita seemed to have invited e world, for more than 500 guests mong them representatives from alost every major American and Eupean newspaper) consumed 600 ttles of champagne, 50 pounds of viar, and mounds of other gourmet eats. Rita cut the wedding cake with glass sword she and Aly had found an antiques shop in Paris, wielding e awkward weapon in toreador fashn. Then, while the band struck a ord, a corps of servants marched the swimming pool, which had een scented with 200 gallons of eau e cologne, and threw in two massive oral pieces, one shaped like an *M* or Margarita), the other like an *A*. ater, Yves Montand sang, the guests anced, and Rita sat in a chair surounded by Ismailis who knelt beside er, a guest recalled, "and kissed her oot. And each one had something to ive her pearls, a little gold object. was extraordinary! . . . All those people whom she had never seen before all different types with women dressed in native [Indian] costume . . . going down on their knees to her."

On December 28, 1949, Rita gave birth in Switzerland to a daughter, whom they named Yasmin. The Aga Khan saw his granddaughter for the first time in the spring of 1950. He came away with an uneasy feeling about Aly's current wife and speculated that their marriage was inevitably headed for collapse. It was clear to him that Rita "looked upon her marriage as a haven of peace and rest." In other words, her marriage was mainly a means of relaxing and being entertained. This would never do for the wife of a future Imam.

The Aga Khan was not blind to Aly's shortcomings as a husband—his blatant philandering, gambling, and tendency to leave his wife alone while he pursued his own pleasures. And, of course, he expected Aly's wife to be forbearing in all these foibles, a good companion, a fine hostess, and the kind of mother who would take full responsibility for the raising of her children. The Aga Khan was also keenly aware of Aly's spendthrift ways, which were making him run short of money, even with his great inherited wealth (which was protected so that he could not get immediate access to the capital).

Father and son had some unpleasant conversations about Aly's extravagant spending habits. Both Aly and Rita needed to be made more aware of their position and the responsibilities attached to it. In 1950 he ordered Aly to embark on a three-month





IN THE GENES
The Aga Khan relentlessly pursued women, albeit discreetly, unlike his son. After Aly divorced Rita, he wanted to marry actress Gene Tierney (*left*, with Aly at a New Year's Eve gala in Cannes, 1952), but the Aga Khan forbade it. When his father died in 1957, Aly's indiscretions cost him the Imamate; he was passed over for his son Karim. (*Above*, from left, Amyn, Karim, and their father, Aly, attend a memorial service for the Aga Khan in Paris, 1957.)

tour of Ismaili communities in Africa and insisted that his wife accompany him.

The trip was a ghastly experience for both of them. They quarreled violently. Rita was left to herself as Aly met his father's followers, and she had no idea how to fill her time in places like Zanzibar and Nairobi. Aly carried off his assignment as emissary for the Aga Khan with enthusiasm. The problem was that he also managed to find time for numerous liaisons with women. Late one night, Aly came back to their hotel in Nairobi from one of these assignations to find that Rita was returning to the States for two months. He correctly suspected that she planned to end the marriage.

In fact, Rita flew from Nairobi to Nice by chartered plane, took a taxi to l'Horizon, packed up the girls, and was off to Paris en route to New York within 12 hours of her arrival in France.

"Miss Hayworth somehow got it into her head that either Aly or I myself might try to take her daughter away from her, indeed kidnap the child," the Aga Khan wrote.

Rita began divorce proceedings after she reached the States, where she began to negotiate a new studio contract. She also instituted legal action to ensure that Yasmin would be given a $3 million trust fund. (Her pre-marriage contract nullified any claims she personally might have made. But Rita did have a small fortune in jewels given to her by Aly.) The Aga Khan was highly indignant: "There is no way under Islamic law by which a child can possibly be disinherited by his or her father."

As Aly Khan was struggling to extricate himself from his second marriage, he fell in love again with a film star—this time Gene Tierney, who had made quite a sensation in the title role of the screen adaptation of Vera Caspary's *Laura* in 1944. They had met in Argentina, where Aly had flown on racehorse business and Gene was making *Way of a Gaucho.* Gene possessed an exotic green-eyed beauty, great style, and panache. She had had a youthful wartime affair with John F. Kennedy and had recently been divorced from designer Oleg Cassini (who was then courting Grace Kelly).

Gene had a fragile side to her nature, a vulnerability that neither Joan nor Rita had exhibited. She had suffered severe trauma when her daughter by Cassini was born retarded after she contracted German measles during her pregnancy. She was desperately attracted to Aly and his high spirits, charm, and exciting lifestyle. She traveled with him all over Europe and to the States for about a year. Twice she told reporters that they were engaged and would soon be married in France. But no announcement was forthcoming from Aly.

Unsure of herself and on the edge of a breakdown (which Aly did not observe), Gene pressed him to seek permission from his father to marry her (a requirement in Aly's position). He went to see his father, and they talked for several hours to no avail. The Aga Khan was adamant that his son should not, and would not, marry another movie star and that if he did he would risk any chance of becoming Imam upon the Aga Khan's death. Aly reported this to Gene and suggested that she remain his mistress, an idea that did not displease him. But she could not accept this arrangement. Tearful, hysterical scenes ensued, and when they were in Paris together Aly, unable to cope with them any longer, walked out on her.

She suffered a severe nervous breakdown and was flown back to the States. She was later admitted to a sanatorium in Hartford, Connecticut, remaining there for 18 months, and then a short time later entered another institution for 8 months. She was off the screen for seven years, never regaining her status as an important Hollywood star.

Meanwhile, Rita left Rebecca and Yasmin in the care of a Mrs. Dorothy Chambers in White Plains, New York, while she and actor-singer Dick Haymes stayed at a luxurious Manhattan hotel. It was never disclosed who tipped him off, but a reporter gained entry to Mrs. Chambers's house by claiming to want to rent it. Photographs of Yasmin were worth a good price to magazines, and he had come, he later claimed, simply wanting a photograph of the child. What he found shocked him, and he returned the next day with a photographer, who took a number of pictures while the reporter diverted Mrs. Chambers. The house and yard were a filthy shambles. Yasmin was playing in a "trash-littered" yard; Rebecca Welles was sitting on a back porch "heaped with trash"; unwashed dishes, pots, and pans overflowed the kitchen sink and counters; paint was peeling from the walls. These photographs appeared in *Confidential* magazine and then found their way into other periodicals. Articles and editorials sharply criticizing both parents were printed in the States and abroad. The children were placed under protective custody of the children's court. Neglect charges were considered.

Aly's troubles were creating great problems for the Aga Khan. There had been a subversive campaign among members of the sect calling for his and Aly's abdication from their spiritual leadership. While the Aga Khan was visiting Africa in 1953, things reached such a pitch that a special council was called to meet in his hotel suite to discuss what should be done. The end result was a decision that all members of the East African communities be requested to sign a declaration of loyalty to the Aga Khan, or be excommunicated if they refused.

By 1956 the old Aga Khan's heart was failing, and cancer was spreading throughout his body. It was only a matter of time. In the early morning of July 11 the family began their vigil by the dying man's bedside. The Aga Khan was unconscious. At 12:45 he died. In his last days he had made no mention of a sign of who was to succeed him. It would, by the natural course of things and following historical precedent, be his elder son, Aly. Despite his many disagreements with his father, Aly seemed at that moment confident that this was the case.

He immediately took charge of the situation. The answer to the succession would be in the will, which would be read by the Aga Khan's lawyer the next morning. The crowd—religious followers and members of the press—that was gathered on the grounds of the Aga Khan's villa in Versoix, on Lac Léman across from Geneva, had to be informed of Aga Khan III's death and the fact that he had not named his successor on his deathbed.

Aly said his last good-bye to his father and then led the rest of the family down the villa's curving staircase and out onto the terrace. It was more than 90 degrees in the sun, and Aly, his face drawn, showed signs of grief and exhaustion, his open-necked shirt revealing beads of sweat. He made the announcement. Ismailis dropped to their knees.

Aly greeted reporters and told them there would be a press conference soon and the new Aga Khan would address them. Then he disappeared back inside.

Early the next morning Maitre Ar-om, the Aga Khan's personal lawyer, d Dr. Otto Giesen, one of the lawyers ho had drawn up the will, arrived. Aly urried with the rest of the family to the xurious sitting room with its Oriental ecor. Even Yasmin was brought in to ear the reading of the will. The cur-ins were drawn so that those inside ould not be seen by the hundred or so mailis standing in the garden near the indows waiting to pay homage to their w Imam as soon as the announcement as made.

Giesen, in a clear, unemotional voice, ith a slight but noticeable German ac-nt, began to read:

"Ever since the time of my ancestor li, the first Imam, that is to say over a eriod of some 1,300 years," he intoned, "it has always been the tradition of our family that each Imam chooses his successor at his absolute and unfettered discretion from amongst any of his descendants whether they be sons or remoter male issue."

Aly paled. These words left no doubt in his or anyone else's mind in that room that Aly Khan was to be passed over.

"In view of the fundamentally altered conditions in the world in recent years . . . I am convinced that it is in the best interest of the Shia Moslem Ismailian Community that I should be succeeded by a young man who has been brought up and developed during recent years and in the midst of the new age . . . For these reasons, I appoint my grandson Karim, the son of my son . . . to succeed to the title."

Aly's elder son by Joan, Karim had proved himself to be a responsible young man and had attended Harvard, where he had exhibited little of his father's wild streak.

However much Aly might have suspected his father could have passed him by, he was unprepared when the Aga Khan's final words were read. His then girlfriend, the fashion model Simone Bodin (who called herself Bettina), recalled that "his father's preference for [Karim] was a kind of public humiliation. He was never quite the same from that day on."

But Aly pulled himself together and crossed the room to Karim. "The Imam is dead, long live the Imam," he said and kissed his son's hand before backing humbly away.

Saatchi & Saatchi

(Continued from page 122) high priestess f Carnaby Street and the miniskirt. Two ears later, when they bought her out, he made nearly three times her invest-ent in profit. "I don't remember the gures," she says. "I just had lunch with Maurice and realized he was brilliant." he Saatchis were young—and they were ew. But it wasn't just that. "I thought ey had more ambition than anyone lse," Michael Bungey recalls. "They were errific lateral thinkers. They were more aring. Quite simply, they had more balls han anyone else."

In time, the Saatchi group came to rep-esent some of the world's most presti-ious accounts: British Airways, Toyota, Mars, Procter & Gamble, and Philip Mor-is. In 1988, the company's sales totaled 6.7 billion, hundreds of millions more han those of the next-biggest interna-ional agency. "'Nothing is impossible' eally meant 'Fuck it, we'll do it,'" ex-plains David Kershaw, who until the re-ent upheaval was chairman of Saatchi & Saatchi U.K. "As soon as you'd bro-en one record, there was almost a cul-ural requirement to set yourself another idiculous objective, prove the world wrong again."

Kershaw says he enjoyed nothing more han listening to the boos of derision whenever a Saatchi executive collected a rize on the myriad awards nights that ill the advertising calendar. "If they didn't ate us and fear us, something was wrong. If you're going to play the game, ou might as well win it."

The stakes of the game grew higher in 1978 when the agency attracted its most important client. It all began with a decision made by an elegant, elderly British aristocrat, Lord Thorneycroft.

"We decided to run our campaign in the summer," explained Thorneycroft's old friend Lord McAlpine, the wily former treasurer of the Conservative Party. The two peers were not the only ones to sense change in the political air; so did party leader Margaret Thatcher. "We knew in the summer there'd be no politicians about," McAlpine explains. "They know nothing about advertising. They're a pain in the neck. Once they start rewriting ads, you have something that is four times as long and half as meaningful."

Untouched, the ads the Saatchis dreamed up for the Tories that summer were among the best they ever did. One showed a long line of miserable people below the words "Labour Isn't Working." The posters ran in only 20 sites, yet this was enough to rattle the Labour Party, which delayed the autumn election until the following spring. For Labour, it was too late.

Almost every journalist at the Foreign Press Association asked Maurice Saatchi the same question: Would he ever do the same for the Labour Party? But to even consider that question is to completely misunderstand Saatchi's relationship with the Tories. "We do owe them everything, Charles and I," he told me later. "When Mrs. Thatcher hired us, nobody had ever heard of us. Certainly not in America. That election victory in 1979 was the basis of our international—particularly U.S.—expansion. She was so respected in America that if she thought we were good we *were* good. She made us."

A reverse takeover by the holding company of London's Garland-Compton agency in 1975 gave Saatchi & Saatchi a public listing. Then, with its usual voracious appetite, the company set about acquiring new agencies. Saatchi & Saatchi swallowed up 7 companies in 1984, 13 more in 1985. "They wanted more than anything to be the biggest," Tim Bell recalls. "Always the biggest. I remember Charles screaming at Maurice on the phone. 'Get on with it, Maurice. Today's Monday. If you don't get on with it, by Thursday there'll be nothing left to buy.'"

On one level, expansion by acquisition made sense. The company had an unbroken history of profit growth, and it could acquire with shares instead of cash; in the early 80s the share price was still increasing. In 1986 the brothers acquired the American Ted Bates Agency, for which they paid $450 million, and Saatchi & Saatchi became the biggest ad agency in the world. Then, in 1987, an unknown young Conservative Party member named Michael Dobbs (author of several books, including *House of Cards*) was hired by Maurice to help devise the group's global-communications strategy. But when he showed up the first day, Maurice told him that first Saatchi & Saatchi was going to buy the Midland Bank.

The brothers' ambition was to build a global "know-how" empire that would supply clients with all their communications and consultancy needs—including banking services. When Maurice Saatchi tipped his cap at the Midland Bank, England's third-largest, the Bank of England

was more than a little surprised. Maurice was eventually forced to back off. He did not stop trying, though. Within days, he tried to take over a well-known merchant bank named Hill Samuel, where he was also rebuffed. Five weeks later, in October 1987, the stock market crashed, and Saatchi's share price was cut by half.

While Maurice was hell-bent on global expansion and the core business suffered, Charles built his massive contemporary-art collection, which became the Saatchi Gallery. Little is known about the inner workings of the gallery. Even today, 10 years after it was founded, its finances are mysterious. Charles has always insisted he is just a collector, but corporate records indicate that his Conarco partnership made at least $42.3 million in profit by dealing in works of art between 1988 and 1994. The figure is particularly astounding considering that this period included the worst years of the recession.

When the stock market collapsed in 1987, few realized that Saatchi & Saatchi was choking. Little effort had been made to integrate the businesses it had purchased—and it paid far too much for Bates. In 1988 the company was still spending almost as much on paying out executives as it was on acquiring new businesses. The following year, the scales tipped. The $47 million spent on acquisitions was outweighed nearly three times by what Saatchi was forced to make in payouts to executives from companies it was still attempting to digest.

By 1989 the company was in real trouble.

"The very worst moment of my career," Maurice says, "was having to stand up in 1989 at the annual general meeting—after 18 years of consecutive profit growth—and say we were not going to meet our profit expectations for that year."

Charles, who realized that the company required emergency treatment, pressed Maurice to appoint a chief executive in October 1989. "My brother is brutally frank on many subjects," says Maurice, who, until then, was chairman and filled the role of C.E.O.

Robert Louis-Dreyfus was not Maurice's first choice; he had approached London Weekend Television's Sir Christopher Bland and two others before finding the man whom Saatchi-ites refer to—always with a French accent—as "Ro-bear." Yet the suave French businessman, who once dated actress Kim Basinger (and who was once prosecuted by the S.E.C. under insider-trading laws), turned out to be a godsend for the British advertising giant. Saatchi needed serious help, and Louis-Dreyfus, whose family owns the commodities-trading combine S.A. Louis-Dreyfus et Cie., had much to prove. Although the company, one of Europe's largest privately held businesses, provides jobs for some family members, Louis-Dreyfus never made it onto the fast track there. He entered the family business in 1974, but left in 1982 to join IMS International, the pharmaceuticals-research company, having learned that "a family business is very nice from the outside."

One Saatchi executive who later got to know Robert Louis-Dreyfus says, "He's got a confidence problem. He always seemed desperate to be admired." IMS proved to be just what the ambitious Louis-Dreyfus needed. In 1984, he became president and C.E.O., and within four years the company grew sevenfold. In 1988 he supervised the sale of IMS for $1.7 billion, walking away from the deal with a reported $10 million. When Maurice Saatchi approached him to become head of Saatchi & Saatchi, Louis-Dreyfus was ready. It seemed that he had forgotten what he had learned about family businesses. Upon arrival, he said, he found the company in much worse condition than the silvery-tongued Maurice Saatchi had admitted. "I ought to have done my homework better," Louis-Dreyfus says today. In fact, Saatchi & Saatchi was virtually bankrupt by the beginning of 1990.

Charles Scott, Louis-Dreyfus's finance director at IMS, had come with him to Saatchi and remembers having to negotiate an emergency bank loan even before he formally started work. He recalls, "There were many times in the first 15 months when I thought, Jesus, how are we going to get out of this mess? Believe me, they were tough times."

But they made it. By selling off what they could, renegotiating debt, and restructuring the company's balance sheet, the duo began reversing Saatchi & Saatchi's fortunes. True, Louis-Dreyfus sometimes promised more than he could deliver—he never sacked Charles Saatchi from the board, though he reportedly vowed to others that he would. Nor did he evict the brothers from the expensive suite of offices they maintained at Berkeley Square long after the rest of the company had moved out. But he shook up the company quite enough for Maurice Saatchi, who lowered his profile. "Histo would have been completely different they hadn't come]," says Maurice. "In t end they probably liked the role of savio They concentrated on costs and I conce trated on clients."

Believing he'd saved Saatchi, the savi began to look for other errant flocks. H wasn't interested in the quotidian scena ios of day-to-day operations. "Robe likes the big picture," says a banker wh worked closely with him at Saatchi Saatchi. "He's not interested in details. Certainly, the Frenchman had become f mous in Britain, but the ambition t prove himself on his home turf was sti unfulfilled. And when an offer came fro French financiers to help Crédit Lyonnais the troubled French state bank, sort ou one of its most problematic investments Adidas—he jumped. And he persuade Charles and Maurice to join him in a li tle deal, a seemingly insignificant pur chase of some Adidas stock. In Apri 1993, more than three years after h joined Saatchi & Saatchi, Louis-Dreyfu left London. Charles Scott became C.E.O Louis-Dreyfus, however, did maintain position on the Saatchi board.

Maurice Saatchi may not have been s unhappy to see him go. Bates C.E.O Michael Bungey explains it this way "There once was a train set. It went of the tracks. Charlie Scott and Robert Louis-Dreyfus were brought in to fix it. Many of us said, 'Watch out for when the train set's mended. The brothers will want it back.' That's exactly what happened."

Maurice, of course, has his own explanation. "When I hired them [Scott and Louis-Dreyfus], I put myself into a cupboard for several years and threw away the key. I decided I would be humble and stay out of the way."

At the beginning of 1994, Sir Peter Walters came on board as a new non-executive director. Walters assumed the view that Charles Scott was not adequately filling his role as chief executive and that Maurice needed to be "more assertive" as chairman.

"Maurice took what I said as a personal blessing to turn on Charlie Scott," says Walters.

What Maurice doesn't fully acknowledge is that there had been a major confrontation with Scott *before* Walters arrived. For some months after Scott took over as C.E.O., the company had been fighting costs. In the fall of 1993, it lost two major accounts—Chrysler and Helene Curtis. With replacement business hard to

A family business," Louis-Dreyfus earned, "is very nice from the outside."





Left, Gilberte Beaux—dubbed "the best banker in France" by the former head of Lazard Frères—helped lobby Robert Louis-Dreyfus to Adidas. The company's former major shareholder was Bernard Tapie (*above*), France's former minister of urban affairs.

nd, the pressure to save money grew ore intense. Attention turned to the others' offices.

When the company left the massive erkeley Square headquarters, the broths insisted on staying behind, ensconced baronial splendor on the top floor, rved by a personal staff of 10. Keeping em there cost the company more than 1.5 million a year. In December 1993, cott and the board finally decided to orce them to move out. Furthermore, harles Saatchi, who, according to Mauce, had never attended a board meeting his life, was made to resign from the oard and named "life president" of aatchi & Saatchi P.L.C.

Both Scott and Maurice Saatchi hired ublic-relations men in the early spring of 994. "The whole world knows that last ear Maurice tried to get me fired," says cott. Key financial journalists were riefed on Maurice's behalf by David urnside, who had recently started his wn public-relations business. He'd been red by a major Saatchi client, British irways, after becoming embroiled in a irty-tricks campaign against Richard ranson and Virgin Atlantic.

Burnside later presented a $50,000 ill to Saatchi & Saatchi via Bill Muiread, the head of the company's U.S. peration. "It was broken down into ree items," says a senior Saatchi executive who has seen the invoice, "including work for the chairman's office.'"

When I asked Maurice Saatchi whether Burnside had indeed been working for im in placing critical stories, he just miled and said, "Um. There was a ress war."

Unbeknownst to the public, Maurice aatchi came within a whisker of being red for his part in that war. When *he Sunday Times* ran a full-page article ritical of Scott on March 20, Maurice's ritics blamed him for the negative pubicity. But the company's key clients maintained their old loyalties. British Airways chairman Sir Colin Marshall wrote o one director last May, reminding him hat "Maurice Saatchi has been the driving force and key lynch-pin." Five days later, the normally reticent Mars brothers (of the Mars candy corporation) faxed Maurice Saatchi a letter threatening to move their business elsewhere. "Your leaving would be a major factor in a decision to let such a move take place," they said.

That day, at least, the board listened.

But two fresh battles quickly surfaced. The first was about Maurice's remuneration. After reducing each brother's pay from more than $1 million to about half that in October 1990 (Maurice insisted that his official salary remain what it had always been, a fact that complicated future negotiations), Herro and the board tried to go even further last summer. They proposed a three-year fixed contract for Maurice with a base salary of $300,000 and an incentive package of bonus and share options that would be tied to the fortunes of Saatchi & Saatchi's share price.

Maurice was not at all happy. He recalls, "Charles, who has a very blunt view of these things, told me, 'You're a fool. All you're doing is agreeing to your cheaper sacking in six months' time.' He was right. I did it under pressure from Herro personally. I was very unhappy, but I did it."

The second part of Maurice's pay package—the share options—caused the real problem. British financial guidelines suggest that the maximum value of options which an executive should enjoy is eight times his salary. But eight times what in this case? Maurice's salary kept changing—and his official salary was higher than what he was actually getting. He naturally fought for the highest figure, which would have allowed him a total of $7.5 million in share options, if the Saatchi share price doubled within three years.

The next skirmish was over the company name. For years, Saatchi's two main advertising divisions—Bates and Saatchi & Saatchi Advertising—had suffered from association with the troubled holding company. Maurice, not surprisingly, refused to discuss a change. "I didn't see any merit in taking down the most famous name in advertising," he recalls.

Maurice Saatchi has never been a fabulously wealthy man. True, he owns beautiful houses, entertains in style, and drives a hell of a car. Two even. But unlike his brother or Robert Louis-Dreyfus, Maurice has not possessed the kind of liquid wealth necessary to become an independent financial force. That all began to change in the winter of 1992–93, when Louis-Dreyfus approached the brothers with an offer of a gamble on Adidas's shares. That deal, which turned a $10,000 investment into $38 million in less than two years, has been shrouded in secrecy.

Adidas, the German sportswear company, third in the world after Nike and Reebok, has a fabulous brand name—and a checkered financial history exacerbated by market unease over its obscure ownership structure. In early 1993, more than three-quarters of the shares in the umbrella company, Adidas International Holdings, belonged to the flamboyant French entrepreneur turned politician Bernard Tapie, then France's minister of urban affairs. A controversial figure with flowing dark hair and saturnine looks, Tapie was declared bankrupt last December. In March he was tried for bribing players opposing his Olympique de Marseille soccer team. If convicted, he faces a prison sentence.

Tapie's business empire was financed largely by France's state-owned bank Crédit Lyonnais, which has had its own problems. In 1993, the bank posted losses of $1.23 billion; last year was just as bad. To claw back some of its debts, Crédit Lyonnais's vice president of the investment-banking branch, Henri Filho, and another French banker, Jean-Paul Tchang, turned to the one person in France who had the

daring to put a deal together to save Adidas: Gilberte Beaux. The diminutive Mme. Beaux, 66 now, was 9 years old when her father died and she and her two young brothers lost their inheritance. Mme. Beaux went to work in a small French investment bank, and 22 years later she became Sir James Goldsmith's right hand. Today, she is known simply as La Banquière, after the late André Meyer, head of Lazard Frères & Co., dubbed her "the best banker in France." She is enormously wealthy, and as chairman of Adidas owned as much as 8 percent of the company at one point.

Henri Filho, Jean-Paul Tchang, and Mme. Beaux put together a magical deal to entice Louis-Dreyfus to take the business over. (Tchang had once worked for Louis-Dreyfus's family bank and had known him since 1981.) The deal went like this: 15 percent of Adidas's equity went to Louis-Dreyfus and his partners, who set up a small Luxembourg holding company named Ricesa. The partners included fellow Saatchi director and former IMS president Tom Russell, French businessman Christian Tourres, and a small British investment company named Hatzone, owned by Charles and Maurice Saatchi.

The partners, each of whom held 25 percent of Ricesa's shares, put up $10,000 apiece for their stakes and borrowed nearly $91 million to buy the 15 percent of Adidas. Late in the negotiation, the other non-Ricesa investors (they included Mme. Beaux's company, two secretly owned offshore companies, and a small Luxembourg company called Matinvest) granted Ricesa the option to buy out their shares at a fixed price on or before January 3, 1995. Until then, they could not transfer the option. If Adidas did well, as Louis-Dreyfus believed it would, Ricesa would own one of the world's best brand names.

Louis-Dreyfus wanted Charles and Maurice involved because of their marketing skills. In the summer of 1993, Saatchi & Saatchi Advertising did a presentation to Louis-Dreyfus and his team. The company had spent $300,000 on the presentation, which would have been the centerpiece of a campaign to reposition Adidas in the market. "We thought it went pretty well," says Jeremy Sinclair, who was there along with Maurice and an account executive named Peter Levitan. "In fact, Robert had to go to a meeting right after, but first he called me out into another room and said, 'Don't worry. You've got it. It's great.' Then he asked if he could borrow my tie." Louis-Dreyfus insists that all he said was: "My vote will be for you."

Rather mysteriously, two to three weeks after the presentation, Peter Levitan received a two-line fax from Louis-Dreyfus turning Saatchi down. Maurice didn't even get a phone call until after the fax. The brothers' usefulness to Louis-Dreyfus, it seems, had come to an end. The relationship deteriorated further when Louis-Dreyfus learned of Maurice's press campaign against Charlie Scott, whom he had brought from IMS to Saatchi & Saatchi.

Less than a month later, the brothers learned that Louis-Dreyfus was buying out some of the other Adidas investors. First, it seems, he bought Matinvest, and then Mme. Beaux also sold him her Adidas shares. "For personal reasons," she says. The Saatchi brothers' opportunity to cash in on Adidas was being undercut.

Two months later—at the end of June 1994—the Saatchis' lawyers, Watson Farley & Williams, came to believe that Louis-Dreyfus was planning to transfer the option to buy some of the outstanding Adidas shares and cut Ricesa out. Both Louis-Dreyfus and Tourres insist that the initial granting of the option to Ricesa was "a mistake." Adds Louis-Dreyfus, "They were offered a free lunch and asked for the whole restaurant." Maurice confronted Christian Tourres, a Ricesa shareholder and now deputy chairman of Adidas, at a meeting in London. "I tried to have a friendly conversation with him," says Tourres. "[But in the end] I said, 'Fine. Fuck off.' Actually what I said was 'I'm sorry, we will have to fight.'" And fight they did. The brothers won a High Court injunction in Britain, and took legal action in France, Belgium, and Germany.

The deadline of January 3, 1995, when the option would expire, was approaching very fast. Adidas, under Louis-Dreyfus, had been extraordinarily successful. Its Predator soccer shoe was outselling all expectations, and the company, which had posted a $95 million loss in 1992, was about to announce a $92 million profit for 1994. If Ricesa exercised its option to buy shares it did not own, the brothers could expect to get 25 percent of any deal Ricesa made.

In September, the brothers lodged a formal objection when Louis-Dreyfus forced through the election of another of *his* men, Gérard Lashermes, to the board of Ricesa. The Anglo-French deadlock seemed unsolvable. A peacemaker was ushered in.

In early December, about two wee before the board meeting that would cide Maurice's future, the long le wrangle between Louis-Dreyfus and brothers finally came to an end. He Filho imposed a settlement on the t sides. Paying half in cash and half in promissory note, Sogedim, a new B gian company formed by Louis-Dreyf bought the Saatchis out for $38 millio "Mr. Saatchi is absolutely ruthless," sa Tourres. "We were trying to work b tween friends, and Mr. Saatchi is not this caliber." Last February, Saatchi Saatchi sued the brothers to make res tution for any profits as a result of t Adidas deal. A court hearing is expecte in 1996.

The Adidas deal leaves much that unexplained, not least whether Loui Dreyfus had any role to play in Mauri Saatchi's departure from Saatchi & Saa chi. There is no concrete evidence th Louis-Dreyfus was behind Maurice's tro bles, but the circumstantial evidenc is abundant. All those months that th relationship between Maurice and th company was going from bad to wors Louis-Dreyfus was sitting on Saatchi board. So was another Ricesa shareholde Tom Russell. What's more, Charles Sco —Maurice's main opponent—had bee brought into the company by Louis Dreyfus. Would they have been able t keep the two issues separate? Whe asked if he had played any role in Mau rice's departure, Louis-Dreyfus replied "Absolutely not."

The sheer size of the deal also leave open the question of how it affected Mau rice's state of mind. Is it possible that th Saatchi chairman was unable to under stand how his part in the press campaig against Scott, his share-options scheme his insistence that the company name no be changed, would all be held agains him? Was Maurice—blinded by his per ception of himself as a victim of Louis Dreyfus—unable to see that, to others, h was an oppressor?

Saatchi believes there was a conspiracy to unseat him. I could find no real evi dence of a direct link between Louis Dreyfus and Herro, but it is clear tha Maurice's windfall upset many aroun him. In an unguarded moment, one Saat chi board member turned to me and said "I'm jealous as hell as to why Louis Dreyfus didn't give me one little piece o it. I haven't much money, but £1,000 could have managed." Others, even thos who supported Maurice, were also lef feeling uneasy. Many who watched hi



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*See other side for safety summary. Black and white photos have been retouched. Before and after photos have not been retouched.

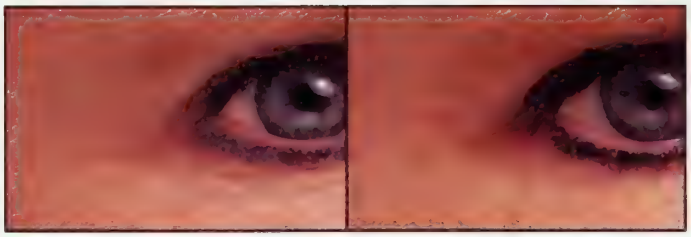
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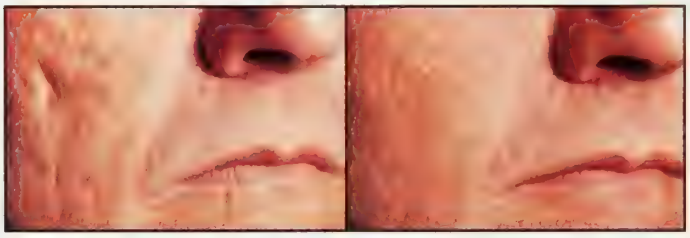
JUST A FEW INDICATIONS FOR COLLAGEN REPLACEMENT THERAPY[SM]



FROWN LINES
(glabellar lines)



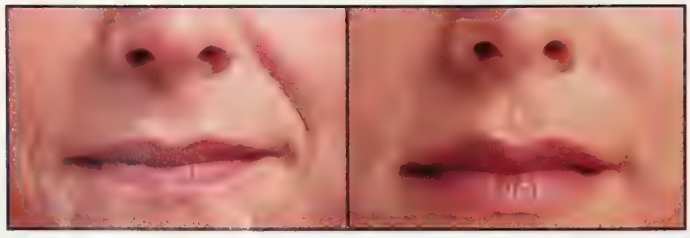
CROW'S FEET
(periorbital lines)



ACNE SCARS



MARIONETTE LINES
(oral commissures)



DEEP SMILE LINES
(nasolabial furrows)

Safety Summary

Additional Information on Collagen Replacement Therapy[SM] for Discuss with Your Physician.

All medical procedures are subject to certain risks. Although thousands of m and women have found Zyderm® and Zyplast® Collagen treatments to be a s non-surgical option for many skin contour problems, you should be aware of safety issues and restrictions associated with their use. Although you sho review these points at the time of your consultation with a physician trained in use of collagen, we have summarized them for you as follows:

If you have a reaction to the required skin test, or previous allergic reactio injectable collagen products or lidocaine, or have a history of serious allergic (a phylactic) reactions, Zyderm or Zyplast Collagen must not be used. Also, if you undergoing or planning to undergo desensitization injections to meat products, cannot receive injectable collagen.

The onset of connective tissue diseases has been reported after treatment w collagen injections in patients with no previous history of these disorders. A sta tical analysis comparing the number of collagen treated patients who were di nosed with two rare connective tissue diseases (Polymyositis/Dermatomyos with the expected number of these diseases, suggests that the rate of occurre of these two rare diseases appears to be higher than expected in the colla treated population. However, a causal relationship between collagen injecti and the onset of the diseases has not been established.

Also, patients with connective tissue disease may have an increased suscepti ity to hypersensitivity responses and/or accelerated clearance of their implan Therefore, injectable collagen should be used with caution in such patients w consideration given to multiple skin tests.

Since studies have shown that injected collagen may stimulate the deposition your own collagen at injection sites, there is a possibility that part or all of the c rection may last two years or more.

Use of Zyderm I Collagen Implant in an individual patient should be limited to cc over a one-year period. Use of Zyderm II Collagen Implant in an individ patient should be limited to 15 cc over a one-year period. The combination these products or of Zyderm in conjunction with Zyplast in an individual pati should be limited to 30 cc over a one-year period. The safety of injecting grea amounts on an annual basis has not been established.

The risk of infection is always present with any injection and it is possible experience a reaction to the process itself, such as mild bruising or a slight blu at the injection site. This does not mean it is necessary to discontinue treatme Previous facial herpes simplex at the site of injection may recur if provoked by injection.

Though unlikely, it is possible for the needle to be accidentally placed through blood vessel during injection, which could result in temporary discoloration of t treated area, or in tissue death leading to a scab and/or scar formation. Injecta collagen, like other substances that are injected (particularly local anesthetics a steroids injected into the head or neck area or the extremities), could be accide tally injected into a blood vessel. Although this possibility is remote, it could res in a blockage of the blood flow and loss of circulation to nearby sites. Blood fl blockage resulting in permanent loss of vision in one eye has been reported on since product introduction in 1981.

Occasionally, injected collagen has been reported as visible in the skin, in t form of a small raised or white area at the treatment site, which may persist from few weeks to several months. Some areas (such as compressed scars) resist pr cise placement of the material, resulting in a slight elevation beside the defect.

People with histories of atopic or allergic reactions to other substances requ extra care when treated with injectable bovine products. Cautious use of Zyder and Zyplast Collagen is recommended in such cases. In addition, caution advised with people who are receiving immunosuppressive therapy. (Patients long-term prednisone or other steroid therapy should consult their doctor befo beginning Collagen Replacement Therapy.)

More than one skin test is recommended prior to injectable bovine collagen trea ment if you have a history of dietary beef allergy. It is possible that the collage component of the beef may be causing the allergy.

If you are using drugs that reduce coagulation, such as aspirin and non-steroid anti-inflammatory drugs, you may, as with any injection, experience increase bruising or bleeding at injection sites.

Active inflammatory skin conditions (eruptions such as cysts, pimples, rashes hives) or infections require that treatment be postponed, until the condition ha been controlled.

The safety of treatment during pregnancy or in infants or children has not bee established.

With more than 500,000 people treated since 1976, injectable collagen ha proven to be safe. However, a small number (one to two percent) have develope an allergic reaction after one or more injections, which has consisted of prolonge redness, swelling, itching and/or firmness at some or all of the sites. On rare occa sions, these reactions can proceed to a cyst-like reaction that can drain, and ma form a scar. Between one and nine months is the usual duration, but a few case have involved intermittent flare-ups which have exceeded 24 months.

Importantly, many people who developed an allergic reaction after treatment di not report or recognize a response to the skin test. (With proper monitoring of th skin test, many of these later reactions could have been prevented.)

Systemic complaints have been reported in fewer than five per one thousan people treated and included flu-like symptoms (nausea, dizziness, headache, joi aches), rash, visual disturbances, anaphylactoid reactions (severe allergic rea tion) involving difficulty in breathing, and various systemic diseases includin immune-mediated diseases.

Since every patient's expectations and physical make-up are different and ever physician's technique is unique, there have been cases reported where collage injections have not achieved the desired result.

We encourage you to discuss this information with your doctor. He or she ca best evaluate whether treatment is appropriate for you and can answer any ques tions you may have.

2850-03-1192

COLLAGEN

aatchi & Saatchi

ld not rid themselves of the suspicion t he had put his private interests ahead those of the company.

If the company's revenge was to get of him, Maurice's counterstrategy was hit back hard. "The Adidas payment s fuck-you money," says one who sely watched events unfold at the comny. "Maurice could not have afforded leave without it."

And hit back he did—with maximum blicity. Soon after Maurice's departure, ee of his closest associates also handed their resignations. Jeremy Sinclair, Bill airhead, and David Kershaw had all itten letters in support of Maurice. hey took no notice of us whatsoever," airhead says. But their resignation letrs were printed in full by the London *ening Standard.* (Saatchi & Saatchi's vsuit against these executives for breach contract is due to be heard in the High ourt on June 12.) Within days, another hole tier of advertising executives below em also quit.

Those clients whom the board also ignored were not happy, either. Mars was the first to announce it was reviewing its account, adspeak for changing agencies. British Airways, a $90 million account, and the Mirror Group (which owns *The Independent*) soon followed. The Conservative Party, which owes the company close to $15 million, can't leave until the debt is cleared. But senior party officials say they would like to follow Maurice. By the end of March, Saatchi & Saatchi had lost well over $150 million worth of business, the share price had fallen nearly 50 percent to a record low, and the two sides were pelting each other with litigation which will take years to clean off.

Saatchi & Saatchi, or Cordiant P.L.C., as it was re-named in March, will not recover quickly. There are those who feel that without the Saatchi brothers it will simply disintegrate. But the underlying businesses are strong, and if it can lick its wounds in peace, there is no reason it should fall apart.

And what of Maurice? Few entrepreneurs get the chance to start out all over again. But he has just turned 49, and is still a skillful executive. What's more, he now has motivation and experience. "There are certain proverbs that have been handed down for thousands of years," he says. "Obviously they have survived these millennia because they are true. A good one would be 'Stick to your knitting.' That would be a good proverb to relearn."

Today, Maurice Saatchi is knitting feverishly in the offices of the New Saatchi Agency in central London. Charles, who quit Saatchi & Saatchi six weeks after Maurice, is there as well and remains a potent influence. The New Saatchi Agency, which recently announced its alliance with a unit of Publicis S.A., the French ad giant, has already won more than $100 million worth of business. One source with knowledge of the agency's plans says New Saatchi will open offices in New York, Sydney, and the Far East. Maurice is hard at work. He has turned a page. He is rich. And he has something to prove. Will he succeed?

Robert Louis-Dreyfus does not doubt the possibility. "One of Maurice's great qualities," he says, "is that he is a street fighter, a ruthless street fighter." ◻

obert Wilson

ontinued from page 135) a friend with r 14-year-old autistic son, Christopher nowles. Wilson recalled that a profesr at Pratt had given him a tape made the boy, and he asked Knowles if he'd e to be in the play that night. Wilson l Knowles onstage by the hand, and tother they recited the words on the tape om memory: "Em Em Em Emily likes e TV. Because Emily watches the TV. ecause Emily likes the TV. Because she kes Bugs Bunny. Because she likes the intstones. Because she watches it. Em m Em Emily likes the TV."

And so text blossomed in Wilson's ork—and the repressed emotion at the ore of his cold minimalism became a litle more touching. His next important eces, *A Letter for Queen Victoria, The Value of Man,* and *Einstein on the Beach,* included texts by Christopher Knowles. *instein,* a four-and-a-half-hour opera in our acts without an intermission, with usic and lyrics by Philip Glass, is considered the *Don Giovanni* of minimalism. is one of only five Wilson works which ve been commercially recorded, and by the most often revived. Commissioned 1976 by the then French cultural minister, Michel Guy, who gave Wilson and Glass a $250,000 grant to stage it at the Avignon Festival and the Festival d'Automne in Paris, it was also presented at the Venice Biennale of that year and in Belgrade, Brussels, Hamburg, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam. Wilson and Glass were so determined that it be seen in New York that they produced it themselves for two nights at the Metropolitan Opera, which were sold out, but they still ended up $150,000 in debt.

Vowing never to produce his own work again, Wilson fell back into the generous embrace of Europe's state-supported theaters, opera houses, and cultural festivals. His next two large works, *Death Destruction and Detroit,* inspired by a news photograph of Rudolf Hess in Spandau prison on his 82nd birthday, and *Edison,* about the inventor of one of Wilson's favorite stage images, the lightbulb, were produced by Berlin's Schaubühne and Lyons's Théâtre National Populaire, respectively. In both pieces, Wilson used texts researched by Maita di Niscemi from historical and literary sources, beginning an ongoing collaboration with the half-Italian, half-American writer-*principessa*. "I'm doing *Prometheus* in Greece with Bob in the summer of '96," di Niscemi told me. "We're going to use Aeschylus as the center act. The first act will be almost silent, and the third act will be a balletic interpretation of Aristophanes. It's going to be *long*."

"Bob's the closest thing to Diaghilev we have," says the New York art collector Barbara Jakobson. "This incredible person who has *annexed* the most interesting rich people in the world." Among the annexed: Parisian hostess São Schlumberger, whose late husband, oil-equipment magnate Pierre Schlumberger, partly financed *Einstein;* their daughter, Victoire Schlumberger, who helped make the sets for Wilson's production of Dostoyevsky's *The Meek Girl* in Paris last year; Christophe de Menil, a New York cousin of the Schlumbergers' and one of Dominique de Menil's daughters, who designed many of the costumes for *the CIVIL warS;* Gabriele Henkel, of the German chemicals fortune; Park Avenue's Frederick and Isabel Eberstadt, who appeared in *Edison;* Ethel de Croisset, an American grande dame living in Paris; and Pierre Bergé, the chairman of Yves Saint Laurent and until recently the president of the Paris Opera.

Many of Wilson's devotees collect his sculpture and drawings, which have been shown in *Continued on page 168)*

Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

GEMINI *May 21–June 21*

It's not your fault that there's an eclipse in your house of spiritual unfoldment (also called the house of craziness). And while Mercury goes retrograde between May 24 and June 17, you can't help it if you suddenly find yourself overbooking lunches and signing checks in pencil. You have to go on living during this period, even if you can't decide between marriage and celibacy and don't have a clue what or who your next little trick is going to be. Keep working hard, and just ignore anyone who makes snide references to a link between madness and your sign.

CANCER *June 22–July 22*

In an ever changing, ulcer-causing world, where one can be sure of nothing but the wackiest twists, it's wise to hang on to a good friend. That's great if you happen to be Tom Sawyer or Huckleberry Finn, but with an eclipse in your 11th house, it's hard to turn to erstwhile best friends, because they now seem like total strangers. Even scarier is having to trust total strangers who suddenly tout themselves as your new best friends. Very soon you should start learning lessons about the explosive mix of politics and loyalty. Meanwhile, take something to coat your stomach.

LEO *July 23–August 22*

Despite the most eloquent entreaties of professional advisers for you to stay cool and go low-profile, how can you? After an entire winter of holding it all in and setting your jaw in suppressed anger, you have to make an attempt to seize control of your life. It may be wonderful to stroll through the park with a baby and test pasta for doneness, but with a solar eclipse in your 10th house, there isn't a Leo among you who can resist running through an airport to catch a plane you think will fly you toward success, recognition, or the good opinion of the fickle mob.

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

The entrance of Mars into Virgo at the end of May lessens escapism, helps you face confrontations you've been avoiding (don't deny it), and reduces the fear of being attacked from behind. Painful wounds incurred during Chiron's recent transit should not be thought of as deliberate cruelties perpetrated on you by an uncaring universe, but rather as a chance to become a better teacher or as an initiation into a new life. Does a chick whine and complain as she pecks through the shell? Does a butterfly bitch and moan as he rips himself from the cocoon? No! Well, then.

LIBRA *September 23–October 23*

There is nothing wrong with having fantasies. At some time or other, everybody from demure debutantes to crazed clerics has fantasized, whether about marrying a millionaire, having sex with an Olympic champion, or possessing that to-die-for bod in the magazine foldout. You definitely won't go to hell for entertaining silly thoughts that race across your mind. But with a solar eclipse in your 8th house, if you hang your entire existence on such notions, you'll soon start resenting loyal loved ones and get prickly if you have to pick up the check for a pizza.

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

There are millions of evolved Scorpios out there who, with the south node in the 7th house, have been able to put their energy into a mentally challenged and spiritually wounded significant other and still cook dinner for themselves. Others, unable to handle the aloneness that comes with being an adult, have wasted time and money on escort services and make-believe marriages. Take up with an infantile or boring narcissist if you must. As long as you don't expect that person to give you what he or she is totally incapable of giving, you'll be as contented as a Scorpio can ever be.

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

Over the next few months, find a way to keep from screaming in a
pation of the grand emergence from the closet you've been locked in
the fabulous new sense of power you can already feel, taste, and s
As Pluto wobbles around your 12th house, and the sun is eclipsed in
6th, freedom is still slightly out of reach. It's as if you had receiv
nightmare phone call from your old high-school principal (you were
he died years ago), who told you that your records revealed that you
had one more exam to take: algebra.

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

You're juggling the need to develop inner faith, pursue a genuine int
in humanity's plight, and dig up money for the dog's bone or your
school. In fact, with an eclipse in your 5th house, parents with grown
overly dependent children are really having to struggle. But even ba
Capricorns are obsessively sitting on eggs in hopes that they will ha
if not into human issue, then into gold. To achieve a proper balance
tween the spiritual life and your worldly desires, set aside 10 minut
day for prayer. An egg timer can help keep you on schedule.

AQUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

Yes, security can be found in a summer cottage or a time-share in As
but it's only short-term. Life would be great if you were being fully
for what you are really worth. You could putter around behind tall hed
away from the prying eyes of neighbors, doctors, and police dogs. W
a solar eclipse in your 4th house, that's a comforting dream, but it's
a dream. Beyond the braided rug, parquet floor, cement basement,
rich dirt beneath your feet lies the yawning void of space. Maybe
should contemplate the universe, not real estate.

PISCES *February 19–March 20*

When the blur that has passed for your life is suddenly put into sha
clear, and perhaps unflattering focus, a more honest image can help
change your behavior and clear your name. Even if the transformatio
forced on you, the accomplishment can still be meaningful. To understa
the opposition of Saturn in your sign to Chiron in your solar 7th hou
imagine a seductively contrite juvenile delinquent under rapid-fire inter
gation by a relentless nun. One wicked irony: no matter what, the kid
solutely cannot tell the truth.

ARIES *March 21–April 19*

Some Arians have been wisely gathering and protecting their nuts, havi
learned at last the secret to wealth: If you live like a poor person, you
be rich. The more immature ones are still making absurdly grandiose g
tures in a sad effort to cover up their basic insecurities. After survivi
last winter's debilitating retrograde of Mars in your 12th house, you
doubt would love to put on the old powdered wig and wave your la
hankie at the crowd again, just to prove that it takes a lot more than t
fear of being a homeless beggar to scare you.

TAURUS *April 20–May 20*

What you need is a nice, good old-fashioned healing. How you get it
your own business, but as the south node finally passes out of your si
after an 18-month stay, the scars it leaves you with have to count for som
thing, teach you much, and be there for a reason. Many Taureans alrea
know that healing and reconstruction require that you take action to ma
them happen. They aren't just standing around amid the rubble of wh
was once their lives, thinking it will all be magically put back togeth
again like the movie of a house being wrecked played in reverse.


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She's gone to Capri and she's not coming back
Capri
Superslims
CAPRI

Credits

Fashion

Page 100: Jennifer Levy for Rex.
Page 104: Calvin Klein shirt, sweater, and pants from Barneys New York stores nationwide.
Page 111: Vintage corduroy jeans by Levi's
Page 131: Robert Wilson's Giorgio Armani suit from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills.
Pages 136–37: All stores mentioned are in N.Y.C. **John Benjamin Hickey's** Polo by Ralph Lauren suit from Polo Ralph Lauren; shirt by Paul Stuart, from Paul Stuart; tie and pocket square by Charvet, from Bergdorf Goodman. **Jude Law's** Romeo Gigli suit from Spazio Romeo Gigli; shirt by Yohji Yamamoto, from Yohji Yamamoto; tie and pocket square by Paul Stuart, from Paul Stuart. **Malcolm Gets's** Giorgio Armani suit from Giorgio Armani; shirt by Polo by Ralph Lauren, from Polo Ralph Lauren. **Rufus Sewell's** Giorgio Armani suit and shirt from Giorgio Armani; tie by Polo by Ralph Lauren, from Polo Ralph Lauren; pocket square by Charvet, from Bergdorf Goodman. **Damian Lewis's** Paul Stuart suit and pocket square from Paul Stuart; shirt by Polo by Ralph Lauren, from Polo Ralph Lauren **Alessandro Nivola's** Comme des Garçons suit from Comme des Garçons; shirt and tie by Charvet, from Bergdorf Goodman; pocket square by Polo by Ralph Lauren, from Polo Ralph Lauren. **Billy Crudup's** Gucci suit from Gucci; shirt by Giorgio Armani, from Barneys New York; tie and pocket square by Charvet, from Bergdorf Goodman. Malcolm Gets's shoes by Polo by Ralph Lauren, from Polo Ralph Lauren; Alessandro Nivola's shoes by Comme des Garçons, from Comme des Garçons; all others' shoes by J. M. Weston, from J. M. Weston. George Cortina for Ivy Bernhard
Pages 138–41: All stores mentioned are in N.Y.C. **Alexandra Miller's** John Anthony dress from John Anthony; Lanvin cape from Patricia Pastor Vintage Fashions; necklace, earrings, bracelet, and ruby ring from Fred Leighton; diamond ring from Van Cleef & Arpels. **Marie-Chantal Miller's** Valentino dress from the Valentino boutique; Adrienne Landau shawl from Bergdorf Goodman; jewelry from Fred Leighton; silk flower from Dolken and Derrick. **Pia Getty's** Barneys Private Label dress from Barneys New York; Vivienne Westwood mantilla from Bergdorf Goodman; Van Cleef & Arpels earrings from Fred Leighton. Alexandra's and Marie-Chantal's Manolo Blahnik shoes from Manolo Blahnik. Stockings by Fogal, from Fogal of Switzerland. George Cortina for Ivy Bernhard.
Pages 142–43: Unless otherwise indicated, all stores mentioned are in N.Y.C. **David Barton's** one-of-a-kind, vintage bathing suit from Early Halloween **Ian Schrager's** Banana Republic trousers and shirt from Banana Republic. **Brian McNally's** Agnès B. suit from Agnès B.; shirt by Romeo Gigli, from Spazio Romeo Gigli; glasses by Calvin Klein, from Bergdorf Goodman. **Leila Fazel's** Severin dress from Barneys New York. **Michael Overington's** Robert Massimo Freda suit from Ultimo, Chicago; shirt by Agnès B., from Agnès B. **Rita Norona Schrager's** shoes by Dolce & Gabbana, from Omari.

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: Courtney Love's hair styled with Matrix Essentials Vavoom Pomousse. All makeup from Revlon. On her eyes, Custom Eyes Shimmer Shadow in Taupe Star and Frosty White; on her lips, Super Lustrous Lipstick in Cinnamon Bronze. Rebecca Heath for Célestine; Danilo for the Ford Beauty Division; Paul Starr for Smashbox Beauty.
Page 14: Bottom, see credits for cover.
Pages 22 and 26: Bottom, hair and makeup by Amber Sibley
Page 99: Sophie Marceau's hair styled with Redken CAT styling gel. All makeup from Chanel. On her eyes, Le Regard de Chanel Eye Essentials in Forest; on her lips, Ligne et Couleur les Lèvres Professional Lip Basics in Gold Frost. Odile Gilbert and Onoda Hisae for the Marie France Thavonekham Agency.
Page 100: Terri Apanasewicz for Cloutier.
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Pages 138–41: Avram for Vidal Sassoon; Brigitte Reiss-Andersen for Jacques Dessange
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Robert Wilson

(Continued from page 165) galleries si… the mid-70s and which currently fe… from $4,500 to $80,000 at the Paula C… per Gallery in New York. The sculptu… are mostly limited editions of the furnit… from his theater pieces: the lead St… Chairs, the Einstein Chairs of galvani… pipe, the chrome Rudolf Hess Be… Chairs. Wilson was given major exhibiti… at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston a… the Pompidou Center in Paris in 1991, a… at the 1993 Venice Biennale he was awa… ed the Golden Lion for sculpture for … installation *Memory/Loss*. "There was c… troversy giving the prize to me a… sculptor," Wilson complained. "Mich… Kimmelman in *The New York Tim…* called it a room full of mud."

The critics notwithstanding, Wilson… no longer creatively homeless in Ameri… Since 1991 he has been an associate art… along with Edward Albee, at Houston… Alley Theatre. His first production, … cooperation with Robert Brustein's Am… ican Repertory Theatre at Harvard, w… Ibsen's *When We Dead Awaken*. Th… came Büchner's *Danton's Death*, and n… *le tout* Houston awaits his *Hamlet*. … also has a niche at the Houston Gra… Opera, which co-produced Wilson's … soundingly successful staging of *Parsif…* in 1991, and is now preparing *Four Sai…* *in Three Acts*. And this will be Wilson… fourth summer in residence at his Wate… mill Center on Long Island, a 30,00… square-foot former Western Union … search laboratory which he is convertin… to rehearsal spaces and dormitories f… visiting students to take part in wor… shops for his future productions.

That doesn't mean that his exile is ove… however. In August he will fly to Salzbur… to stage *Bluebeard's Castle* and *Erwartun…* the latter starring his pet diva, Jessye No… man. When I called him in Munich i… February, he rattled off an overwhelmin… itinerary: "I just came from Marseille… where I was making glass sculptures an… vases. Tomorrow I'm going to Hambur… to see Lou Reed about a piece tentativel… called *Time Rocker*. It opens in June '96… And I just came from China, where I wa… doing a workshop with students at th… Shanghai Theatre Academy. Oh, and I'v… designed a pen for Montblanc, so I'm… meeting with them in Hamburg, too. It'… black, and it has a silver cap—almost a… organic form, like a flame—which makes i… nice to hold in your hand."

Only Robert Wilson would see fire as… tactile. □

Courtney Love

(*Continued from page 114*) his *MTV Unplugged* performance. It's a mythic blues song about sexuality and longing and jealousy and loss—all the blues themes that are very erotic. She sang it as brilliantly as he did; then she dove into the audience and kind of sank to the bottom. You really didn't know whether she was going to resurface. It was like this *Suddenly Last Summer* thing. You really wondered, *Are* they going to devour her? And then there was this resurrection when she came up again. It really had that drama. . . . The only women who have come close to her are marginalized women. Lydia Lunch is certainly out there. And Amanda Galás. But they have very small audiences. Courtney is someone who has barged her way into the mainstream, declaring all the way. . . . And yet there just is this . . . this . . . *tragedy* all around."

It began early.

"I am conceived out of a really bad situation," Love claims, and proceeds to give a rather frightening portrait of her mother, who at the time was a San Francisco hippie hanging around the Haight; indeed, the renowned district is, in addition to all its other connotations, a heartbreaking homophone for the very emotion she still feels for the man. Love's mother was already pregnant with her when her parents married, but they divorced only a few months after her birth in 1965. Her father, Hank Harrison, was a Grateful Dead disciple. Her mother, Linda Carroll, is now a therapist living in Oregon whose latest claim to fame was stalking radical fugitive Katherine Ann Power, who had been on the run for two decades, into finally turning herself in to the authorities in 1993.

A court ruled that Courtney's father was not to see her unsupervised until she was grown, according to her mother, who remarried several times. Courtney has two teenage half-brothers and two half-sisters—a social worker and a law student—from those marriages, but her early childhood was one of aching loneliness. "I was practically autistic my whole childhood," she says now about those years she spent at home before, shockingly enough, striking out on her own at the earliest of teenage years, supported only by a small trust fund from her maternal grandmother.

"What Courtney has in her she *came* with," says Linda Carroll, who is speaking publicly about her daughter for the first time. "The reason that I'm a therapist is that I began taking her to therapists by the time she was two, and could really find so little help and empathy for both of us in the people I went to. She was in *so much pain*. And that manifested itself ever since she was a little girl in ways in which I had no clue how to deal with. I had no idea of any way to help her except just to love her and hold her. When I started taking her to therapists, one of the awful things that happened was they began to pathologize her, which is what psychology has done with what they don't understand. I think that Courtney came with a tremendous sense of pain in her. . . . She's not any different than she was when she was two years old. . . . Yet there were times, even as a small child, she would be really, deeply touched by something. And when that would happen, it was as though every part of her went soft for a little while—including her heart. Even then she was touched by oppression and pain. It was a part of her that I think was genuinely touched by Kurt. They were very alike. I don't know if this is true, because I didn't know Kurt when he was only two, but I suspect that Kurt was pretty different until he was about 9 or 10. I don't think Courtney was. I think she has carried this grief longer, and maybe that's why she's a survivor, because she came with it and she had to learn how to survive with it from the beginning. . . . Strangely enough, she was an absolutely, unimaginably calm and happy baby. She hardly cried."

"How could you allow your daughter to leave home at such a young age?" I ask. "What was it like for you?"

"It was horrendous. Unbearable. Horrible. But Courtney is not containable. She was never containable. . . . My deepest fear about her is that what always made her life so torturous—this kind of psychic pain—is what is making her famous, and that ultimately has got to be *so* wounding. Her fame is not about being beautiful and brilliant, which she is. It's about speaking in the voice of the anguish of the world."

"What is one of the clearest memories you have of her?"

"When she was in second grade in Eugene, Oregon, she was having a lot of nightmares. I had no idea what to do. I took her to a psychiatrist just to try to find some way to bring her some solace. The psychiatrist said part of the problem with her was that she needed to join Girl Scouts," Carroll recalls, laughing lightly now at such a thought. "She needed to be in normal kid activities. I dutifully went to a Brownies meeting with her. . . . I could tell it was really hard for her to be in this room with all these kids. The person who was the Brownies leader suggested they have an art show. She asked all the kids to draw something. The things that Courtney drew were always startling. She didn't draw sunsets and apple trees. She would draw sort of . . . *wounded figures*. I can still see her that day: her little face so intense with those crayons. At the end of that, the teacher told the troop that they were going to see what drawing they liked the most by holding them up one by one and everyone applauding. I knew that this would be terrible for her. When it got to hers, she just grabbed it and ran over to me, and we left. At that time, when a child was exhibiting the kind of pain Courtney was exhibiting—a lot of nightmares and a lot of crying and hating school and hating *everything*—the treatment was pretty much to try and make that child what they called 'normalized' rather than saying, What kind of creature is this, and how can we make her be O.K. with who she is? That whole belief system was really awful for her."

It was so awful that Love fled as soon as she could. Her early life took her all over the globe. With her mother and stepfather, she moved to New Zealand, then back to America. By the time she was 12, she had landed in reform school because of stealing, and from then on, with her trust fund, she basically lived on her own by her increasingly well-honed wits in a number of American cities and foreign countries, including Japan, where as a 14-year-old she worked as a stripper; Ireland, where she hung around Trinity College; Liverpool, where she infiltrated the rock scene; Taiwan, where she stripped again; Hollywood, where she stumbled in her first attempts at screen stardom; New York, where she hung out in clubs and continued to rock; Minneapolis, where she rocked some more; Alaska, where she again stripped; and Spain, where she appeared in Alex Cox's unwatchable film, *Straight to Hell*, after having already had a bit part in his acclaimed *Sid and Nancy*. If any place could be called home base, it was Portland, Oregon. "*My Own Private Idaho* is the story of my early adolescence," she says with perverse pride.

No matter how lonely or broke, Love has always maintained her survival instincts and steeled herself against the vagaries of life with an innate stoicism. It is a stoicism, in fact, that she has passed on to Frances Bean, who displays it in all her alarming, lovely innocence. "Frances

is an amazing little kid," says Rosemary Carroll (no relation to Love's mother), who is not only Love's lawyer but also the wife of Warner's Danny Goldberg. "She's so preternaturally *adult.* My daughter, Katie, is about two years older than Frances. At Christmastime, Danny and I took Katie and Frances to see *A Christmas Carol.* We came home, and the kids were playing, and they got in a fight, as kids do. My daughter tends to be a . . . well, 'brat' is one word that other people have used," Carroll says, laughing. "Anyway, she said, 'Frances, I *hate* you!' She threw down a doll and stormed out of the room. The normal reaction is for the kid who is left standing there to start crying, especially if your mom or your nanny isn't there. Frances *did not bat an eye.*"

Love removes a key from the pocket of her terry-cloth robe. She slips it into the lock, takes a deep breath, and leads me into the greenhouse above the garage. Adjusting her toweled turban, she sits on a multi-legged wooden stool with a plaque on it that reads, NOW YOU HAVE MANY LEGS TO STAND ON. The last of the sun filters through the skylights and laces her face. She is as silent as the orchids that surround us.

"This is where my husband died," she finally says.

"Though I know Kurt was in a lot of pain, I still think suicide is a mean and selfish act," I tell her.

"It's a fuck-you thing to do. I've felt it. I've felt it many times. . . . There's nothing more embarrassing than telling everybody you're fine and then calling the suicide hot line and having the police kick down your door," she confesses, recalling the night she claims she made such a call and was horrified to find that it had been traced. "They've turned it into a whole new category: 'Rock Stars Most Likely to Die This Year.' I think I was No. 1. . . . The American public really does have a death wish for me. They want me to die. I'm not going to die."

"I know you got a lot of grief for it, but I felt your anger was justified that day when you read his suicide note on the tape that was played for his mourners here in Seattle."

"I was raw," she says simply. "I had blood on my hands."

"Figuratively or literally?"

"*Literally.* I was out here for three days. Alone. I wouldn't let anybody come near me. They tried to drag me out, but I was, like, Fuck you! I found another gun and was screaming, 'Get out!' *Then* they left me alone." She will write me later, "I was not a heroin addict at that time, neither was Kurt, though he was abusing it in ways hitherto unseen ever by me. Mixing it, synergizing it, yet I've mixed it since he died and never gotten wasted like that."

"How do you ever get over something like this, Courtney?" I ask her as the last light fades from the greenhouse.

"Time. That's all there is. *Time.*"

"I know there was the famous incident in Rome when he OD'd and was in a coma and you had to rush him to the hospital. But that wasn't the only time he'd done it. You saved him as many times as you could."

"There's no reason for somebody to die if there's someone else around," she says.

We sit in silence.

She does not bat an eye.

"Do you think in some paradoxical way the reason you and Kurt connected so much was that he was the female version of you and you were the male version of him?" I ask Love on another occasion.

"That's definitely true," she agrees. "I am definitely a woman, and he was very much a man, but the qualities were reversed at times, yes. . . . My gynecologist tells me that I have too much testosterone, and he wants to put me on the Pill, because it will even out my estrogen. It's, like, Look, I'm *all* woman, but if I were on estrogen, I don't think I'd be *me.* I'd turn into this big femmy creature."

She is certainly this big femmy creature when she arrives at *Vanity Fair*'s Oscar party at Mortons restaurant in Los Angeles with her good friend Amanda de Cadenet, the wife of Duran Duran's John Taylor, who will appear in Allison Anders's segment of the anthology film *Four Rooms* as the goddess that a coterie of witches—which includes Madonna—attempts to conjure. Wearing matching cream silk lingerie-like gowns and rhinestone tiaras, the two soak up more attention than the movie stars mingling around them. "The way to get Best Dressed at the Oscars," Love tells me, "is always, always, always to wear Marilyn-white silk charmeuse. Period. That's it. I wanted to prove a point: that grunge is not dead. You don't have to go out and get a fucking Vera Wang that looks like shit and spend three grand on it."

The media lined up behind velvet ropes go into a flashing frenzy when Love and de Cadenet step from their car, and later, when I introduce Love to Barbara Walters, the newswoman insists that the two must have lunch the next time Love is in Manhattan, to discuss doing an interview. "Barbara Walters knows who I am?" an awed Love asks as we walk away. "Shit! I *must* be famous."

"Courtney is very strong-willed and *not* afraid," says de Cadenet, who met her at a party where Love was with Billy Corgan of Smashing Pumpkins, Love's favorite man in rock. "I tend to be a bit like that, too, but that can work to your detriment, because people think you're just loud and obnoxious when it's just having a point of view. . . . People are intimidated by a woman who has an opinion. I hosted a show in England called *The Word,* and Kurt appeared on it. The first time I ever heard of her was when he said, 'Courtney Love is the best fuck in the world!' I thought, Hey, I thought *I* was. Who *is* this woman? . . . Rocksters spend a lot of time debating whether she's a junkie, or she's a bad mom, or did Kurt write her last album? Gossip focuses on the negative. But that fuels her. The more you hate her, or slag her off, that inspires her. She takes all that stuff and puts it in her work. That's something really important that I like about her."

The two ladies are on their best behavior tonight. In fact, later, when I accompany Jessica Lange to the *Pulp Fiction* party at Chasen's to continue celebrating her Oscar win, we run into Love, who is holding to her breast a clutch of astonishing portraits of Frances Bean just given to her by photographer Herb Ritts. I introduce the two of them, and Lange moves her Oscar over and spreads a few of the photos out on the table. Kneeling at our booth, Love asks Lange's advice not about acting but about motherhood. As de Cadenet arrives to lead Love away to yet someone else who wants to meet her, Lange, who has just finished filming *A Streetcar Named Desire* for CBS, leans over to me and whispers, "My God, that was Blanche DuBois."

"How do you want me to introduce you?" the real-estate agent asks as we are being driven in a gold Rolls-Royce toward the Garden District in New Orleans.

"Courtney Love Cobain," she says curtly, lighting a Camel. She is at her grown-up finest this afternoon, determined to find a house in only a few hours so that she can come down here after Lollapalooza and write her next album, which she plans to call *Celebrity Skin.* "Because I've

ched so much of it," she tells me. She s her hair swept up on her head like a nk Ivana. A pink silk suit rides high on r white-stockinged thighs. Her makeup perfectly applied, still, retrieving a amel compact, she checks her lipstick t again. "$18 million is a mortgage for , honey," she says to the agent without oving her lips as she reddens them even ore. "$600,000 is cash."

As we pass mansion after mansion, we points out what she likes and esn't like. Bob Dylan has a home own here. Peter Buck of R.E.M. has ought one in the French Quarter. Her iddy Brad Pitt has reportedly been look- g at one of the city's most sought-after operties. Even Trent Reznor of Nine ch Nails, which Hole toured with last mmer, has begun renovating a historic me. The fact that Reznor, who fueled a ck feud with Love when he called her a nanipulator and careerist" in print, is aking the move hasn't deterred Love om trying to find her own house in the ighborhood.

"Yeah, I fucked Reznor, but it wasn't at great of an experience," she tells me ter, after we've looked at a few houses. was slumming. . . . Simone de Beauoir in *The Second Sex* wrote about this ing called sexual valuation, meaning ou are who you fuck. You cannot get ack at a man that way, but a man can et back at a woman by sexually devalu- ing her." Bored with the subject, she rns her attention to more important atters. "I want witches and vampires! need some demon possession!" she reams at the real-estate agent, in the ont seat. "That last house you showed e was too damn clean!"

A rambling old mansion across from nne Rice's house is closer to Love's ste, but it would require too much work. I'm sorry I'm so picky," she sighs as we imb back into the Rolls, "but I had a bscription to *Architectural Digest* before had one to *Ms.* magazine. . . . The one ing I didn't like about that other house as that the garden was way too pristine. m really good with gardens. I'd love to p that garden out and make it a really ecadent old-style New Orleans garden. ots and lots of jasmine. Wild roses. Trellises. . . . And then I've got some wonderful poppies and poppy bulbs."

"We're losing our daylight," the agent tells her.

"That's when I like it here. I like it when it gets dark. . . . I don't know, though, do you think this is a good place to raise a kid?" She lights another Camel and, sliding down on the backseat, sticks her pink pumps out the open window. "Do you know that Mississippi John Hurt song?" she asks me, then begins to growl off-key as the sun squats lower in the Louisiana sky. "Angels take him away, oh, Lord," she sings, her feet dangling in the breeze, smoke devilishly lurking about her face. "Angels took him away . . . "

"*Bean!*" that voice calls out in all its ragged glory on yet another afternoon back in Seattle. "*Beeeean!*"

The detritus of Love's troubled life spills onto the floor from every corner of the bedroom she once shared with Cobain. Old magazine articles. Books. Cobain's guitars. Fiercely scribbled faxes. Contracts. An array of CD's. Videos. Faded snapshots. Christmas decorations from last December still hang on the mantel. One of Cobain's Jesuses, this one a Technicolor postcard, is tied to the headboard of the bed, the divine eyes rolled heavenward. A tarnished silver tea service sits on the mussed, stained sheets next to a portable computer Love uses for her infamous America Online conversations with her fans and detractors. (In April, the Hole forum was suspended—one of the rare times America Online has ever deleted a folder from one of its message boards—because of violations, including a threatening message that was sent in.) The bedroom door is even splintered from her kicking on it when Cobain locked himself in here during one of his suicidal depressions.

"*Bean!*"

Frances Bean, her nanny chasing after her, comes running into Love's bedroom and into her mother's arms.

"If you were telling Frances Bean a story about her own life that began 'Once upon a time,' how would you finish it?" I ask.

"Once upon a time," Love begins, watching Frances Bean inspect a heart-shaped pillow with a needle and thread left in it. "you were the first of your generation. Ignore everything else that went on before you."

The child attempts to finish sewing up the heart.

"Frances, be careful," Love warns, taking the pillow away. "That's a needle. It can hurt you."

Frances Bean pulls at another pillow, a half-moon-shaped one behind her mother's neck on the back of the chair. "This was Daddy's," she tells her daughter. "You want to lay down on Daddy's pillow?" The child nods yes, takes the crescent of foam from her mother, and places it on Love's chest. She gently rests her head there.

"Who's that?" Love asks, stroking Frances Bean's hair and pointing to a ceramic angel on the bedside table.

"Daddy," the child responds, rubbing her face against the pillow. "*Meow,*" she moans, mimicking a cat. "*Meow.*"

"That's what the kitty says. And what does a doggy say?" Love asks.

"*Woof, woof, woof!*" Frances Bean barks.

"And what does a ducky say?"

"*Quack, quack, quack!*"

"And what does Frances Bean say?" I ask.

The child lifts her head from her mother's pillowed chest, then raises her hands in the air like claws. Suddenly she begins to growl in a voice as terrifyingly grizzled as any angry, grunge-encrusted rocker's. "*Arrrgggrrr!*" she lets loose.

Love pretends to be scared and hides her face in her hands.

Frances Bean laughs at her mother's fright and growls again.

"*Arrrgggrrr!*"

Love hides her face.

"*Arrrgggrrr!*"

Surprising Frances Bean, Love ferociously begins to growl right back. "*Arrrgggrrr!*" she goes, mimicking her daughter's inherent Kurt-like cry. "*Arrrgggrrr!*"

Frances Bean stops her laughter.

"Don't scream. Don't scream, Mommy."

Love stops her cry.

The child places her tiny hands on her mother's cheeks. "We be gentle." ■

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Social Study

Larry King

As the combined Ed Murrow and Barbara Walters of CNN, this month Larry King celebrates 10 years on the air. To mark the date, the man who boosted H. Ross Perot onto the hustings braces for *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire



Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"This will not be dull!" "Tune in tomorrow!" "On in America!"

What is your favorite occupation?
Exactly what I'm doing. I have the best job in my industr

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
A smiling, happy, contented daughter.

When and where were you happiest?
The night my daughter, Chaia, was born—December 2 1967, in Miami, Florida. It blew my mind.

What is your greatest fear?
Death. Having had a heart attack—trust me, this is a bi fear. I saw no lights, no angels—nothing.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Patience—life is too short.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
My inability to say no, which can lead to three differen lunches with three different people at three different place on the same day.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Tardiness.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Ties and shirts and braces. A guy can't have too many.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
My nose—for obvious reasons. I would never have plastic surgery.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Lincoln. I abhor intolerance.

Which living person do you most despise?
David Duke and the Klan.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Stan Musial, Jackie Robinson, Adlai Stevenson.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Loyalty.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Loyalty, intelligence, and pretty legs.

What is it that you most dislike?
Eggs—I hate the smell and look of them.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
Tommy Lasorda, manager of the Dodgers.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
Al Pacino. It would be nice to be Italian and have great talent as an actor.

How would you like to die?
At age 106, in the arms of a 38-year-old Sharon Stone look-alike, while in a deep sleep.

What is your motto?
"If at first you don't succeed, punt."

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John Berendt

UNIVERSAL SOLDIER
Edgar Bronfman Jr.
Storms Hollywood
by Edward Klein

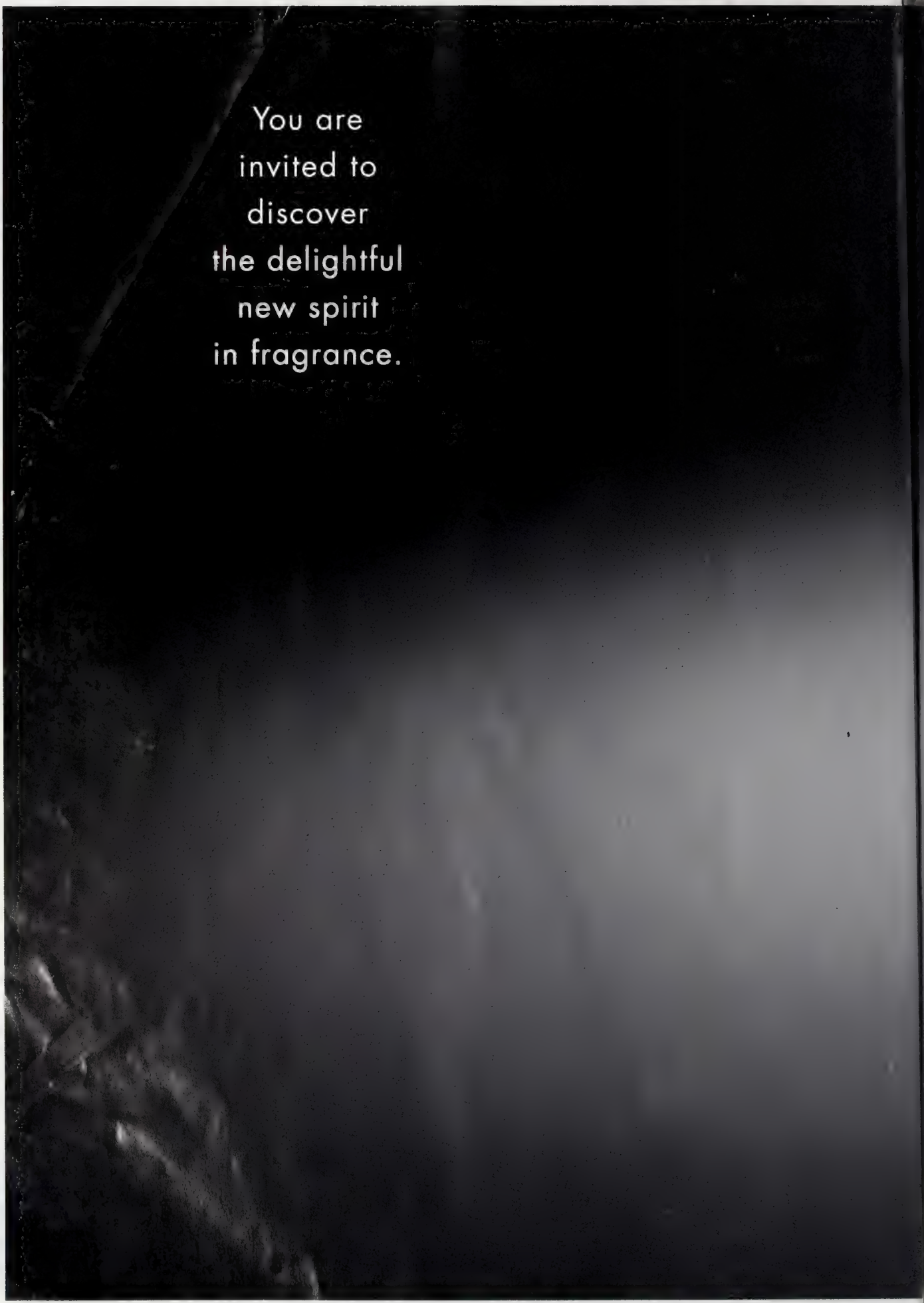
Plus:
BOB COLACELLO on THE EXILED KING CONSTANTINE,
JENNET CONANT on BIANCA JAGGER'S EDGE
and
MONET'S HIGH LIFE AT GIVERNY

La Femme Nicole

NICOLE KIDMAN ON THE ROMANCE AND
DANGEROUS PASSIONS SHE SHARES WITH TOM CRUISE
by Leslie Bennetts

BOOK EXCERPT: PATRICIA [illegible]SKOE on MAPPLETHORPE

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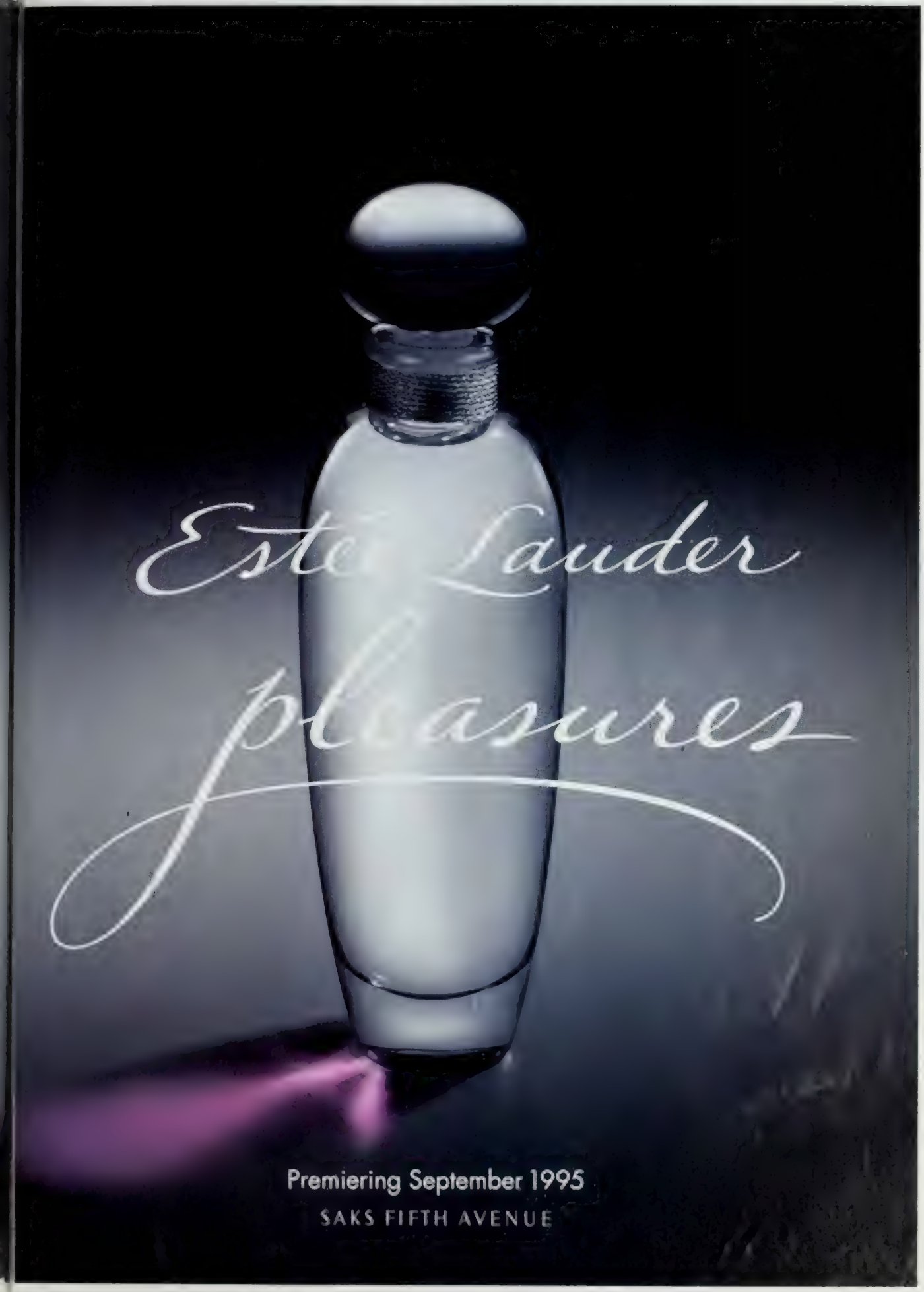


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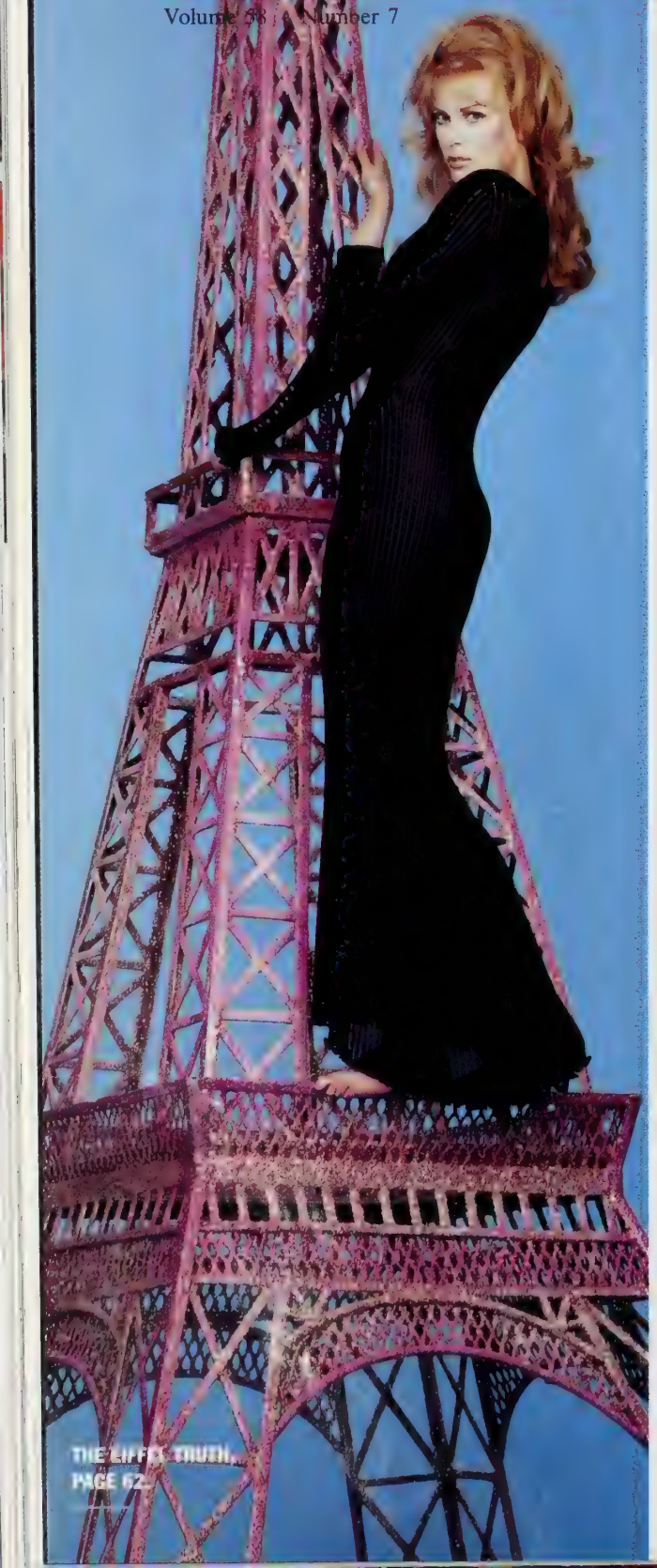
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VANITY FAIR

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THE LIFTED TRUTH... PAGE 62

Features

LA FEMME NICOLE
With two upcoming movies, *Batman Forever* and *To Die For,* Nicole Kidman gives new meaning to the term "Hollywood wife." Leslie Bennetts takes a look at the double-dazzle stardom created by Kidman's marriage to Tom Cruise, who bakes Nicole cookies and indulges her love of danger. Photographs by Herb Ritts. **62**

EDGAR BETS THE HOUSE
Seagram's youthful C.E.O., Edgar Bronfman Jr., has plunged his family's liquor empire into the rapids of Hollywood's river wild. As stockholders brace for the ride, Edward Klein has the off-camera, behind-the-scenes action: the secret trips to Japan and the long-distilled motives behind Bronfman's acquisition of mighty MCA/Universal. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz. **70**

BIANCA'S DESTINY
Bianca Jagger left the banquettes of Studio 54 for refugee camps and war zones, wielding her glamour in the struggle for human rights. Jennet Conant catches Jagger at the center of an uproar over C.I.A. involvement in Guatemala, standing by the maverick congressman with whom she has fallen in love. Portrait by David Seidner **82**

A GUCCI KNOCKOFF
Ronald Reagan swore by his; Audrey Hepburn danced in hers; all over the world Guccis are the mark of style and money. But after almost a century of success, the Gucci family imploded, losing control of the company. Who destroyed the dynasty? Investigating in Milan, Judy Bachrach discovers all fingers point to the last heir, Maurizio Gucci, who was mysteriously gunned down in broad daylight. **86**

MONET'S ILLUSION
His image as an otherworldly artist masked Claude Monet's taste for luxury and head for business. As the largest-ever Monet exhibition opens in Chicago, Paul Hayes Tucker relives the struggle behind the first exhibition of the Impressionist's famous water lilies **96**

KELLY'S REBEL HEART
Firooz Zahedi spotlights Kelly Lynch as Henry Alford gets the scoop on her upcoming role opposite Denzel Washington in the action thriller *Virtuosity* **104**

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July 1995



FIRST IMPRESSIONIST, PAGE 90

(Continued from page 8)

THE CONROY SAGA
After the triumph of his best-selling *The Prince of Tides,* Pat Conroy spent five years struggling with his next epic novel of familial dysfunction, *Beach Music.* On the eve of its publication, South Carolina's premier storyteller recounts for John Berendt the tangled family tragedies that have haunted and inspired him. Photographs by David Barry 108

THE DEMON ROMANTICS
For more than 20 years, photographer Robert Mapplethorpe and punk prophet Patti Smith had an intense relationship that took them from the Chelsea Hotel to Max's Kansas City to a Fifth Avenue penthouse. In an excerpt from her upcoming biography, *Mapplethorpe,* Patricia Morrisroe exposes the obsessions and jealousies that fueled their dramatic rise to fame 114

Columns

FOLLOW THE BLOOD
DNA experts draw blood and Judge Ito tightens the screws as Dominick Dunne uncovers new conflicts at the O.J. trial 30

KING WITHOUT A COUNTRY
As his son makes a grand alliance with an American heiress, Constantine II of Greece is still hoping to regain his throne. Bob Colacello finds the exiled monarch in a deepening conflict with the Athens government, which has denied him his nationality and his name 42

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BJÖRK'S LATEST *POSTING*
J. Hoberman toasts Buñuel's vintage Deneuve; New York's drama rat pack; meals on wheels with Biker Billy; True Lies II—the Hamptons 55

Et Cetera

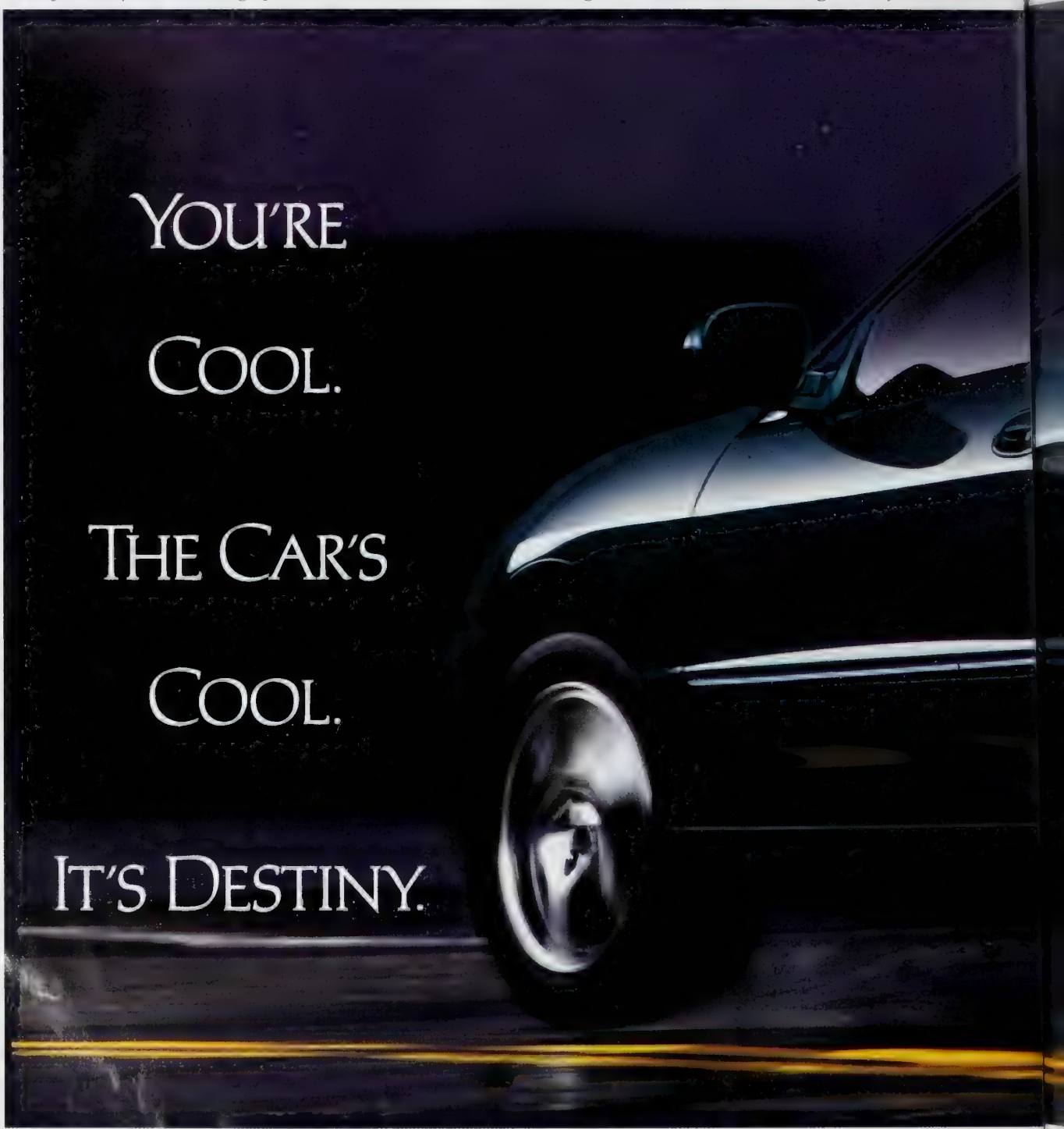
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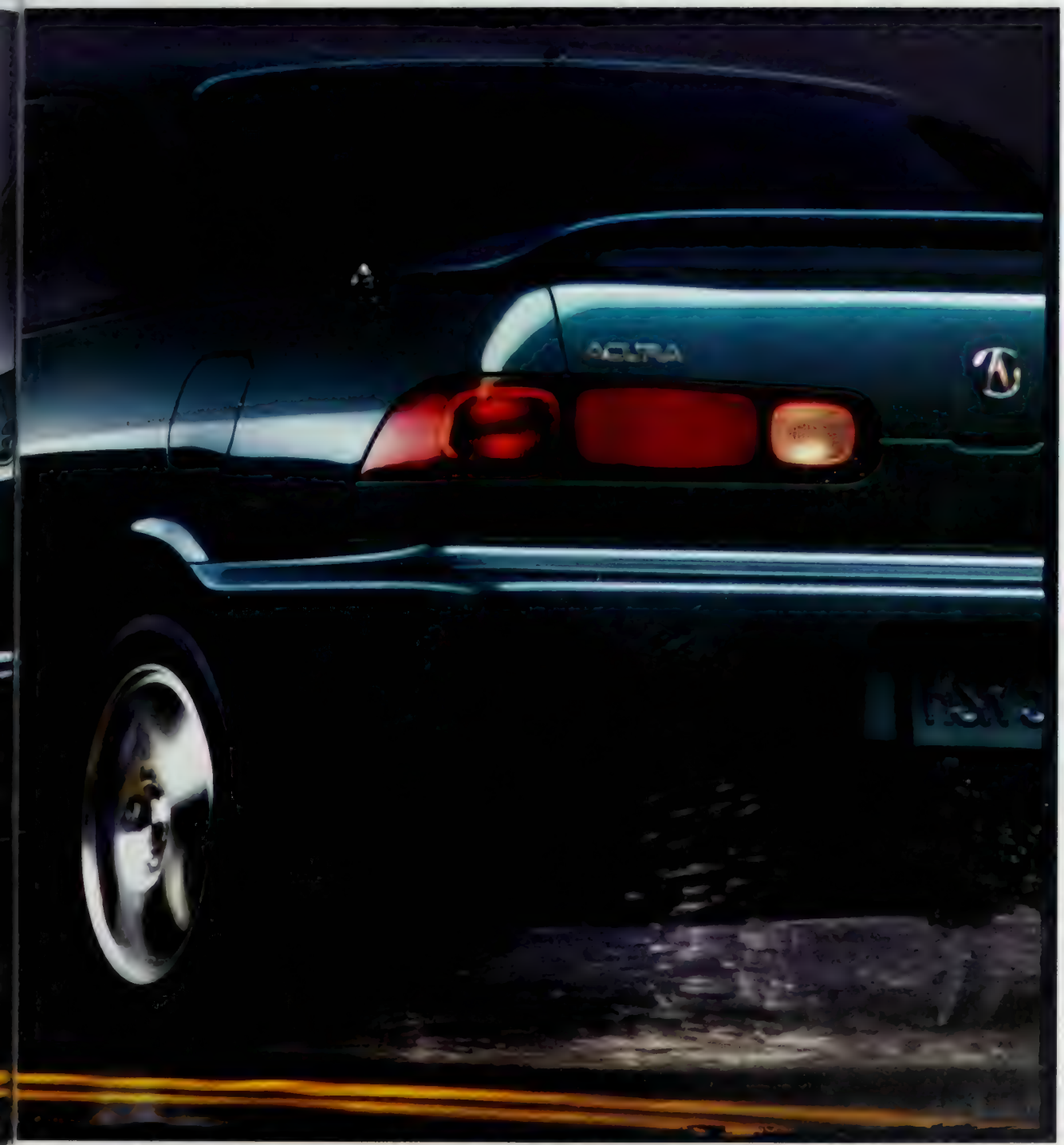
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ACURA

Editor's Letter

The Art of Controversy



Seven years ago, when Patricia Morrisroe asked Robert Mapplethorpe if she could write his biography, she had no idea that he would be at the center of an all-out tug-of-war over artistic freedom. In the six years since his death from AIDS, Mapplethorpe's photography has twice been the subject of full-scale controversy over what does and does not constitute art. In June of 1989, the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., canceled a retrospective of his work that would have been funded in part by the National Endowment for the Arts. The N.E.A. had come under strong attack from the religious right for supporting the show, and "we had the strong potential to become some persons' political platform," said the Corcoran's director in explaining why she backed out of the retrospective. A year later, when the Contemporary Arts Center in Cincinnati was tried on obscenity charges for showing the same exhibition, it became, writes Morrisroe, "the first time a gallery in the United States had faced prosecution for the art it displayed." In light of the ideological disputes over the nature of his work—were his homoerotic and sadomasochistic photographs art or pornography?—it is surprising to learn that Mapplethorpe himself ha little interest in such issues. "He wasn very political," Morrisroe says, "but I foun his politics more conservative than I woul have anticipated. He told me that were h to vote he would have voted for Bush, fo tax purposes and to protect his assets."

"The Demon Romantics," the excerpt fro Morrisroe's book, on page 114, focuses on Mapplethorpe long and often tortured relationship with punk prophet Pa ti Smith. But it also reveals the way in which Mapplethorp used his art to distance himself from passion or commit ment. In fact, Morrisroe found, part of Mapplethorpe's ap peal as a subject was that he "put himself in the costum of each decade. As one of his Pratt classmates told me 'One day he was in an R.O.T.C. uniform, the next he wa in sheepskin and love beads.'" Had this chameleon artis lived and continued to grow artistically, it would have been interesting to know what, if anything, he would have made of Newt Gingrich's Contract with America, and the budget ax descending on federal funding for the arts.

Graydon Carter

Cover

You've Got to Be Kidman



ON THE COVER
Ball gown by Oscar de la Renta for Pierre Balmain Haute Couture. All hair products from Sebastian. All makeup from Princess Marcella Borghese. Hair by Cemal. Makeup by Kevyn Aucoin. Manicure by Rebecca Heath. Styled by Kate Harrington. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Herb Ritts.

Nicole Kidman takes a dizzying star turn on the cover of this month's *Vanity Fair* and, *below,* makes a big splash with *V.F.* photographer Herb Ritts and stylist Kate Harrington.



MARK MCKENNA

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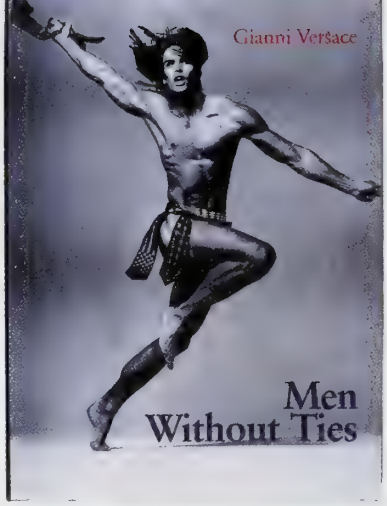
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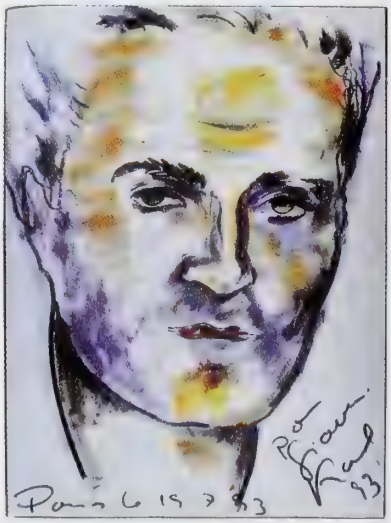
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Contributors



LEN IRISH

Edward Klein, whose probe of Seagram/MCA chieftain Edgar Bronfman Jr. appears on page 70, is writing a book on the Kennedys titled Jack and Jackie: The Story of Their Relationship. *Klein, a contributing editor, examined the turmoil at Sony in the May issue.*



NINA BRAMHALL

Contributing editor Jennet Conant has known Bianca Jagger, whom she profiles on page 82, for years. "I've always been impressed with her Jackie O quality of being a mysterious woman. Bianca has lived a very public life but is ultimately very private."

Photographer **David Barry** says that novelist Pat Conroy "is the most gentle southern gentleman I've ever met."

"For me, Constantine of Greece is the royal's royal," says special correspondent **Bob Colacello,** who interviewed the former monarch in London, Switzerland, and New York. "He seems to be at every royal event from Queen Silvia's birthday party in Sweden to the recent wedding in Seville of his niece Princess Elena of Spain." Colacello has long covered European aristocracy for *Vanity Fair* including Gloria von Thurn und Taxis (whom he dubbed "Princess TNT"), Francesca Thyssen Habsburg, and Ira von Fürstenberg.



NINA BRAMHALL

Contributor Bruce Feirstein tells True Lies from the Hamptons on page 61, continuing the mendacity he began in the April issue with True Lies from Hollywood. Feirstein has just finished working on the next James Bond film, Goldeneye, *which will be released at Thanksgiving.*

(Continued on page 20)



DAVID YURMAN

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Contributors

(Continued from page 18)



John Berendt has been given the keys to the city of Savannah, Georgia, where tourism has gone up 50 percent with the success of his book, Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil, *one of three finalists for the 1995 Pulitzer Prize for nonfiction. His profile of novelist Pat Conroy appears on page 108.*



IRA RESNICK

Patricia Morrisroe, whose biography of photographer Robert Mapplethorpe is excerpted on page 114, has written for The New York Times *and the* Sunday Times *of London magazine. Until recently, she was a longtime contributing editor at* New York *magazine.*

Contributing editor **Leslie Bennetts,** who profiles Nicole Kidman for this month's cover story, finds that "interviewing movie stars can be like pulling teeth. Kidman was a delightful surprise: relaxed, natural, and a lot of fun."

Special correspondent **Dominick Dunne** has spent six months exploring the people and the issues surrounding the O. J. Simpson murder trial.

David Seidner, whose portraits of the Miller sisters appeared in the June issue, photographs Bianca Jagger this month as part of a series in which he re-creates the lighting conditions and atmosphere of 17th-, 18th-, and 19th-century Northern European painting studios. Seidner has edited, art-directed, and written the introduction for *Lisa Fonssagrives: Fashion Photographs of Three Decades,* due out from Schirmer/Mosel this fall, which will showcase one of the world's great fashion models through the work of such legends as her husband, Penn, Horst, and Louise Dahl-Wolfe.



"This is the first story I've ever done where a guy who's basically nice and bumbling has as many enemies as a wicked man," says contributing editor Judy Bachrach about her investigation, on page 86, of the life and mysterious murder of Maurizio Gucci.

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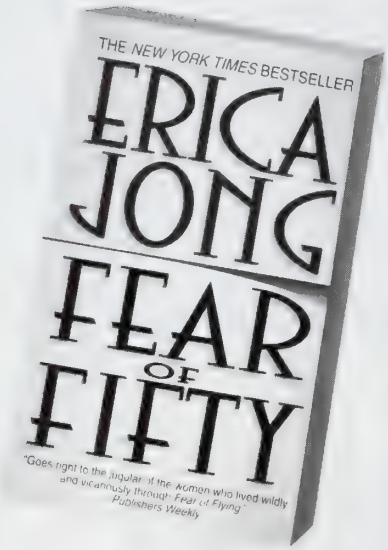
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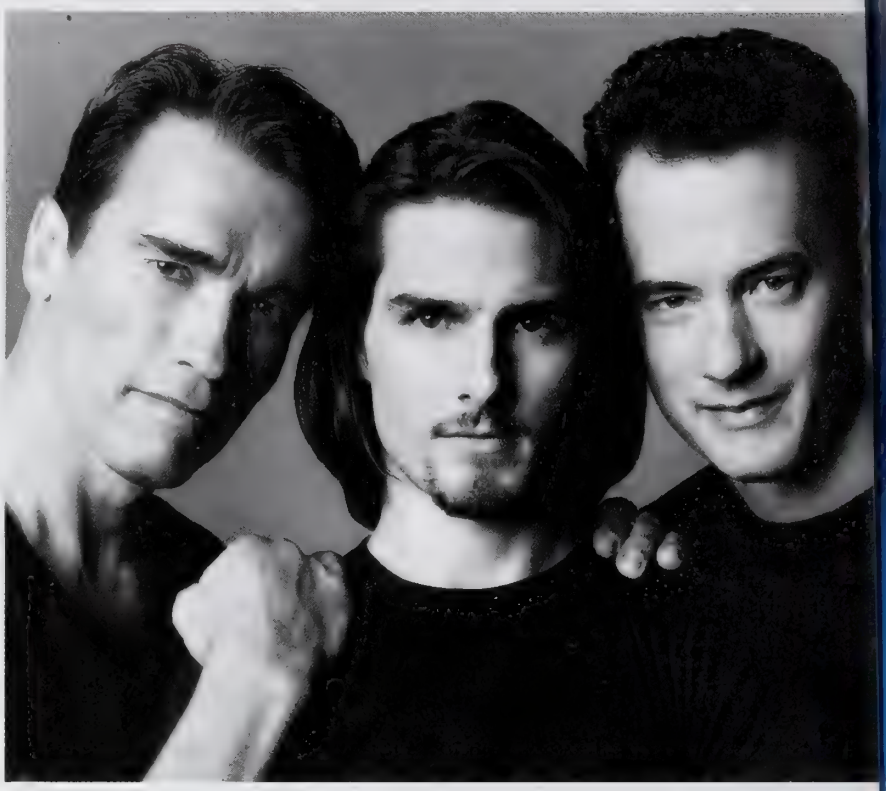
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One of the sharpest, most controversial authors of our time, Erica Jong, turns fifty and fights back with a brash and brilliant mid-life memoir. Share in her family dinners, sit at her typewriter, sin in her bed. From Jong's brave perspective comes a new definition of women, as she fires questions at herself, her history and the world. . .unafraid to share the answers with the rest of us. It may be her fiftieth birthday, but it looks like we got the present.

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Letters

HOLLYWORDS



Box-office bait: Arnold Schwarzenegger, Tom Cruise, and Tom Hanks.

Thank you for the wonderful "Special Hollywood Issue" [April]. The group picture of the older, but still-beautiful, "Studio Kids" was fun to see, but Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon really took the cake. Being a movie buff for more than 60 years, I found that your issue brought back many beautiful memories of great movies and years past.

HELEN CLENDENING
Bremerton, Washington

It was especially great to see directors, writers, and producers, who are usually invisible to the public, in your "Special Hollywood Issue." Overall, a superb job.

SUSAN SCHMUCKLER
San Diego, California

What a surprise to see Robert Mitchum in your pages. It made the entire issue for me.

SHERRY JOBE
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Arnold Schwarzenegger, Tom Cruise, and Tom Hanks were proclaimed "The Three Kings" based on domestic box-office totals of just over a billion dollars apiece, yet Harrison Ford's movies have earned more than $2 billion. Twenty years of blockbuster movies have established Ford as the undisputed king of the box office.

ELIZABETH WILSON
San Diego, California

Regarding all the hue and cry over your supposedly sexist April Hollywood issue: here we have an industry that gives tremendous lip service to liberalism—while most of its product reinforces traditional stereotypes of women, and the only women who rise to the top are those with the same, narrow vision as the men in charge. It's not surprising that these hypocrites would howl when they see their own creation reflected back at them.

PAIGE GOLD
Los Angeles, California

Unlike a box of chocolates, with Hollywood you always know what you're gonna get: egomania.

SUSANNA HOFMANN McSHEA
Martinsville, New Jersey

(Continued on page 28)


the rain makes everything clean.
and soft.
and smooth.
Neutrogena
rainbath
shower and bath gel

1. You are driving to work, a little late. Getting to a meeting on time will be a challenge, so you should:

a. give your seatbelt an extra tug and vow to pass every single car in front of you.

b. put on your emergency flashers when you drive on the shoulder.

c. keep an eye peeled for senior drivers wearing thick glasses to cut off and pass more easily.

d. shave or apply makeup only while keeping a safe distance between yourself and the car in front of you.



e. have called before you left to indicate you'll be a few minutes late.

2. The new employee in accounting is in the office kitchenette getting familiar with the place. Since you know your way around you take this opportunity to:

a. fill her in on the latest office gossip.

b. give her a list of all the people who have had her job in the past six months.

c. ask her to join your bowling league.

d. tell her how well the microwave makes popcorn.

e. familiarize her with the coffee maker and other appliances.



3. You are out to dinner with two other coup… You should:

a. order the most expensive entrees and lobby hard … splitting the check equally.

b. force the group to sit in the smoking section or threaten to leave.

c. keep a cigarette lit in the ashtray during the hors d'oeuvres because they get eaten quickly.



d. threaten the waiter that you'll reduce his tip if he fouls up.

e. make a group decision about a smoking/non-smoki… section before making a reservation.

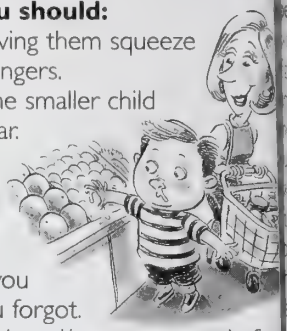
4. You and your kids are at the grocery store wh… is, as always, crowded. You should:

a. enlist your kids' help by having them squeeze all the fruits with their dirty fingers.

b. let the bigger child push the smaller child in a circle around the salad bar.

c. send the kids to the bulk section unattended to sample snacks.

d. wear comfortable shoes so that in the checkout line, you can run to get something you forgot.



e. have all coupons, checkbook and/or money ready for… the check out clerk.

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Call 1-800-366-8441 for your free copy of "A Survival Guide For The 90's", a witty look at how a little common sense can help you cope with life's challenges.

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is a nice, quiet Saturday morning. The -bell rings, and a kid from down the street lling candy bars for softball uniforms. should:

ke a positive I.D., call the cops, and refuse to open door.

ll through the door at o get a job and leave alone.



pen the door, tell him he lot of nerve bothering on a Saturday, then it.

ake deep barking s behind the door.

you can, buy at least one bar and tell him good luck.

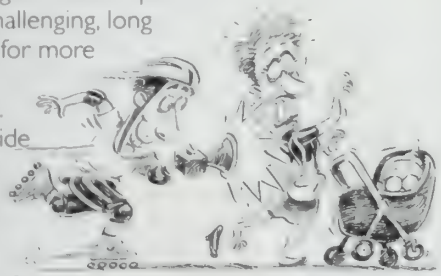
's a nice day, so you and a friend decide to er skate at the park which has attracted a lot eople. You should:

kate figure-eights around pedestrians.

gure out a challenging, long se, and race for more ey than you ght with you.

ate side-by-side he sidewalks ring a able air horn lert parents ing strollers of your approach.

nd another less populated place.



7. Your wife's brother, a smoker, is visiting for a few days. You like him, but not his habit. As the head of the household, you should:

a. confiscate his lighter and cigarettes at the door.
b. buy gas masks for your family.
c. pitch a tent for him on a level place in the back yard.
d. let him smoke wherever he wants this time, but hold a grudge.
e. politely tell him where you would like him to smoke while visiting.



8. A seat in the company vanpool has just opened up, and you've been added to the pool. On your first morning to ride with the group, you should:

a. ask politely if the rider next to you will hold your mirror while you shave or put on eyeliner.
b. ask your driver to slow down when you pour coffee.
c. eat an onion bagel for breakfast so your stomach doesn't growl during the ride.
d. open your newspaper to its full width and hold it high so others can read with you.
e. be on time.



VE THE 90'S?

u might be wondering why we are doing this. We ieve that common sense is a better solution to ny of the issues of our time than more vernment intervention in our lives. This book ovides solutions to some of life's dilemmas. It gests that a little old-fashioned common sense n work wonders.

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TOGETHER, WE CAN WORK IT OUT

(Continued from page 24)

Don't Mess with Texas

Your article on Senator Phil Gramm ["The Ironman Cometh," by Marjorie Williams, May] referred to Texas A&M University in a pejorative manner. Texas A&M University is the only university that ranks among the nation's top 10 institutions in each of four important measures: research expenditures, size of endowment, enrollment, and enrollment of National Merit Scholars. Texas A&M University's schools of engineering and business administration are highly ranked nationally, and a number of individual programs have received national recognition.

What do you call an Aggie 10 years after graduation? Boss.

RAY M. BOWEN
President, Texas A&M University
College Station, Texas

As a proud Longhorn, I appreciate the accurate reference to the University of Texas as being "more prestigious" than Texas A&M, where Phil Gramm taught economics. We are very pleased that your magazine recognizes this little fact, no matter how much those farmers argue otherwise.

KORI HILLS
Austin, Texas

The Martin Chronicles

All this kerfuffle about writers' money ["Famous Amis," by Michael Shnayerson, May] has less to do with talent and more (as you imply) to do with fame. Why else would Great Creators Kato Kaelin and Martina Navratilova—naming but two in a long line—get lucrative offers for their "writing"?

JOHN JOSS
Los Altos, California

I can't wait to read *The Information,* and I hope Martin Amis gets even more money for his next novel.

MARIA LARSON MANSKE
St. Paul, Minnesota

Empire State Gilding

Regarding the Trump-Yokoi-Helmsley-Nakahara skein of legerdemain involving the sale of the Empire State Building ["Emperors of the Air," by Bryan Burrough, May], one thing is clear. None of these schemers is worthy of owning New York's architectural diadem.

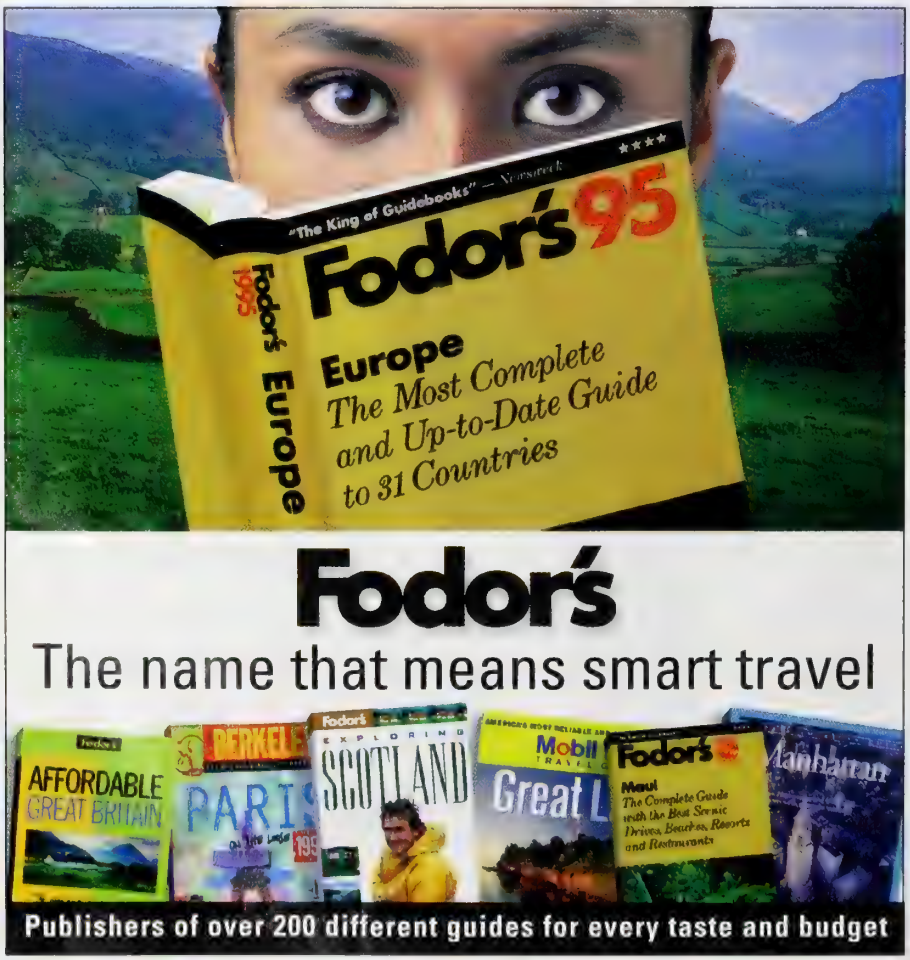
MARK GODF
Chelsea, Massachuse

Trials and Tributes

Dominick Dunne's approach to the O. J. Simpson case ["Letter from Los Angeles," February, April, and May issues] has been so different from the usual—he focuses on many issues that other journalists ignore, and sheds a new light on the case.

Why Leslie Abramson objects to Dominick Dunne is obvious; he tells the truth. Anyone who has the nerve to defend two such degenerates as the Menendez brothers and is still comfortable with her conscience is beyond my comprehension. What also leaves me aghast is that ABC features her as one of its "expert" commentators in this trial. I think that Dunne would be a far better choice.

PATRICIA WIMMER
Munich, Germany



Ryan's Song

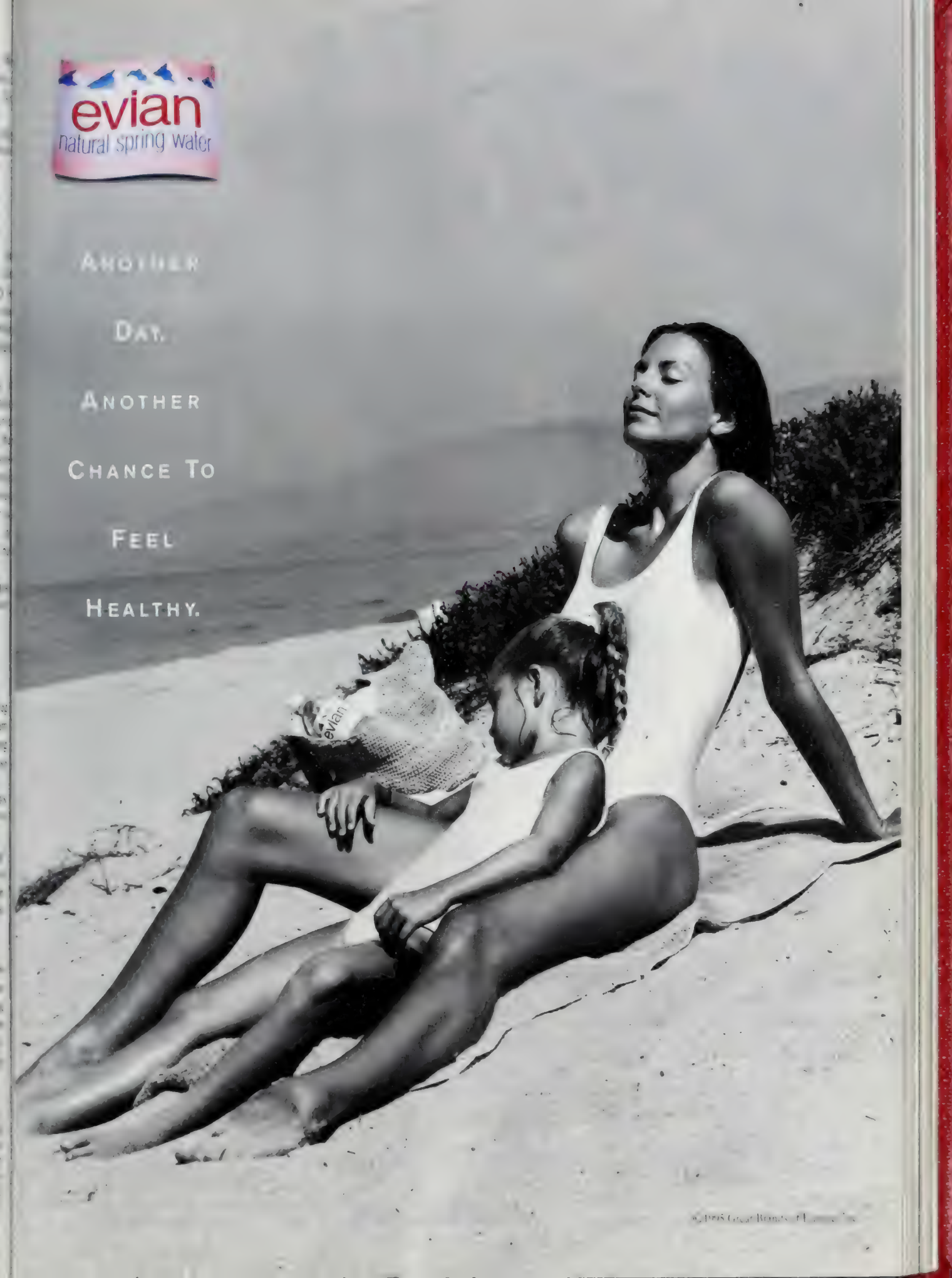
Though I have long admired Meg Ryan's incredible talents ["Maximum Meg," May], it wasn't until after reading Kevin Sessums' interview that I also came to admire her strength.

KIMBERLY SANDERS
Amherst, Massachusetts

CORRECTION: The "Night-table Reading" entry for Putnam chairman Phyllis Grann in the June issue, page 104, was mistakenly accompanied by a photograph of Crown editor-at-large Betty Prashker.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Contrary to references in our February and April 1995 issues, Lanie Greenberger was not convicted of masterminding the killing of producer Roy Radin in the Cotton Club *murder case. She was found guilty of second-degree murder, kidnapping, and conspiracy to commit murder.*

Letters to the editor should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to: The Editor, *Vanity Fair,* 350 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Address electronic mail to vfmail@vf.com. The letters chosen for publication may be edited for length and clarity.


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The changing face of the trial, *clockwise from left:* O.J. with an increasingly troubled dream team; the stricter, swifter Judge Ito; prosecution expert Dr. Robin Cotton explaining the crux of the case—DNA.

FOLLOW THE BLOOD

The Fellini-esque tone of the O.J. trial has shifted to a grim focus; Ito means business, and even the defense is haunted by conscience

BY DOMINICK DUNNE

It had to end like it did. They were doing a dance for a long time. This dip went too far.
—Grant Cramer, actor friend of Nicole Brown Simpson, whose apartment Kato Kaelin stayed in for several days after the murders, discussing the Simpson marriage.

The opening night of the opera is a great social event in any city, and Los Angeles on May 6 was no exception. All the swells and all the music buffs turned out. Black tie. Big dresses. Big jewels. Big stars. That kind of night. Baroness Di Portanova of Houston, the Countess of Dudley of London, and Nan Kempner of New York added a touch of out-of-town glamour to the already glamorous occasion. The Founders Room was packed to the rafters during intermission. Champagne flowed. The candlelit grand promenade was the scene of the party afterward.

The opera was Verdi's *Otello.* Placido Domingo sang Otello, the dark-skinned hero, and June Anderson was Desdemona, his fair, blonde wife. Sometime during the second act, husbands began to turn to wives, and wives to husbands, and whisper, "O.J. and Nicole." The scene onstage and the tragic dénouement seemed eerily reminiscent of the terrible events that had occurred in Brentwood a year before. Obsession. Jealousy. Suspicion. Spousal abuse. Rage. Violence. Otello's hands. Desdemona's throat. Murder.

"The jury should see this," said Mrs. Marvin Davis, the wife of the billionaire oil-and-real-estate tycoon.

Although jurors and the media start off each day like a group of Bambis, gamely making their way through the forest of DNA evidence, they end each day looking like deer in the headlights of the Encyclopaedia Britannica.
—Dr. Mark Goulston, U.C.L.A. psychiatrist and observer for the prosecution, in the corridor outside the courtroom.

The April 19 terrorist bombing in Oklahoma City put the O. J. Simpson trial back in perspective. A serious tone has returned to the trial. There haven't been any more men in drag disturbing the proceedings since the one who was removed in April, although one day a religious zealot rose from her seat and approached the well of the



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courtroom as if it were the high altar of a cathedral. She fell to her knees and loudly prayed, "Father, in Jesus's name, I ask you to open the heavens to give peace and strength to this court." We paid little attention as the bailiffs led her away. The Fellini-esque period—the days when Rosa Lopez, the maid from next door to the Simpson house on Rockingham Avenue, who lied on the stand, could announce to the court that she was tired, didn't want to answer any more questions, and wanted to go home, and the court would defer to her wishes—is at an end. These days, the stricter, sterner Judge Lance A. Ito would probably toss Lopez in jail for the night if she gave him any of that sass. He recently threw a couple of visitors out for whispering to each other. He threatened to have everyone in court searched when a woman whose cellular phone went off in her bag didn't come forward right away and identify herself. And, in a very angry moment over the bickering of defense attorney Peter Neufeld and prosecution lawyer George "Woody" Clarke, he loudly slapped his two hands hard on the top of his desk, bringing the entire courtroom to a stunned silence. He then waved the jury out, sanctioned the two lawyers, and fined them $250 each, to be paid immediately to the court clerk, Deirdre Robertson. He even specified that Neufeld could not bill his fine to Simpson, to which Simpson said politely, "Thank you." The judge is in no mood for any temperament from *anybody.* On May 18 he banned Court TV reporter Kristin Jeannette-Meyers and Gale Holland, of *USA Today,* for the duration of the trial after two jurors complained that they had been talking in the courtroom. The frequent sidebars of the early months have practically stopped. Judge Ito is focused on the desire of the sequestered jury—who became restless, then rebellious, over the slow pace of the trial—for him to speed things up.

Now we're back to a murder trial, with victims and blood. Blood is the key word these days. We saw new pictures of Nicole's hands drenched with her own blood. Horrifying. O.J. studiously looked away, but he must have peeked, because he covered his eyes. It was reported in the papers that he cried. He did not. We're into the DNA evidence, on which the prosecution must rest its case, as there is no murder weapon, no eyewitness, no set of fingerprints, and no confession. The prosecution believes that DNA will convict O. J. Simpson.

Because you are not perfect,
O.J. is innocent.

–Director Miloš Forman characterizing the defense's stance that the L.A. police botched the collection of evidence, at a party at Roddy McDowall's.

By this time, it's hard for me to believe that any of the jurors could accept the defense theory that the Los Angeles Police Department engaged in an elaborate conspiracy to frame O. J. Simpson for the murders of his former wife and her friend Ron Goldman. The constant repetition of the idea of conspiracy—a sort of jury brainwash—had become a tired, worn-out act even before the trial reached a point where the defense could have put it to dramatic effect. It had been so overworked by the time defense lawyer Peter Neufeld stepped up to the lectern that there was a general feeling of "Oh, that again" every time his voice expressed outrage at the mishandling of blood samples by the police. Probably no one pointed out the absurdity of the conspiracy argument better than Sean Delonas, the cartoonist for "Page Six" of the *New York Post,* who on April 27 depicted Timothy McVeigh, the alleged Oklahoma City bomber, being visited in his jail cell by Simpson's dream team of Johnnie Cochran, Robert Shapiro, F. Lee Bailey, and Alan Dershowitz. Cochran, with a comforting arm around the shoulder of the man thought to be responsible for the deaths of 167 people, is saying, "We believe the authorities planted the oily fertilizer in your rental truck as you practiced your chip shot on the front lawn."

The defense is having credibility problems on their conspiracy theme with the public, too. In some quarters, they are even looked upon as villains. Robert Shapiro, an avid sports enthusiast, who used to be cheered by fans when he attended events, has recently been heartily booed at a Lakers game in Los Angeles and at a prizefight in Las Vegas. In Las Vegas, people also yelled "Guilty, guilty, guilty" as he took his seat.

I know for a fact that two members of the defense team are having conscience problems with their roles in the trial. Defense DNA expert Barry Scheck told me personally that he is haunted by the grief-stricken family of Ron Goldman and can't bring himself to look at them in the courtroom. "That family could be my family," he said. If there is anyone who is totally innocent in this story, it is Ron Goldman, a young man whose adult life was just beginning. He was slain in the process of doing a good deed: returning to Nicole Brown Simpson her mother's lost eyeglasses. If I were Scheck, I couldn't look at the Goldmans, either. Several days and several second thoughts later, however, when Scheck and I happened to meet up in the men's room, he assured me that he totally and absolutely believed in the innocence of O. J. Simpson—in case, I suppose, I had suspected otherwise after our earlier encounter.

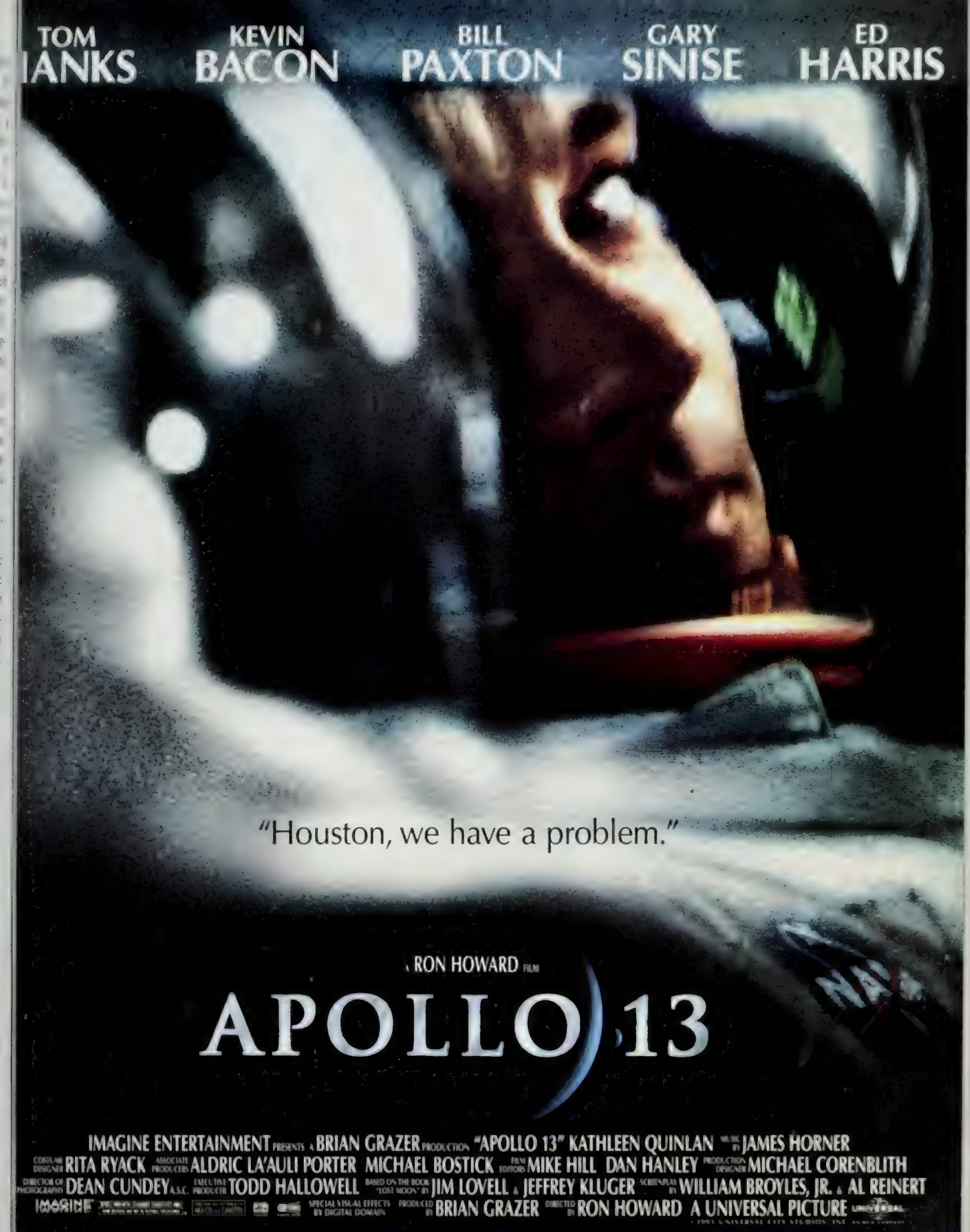
Another member of the defense told a lawyer friend of mine that he despises two fellow members of the team, whom he referred to as "fucking liars." That lawyer is known to want to withdraw from the case.

What's more, there are rumors of financial distress in the Simpson camp. "Nobody's being paid," a person close to the action told me recently. The same person said that one of the group is "hurting for money." But stick together the dream team must. They're in this to win, even if winning means a hung jury at best.

More than Mr. Simpson is on trial here. The jury system is on trial. If the Simpson jury is hung, O.J. could be the poster boy for majority jury.

–Mike Reynolds, of Fresno, California, father of a murdered daughter and an activist for "majority jury," whereby a single person could no longer hang a jury in noncapital cases.

I had dinner at Drai's with Michael Knox and his wife, Beverly. Knox, in case you've forgotten, was on the jury for 49 days, but was dismissed after the prosecution complained about his unseemly behavior, such as staring too hard at pictures on the walls of O. J. Simpson's house on Rockingham Avenue during a jury visit. Knox always stood out from the other jurors because of his distinctive manner of dress. I once described him wearing a tomato-red suit, red shoes, and a red tie to court. Knox's book, *Diary of an O.J. Juror,* is shortly to be published by Dove Books. He told me that it will include "an honest assessment of who's who on the jury, giving readers insight into the jurors and the social baggage they bring with them." He acknowledged to me that



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00:00:65	Lift off
00:02:44	Stage I - outboard engine cutoff
00:02:45	Stage II - engine ignition
00:09:53	Stage II - engine cutoff
00:09:54	Stage IV - engine ignition
00:12:30	Stage IV - engine cutoff
02:35:46	Translunar injection maneuver
03:06:39	Stage IV - Command and Service Modules separate
03:19:09	Docking with lunar module
04:01:01	Spacecraft ejection
04:18:01	Stage IV - separation maneuver
30:40:50	First midcourse correction
55:54:53	Cryogenic oxygen tank explodes
61:29:43	Mission aborted. Command module begins descent propulsion

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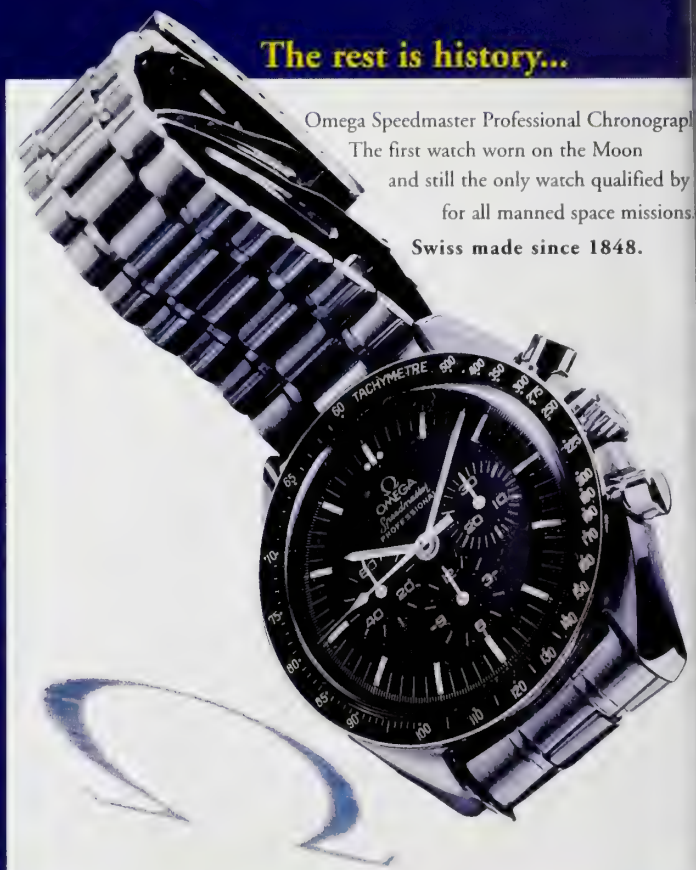
1978 NASA calls for bids for a watch to be used on space shuttle flights
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there had been racial tensions on the jury, but he said that the tensions were black against white, rather than the other way around, and also black against black. Knox, an African-American, said, "There will be a verdict that will shock America. . . . Justice is going to prevail."

They came on so friendly, so open, so obviously in need of someone to talk about something. I took their mind off things by telling them my life story. They were very sensitive, very warm. There was no hostility between them. . . . Everyone reached out and touched the person next to them. . . . I was on way over an hour, alone. . . . I didn't feel comfortable being campy, but I told a couple of campy jokes about me.

—Mr. Blackwell, famous for his annual Worst-Dressed Women List, talking about his lecture to the O.J. Simpson jurors.

The jury mutiny in April, when the jurors protested the dismissal of three of the deputies guarding them after Tracy Hampton, the African-American flight attendant on the panel, said it was either them or her, seems to have had a healing effect on the troubled group. For the first time since the trial began, I sense a unity among the jury that was not evident before. They are more relaxed, and seem to be enjoying one another's company. During a long sidebar recently, some of us members of the press were staring at the jurors, and they were staring back. Finally, they all began to laugh at the same time, probably at us for staring at them. Just as we have nicknames for them, they most likely have nicknames for all of us regulars in the courtroom. The white female on the panel whom former juror Jeanette Harris said had kicked her seems to have formed a friendly alliance with another African-American woman, who sits in front of her. If there are tensions among the jurors, they are not evident. Larry Flax, the co-founder and co-chairman of California Pizza Kitchen, played host to the jury at his downtown pizza emporium. Flax told me that he reserved a private section with three tables for the group, and that all of them came except for one. He described them as affable, friendly, and funny. He said that although the men sat together at one table, the women seated themselves in a racially mixed manner at the other two, belying the dismal picture of racial conflict presented by Jeanette Harris. Subsequently, 13 of the 17 jurors appeared in the courtroom one day wearing California Pizza Kitchen T-shirts. On the back of the T-shirts was written, FOURTEEN ETHNICALLY DIVERSE CULTURES PEACEFULLY COEXISTING ON A THIN DELICIOUS CRUST.

However, all is still not bliss. The alternate juror who took Tracy Hampton's place is a 28-year-old single Hispanic woman who works as a real-estate appraiser with the Los Angeles County Assessors Office. Tall and slender, she has long black hair that hangs to her shoulders, and her extremely pale face is brought to life by her scarlet lipstick. As an alternate, she often read a self-help book called *Six Pillars of Self-Esteem* during sidebars. On the questionnaire she filled out during voir dire, she wrote of Simpson, "He's the only person who had a visible motive. It was his ex-wife, and she was with another man. It's something most people would have a problem with." The defense is not pleased with her as a regular on the jury.

Tracy Hampton, whom Judge Ito released on May 1, was the first of the dismissed jurors to have no words to say to assembled reporters when she returned to her parents' home, or any wish to capitalize on the fame that could have been hers. She held her hands up in front of her face so as not to be photographed. The following day, she was rushed to the hospital after reports that she had suffered a violent seizure. Her face and body were covered with a sheet as she was carried on a stretcher to the waiting ambulance. The young woman had obviously been suffering during the last weeks she was on the jury panel. A miasma of dark rumors suggesting particularly disturbing suicide attempts remain unconfirmed.

When I come home, I like to know that the trial is on in the kitchen and in the bedroom.

—Richie Berlin, O.J.-trial junkie, who never turns off her television sets.

One day shortly before Heidi Fleiss was sentenced to three years for pandering, I had lunch with the famous Hollywood madam in the garden of the Hotel Bel Air. You'd never take her for a madam. She arrived in her own style of incognito: an oversize T-shirt, huge sunglasses, and a baseball cap on backward, looking just like the 29-year-old California girl she is. In one of these columns, I wrote that she would probably do more jail time for her victimless crime than either the Menendez brothers or O. J. Simpson. I meant it cynically, but then again I didn't. Over lunch she was forthright, funny, and frightened. The idea of incarceration panicked her. When the subject of prison came up, her eyes would gaze off into space in a private reverie, as if she were visualizing that which she feared so much. Although she is currently pitching a book on her escapades, she told me that she does not intend to name the celebrated men who were her patrons. I can tell you—and I didn't get this from her—that there are names on that list that would really make you run to your nearest bookstore. I asked her if any of the rich and famous clients who utilized her services had offered to help cover her large legal expenses. With a shake of her head she gave me an are-you-kidding? look. She said she hadn't heard from any of them. Just then, in a complex juxtaposition of the many overlapping worlds of Los Angeles, Nancy Reagan and Betsy Bloomingdale, in very smart suits, arrived to be seated one table over. Heidi Fleiss knew who they were, and they knew who Heidi Fleiss was.

The much-delayed retrial of the Menendez brothers is now scheduled for August 16. But don't count on it. Most of the defense's requests have been denied by Judge Stanley Weisberg. There will be only one trial for the brothers, not separate ones, as requested by the

Shapiro has recently been booed at a Lakers game in Los Angeles and a prizefight in Las Vegas.



The parents and sister of victim Ron Goldman suffer through a difficult stretch of testimony. Dominick Dunne, in front of them, says that for many the sister, Kim, "has become the conscience of this trial."

defense. There will be one jury, not a separate jury for each, as there was last time. The trial will take place in Van Nuys, where the last trial took place, not in the Criminal Courts Building in Los Angeles, as the defense requested. The feeling in the air here is that the teary tales of Lyle and Erik Menendez—the "battered children," as the defense wants to prove—won't work the second time around, and that convictions are almost certain. The imminent publication by Dove Books of *The Private Diary of Lyle Menendez in His Own Words,* Norma Novelli's account of her relationship with Lyle Menendez, including transcripts of revealing tapes of her phone conversations with him in jail, has infuriated the defense, as has a recent ruling by Judge Weisberg that one of the tapes will be admissible during the trial.

You have reached Kato Kaelin International, a division of Time Warner and the Los Angeles Times. *For general information on Kato, press 1. For general information on Kato's hair, press 2. For information on specific upper-body parts of Kato, press 3. For information on Kato dolls, press 4. Kato dogs, press 5. Kato pilots, 6. Kato in Vegas, 7. Kato CD-ROM, 8. Kato condoms, 9. And for information on a Kato time-share, our houseguest-placement office will be with you in just a moment. You may start your message now.* Beep . . .

—Message on the answering machine of Hollywood comedy writer Bruce Vilanch.

Kato Kaelin, O.J.'s onetime houseguest, is continuing to capitalize on his O.J. fame. He has been signed as the opening act for comedian Louie Anderson for a two-week gig at Bally's in Las Vegas. Anderson said about Kato, "In addition to his acting, I believe Kato is a natural stand-up comedian." Kaelin appeared at the Kentucky Derby, where he was snubbed by Geraldo Rivera. His burgeoning film career suffered a setback when his highly promoted guest appearance on *Roseanne* was cut before airing.

"I noticed that Kato was wearing Charlie's jacket on the stand."

"How did you know that was Charlie's jacket?"

"It was the one that wasn't Grant's."

—Telephone conversation between Terry Moore, mother of Grant Cramer, and Janet Sheen, mother of Charlie Sheen, about their sons' friend Kato Kaelin.

Detective Mark Fuhrman has filed a $50 million libel suit against writer Jeffrey Toobin and *The New Yorker* magazine for portraying him as a rogue cop who tried to frame Simpson by planting the famous bloody glove on the football hero's estate, in an article that appeared months before the trial. The suit says that the article indicated that Simpson's lawyers hoped to convince jurors that Fuhrman had planted the glove so that he could then find it and become the hero of the case. Fuhrman, who claims that his reputation was ruined by the charges, has also included defense lawyer Robert Shapiro in the suit, alleging that Shapiro either was a source for Toobin's article or was involved in making the information available.

Shapiro has retained Larry Feldman, known as the lawyer to the Simpson team, to represent him in the Fuhrman suit. Feldman was also retained by Johnnie Cochran to represent him in the palimony suit filed by his former longtime mistress, Patricia Cochran, who is the mother of his 22-year-old son. Feldman had previously won a huge settlement for the 14-year-old boy who sued Cochran's client Michael Jackson for molestation.

The Goldman family, specifically Fred Goldman and his daughter, Kimberly, have filed a wrongful-death suit against O. J. Simpson, accusing him of killing Ronald Goldman with "vicious and outrageous savagery." Kim Goldman said that the suit has "nothing to do with the money. If we can make him feel a quarter of the pain we feel, it's worth it."

Hey, Gretchen, sweetheart, it's Orenthal James, who is finally at a place in his life where he is, like, totally, totally unattached with everybody. Ha! Haah!

—Message left by Simpson on the answering machine of Gretchen Stockdale, a former Los Angeles Raiders cheerleader and model, at 7:35 P.M. June 12, 1994, the night of the murders.

Mommy, please call me back. I want to know what happened last night. Why did we have to go to the police station? Please answer, Mommy! Please answer, Mommy! Please answer, Mommy! Please answer.... Bye.

—Message left on June 13 on the answering machine of Nicole Brown Simpson by Sydney Simpson, unaware that her mother was dead.

Benazir Bhutto, the prime minister of Pakistan, was in town for a few days. Asked by her hostess whom she would like to meet at dinner at Jimmy's, the fashionable Beverly Hills restaurant, Bhutto didn't say Brad Pitt and Julia Roberts, or any variation on the movie-star theme. Instead, she asked to meet Marcia Clark and Robert Shapiro. They both accepted, and Clark brought prosecutor Chris Darden with her.

You should have hung out. You should have bailed. You should have been on the boat by now. You should have called.... Women, man, women. Unbelievable. Should have just got away.

—Message left on O. J. Simpson's cell-phone voice mail during the week of June 13 by former Simpson teammate Bobby Chandler, who subsequently died of lung cancer.


Bones. Bones. Bones. Maybe so, but unlike 75% of
women today, there's one way I'm taking good care of mine.
By getting lots of calcium. How? From drinking lots of milk. 1% ice cold.
And besides, haven't you heard that the waif look is out?
MILK
What a surprise!"

What's happened to the Browns? They almost never come to court anymore. Occasionally Tanya, Nicole's youngest sister, and her fiancé come by, but the family as a unit has not been seen for weeks in its section of reserved seats. Juditha Brown, Nicole's mother, did appear one day and engaged in deep conversation with Shirley Baker, O.J.'s sister, about pictures in *Life* magazine of Sydney and Justin Simpson. Brown felt that the children had been exploited. When I asked her why she had not been in court, she said, "This is not my favorite place to be."

To my way of thinking, it is a mistake for them not to come. The trial is the last business of Nicole's life. It is also important for the jury to see the family sitting there, watching and listening. Victims' families are a constant reminder that loss has occurred and that people are suffering as a result. The Goldman family, particularly Kim, Ron's sister, and Patti, his stepmother, almost never miss a day, and they pay strict attention, even during the boring parts. In many people's minds, Kim Goldman has become the conscience of this trial. On the other side of the aisle, the Simpsons are equally constant in their attendance. You have to say this for the Simpsons: they're a united family in their support of O.J., and they're respected by everyone. When Carmelita Durio, O.J.'s sister, wheeled her mother, Eunice Simpson, who was dressed from head to toe in purple, into the courtroom one day, everyone stepped back to allow them to pass.

The DNA is very pretty.

—Lisa Kahn,
DNA expert for the prosecution,
to Kim Goldman, sister of
Ron Goldman, in a corridor
of the courthouse.

It's incredibly strong. It can't get any clearer than it is. I worry whether the jury got it or not.

—Kim Goldman re
Dr. Robin Cotton's DNA testimony.

For months the defense has denigrated the work of the police, the detectives, the criminalists, and the lab technicians. Certainly few, if any, of the legal pundits monitoring the case for all the TV channels are buying the defense's belabored conspiracy theory, however. One even said to me, on a guarantee of anonymity, "I think it will be seen as a disgrace to have represented O.J."

Along came Dr. Robin Cotton, director of laboratories for Cellmark Diagnostics in Germantown, Maryland, the nation's largest private forensic DNA-testing firm, to present the trial's defining moment. Dr. Cotton, who holds a Ph.D. in molecular biology and biochemistry from the University of California, Irvine, explained the basics of DNA to the jurors in a prim, precise manner, as a favorite schoolteacher might, simplifying the complicated material but never talking down to them. According to Cotton, the blood found near the victims could have come from only 1 person in 170 million African-Americans and Caucasians. That blood matched O. J. Simpson's blood. The blood on the sock in Simpson's bedroom was consistent with that of only 1 person out of 6.8 billion—more people than there are on earth—and that blood matched the blood of Nicole Brown Simpson.

According to Dr. Cotton, the blood near the victims could come from only 1 person in 170 million.

At one point Deputy District Attorney George Clarke, anticipating the defense's argument that the blood samples could have been contaminated, asked Cotton, "So this process of degradation, can it change my DNA into looking like your DNA?"

"No," she replied.

"Or your DNA into looking like t court's DNA?"

"No."

"Or any members of the jury or t audience?"

"No."

The courtroom was rapt. The juro listened attentively. Almost all of the took notes. I saw a few look at one a other as Cotton supplied the statistic 1 in 170 million. When the camera the courtroom moved away from the d fense table toward the bench, Johnn Cochran, out of range, stretched an yawned expansively while Robert Sh piro, who was sitting next to him, close his eyes as if he were falling asleep. took this to be an ostentatious displa for the jury, signifying that the breath taking figures were of no consequence Indeed, Cochran was quoted the nex day in *The New York Times* as sayin that he didn't think Cotton's testimon was "damaging at all."

The prosecution's contention tha Simpson murdered his former wife an Ronald Goldman was further bolstered however, by evidence offered by Gar Sims, the lead forensic chemist from th California Department of Justice, wh showed that blood in Simpson's Bronc was consistent with the blood of Simp son, Nicole Brown Simpson, and Ron ald Goldman. Sims also showed tha blood on the glove found at the Rock ingham estate before Simpson returned from Chicago contained a mixture o blood types from Simpson and the vic tims. During this testimony, Simpson, who once announced to the court tha he was absolutely, 100 percent not guilty, calmly made notes on his yellow pad.

Deputy District Attorney Brian Kelberg offered the court the most descriptive explanation of how the murders were committed. In a hearing outside the presence of the jury that Simpson himself waived the right to attend, Kelberg suggested that "the perpetrator, who we contend is the defendant O. J. Simpson," came up from behind Nicole, placed his foot on her back when she was facedown on the ground, pulled her head back by her hair, and then slashed her throat from ear to ear. Kelberg also said that the knife was drawn against Ron Goldman's throat in one sharp, clean motion.

People are beginning to say that if O. J. Simpson were white, and Nicole Brown Simpson and Ron Goldman had been black, and all the circumstances were the same, this trial would be over by now. □



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Constantine, former King of the Hellenes, at his home in exile in the London district of Hampstead, before a portrait of his grandfather Constantine I.

KING WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Constantine II of Greece, the favorite ex-monarch of Europe's reigning royals, wants his throne back. This month, his son, would-be crown prince Pavlos, is making the match of the decade—with an American heiress whose father could buy them a kingdom

BY BOB COLACELLO

"The Swedens are coming. The Norways. Naturally, all the Danes. The various Germans. The Dutch, the Belgians, the Luxembourgs, and the Liechtensteins. Some of the family of the Count of Paris—not too many. The Italian royal family. Of course, the Spaniards. And the *entire* British royal family. There haven't been this many royals together in London since the wedding of Elizabeth to Philip in 1947."

My source, an international society fixture who likes to refer to royalty the way they refer to one another—by country—is running down the guest list for the most talked-about union of American money and European titles since Consuelo Vanderbilt married the Duke of Marlborough at the end of the last century: the July 1 wedding of the would-be crown prince of Greece, Pavlos, the eldest son of former king Constantine and queen Anne-Marie, to Marie-Chantal Miller, the middle daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Miller, the reigning king and queen of a multibillion-dollar empire of duty-free shops in Asia and the Pacific. The Millers, who are based in Hong Kong, also maintain houses in London, Paris, Gstaad, and New York. Marie-Chantal and her sisters—Pia, who is married to Christopher Getty, and Alexandra, who will marry Prince Alexandre von Fürstenberg later this year—are said to come with a dowry of $200 million each, and the Millers are apparently sparing no expense for the London festivities.

The wedding invitations, engraved in Paris with the Greek royal crest in full color, are said to have cost more than $50 apiece. Some 1,300 guests have been invited to a dinner dance the bride's parents are giving two nights before the wedding at Wrotham Park, a stately Palladian house an hour outside of London. The following afternoon, the groom's aunt, Queen Margrethe of Denmark, is hosting a lunch for about 100 guests aboard her yacht, the *Daneborg,* which will be moored on the Thames. The wedding, at the Greek Orthodox Cathedral of Saint Sophia, will be followed by a garden party at Hampton Court Palace.

Fiorenzo Cattaneo, the longtime right-hand man of Renzo Mongiardino, the grandissimo Italian decorator who has done the Millers' art-filled Manhattan town house, has been commissioned to decorate both Wrotham Park and the tent at Hampton Court. Lady Elizabeth Anson, the Queen of England's cousin, will provide the catering, and her brother, Lord (Patrick) Lichfield, will be the official photographer. Valentino is designing the bride's gown, as well as those of her Ecuadoran-born mother, Chantal, and her sisters. The traditional "passing of the wedding crowns" of the Greek Orthodox ceremony will be performed by the groom's brother Nikolaos and his cousins the crown princes of Spain, Denmark, and Belgium.

The great Greek shipping dynasties—the Livanoses and the Niarchoses, the Chandrises and the Goulandrises—are expected en masse. John Kluge, Carroll Petrie, Rupert Mur-

FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

Photograph by HARRY BENSON

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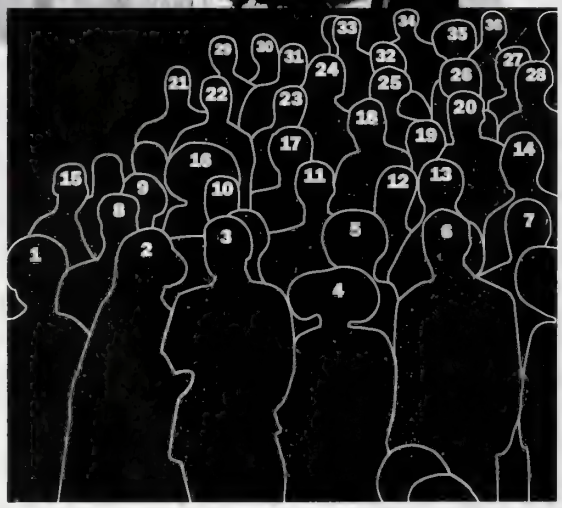
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ROYAL FLUSH
The wedding of King Constantine II to Danish princess Anne-Marie at the Metropolis (Cathedral) of Athens, September 18, 1964. The party included: 1. Queen Ingrid of Denmark. 2. Anne-Marie. 3. Constantine. 4. Queen Frederica. 5. Queen Juliana of the Netherlands. 6. King Gustaf Adolf of Sweden. 7. King Olav of Norway. 8. King Baudouin of Belgium. 9. Princess Muna of Jordan. 10. King Hussein of Jordan. 11. King Bhumibol of Thailand. 12. Queen Sirikit of Thailand. 13. Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands. 14. King Umberto of Italy. 15. The Grand Duke of Luxembourg. 16. The Grand Duchess of Luxembourg. 17. Princess Gina of Liechtenstein. 18. Prince Franz-Josef of Liechtenstein. 19. King Simeon of Bulgaria. 20. Prince Rainier of Monaco. 21. Prince Ingolf of Denmark. 22. Princess Margrethe of Denmark (now queen). 23. Queen Anne of Romania. 24. Princess Benedikte of Denmark. 25. Queen Farida of Egypt. 26. Princess Sophia of Spain (now queen). 27. Prince Juan Carlos of Spain (now king). 28. Prince Michael of Greece. 29. Prince Michael of Kent. 30. Prince Charles. 31. Earl Mountbatten. 32. Queen Mother Helen of Romania. 33. Prince Philip. 34. Prince Harald of Norway (now king). 35. The Duchess of Aosta. 36. The Duke of Aosta.

doch, and all four Forbes brothers are flying from the States, as is Alecko Papamarkou, the New York–based Greek international financier, who matched up Pavlos and Marie-Chantal, his goddaughter, at Philip Niarchos's birthday party in New Orleans three years ago.

For the exiled Greek royal family, however, this wedding represents much more than the hottest social ticket of the summer. Constantine is the favorite former king of Europe's reigning royals—his sister is the Queen of Spain, his sister-in-law is the Queen of Denmark, Prince Philip is his cousin, and he is a godfather of Prince William—and perhaps the most determined to reign again. When I asked him how he felt about his son's marriage, his answer pointed to its greater implications: "Wonderful. Great. She's a lovely person. The whole family is absolutely delighted. We announced the engagement in Constantinople, after receiving the blessing of the patriarch, and it went over quite well in the Greek press."

"Constantine has no, no, *no* chance of going back to the throne," says a close observer of European royalty. "The only way is for the son—as it happened in Spain. It's always easier to start something new with someone who doesn't have a past. And a wedding like this is a good way to start."

A jet-setter's take: "It doesn't matter anymore if the Greeks want Constantine back or not. The Millers can buy him Greece."

Constantine II was only 23 when he took the throne of Greece upon the death of his father, King Paul, in 1964. Three years later, after attempting a countercoup against right-wing colonels who had seized power, he fled to Rome. After the colonels fell in 1974, the return of the monarchy was rejected by a 69 percent majority in a referendum the legitimacy of which he has always questioned.

That year he moved his family to London and, with the exception of a five-hour visit to bury his mother, Queen Frederica, in 1981, stayed away from Greece until the summer of 1993, when he stunned his former subjects by landing at the Salonika airport in a jet owned by King Hussein of Jordan, with British broadcaster Selina Scott and a Sky TV crew aboard, for a two-week "family holiday" that ended with Greek warships menacing the borrowed royal yacht. In April 1994, Constantine's longtime arch-enemy, Prime Minister An-

dreas Papandreou, the septuagenarian head of the socialist Pasok Party, pushed a bill through Parliament stripping the former king of his Greek citizenship, passport, and properties. Tatoi, a 10,000-acre estate near Athens, Mon Repos, the Corfu villa where Prince Philip was born; and several thousand acres of forestland in central Greece. The bill was signed into law by then president Constantine Karamanlis, the octogenarian founder of the conservative New Democracy Party, who many say has been the former king's real nemesis all along.

Constantine, guided by Burson-Marsteller, the powerful public-relations firm he has employed since 1974, responded with a barrage of interviews in which he likened the Greek government's actions to those of Hitler and Stalin, and vowed to press his case all the way to the European Court of Human Rights.

"What I think is monstrous is their attempt to take away his Greek citizenship," says British journalist Frank Giles, who for years covered the Greek royal family. "I know he hasn't got a drop of Greek blood . . . but his great-grandfather, his grandfather, two of his uncles, and his father were all kings of Greece, and all except the first were born in Greece. So if he's not Greek, what the hell is he?"

Constantine's story is as complicated as the half-Balkan, half-Levantine "cradle of democracy" over which he used to reign. It goes back to 1863, when his great-grandfather, a prince of the Danish royal family, was proclaimed King George I of the Hellenes, replacing the unpopular King Otho, a Bavarian prince who had been put on the throne 31 years earlier by Britain, France, and Russia after they helped Greece win its independence from the Ottoman Empire. It touches upon the role that royalty plays in our time, when kings, queens, emirs, sultans, and an emperor still sit on thrones in more than 25 countries, including Saudi Arabia, Thailand, and Japan. It is also very much wrapped up with the affairs of the so-called diaspora Greeks, especially the colossally rich shipowners who over the years have helped support him in exile, and whose wives adore curtsying to "the king" at Mayfair dinner parties.

"Constantine has *no* chance of going back to the throne. The only way is for the son—as it happened in Spain."

Even the matter of what to call him is complicated. He's happy, he says, with the name on the passport which the Greek Consulate in London issued to him 10 years ago: "Constantine, former King of the Hellenes." Prime Minister Papandreou says his name is Constantine Glucksburg, a simplification of Denmark's royal house of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg.

"The King of Greece here" was the way Constantine identified himself when he telephoned to confirm my request for an interview. "Good morning, Your Majesty," I replied, recalling the advice a White Russian had given me about how to deal with deposed royalty: "One has always to be super-respectful, calling them 'Your Majesty' at first and then 'Sir' or 'Ma'am,' telling them what an honor it is to be received by them, giving them all the courtesies to which the position they no longer have is entitled. And then they relax."

A few days later, I went to see him at his house in the leafy London district of Hampstead, where he and Anne-Marie live with their two youngest children, Theodora, 11, and Philippos, 9. Their first child, Alexia, 29, an Oxford graduate, lives in Barcelona, where she teaches children with Down's syndrome. Pavlos, 28, recently received a master's degree from the Georgetown School of Foreign Service. Nikolaos, 25, a Brown graduate, is a Fox TV news production assistant in New York.

The red-brick, two-story house has a cobblestone courtyard and an acre of lawn rolling down to Hampstead Heath. The entry hall is lined with portraits of Constantine's ancestors decked out in their medals and tiaras, and stylish 1950s sketches of Constantine's late parents, King Paul and Queen Frederica, dominate the dining room, where we were joined for lunch by Constantine's cousin Prince Ernst of Hanover.

Constantine is a large man of 55 with a full head of dark hair touched with gray. His hazel eyes, shielded behind aviator glasses, can be lively or wary, just as his smile is sometimes engaging but more often tentative. There is an awkwardness about him, which perhaps reflects the awkwardness of his position: a man who was born to reign, and briefly did, now must charm, which he does famously. "He is *the single most* charming man in the world," says Princess Firyal of Jordan, the former sister-in-law of King Hussein. An art-world beauty adds, "I'll never forget Alexia's 21st-birthday party at Claridge's. I was dancing with Constantine, and Juan Carlos was whirling Princess Diana around the floor. And the next thing I knew, the four of us were in a group-hug dance, with my forehead one inch from Di's."

Over pasta primavera, Constantine listed, in fluent English with slight Greek and Germanic overtones, the obligations that fill his days: He receives 65,000 letters a year from Greek citizens, he said, and maintains an office with a staff of four. He is an honorary member of the International Olympic Committee, and was recently elevated to the honorary presidency of the International Yacht Racing Union, succeeding his cousin the late King Olav of Norway. He is chairman of the council of the Round Square Conference of 26 independent schools in eight countries. Last year he was invited to the inauguration of President Nelson Mandela, and took him two bespoke suits, because he had been told that, after 27 years of prison garb, the new South African leader appreciated fine clothes.

When he turned to his ongoing dispute with the Greek government, the pleasantries gave way to strong statements. It's almost as if his antagonists in Athens, by trying to take away his nationality, have given him back the identity which all exiles struggle to retain. In the upside-down world of deposed royalty, that means he's much less angry about losing his land than he is about gaining a last name.

"I don't have a name," he told me proudly. "My family doesn't have a name. The law that Mr. Papandreou passed basically says that he considers that I am not Greek and that my family was Greek only so long as we were exercising the responsibilities of sovereign, and I had to go out and acquire a name. The problem is that my family originates from Denmark, and the Danish royal family haven't got a surname." Glucksburg, he said, was not a family name but the name of a town. "I may as well call myself Mr. Kensington."

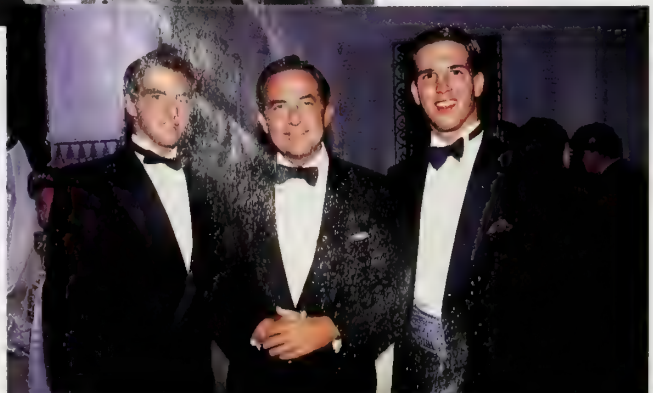
Why, I asked, did he think the Greek government had decided to take such an aggressive stance?

"I think Mr. Papandreou wants to divert attention away from problems with the economy, with foreign policy, and within his own political party. Another reason, very possibly,









Royal scrapbook, *from top:* Queen Anne-Marie and King Constantine in a speedboat off the island of Corfu the year they were married; Queen Frederica and King Paul with their children, from left, Constantine, Sophia, and Irene, in the late 1940s; would-be crown prince Pavlos in his British-army uniform in the late 80s; Constantine with sons Nikolaos and Pavlos at the late Malcolm Forbes's 70th-birthday party in Tangier, 1989.

is his personal dislike for me. A third reason is the trip I did in 1993, when I took my family on a summer holiday on a small boat for about 14 days. I think the fact that people came pouring out to see us, after 26 years of our being away, has rattled the political establishment to the core.

"It's absurd, because I repeatedly stated in Greece, on television to the Greek people, that I recognized the republic and the laws and the constitution of my country. I'm not about to overthrow anybody. All I want is to be treated as an equal. . . . I want to be allowed to go in and out of the country whenever I like, stay in my home, let my children live there."

Prime Minister Papandreou's government doesn't see things that way. In a fax to me, Press Minister Evangelos Venizelos condemned Constantine's trip as "a provocation against democratic institutions. This is also true regarding his occasional statements, according to which he places himself at the 'disposal' of the nation and the people. . . . Historically the monarchy has caused a national schism. On the basis of the constitution and the expressed will of the Greek people, it is not possible for it to play any role in the future. Certain institutions are relics of the past."

A 101-gun salute announced the birth of the future King Constantine on June 2, 1940, at the same villa in the Athens suburb of Psychico where his sister, Sophia, the future Queen of Spain, had been born 18 months earlier. He was named after his grandfather, the late Constantine I. His uncle, George II, was then king, but since he was divorced and childless, his younger brother, Paul, Constantine's father, was crown prince. Constantine's mother, Crown Princess Frederica, was the favorite granddaughter of the last German kaiser, Wilhelm II, and her mother's family, the Hanovers, had provided England with the five kings who preceded Queen Victoria.

When Constantine was five months old, Mussolini's troops attacked Greece. The following April, Hitler's army invaded, and Frederica and her infant children were evacuated on a British warplane to Crete, where they were repeatedly strafed by the *Luftwaffe*. Several weeks later, Crete fell, and the royal family fled to Cairo. From there, Paul accompanied King George to London, where a government-in-exile was formed. Frederica and the children spent the next two and a half years in South Africa, where a third child, Princess Irene, was born in 1942. In 1944 they moved to Alexandria; Constantine and his sisters went to an English nursery school and spent their afternoons playing with King Farouk's children.

After the war, the Allies oversaw a plebiscite on the monarchy, which won 69 percent of the vote, and in September 1946, the royal family returned to Athens. On April 1, 1947, George II died suddenly of arteriosclerosis, and Paul and Frederica became King and Queen of the Hellenes. Civil war was raging with Communist guerrillas in the North, and that spring the Truman Doctrine had been launched to prevent Greece and Turkey from coming under Communist control. Frederica set up the Northern Provinces Relief Fund to help resettle some 700,000 refugees, and traveled over dan-

TOP, BY EBERSTADT; BOTTOM, BY ALAN DAVIDSON

gerous roads to rally besieged troops.

When Constantine was eight, he began boarding at the Anavryta school, which his father had set up especially for him. "Paul took great care with the education of young Constantine," says British historian C. M. Woodhouse. "He had him sit in on meetings with ministers, not as a participant, of course, but to educate him."

At the 1960 Olympics in Rome, Constantine and his team became the first Greeks to win a gold medal in yachting since 1912. Two years later, at the wedding of his sister Sophia to Crown Prince Juan Carlos of Spain, Constantine danced all night with the achingly beautiful 16-year-old Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark, the youngest daughter of King Frederick and Queen Ingrid. A few months later they were engaged.

It was a good time for the Greek royal family. In 1962, the king's allowance was $567,000, and the government had allotted a $300,000 dowry for Princess Sophia. The royals had villas on Petali and Rhodes, a hunting lodge on Mount Hymettos, three planes, a helicopter, several boats, and 18 cars. A special tax on cigarettes and movie tickets brought in millions of dollars annually for the Royal National Foundation, a charity completely controlled by Frederica. She also received donations from rich Greeks competing to curry her favor. Stavros Niarchos was said to be among Frederica's most generous supporters. His rival, Aristotle Onassis, reportedly offered her a choice between two diamond tiaras for the wedding of Constantine and Anne-Marie and was stunned when Frederica took both. "Frederica was someone with Jeane Kirkpatrick's brain," says the poet and diplomat Yiorgos Chouliaras, "and Nancy Reagan's mentality."

But there was a fly in the royal ointment: Constantine Karamanlis. "Karamanlis is the Iago of the whole story," says Taki Theodoracopulos, author of *The Greek Upheaval*. "He was an unknown when Constantine's father named him as prime minister in 1955. And he repaid the father's favor by screwing the son."

An austere, taciturn politician from a simple Macedonian family, Karamanlis heightened Greece's role in NATO and maintained a very close relationship with the U.S. He generally approved the royal family's escalating expenditures until 1962, when they requested another dowry, for Princess Irene. Karamanlis ob-



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jected. It was the start of a feud between Paul and Frederica and their onetime protégé which culminated in Karamanlis's resignation in June 1963, followed by his self-exile to Paris. He was succeeded by the veteran leader of the liberal opposition, George Papandreou—father of the current prime minister, Andreas Papandreou.

On March 6, 1964, Paul died of cancer and his son was proclaimed King Constantine II. On September 18, Constantine married Anne-Marie in Athens, and their honeymoon seemed to be the nation's as well. At first the Old Fox, as the elder Papandreou was known, got along fine with the new king, but within a year they were in open conflict over control of the armed forces, a conflict exacerbated by Papandreou's son, who was much further to the left than his father.

Andreas Papandreou had lived in the United States for 20 years, where he had earned a doctorate at Harvard and headed the economics department at Berkeley. Shortly after entering his father's Cabinet as deputy minister of economics, he gave an interview to the French newspaper *Le Monde,* calling Greece a NATO satellite and praising the Soviet Union, which caused such an uproar in Athens that his father forced him to resign. Soon after, however, Papandreou Sr. appointed Papandreou Jr. minister to the prime minister, the equivalent of chief of staff.

In March 1965, George Papandreou exposed the Pericles Plan, which he claimed was the scheme right-wing officers had used to rig the 1961 election. A subsequent investigation by Defense Minister Petros Garoufalias, a devoted royalist, uncovered a conspiracy of left-wing officers called Aspida ("Shield") and claimed it was linked to Andreas Papandreou. Papandreou Sr. dismissed the defense minister and proposed taking over the post himself, but Constantine refused to sign the required decree.

On July 15, the Old Fox went to the palace to confront the young king. For the first time on the record, Constantine recounted their conversation to me: "I strongly advised against him becoming minister of defense. I brought up the conflict of interest with the Aspida investigation and offered to let him take it after the investigation was concluded. He said he couldn't do that. I think he was under colossal pressure from his son. I realized we had come to a major crisis. So I said, 'Prime Minister, an idea has just come into my mind. Could you sign a piece of paper saying that you transfer this Aspida investigation from the Ministry of Defense to the Ministry of Justice?' 'I can't,' he said. 'I think I am going to have to resign.' I said, 'Prime Minister, I have to accept it with great, great regrets.' . . . The next day he went to the balcony and said to the people, 'Who is governing the country? The people or the king?' "

"The Shah and King Hussein together were telling him, 'Go! Go back to Greece. Now!' "

The remaining two and a half years of Constantine's reign would be rocked by riots, strikes, fistfights in Parliament, diatribes in the tabloid press against Queen Mother Frederica, and finally the colonels' coup. Week after week, crowds of hundreds of thousands, whipped up by the oratorically gifted Papandreou, surrounded the palace, shouting "Take your mother and go!," "Out with the German woman!," and "Yankees out!"

A Papandreou landslide looked likely in elections set for May 1967, and the royal family, the military, and the Americans were worried that he would not only purge the armed forces of royalist officers but also pull Greece out of NATO. According to Peter Murtagh, in *The Rape of Greece,* the fear was so great that the Greek high command, with Constantine's complicity and American support, was planning a coup to prevent Papandreou's victory. When I questioned Constantine about this, he denied participation in—but not the existence of—plans for this so-called "generals' coup." In the early-morning hours of April 21, the colonels struck.

"I was taken completely by surprise," said Constantine. "I was woken up at two o'clock in the morning [at Tatoi] by a call from my private secretary, who whispered, 'I'm being shot at.' I could hear the submachine guns firing into his house. . . . I, like every other Greek, put on the radio to find out what the hell was going on, and I heard that I had done a coup! I tried to mobilize different people, but the colonels had, in just over an hour, arrested something like 8,000 people. They took over the country by cheating, by saying the king had done it."

At eight that morning, the coup leaders—Colonel George Papadopoulos, Brigadier General Stylianos Pattakos, and Colonel Nicholas Makarezos—presented themselves at Tatoi. Constantine insisted that they remove their pistols before he would receive them, and refused to give them his approval. He then drove to the military headquarters in central Athens, where he finally caved in, and that evening swore in the junta cabinet. "My whole aim was to avoid civil war," Constantine told me. "I tried to gain time by swearing in these people, so I could later overthrow them and restore the democratic process."

C. M. Woodhouse takes a harder line: "Constantine simply lost his nerve. He was afraid they would bump him off. I don't think they would have. They were stupid, but not that stupid." Constantine's attempted countercoup on December 13, 1967, Woodhouse says, "had no chance of succeeding. Poor Constantine was a gentleman. He didn't know how to deal with these gangsters." Within 24 hours of Constantine's urging the nation to rally to his side in a radio speech from an air-force base in northern Greece, he gave up without a fight and flew with his family into exile in Rome.

Constantine had one more chance to show his mettle, in 1974, when the military regime disintegrated during the Turkish invasion of Cyprus and former prime minister Karamanlis was asked back to form a government. "Karamanlis called me from Paris, absolutely hysterical, asking me what he should do," Constantine revealed. "I said, 'Look, the most important thing for you to do is to calm down and find a plane and go back to Greece, because we are on the verge of war with Turkey. The colonels have collapsed; we need to have a serious, proper, sensible government to take over.' He said, 'I'll think about it and I'll call you back.' He did call me back and said, 'Sir'—he was now quite calm—'I have not said anything on the issue of the monarchy to the colonels on the telephone, because it's obvious the last thing they want is the king back. I will wait until I get into the country, and then I will issue the statement to them that I have to swear my allegiance to the legal head of state.' . . . And I said to him, 'That's fine.' He said, 'Would you please wait by the telephone, sir, and as soon as I get into the country, I'll call you to come back.' And I'm still waiting."

Elli Antoniades, a close friend of Farah Diba, the former Empress of Iran, describes the same historical moment from

a different vantage point. She was at the Shah's summer palace on the Caspian Sea. King Hussein of Jordan and his late wife, Queen Alia, were also houseguests. Antoniades recalls a telephone conversation between the two Middle Eastern potentates and Constantine, who was in London. "The Shah and Hussein together were telling him, 'Go! Go back to Greece. Now! Even if they put you in jail. Go!' "

For better or for worse, he didn't.

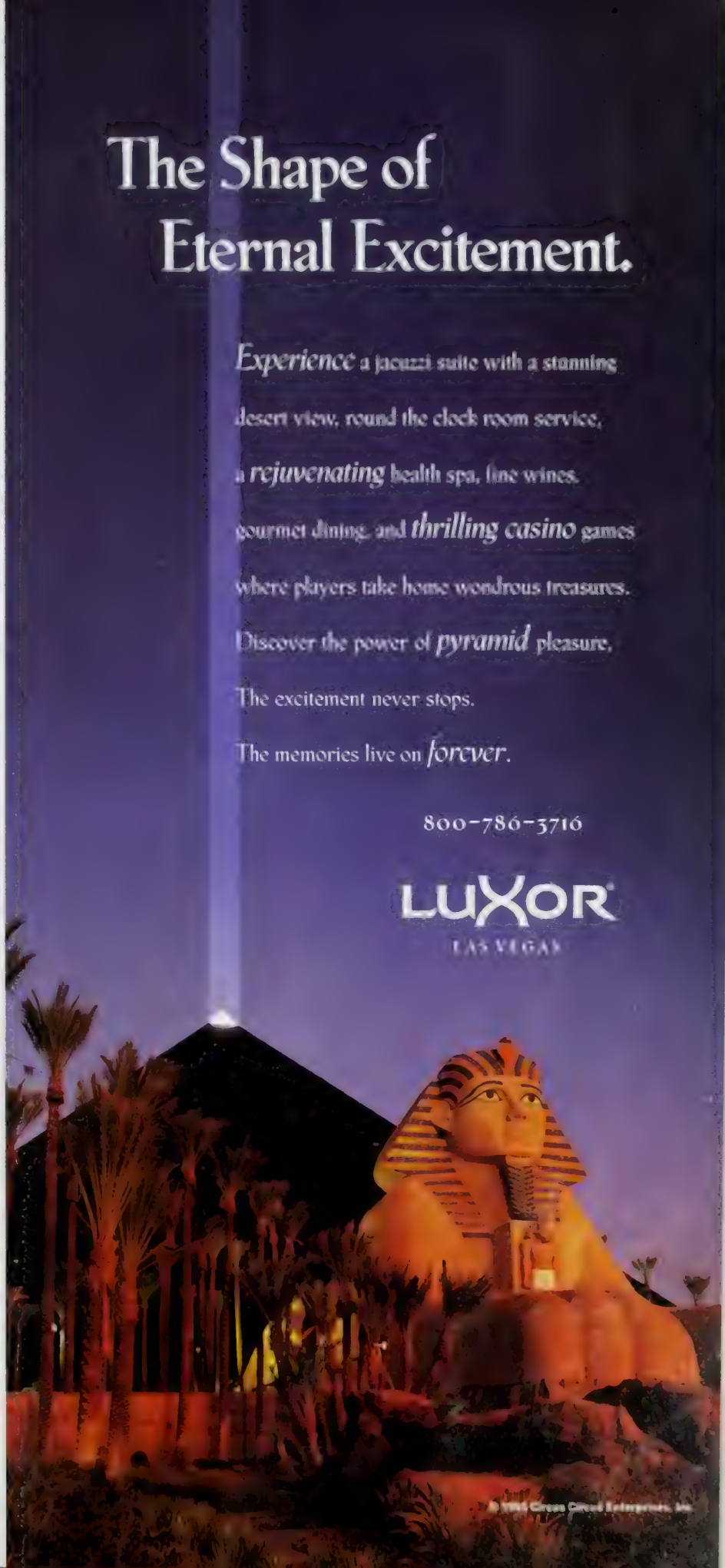
"In a way, Tino—that's what Constantine's friends call him—is the luckiest man there is," says Princess Firyal of Jordan. "He has his freedom, no responsibility, but still the glamour of being 'king.' "

To a large extent, he still lives like one. Constantine has always refused to discuss how he maintains his royal lifestyle, saying, "That is my private business." It is assumed that Constantine's parents had investments outside of Greece, and as Vincent Meylan, a writer for the French royalist magazine *Point de Vue*, notes, "the first thing royalty does when they go into exile, if they have no money, is sell the jewels. The Greeks didn't, and they have a lot of jewels, mostly from [Constantine's great-grandmother] Queen Olga, including fabulous rubies and emeralds . . . I'd say the best set of emeralds in the world, except for Iran."

For a while Constantine reportedly represented a company that made armored cars, but a well-informed source says that many of his expenses are covered by loyal diaspora Greeks: "It gives these tycoons a feeling of power to cough up—not much, no more than a quarter of a million dollars a year each."

Every summer, Constantine, Anne-Marie, and their children spend a few weeks with the Spanish royal family at their summer palace on Majorca. They also spend a few weeks in Denmark with Anne-Marie's sister Queen Margrethe and her husband, Prince Henrik, and Queen Mother Ingrid gave Constantine and Anne-Marie a party for their silver wedding anniversary at the Kronborg fortress outside Copenhagen—Hamlet's Elsinore.

Of course, having a sister and a sister-in-law on European thrones has aided Constantine immeasurably in maintaining his high-level international prestige and access. According to Taki Theodoracopulos, "When he goes to Madrid, Juan Carlos includes him in all the official briefings. Because when he





Anne-Marie, King Constantine holding his daughter Theodor
Prince Charles, Princess Diana, Spanish princess Cristin
King Juan Carlos of Spain, British prin
Harry and William, and Queen Sophia of Spa

was king, he helped Juan Carlos a lot. He talked to Franco on behalf of Juan Carlos when things were still unsettled. I remember a birthday dinner for Constantine at Alecko Goulandris's house in London. Juan Carlos had just become king a couple of years before, and he made a toast to Constantine, saying, 'I almost owe you my throne. You were there for me when no one else was.'"

Constantine was devoted to the late Shah of Iran until the bitter end, and he remains a very good friend of King Hussein of Jordan. And then there's his intimacy with the British royal family. Prince Charles and Princess Diana put Constantine at the top of the list of Prince William's six godparents in 1982. Queen Elizabeth is Theodora's godmother, and Prince Charles and Princess Diana are godparents of Philippos. Every August, Constantine races at Cowes as co-helmsman of Prince Philip's yacht. He was with Princess Anne when her separation from Mark Phillips was announced in 1989. And it was Constantine who arranged a "second honeymoon" cruise for Charles and Diana in 1991, aboard the 400-foot yacht of Captain John Latsis, reputedly the richest Greek shipping tycoon of them all. The 85-year-old Latsis, who made headlines a month later when his secret $3.5 million donation to the British Conservative Party was exposed, is thought to have become one of Constantine's leading financial supporters in recent years.

In a way, Constantine's real role is to be an elegant, convenient, and discreet go-between for moguls who want to meet monarchs. Princess Firyal recalls that when her son Prince Ghazi was at Princeton in the 1980s, "Tino turned up and took all the royal children going to school there—Kyril of Bulgaria, Ali Reza of Iran—to John Kluge's place in Virginia for a fabulous weekend."

In February 1981, Constantine was allowed into Greece for his mother's funeral at Tatoi, but his stay was restricted to a humiliating five hours. A thousand royalists made it through the security cordon, chanting, "Constantine, stay here forever!" while leftist demonstrators set off bombs in downtown Athens. Andreas Papandreou, who was now the leader of the socialist Pasok Party, condemned the conservative New Democracy government, which had been in power since the colonels' exit. Ten months after the funeral, Pasok won control of Parliament, and Papandreou, following in his late father's footsteps, became prime minister. Meanwhile, Karamanlis, who had been elevated to the presidency, showed his true feelings toward the Greek monarchy by canceling his plans to attend the July 1981 wedding of Charles and Diana, because the British royal family had addressed Constantine's invitation to the "King of the Hellenes." For the next eight years, the Greek government wrangled with the former king over taxes on his three properties in Greece. By 1989, when Papandreou resigned in the aftermath of the most enormous corruption scandal in Greek history, the unpaid tax bill had grown to more than $2 million.

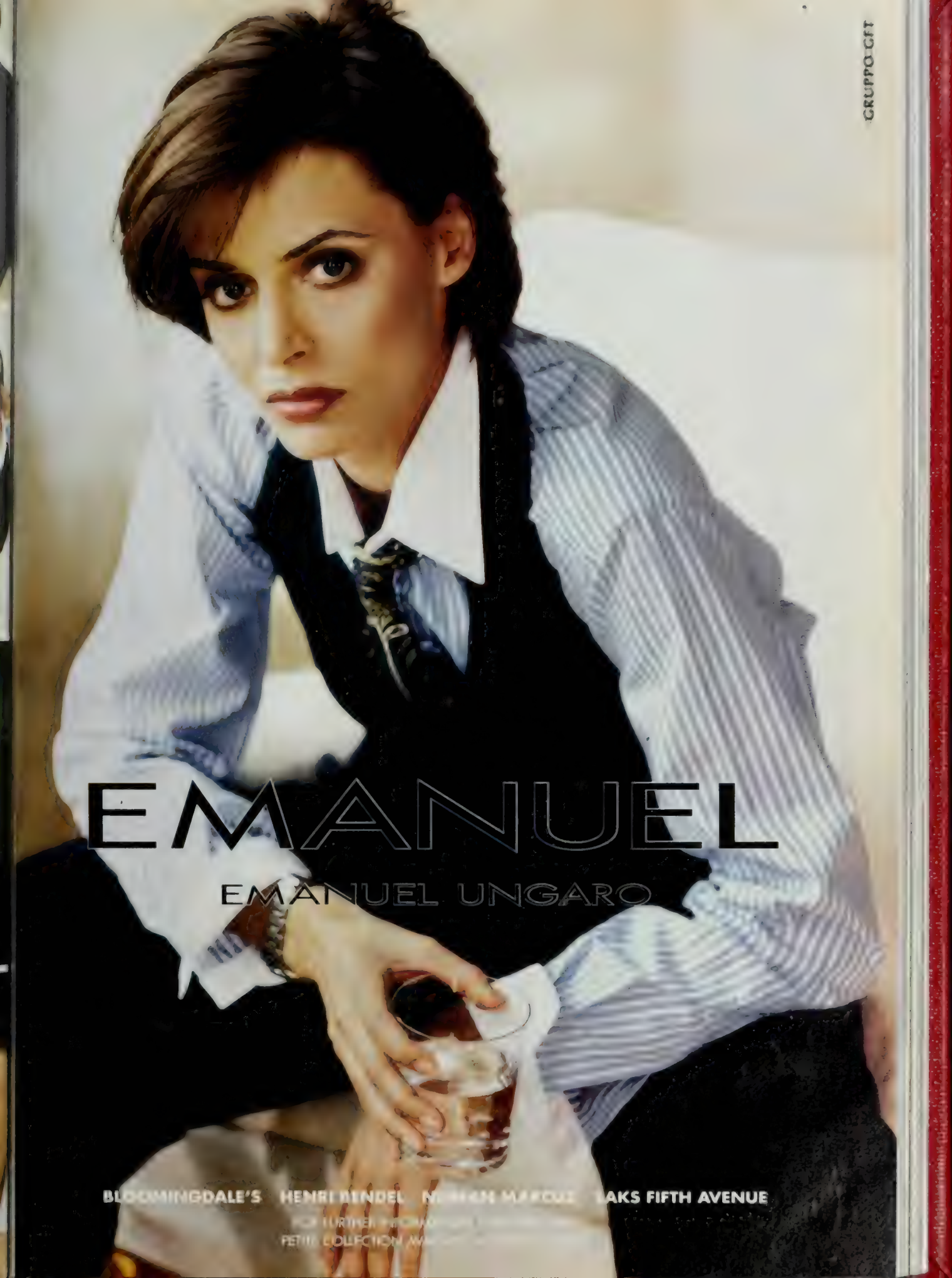
The new conservative prime minister, Constantine Mitsotakis, was more receptive to reaching a settlement with Constantine. In 1991 he gave the former king permission to remove from Greece 70 tons of what Constantine calls "my chattels," including 5,500 rare books, 110 paintings, furniture, and silver. In 1992, the Mitsotakis government negotiated a deal, reportedly brokered by Latsis, to settle Constantine's tax bill: in exchange for paying nearly $1 million and turning over about 10,000 acres of land at Tatoi to the government, he would retain ownership of his house and 400 acres there, as well as Mon Repos and his forestlands.

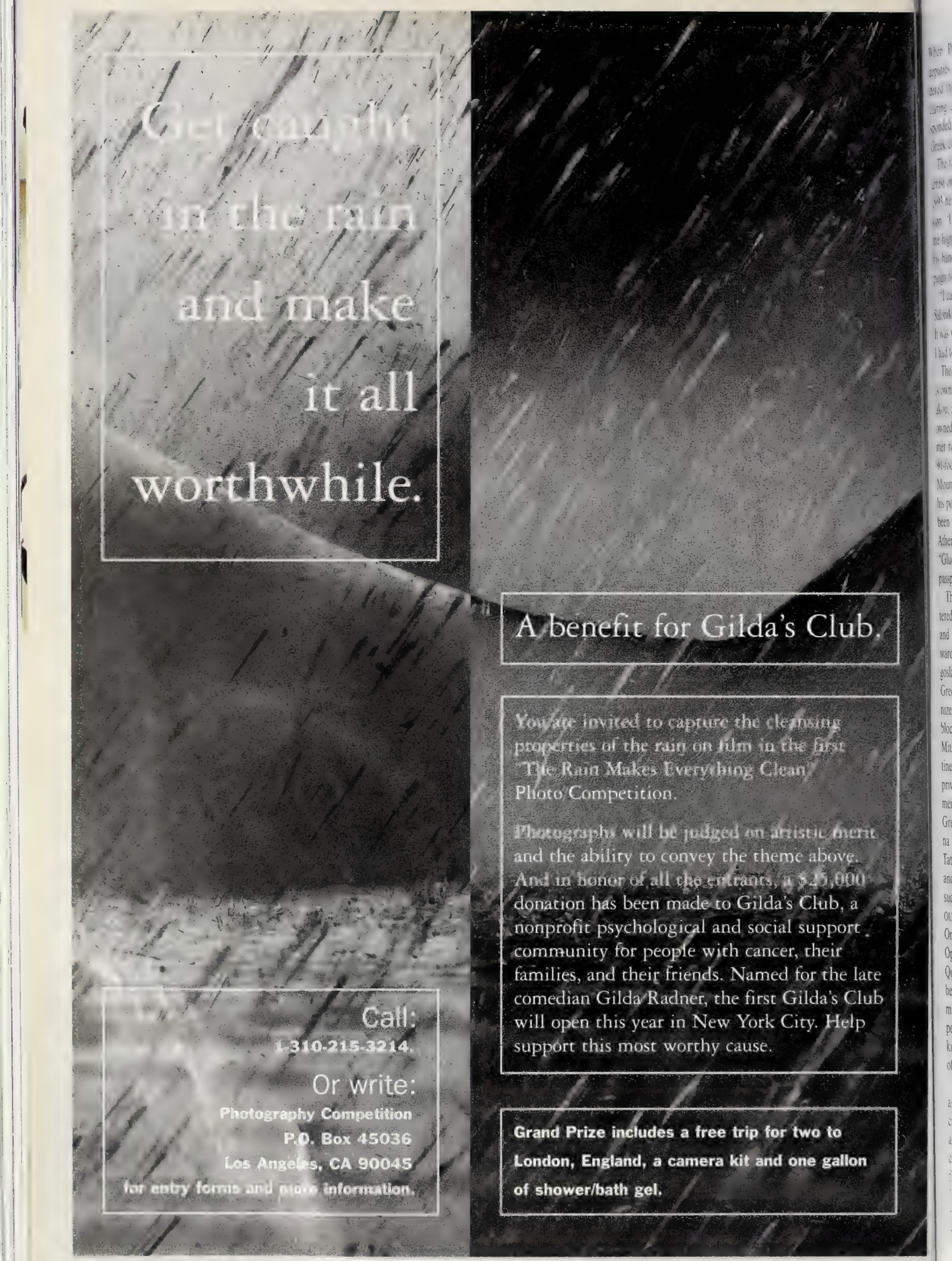


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When Parliament approved it, Pasok and Communist deputies walked out in protest, and the mayor of Corfu ordered the local authorities to break into Mon Repos, declaring it a public tourist site. Constantine's lawyers responded with a lawsuit, which is one of six still pending in Greek courts.

The former king, however, was now free of the threat of arrest on tax charges should he visit Greece, and in February 1993 he gave the first interview of his exile on Greek television. "I stopped the country," Constantine told me. "It had the highest ratings on Greek TV *ever*." It was time, he and his handlers decided, to carry their 20-year-long P.R. campaign to the home front.

"I came out of the plane," Constantine said of his landing at Salonika on August 9, 1993, "and it was as if I had never left. It was very emotional. And this might sound funny to you, but I had to remind myself, Be careful. You are not head of state."

The historic moment was recorded by Antenna TV, which is owned by the reputedly pro-royalist shipowner Minos Kyriakou, as well as by Selina Scott's crew from Sky TV, which is owned by Rupert Murdoch. A large crowd cheered the former royal family at the Salonika marina as they boarded the 90-foot yacht *Myrine* to sail for the monastic republic of Mount Athos, where Scott told her viewers, "He is still king, his portrait hangs in all the monasteries, and the monks have been praying for him every day of his 26 years in exile." In Athens, Papandreou, now leader of the opposition, declared, "Glucksburg is *persona non grata,* and his passport should have been withdrawn."

The next day, Constantine helicoptered to the northern town of Florina and led a caravan of his supporters toward the border with the former Yugoslav republic of Macedonia, which the Greek government has refused to recognize until it changes its name. Police blocked the road, and Prime Minister Mitsotakis issued a warning to Constantine from Athens to keep his stay strictly private. He also demanded that the former king clearly state his recognition of Greece's presidential democracy. Two days later, on Antenna TV, Constantine did, and then helicoptered his family to Tatoi. Pasok politicians called for his sons to be arrested and drafted, and left-of-center newspapers ran headlines such as ROUND UP GLUCKSBURG and KING CONSTANTINE OUT QUICKLY BEFORE THERE'S A BLOODBATH IN THE LAND. One tabloid claimed there was a conspiracy, which it dubbed Operation Crown, allegedly involving King Juan Carlos and Queen Sophia of Spain, Prince Philip, Latsis, younger members of the Niarchos and Chandris families, Alecko Papamarkou, the New York–based Archbishop Iakovos, and Rupert Murdoch, to restore the "Vampire League" of former kings Simeon of Bulgaria, Michael of Romania, Alexander of Serbia, and Leka of Albania, as well as Constantine.

After Constantine defied a government order not to go ashore in populated areas by taking his family and camera crew to dinner and a disco on Spetses, "the battle was on," as Selina Scott put it, "war machine versus publicity machine." The next day, a C-130 Hercules transport plane from the Greek air force flew over the *Myrine* at a very low altitude, and a pair of Greek-navy torpedo boats began trailing the yacht. The government was determined to stop him from reaching the port of Yithion, where some 15,000 royalists had gathered. For three days its torpedo boats prevented the *Myrine* from refueling, and when Constantine finally gave up, the crowd pelted a coast-guard vessel with watermelons.

On the day the former royal family left, President Karamanlis uttered his first public words about their visit. "At some point a definitive end must be put to this issue, so that there are no recurrences, which, while not threatening the republic, make a mockery of this country."

Constantine had more than succeeded in thrusting himself back into the Greek consciousness. A poll taken last summer showed that support for the monarchy had risen to 32.5 percent, up from 10 percent at the time of Frederica's funeral. Moreover, a small group of New Democracy parliamentarians publicly called for a new referendum.

Two months after his trip, the Mitsotakis government fell, and Papandreou was elected prime minister again. In April 1994, he fulfilled his campaign pledge to punish the former king by taking away his property, passport, and citizenship. In March of this year, Constantine's ancient nemesis, Karamanlis, 88 and hard-of-hearing, stepped down as president two months early. In order to avoid a new election, the Pasok majority in Parliament replaced him with Costis Stephanopoulos, the 69-year-old former leader of a defunct minor party. This maneuver allows Prime Minister Papandreou, who, at 76, needs help getting around after a 1988 triple-bypass operation, to remain in office until 1997. The ailing prime minister's third wife, Dimitra Liani, a 40-ish former Olympic-airline stewardess, is now official chief of staff.

"We are living in the dinosaur age of Greek politics. The king looks more attractive every day."

Former ambassador John Sossidis, who is widely seen as Constantine's man in Athens, says, "We are living in the dinosaur age of Greek politics. There is a vacuum of power, and we are left with ineffectual and old politicians. The king looks more attractive every day."

Dimitris Gemelos, the press counselor at the Greek Mission to the U.N. in New York, dismisses any such notion: "Maybe Constantine thinks Greece is closer to the East European model, where he has a chance. But it's really more like Italy or France, and he has no chance. That point is very often missed by the diaspora Greeks. They like to look down on the barbarians back home. But over the years the barbarians have acquired bigger houses, more cars, better educations—and middle classes don't go for kings. Peasants and aristocrats go for kings."

"A lot of people in Greece have reached such a point of frustration with the political system," says the young publisher of *Odyssey* magazine, Gregory A. Maniatis, "that they say we need someone to bring order. Which is why the idea of the monarchy is vaguely appealing to some people, even if Constantine himself doesn't inspire people, because he never sacrificed for his country. He didn't sacrifice during the coup or the countercoup. And what has he done in the past 28 years apart from publicizing himself?"

When I asked Constantine if he saw himself ever returning to the throne, he answered, "I would never *advocate* that course of action. But I'm not ruling it out, because I think it would be totally undemocratic to pre-empt the Greek people's wish. . . . There is only one sovereign, and that is the people. They can decide."

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Vanities



Björk Club

That kooky Icelander **BJÖRK** says she called her new record *Post* "because I really love getting letters, and also because it's post-debut." And post-*Debut*, her last record, which established the former lead singer of the Sugarcubes as a lovably iconoclastic purveyor of personalized quirk-rock. Madonna was so impressed by *Debut* that she recorded a song written by Björk and producer Nellee Hooper. (Voilà, "Bedtime Story.") "I felt very uncomfortable with it at first," the London-based Björk, 29, says about that project. "But I decided it could be the most personal present I could give her." Björk's gift to her fans is a summer tour; her gift to her homeland is to say how direct its natives are. In Iceland, she explains, "you don't say things unless you mean them 100 percent. Because if you break up with a lover, you will probably meet him three times a week for the rest of your life." —MICHAEL MUSTO

Photograph by NINA SCHULTZ

High Drama

A latter-day Mercury Theatre takes shape in New York

If you are convinced that the last thing New York needs is another theater company, take a look at the newly founded Drama Dept. The 25-member collective of actors, directors, and playwrights—including Nicky Silver, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Peter Gallagher—plans on not only developing plays for commercial runs but also translating theater works into small-budget TV or movie formats. Drama Dept.'s founder, 35-year-old playwright Douglas Carter Beane (whose first original screenplay is this fall's *To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*), explains the philosophy behind his fledgling company, which this month hosts its first benefit, at the Roundabout Theatre. "In the movies, there's no rehearsal. It's just blocking," he says. "The actors rehearse for six months for a play. They know the part so well that when it's finally on film it will sing a sort of truth."

Hollywood seems sold on the Dept.'s plans. Beane is combing through Ted Turner's film libraries to find old films that were based on theatrical productions. Oliver Stone has signed on to produce Drama Dept.'s first screen project, a trilogy of short films about Broadway in the late 1940s. And, benediction of benedictions, Steven Spielberg has likened the Dept.'s ambition to that of Orson Welles's Mercury Theatre, a company whose cross-pollination of theater and Hollywood spawned what many consider to be the greatest movie of all time.

—KARL-PETER HERMANN



Thespian society: Drama Dept. members. First row: Peter Frechette, Nicky Silver, Michael S. Rosenberg, Mark Nelson. Second row: Oni Faida Lampley, Albert Macklin, J. Smith-Cameron, Stephen Flaherty, Becky Ann Baker, Patricia Clarkson, Jonathan Bixby. Third row: Patrick Breen, John Slattery, John Cameron Mitchell, T. Scott Cunningham, Cynthia Nixon, Dylan Baker, Mary Beth Peil, David Warren, Douglas Carter Beane.

This Graphic Art Bottle "Stumbled" by Michael Bartalos. Available at select restaurants.

Photograph by JOSHUA JORDAN


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"Eat hot, ride safe, and enjoy cooking with fire," Biker Billy hollers every week on literally the hottest show on cable TV, *Biker Billy Cooks with Fire.* Dressed all in black and dark sunglasses, and armed with his beloved mother's cast-iron skillet and all manner of jalapeños and habañeros, burly Biker Billy Hufnagle has captured the hearts and stomachs of millions of public-access viewers nationwide and is set to fire up new fans with his cookbook, also entitled *Biker Billy Cooks with Fire* (Morrow), which burns up shelves this month.

"Bikers approach things with more gusto and excitement than regular people," Billy explains. This is made apparent by the zealous way in which the Bronx native works his culinary magic—flinging garbage over his shoulder, pulverizing peppers, and repeatedly bellowing his favorite expletive, "Awwright!" Between concocting Killer Curry and Ballistic Bananas, he takes time out to preach the joys of safe biking and the thrill of a hog on the open highway. A renegade chef who claims no frying-pan heroes, Biker Billy has a philosophy all kitchen klutzes can embrace: "There's no such thing as a bad cook," he says. "Worst thing that happens is you've made something for the compost heap." Awwright! —ELISSA SCHAPPELL



The raw and the cooked: Biker Billy Hufnagle.

Night-table Reading



Neal Travis, *columnist:* A House for Mr. Biswas, *by V. S. Naipaul (Everyman's Library). "I go back to it every couple of years. Apart from being a masterpiece, it stops you feeling sorry for yourself."*

Ron Howard, *director:* A World Lit Only by Fire: The Medieval Mind and the Renaissance, *by William Manchester (Little, Brown). "Any book with the words 'orgies' and 'Pope' in the same sentence holds my attention pretty well."*





Juliana Hatfield, *singer:* I Can't Go On, I'll Go On: A Samuel Beckett Reader *(Grove/Atlantic). "The language of this book transcends conventional forms—there's no punctuation—yet it transmits, heartbreakingly, my deepest thoughts."*

Eric Bogosian, *performance artist, actor:* Strange Justice: The Selling of Clarence Thomas, *by Jane Mayer and Jill Abramson (Houghton Mifflin). "An amazing book all about the Machiavellian screws that turn our government."*





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Deneuve de Jour

A Buñuel-Deneuve *triomphe* unleashed from filmic bondage





Belle *curves: Catherine Deneuve in a scene from* Belle de Jour *(1966), with director Luis Buñuel on the set,* top, *and,* left, *getting flogged by co-star Pierre Clementi.*

Catherine Deneuve was not yet 23 when Luis Buñuel cast her for the title role in his coolly outrageous *Belle de Jour.* Many people thought her the most beautiful woman in the world. *Look* magazine even said so on its cover. Buñuel surely agreed.

First shown here in 1967, *Belle de Jour* has been out of circulation for at least 15 years. The current re-release has been engineered by the enterprising Miramax, and the movie fits right into its slate of hits: in its deadpan, deceptively glossy way, *Belle de Jour* is trickier than *Exotica,* kinkier than *The Crying Game,* and more blasphemous than *Priest.* The erotic reveries of the then 66-year-old Surrealist have scarcely dated. Nor has Deneuve's ineffable chic as the obscure object of Buñuel's desire. As Séverine, a well-bred Parisian matron who spends her afternoons working in a brothel, Deneuve appears in varying states of *déshabillé* or, as dressed by Yves Saint Laurent, in many fetching outfits—her body fragmented, almost cubistically, by Buñuel's camera into its different, fetishized components.

Perversely unresponsive to the exaggeratedly kind, handsome, devoted, and wealthy young surgeon to whom she is married (and whom she loves), Séverine dreams of her husband's latent cruelty and amuses herself by imagining violent or humiliating bouts of anonymous sex. This *haute bourgeoise* housewife is no ordinary masochist—she is not attracted to pain but, rather, wishes to surrender her will. Séverine is fascinated by brothels because, as a friend points out, "in those places one has no choice," although it's entirely her choice to be there (and on her own terms). The madam and whores in the respectable, if less than deluxe, *maison* where Séverine works are never less than impressed with her breeding.

Buñuel, who never presumes to judge his heroine, was commissioned to adapt *Belle de Jour* from a once shocking psychological novel by Joseph Kessel—the 1928 equivalent of *The Story of O.* "I hope I can save such a stale subject by mixing indiscriminately and without warning in the montage the things that actually happen to the heroine, and the fantasies and morbid impulses which she imagines," the filmmaker said at the time—and indeed he does. *Belle de Jour*'s wide-eyed fantasies within fantasies within fantasies (within the framing fantasy of an advertising-perfect Paris) suggest a kind of erotic *Alice in Wonderland.*

As a movie, *Belle de Jour* is founded on Buñuel's genius for free-associative chitchat and orchestrated Freudian slips. As moment-to-moment unpredictable as *Un Chien Andalou* or *L'Age d'Or,* the venerable avant-garde shockers the young Buñuel made in collaboration with Salvador Dalí, *Belle de Jour* reaches its climax when Séverine's fantasies finally go violently out of control. The movie is, however, teasingly open-ended. In a final joke, suggesting the narrative equivalent of a spacially ambiguous Necker cube, Buñuel offers two mutually exclusive dénouements.

Although slammed by irate French reviewers when it first appeared ("One can't believe that such bad dreams could go on inside Catherine Deneuve's pretty head," *Le Monde* sniffed), *Belle de Jour* turned out to be Buñuel's biggest commercial success. It is also a perfect film. —J. HOBERMAN

Vanities



True Lies II

A weekend's worth of Hamptons insincerity

FRIDAY NIGHT: "Welcome to the country." *"We hope you didn't feel obligated to invite us."* **"We love houseguests."** "We knew you'd understand about the dog." "It's no imposition." "And the kids." "There's plenty of room." *"The house is stunning."* **"It's just a shack."** "I didn't notice. Are we north of the highway?" **"We're only five minutes from the beach."** "J.F.K. Jr. is looking at the lot next door." *"Don't feel like you have to entertain us."* "We don't expect you to lift a finger." "Well . . . it's late." "You must be tired." **"We just want to relax this weekend."** "We'll finally have a chance to get to know each other." *"Isn't it nice to get away from it all?"*

SATURDAY: "Whatever you want to do today is fine by us." **"We don't have to go to the Candy Kitchen."** "They keep inviting me to play in the Sag Harbor softball game, but I always turn them down." "We'll only go for five minutes." *"I had no idea Mort Zuckerman was such a talented pitcher."* "If we stayed, I'm sure we'd play in the next game." "It would be a pity not to go to the beach." **"East Hampton is far less pretentious than Southampton."** "Bridgehampton is much cooler than East Hampton." *"It's all just a community of artists and writers."* "It's just a short walk from here to the beach." "What a surprise!" *"I never would've expected to see you here."* "They forced us to come out." "I usually spend Saturdays in my garden." "I never do business on the weekends." "It's locally grown produce." **"We were coming out here years before it became chic."** *"Can you believe we're paying $26 for a pound of chicken salad?"* "Yes." "I don't understand why they call it 'media beach.'" **"I'm writing a screenplay."** "I'm writing a novel." "I read it in galleys." **"I read it in manuscript."** *"He had dinner at our house last summer and talked about the idea."* "I'm directing my first film." "Can you believe she's spending $60,000 a month to rent a house?" "Yes." *"I got roped into giving money to the Planned Parenthood benefit."* "I got coerced into giving money to the Naked Angels benefit." "I got blackmailed into giving money to the Nature Conservancy benefit." **"They asked me to sit on the committee, but I turned them down."** *"We'll only go for five minutes."* "We never go to these things." "I loathe these things." "I'm sure we won't know a soul here." **"It took me only two hours and 15 minutes to drive out."** "I did it in two hours." "An hour 45." "I bought the Land Rover because of the way it drives." *"I bought the Explorer because of the way it drives."* "I bought the de Kooning because of the way it drives." "I was going to hitch a ride on the Sony jet." "But I get more work done on the Jitney." **"I hear J.F.K. Jr. just put in a bid on that house."** "I decided not to take a table at the Hampton Classic because it's too much of a scene." *"Fox just optioned my magazine article."* "Disney just optioned my novel." "DreamWorks just optioned my life." *"You must get lonely out here during the week when your husband goes back to the city."* "You must get lonely in the city when your wife stays out at the beach." **"I had no idea he was your ex-husband."** "So I told Ovitz . . . " "We're ready to leave when you are." *"We never go out to dinner on the weekends."* "You must have lost the reservation." "My assistant called during the week." **"If your name was Barry Diller, there'd still be a two-hour wait."** "I'm practically the mayor of East Hampton." *"I'll call you Tuesday."* "We'll have dinner back in the city." "Can you believe we're spending $36 for a piece of swordfish?" "Yes." "I'll be right back." "Hey! My friends invited all of us to a party on Lily Pond Lane." **"It's models and writers. And Oliver Stone."** "We're kind of tired." "But you should go." *"We have covid antibodies."* "You two are the best hosts." *"It's just so nice to have a chance to get away from it all."*



SUNDAY MORNING: "I'm so sorry! Little Timmy never scribbled on the walls before." "We were going to repaint the house, anyway." *"And I can't apologize enough for the dog."* "It's too bad it's raining." **"It's not that we're kicking you out."** "But I just remembered an early business dinner." "You're always welcome here." *"It's an open invitation."* "Have a pleasant drive back." **"Never again."** "I don't understand what the hell possessed us to invite them." "Next year, maybe we should rent out the house." *"Or try the Berkshires."* "Isn't it nice to get away from it all?" —BRUCE FEIRSTEIN

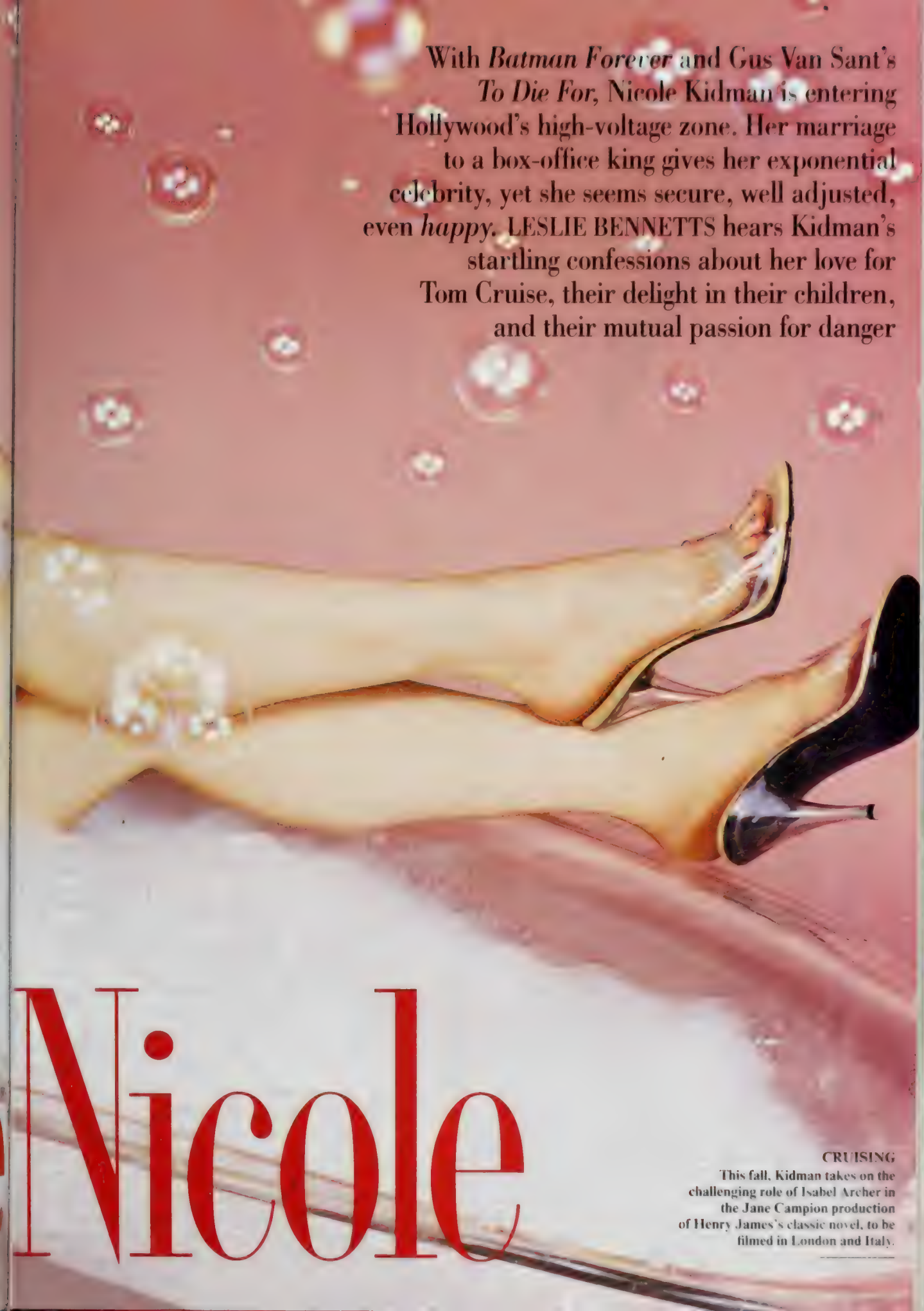
VANITY FAIR
JULY 1995



La Femme

Photographs by HERB RITTS • Styled by KATE HARRINGTON

With *Batman Forever* and Gus Van Sant's *To Die For*, Nicole Kidman is entering Hollywood's high-voltage zone. Her marriage to a box-office king gives her exponential celebrity, yet she seems secure, well adjusted, even *happy*. LESLIE BENNETTS hears Kidman's startling confessions about her love for Tom Cruise, their delight in their children, and their mutual passion for danger



Nicole

CRUISING
This fall, Kidman takes on the challenging role of Isabel Archer in the Jane Campion production of Henry James's classic novel, to be filmed in London and Italy.

Nicole Kidman and I have met at the Aldwych Theatre in London's West End, where Tom Stoppard's new play, *Indian Ink,* is playing. But the ticket agency has double-booked our seats, and a belligerent couple from Tel Aviv are insisting that if we don't surrender our places, we'll have to watch the play with them in our laps.

Wringing his hands apologetically, the theater manager offers us seats in the balcony. "But I won't be able to see," Kidman says plaintively. "My eyes are terrible."

The Israeli man glares at us. "You should give us the seats, because we're foreigners," he says truculently.

"So are we," I point out.

By now it's curtain time, and the theater manager is imploring us to give in. Nicole and I exchange glances. She was comfortably ensconced in her place when the challengers appeared, and could easily refuse to relinquish her seat. Instead, she shrugs resignedly and we head upstairs. No "I'm a Movie Star" hissy fit, no hints that her husband is Tom Cruise. Is the graciousness for my benefit? Then again, no one ever said the Cruises don't understand how to work a room.

At intermission, autograph seekers materialize in front of her. Kidman fumbles in her pocket for a pen and comes up with only sticky fingers. "I stole some of my daughter's chocolate Easter eggs, and they melted," she says, licking her fingers. When I produce a pen, she signs autographs willingly. "I paid them to ask me," she assures me.

It's the kind of charm that seems effortless, no matter how carefully calibrated it is. Sure, she's gorgeous, and about 10 feet tall, and has zillions of dollars, and is starring in two of the summer's more intriguing movies, and is married to a man who makes women all over the world hyperventilate. Then contemplate the fact that it's so hard for Kidman to keep her weight up while she's shooting a film that Tom has to make her special batches of his extra-scrumptious chocolate-chip cookies, just so she won't get too skinny. Poor dear. Life is tough all over, isn't it?

But no matter how you harden your heart, it's difficult not to like Nicole Kidman; she's funny, unpretentious, and natural. When we go to dinner at the Ivy after *Indian Ink,* I expect Nicole to ask for the usual plate of steamed vegetables and designer water affected by so many young stars. Instead, she orders escargots, ravioli, and red wine, lunges for my French fries, and makes it clear that she wants *all* the toffee pudding with crème fraîche she's ordering for dessert, so if I'm interested, I'd better order my own. Now, this is a woman who approaches life with zest.

Every one of her directors seems to adore her. "I wish I could have it in my contract that I had to use Nicole Kidman in every movie," says Joel Schumacher, who cast her as Dr. Chase Meridian, a criminal psychologist with a sultry Veronica Lake hairdo, in *Batman Forever.*

"I just love Nicole," echoes Bruce Joel Rubin, who directed her in *My Life.* "You always hear of directors falling in love with their leading ladies; well, that's what happened. She is so authentically wonderful—as easy and good and collaborative a partner as one could ever wish for. It was like a gift to me."

So she's already got Tom Cruise and a gushing coterie of directors; all that remains is for moviegoers to fall in love with Kidman in large numbers. As she approaches her 28th birthday, despite a résumé that includes two films with her husband (*Days of Thunder,* on which they met, and Ron Howard's Ireland-to-America epic *Far and Away,* and such other features as *Billy Bathgate,* Kidman hasn't quite achieved the status of household name. Indeed, when Gus Van Sant began considering her for the lead role in *To Die For,* he couldn't immediately place her. "I don't think I knew who she was when I first met her," the director admits. "But later I realized I had seen her in *Dead Calm* and thought she was really good."

A black comedy loosely based on the Pamela Smart murder case, *To Die For* is the movie version of Joyce Maynard's novel about a fiercely ambitious young woman who seduces a high-school student into killing her husband. With this season's back-to-back releases of *Batman Forever* and *To Die For,* Kidman's career could get a high-voltage jump start. And in August she begins filming *The Portrait of a Lady,* Jane Campion's adaptation of the Henry James classic. "*The Portrait of a Lady* is a biggie," observes Van Sant. If Campion can coax out of Kidman the caliber of performance she elicited from Holly Hunter in *The Piano,* the complex role of Isabel Archer could catapult Kidman into the top ranks of her profession.

By the standards of ordinary mortals, that might be merely the icing on the cake. Kidman has already got her hands full with Isabella, the Cruises' two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, and Connor, the four-month-old African-American baby they recently adopted. The whole family has spent the last few months in London, where Tom is shooting *Mission: Impossible,* which he's producing as well as starring in. But despite all the domestic distractions, Kidman never loses sight of her own priorities. A breathtakingly determined young woman, she has always pursued her career with the relentlessness of a heat-seeking missile.

"When we were getting ready to do *Ghost,* Nicole did an audition video, totally unrequested, and sent it to us from Australia," recalls Bruce Joel Rubin, who wrote the movie. "I don't know how she got the script, but the video

as quite an elaborate production—fully cast, blocked, act-, with little sets and lights and everything. It showed a t of enterprise; I've never seen anything like it. And she as wonderful. She has extraordinary range."

Born in Hawaii to Australian parents, Kidman spent ost of her childhood in Australia, where her bent for erforming was apparent early on. "I started ballet when was three, all on my own initiative," she reports. "I did ime and street theater, and I started weekend drama hool when I was about nine. I left school when I was ; I knew what I wanted to do."

What she wanted to do was theater, and even as an awkard adolescent she had already impressed Jane Campion. was five feet nine inches tall and 13 years old, with red izzy hair, and Jane was in film hool," Kidman recalls. But after ampion saw her act, "she wrote at she would love to do a clasc with me sometime, and to proct my talent. When I heard she as thinking about doing *The Portait of a Lady,* I called her."

Kidman developed her formidale drive early; her father, a biohemist, provided some indelible ssons. Among other idiosyncrasies, idman *père* insisted that his two aughters perform a mandatory rill of push-ups every day.

"When I was six years old, I as in class at school, and we all ad to say what our fathers had aught us," Nicole recalls. "I anwered, 'He taught me always to xercise—and never vote Republian.' My teacher almost fell off er chair."

Nicole still does push-ups—"I can do about 50," she reorts—and enjoys kick boxing, but her goals are considerbly larger these days. "I feel like I haven't done anything ear the work I want to do," she says earnestly. "I'm strivng to become a good actress. It's not for the fame. I want o be in a position where I can read any script. I want to lo Kate in *The Taming of the Shrew* and Rosalind in *As 'ou Like It.* I want to do *A Doll's House,* and I'm desperte to do a comedy on film."

Breathtakingly determined, she has pursued her career with the relentlessness of a heat-seeking missile.

Kidman was originally drawn to acting because "I didn't enjoy being what I was. . . . I was really tall, and I wasn't the girl who got all the boys. . . . 'Stalky' was my nickname; that's what they called me. I'd audition for school plays and I'd get rejected because I was too tall. I remember at the auditions for *Annie* they measured you at the door; you couldn't be taller than Daddy Warbucks."

As an adult, of course, Kidman is exquisite. One afternoon she meets me at a 250-year-old London pub where she and Tom like to hang out the kind of dark, wood-paneled retreat whose menu features "Cumberland sausage and mash" and a "Ploughman's Lunch." Kidman tells me wearily that she had two hours of sleep the preceding night, she stayed up late, and Isabella woke them at dawn with the clarion announcement that she wanted a cookie.

Sleep deprivation notwithstanding, Nicole is her usual perky self. She bounces into the pub carrying a sack full of potato chips in different flavors and proceeds to eat several bags of them, talking nonstop. She isn't wearing a lick of makeup, but her cornflower-blue eyes are clear, her porcelain complexion flawless; even scrunched back carelessly in a knot, her extravagant mass of strawberry-blond curls is ravishing.

But if she looks like a Pre-Raphaelite angel, Kidman often acts more like a Hell's Angel. Right now she's telling me what a good time she and Tom had the other night when they rented a go-cart-racing track from 11 P.M. until 5 A.M. and careened around like maniacs until sunrise. A longtime racecar driver and the kind of pilot who loves to do high-altitude acrobatics, Cruise has always had a passion for dangerous sports, but he met his match in Kidman, who waxes rhapsodic about such recreational activities as skydiving.

"It's an amazing sensation—not as good as sex, but almost," she says ardently. "It's like before you go onstage opening night, when you're almost dizzy from adrenaline. I *love* that feeling."

Actually, now that the Cruises have children, they're trying to control their mutual passion for danger. But Cruise's idea of playing it safe continues to include 360-degree somersaults in midair, and Nicole's seems to be substituting rock climbing, preferably at great heights, for jumping out of planes at 16,000 feet. "It's scariness that's controllable," Nicole muses. "Tom will put himself in a position where if you make one mistake you could die; he's worse than me. But when you do these things, you

If Nicole looks like a Pre-Raphaelite angel, she often acts more like a Hell's Angel.





THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY
Born in Hawaii, Nicole Kidman spent most of her childhood in Australia. "I started ballet when I was three, all on my own initiative," she reports.

feel you've accomplished something that's almost impossible. You feel that every inch of you is alive."

Needless to say, Tom is delighted by his wife's daredevil side. "This woman got in the car with me when I was driving 185 miles an hour, and at the end of it she said, 'Let's do another lap!'" he reports proudly.

Kidman and Cruise have been together ever since they met on *Days of Thunder.* "I thought he was the sexiest man I'd ever seen in my life," Kidman says, "so it started on lust."

At the time, Cruise was in the process of extricating himself from his marriage to actress Mimi Rogers. Any lingering entanglement failed to obscure his initial reaction to Nicole; when I ask him about it, he uses almost the same words she did. "Instant lust, that's what I felt," Tom says with a laugh. "I thought she was amazingly sexy and stunning. It grew into love and respect. I say to myself, Thank God I made the right choice in marrying her, and was fortunate enough that she said yes. I knew she was *it* for me. I absolutely knew—I just *knew* it. I thought, This is the person to be able to share all of who I am with, and her with me. There was a freshness to life, and a mutual soul I was looking for. I just knew I couldn't live without her. It's the best decision I ever made."

Nicole is equally rapturous about him. "I'm addicted to Tom," she says fervently. "He's my drug. I adore him."

Despite the Cruises' oft-professed passion for each other, rumors have persisted for years that Tom is gay, a suggestion that makes Nicole flare with indignation. "I did not marry into a marriage of convenience," she says hotly, an angry flush rising on her alabaster cheeks. "I would never, ever do that. You marry for love. We're both heterosexual. We have a lot of homosexual friends, and neither of us would shy away from having a homosexual role. He played the vampire Lestat and didn't give a shit. But I take offense if people say I would marry into a marriage of convenience. I think that's very sexist, because they're saying, 'She married for fame and money.' It's bullshit."

I point out that this is not the only possible scenario; many women marry closeted homosexuals without knowing anything about their secret predilections. "I'll bet all my money I've ever made, plus his, that he doesn't have a mistress, that he doesn't have a gay lover, that he doesn't have a gay life," Kidman says vehemently.

So why do people keep insinuating that he does? A sly smile relaxes her face. "He's mighty fine-looking, and he's worth having a fantasy about," she responds, her eyes twinkling again. As far as Kidman is concerned, Tom Cruise is not only the sexiest guy in the world, he's also her destiny. Even though she was just 23 when they got married in a Christmas Eve ceremony in the snows of Telluride, she harbored no doubts. "I just thought, Wow—I've finally met the person I've been looking for," she says. "It boils down to commitment—a willingness to commit."

And to make any amount of effort to stay together. Soon after they got married, Tom told Nicole that the marriage would work because they would do whatever was necessary to make it work. And so far, unlike some famous couples-in-name-only who spend most of their time apart, the Cruises have placed an enormous emphasis on being together. "I think in this industry you can get lazy, you can get lazy, and that's so destructive to your relationship," Nicole says. "If it means getting on a plane and having to fly in to see each other, even if it's for 24 hours, you do it. It's the thing that keeps you together. Life's too short to endure months of separation, where you're on the phone going, 'I wish, I wish, I wish.'"

Not that togetherness means staying home. "There isn't really one," Nicole says without regret. "I mean, technically we live in L.A., and we have an apartment in New York, and I just bought a house in Australia, and we have a place in Colorado, but we travel all the time. And we're lucky, because it's what we want to do. I love it. I feel trapped if I have to stay in one place too long."

Right now they're ensconced in a rented house in Mayfair; after Nicole finishes the English scenes in *The Portrait of a Lady,* they'll move on to Tuscany. With their children still in diapers, the Cruises have been able to maintain their nomadic habits without much trouble, but Nicole is well aware that this gets more difficult as children reach school age. She is determined to look on the bright side. "You can look at it as a really horrible thing because you're moving around a lot, or you can look at it as an incredible thing, because the children are going to have a very cosmopolitan life, which is an education in itself," she says stoutly.

Given their high-profile professional commitments and their relative youth—Tom turns 33 in July—the Cruises might have waited years before starting a family. Nicole was only 25 when they adopted Isabella, but she is convinced that the child was destined to become theirs. "It's fate, completely," she says confidently. "The adoption was a very spontaneous thing; we decided to adopt her because the situation came up. I just believe, for whatever reason, that these children were meant to be in our family."

The fact that the Cruises adopted children rather than have their own biological offspring has prompted a certain amount of gossip about the reasons why, but Kidman has no intention of enlightening the public. "They can continue to wonder," she says, a grin tugging at the corners of her rosebud mouth. As usual, of course, she has further goals. "I would like to give birth to two children," she concedes. "I would like to experience that. But if I don't, it's not going to destroy me."

Even with two children, parenthood has taken the predictable toll on the Cruises' marriage. "You have so much less time for each other," Kidman says wistfully. "You have to really work to create time alone, without it being time the children should be having. It's about saying, Honey, I really, really need time with you alone. I need a dinner date!"

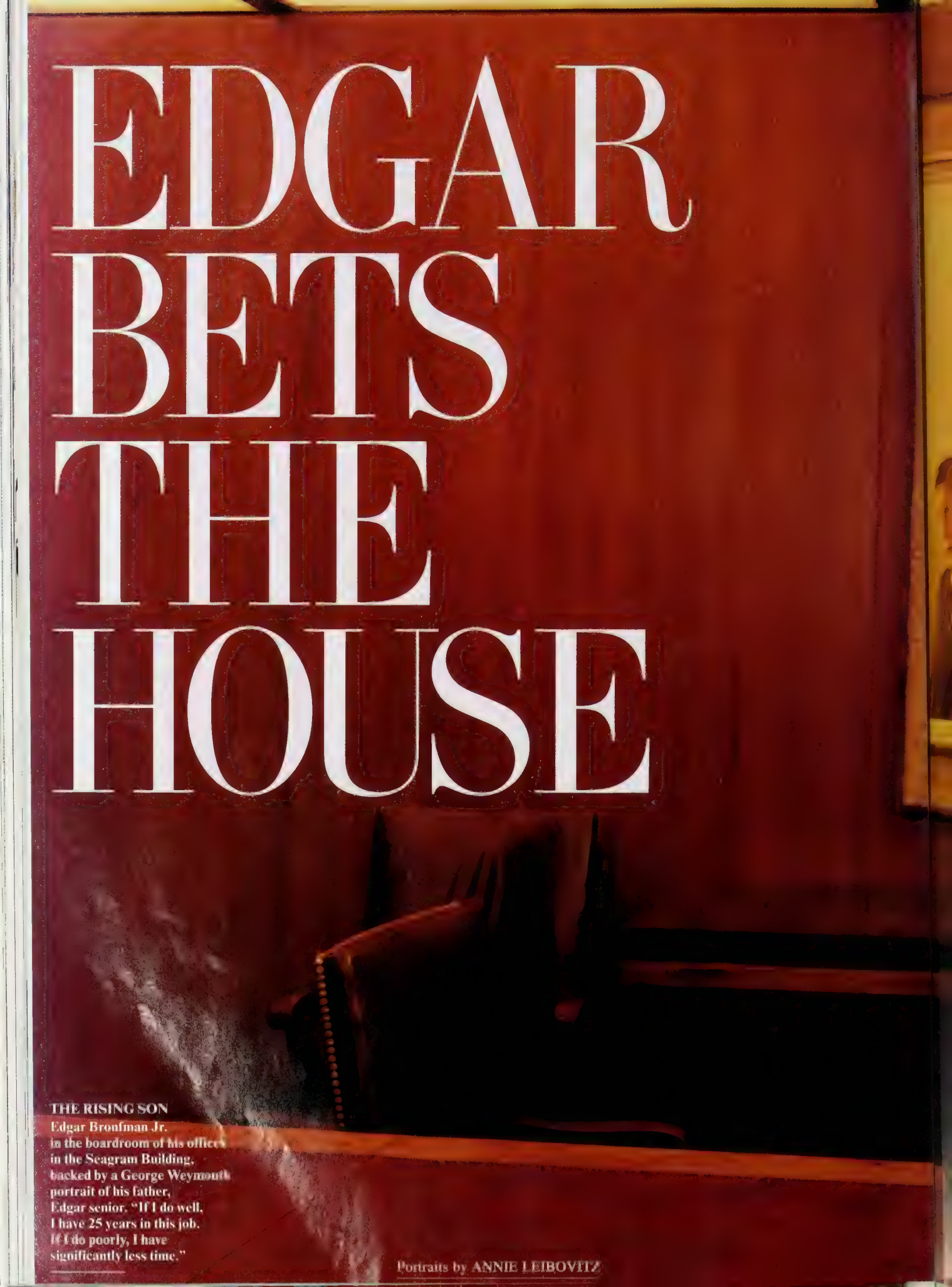
And Tom, it seems, is eminently receptive to such suggestions. "He's very romantic," *(Continued on page 128)*

"I'm addicted to Tom. He's my drug. I adore him."



FAST CURVES
Tom Cruise, racecar enthusiast and sky diver, has always been a fan of dangerous sports. And Nicole never found that a problem. "I thought he was the sexiest man I'd ever seen in my life," she says of their meeting, "so it started on lust."

EDGAR BETS THE HOUSE

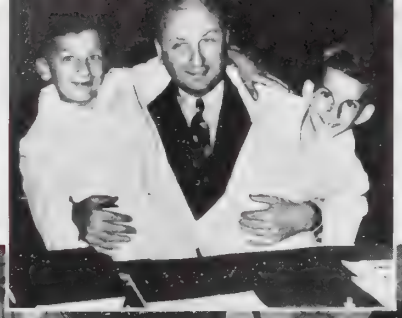


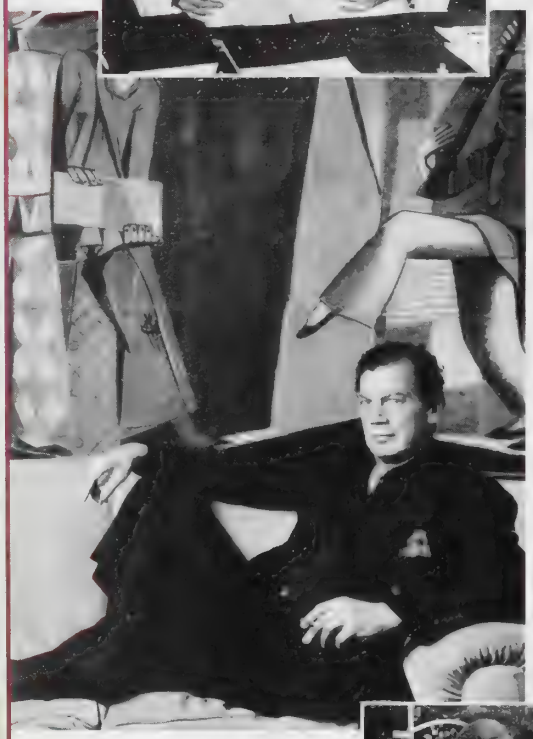
THE RISING SON
Edgar Bronfman Jr. in the boardroom of his office in the Seagram Building, backed by a George Weymouth portrait of his father, Edgar senior. "If I do well, I have 25 years in this job. If I do poorly, I have significantly less time."

Portraits by ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



At 16, Edgar Bronfman Jr. fled the tormented history of the House of Seagram and escaped into the movie business. Twenty-four years later, reconciled with his father and wielding the financial might of the family liquor empire, Seagram's young C.E.O. is returning to Hollywood as the proud new owner of MCA and its fabled Universal studio. EDWARD KLEIN chronicles Bronfman's stealthy campaign for that glittering but dangerous prize







DYNASTY

From top: Samuel Bronfman, founder of the family empire, with sons Edgar (left) and Charles, 1938; Edgar Bronfman Sr. in his New York apartment, 1989; Ann Loeb Bronfman avoiding photographers in 1975, after her son Sam was kidnapped; Georgiana Bronfman, whom Edgar senior married twice, photographed by Norman Parkinson in 1986.



"Money doesn't make you smart, but it doesn't necessarily make you stupid, either," Edgar Bronfman Jr. said about the merciless thrashing he was taking in the press over his purchase of MCA and its fabled Universal movie studio. "Perilous," "reckless," and "crazy" were just some of the words being used to describe his decision to take a ride down Hollywood's river wild. "There's no doubt about it," continued Bronfman, the president and C.E.O. of the Seagram Company Ltd., the spirits-and-beverage giant founded by his grandfather more than 70 years ago in Canada and bequeathed to him by his father, Edgar Bronfman Sr., "people are more skeptical of a person's ability if he's born with money."

We were sitting in his office on the fifth floor of the Seagram Building, overlooking Park Avenue. Draped in Armani, Bronfman looked elegantly casual, but his stiff body language conveyed a different message. Like most inheritors of great wealth, he didn't have much practice in justifying himself to strangers, and he was understandably uncomfortable talking to a reporter.

He was telling me about an extraordinary secret trip he had taken to Japan this past March, which led to the acquisition of MCA. "Going by myself to Japan was the key to the deal," Bronfman said. "If you sit around in a roomful of advisers, you feel far less comfortable than you do if you sit one-on-one with your counterpart. That's why I went alone. I was convinced that if I could make a reasonable deal, Seagram could be transformed into a company in control of its own destiny."

By the time the Seagram Gulfstream IV jet touched down at Japan's Kansai International Airport on the afternoon of March 6, he said, he had been traveling for 16 straight hours. He was whisked off to the Miyako Hotel, where he barely had time to change from his jeans into a suit before rushing to a dinner appointment at a guesthouse in Kyoto. There he slipped off his shoes and ducked as he entered the Japanese-style tatami room.

Six feet three inches tall and weighing about 170 pounds, Bronfman is a handsome man, whose long attenuated nose, brooding expression, and reddish beard lend him a striking resemblance to the van Gogh portrayed by Kirk Douglas in *Lust for Life*. He celebrated his 40th birthday in May, but he looks and acts a good deal older, in part no doubt because of the crushing burden of running the House of Seagram, but perhaps in part, too, because he is driven by a consuming desire to establish his legitimacy and gain control over his own destiny, as well as that of his family's $6-billion-a-year business.

It was Bronfman's fate to inherit Seagram, one of the world's largest producers and marketers of distilled spirits, just as public tastes in liquor were undergoing a dramatic shift and global liquor sales were shrinking. In response, he has spent a great deal of Seagram's money replacing its traditional low-end "brown" drinks with such high-margin brands as Martell cognac, for which he shelled out $850 million. He won vast distribution rights for the Gen-X drink of choice, Absolut vodka. He diversified the Seagram mix outside of its core liquor business by spending $1.2 billion to purchase Tropicana and another $2.2 billion to buy a nearly 15 percent interest in Time Warner.

By the time he arrived in Japan, he had plans to build a multibillion-dollar war chest for a major foray into the media-entertainment-communications industry, which he is convinced is where the action will be in the next century. To speed

ng that process, he had decided divest Seagram of nearly all of its 3 million shares of E. I. du Pont Nemours and Company, a stake uch had more than tripled in val- to $9 billion since Seagram ac- ired it in 1981, and which accounted r nearly half of Seagram's annual ofits.

"I asked myself, what kind of com- ny did I want to leave when I ssed on the baton, as my father d passed on the baton to me?" he id. "And the answer was, I wanted leave a company that would out- ow the Standard & Poor's 500. The portunity to do that with so large percentage of Seagram's capital ed up in DuPont—half to 75 percent— asn't there. That wasn't the way to eate superior growth."

When MCA unexpectedly became vailable, Bronfman recognized it as e engine for growth he had been oking for. In order to win it, how- er, he knew that he would have to t swiftly, and with stealth, for since e is the scion of the billionaire Bronf- ans, as well as a descendant on his other's side of three of the most rominent "Our Crowd" Jewish-Amer- an families—the Loebs, the Lehmans, nd the Lewisohns—his every move scrutinized closely by the business ommunity.

Considering how third-generation rich kids often turn out, Bronfman strikes people as a refreshing exception to the rule. Ever since Prohibition, the liquor business has been notorious for its strutting, macho types, but Bronfman is dramatically different—a courtly, soft-spoken gentleman who does not shrink from displaying a sensitive side that makes him appear almost fey. "There's something enigmatic about him," says his friend publisher Jann Wenner. "He likes to talk really quietly so that you listen very carefully. But he's tough and he's proud of that. It's a part of him that he likes and that he nourishes."

"Edgar has no artifice," says Barry Diller, a friend who has known Bronfman since Edgar junior's late teens. "He is comfortable with himself, comfortable with his environment and with other people in a complete sense that is rare. I know maybe half a dozen people I see that in. He has extremely solid values. He intends to leave what he touches better than he got it."

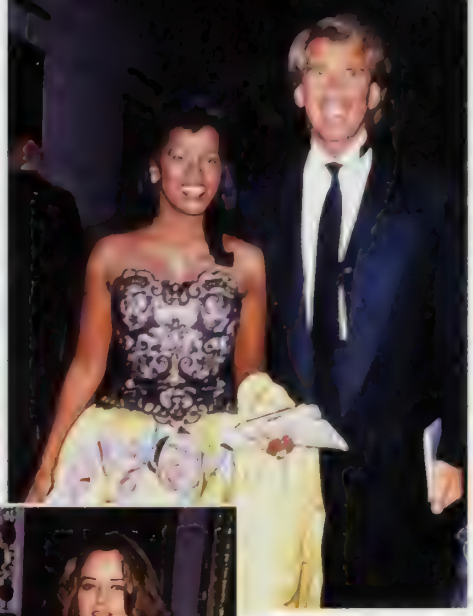
Nonetheless, the jury is still out on Bronfman when it comes to the bottom line. His purchase of Tropicana was generally judged to be something of a disappointment, and his investment in Time Warner has produced little more than a frustrating feud with Gerald Levin, its embattled chairman, who erected a poison-pill defense against a Seagram takeover. In short, Bronfman has yet to prove that he deserves his impressive titles—he added C.E.O. to president at the age of 39—or his handsome remuneration, which amounted in 1994 to $846,000 in pay, $840,000 in bonuses, and millions in stock options.

Like his much-married father, who dallied in Hollywood in his heyday, Edgar junior struggled to overcome the reputation of being a starstruck dilettante. As a privileged youngster growing up on Park Avenue, he was an unremarkable student at Collegiate, the prestigious prep school, and skipped college in order to write popular songs and produce movies. He ran with a glittering show-business crowd, and numbered among his friends Wenner, Diller, Lorne Michaels, Michael Douglas, banker Herbert A. Allen, billionaire Ronald Perelman, and agent-cum-dealmaker Michael Ovitz, who was a prime candidate to run MCA if Bronfman acquired it.

When people gossiped about Bronfman, they talked about his once stormy relationship with his father, and his rebellious young manhood, which included a marriage to a beautiful black actress named Sherry Brewer.

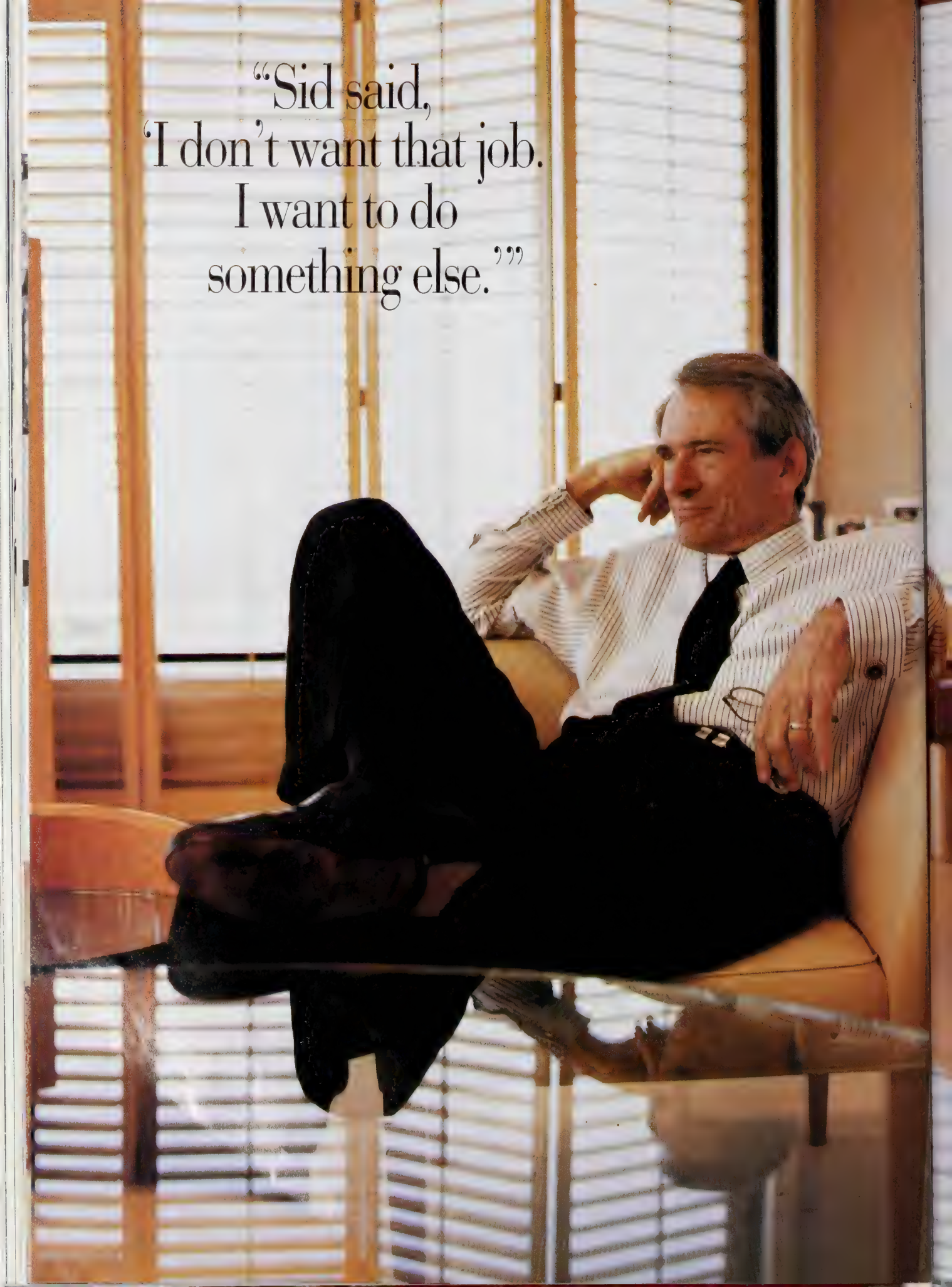
"At heart," says Paul Ford, a lawyer at Simpson Thacher & Bartlett and one of Bronfman's closest friends, "he's a very private guy. He's very responsible, a person of real substance. He cares deeply about his family. When his older brother's first wife was dying of cancer, Edgar junior dropped everything and went out to the West Coast to spend time with them. I find it ironic that he's being portrayed in the press as this superficial guy. Nothing could be further from the truth."

To prepare for his Japanese trip, Bronfman asked his advisers to put together briefing material on the man he was scheduled to meet: Yoichi Morishita, the recently appointed president of the Matsushita Electric Industrial Company, one of the world's largest consumer-electronics manufacturers. "On the way over to Japan," Bronfman said, "I read some of Morishita's speeches to his executives. They were long and detailed, also straightforward, determined, and sometimes even quite harsh. His remarks struck me as





THE TWO MRS. BRONFMANS
Edgar junior and his first wife, Sherry, *above*, at the 1989 Rita Hayworth Gala in New York; *left*, Edgar and Clarissa at the annual Bill Bernbach Memorial Award Dinner at the Plaza hotel in New York, 1993


"Sid said,
'I don't want that job.
I want to do
something else.'"



EL SID
Sidney Sheinberg, longtime close associate of Lew Wasserman, in his office at Universal Studios in Universal City. "Matsushita people kept on asking, 'Why is Mr. Sheinberg saying these awful things about us?'"

quite different than my experience with Japanese managers would have led me to expect. I felt that if he wanted to do a deal there would not be a lot of ceremony.

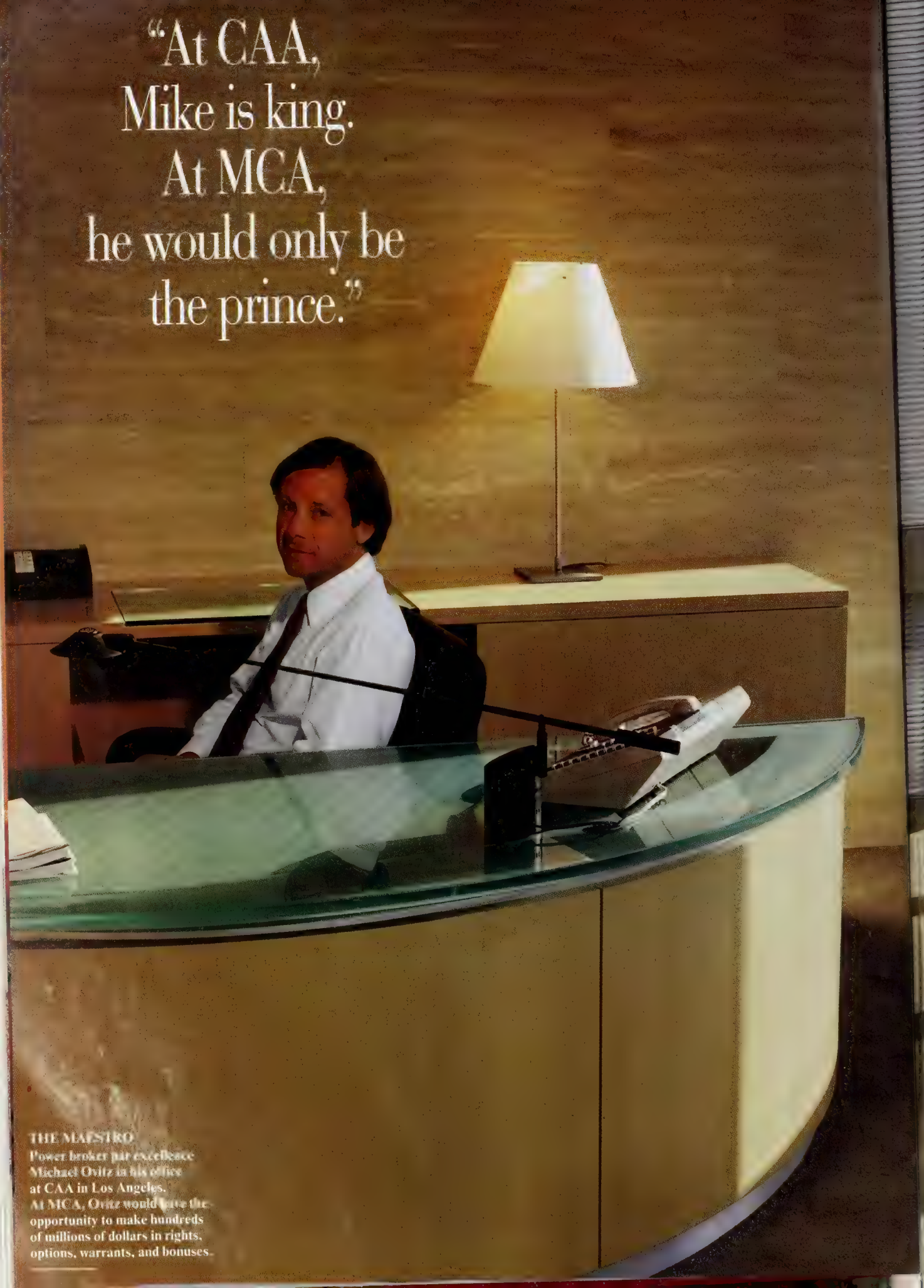
Morishita turned out to be a tough solidly built salesman who did not speak a word of English. His giant, $65-billion-a-year company, Matsushita, dominates the city of Osaka. Morishita had little in common with his smooth-talking, Tokyo-based rivals at Sony—Akio Morita and Norio Ohga—which owns Columbia and TriStar Pictures, and he was not part of the original Matsushita team that bought MCA back in 1990 for $6.6 billion, the most expensive investment in the United States ever made by a Japanese company.

In the months since taking over, Morishita had been engaged in an embarrassing public dispute with Lew Wasserman and Sidney Sheinberg, MCA's proud pair of American managers. Wasserman had come away from the sale of MCA with a staggering $327 million, and though that left him technically a Japanese employee, he was still, at 82, considered Hollywood's éminence grise. A subtle, secretive man, Wasserman had run MCA for almost half a century, the past 35 years with his inseparable sidekick, Sheinberg, a caustic former lawyer, who made about $120 million on the sale to Matsushita.

From the start, the MCA-Matsushita marriage was a grand misalliance, in which the Japanese treated MCA like a minor corporate division, and Wasserman and Sheinberg behaved as though they had never sold the company. In recent years, Sheinberg had rarely missed an opportunity to humiliate his Japanese bosses in public, threatening that he and Wasserman would not renew their contracts, when they expired at the end of 1995, unless they were ceded complete control of MCA.

"The Matsushita people venerated Lew Wasserman for what he had accomplished over the years at MCA, and for being the patriarch of Hollywood," said Herb Allen, the immensely influential entertainment-industry in-

"At CAA, Mike is king. At MCA, he would only be the prince."



THE MAESTRO
Power broker par excellence Michael Ovitz in his office at CAA in Los Angeles. At MCA, Ovitz would have the opportunity to make hundreds of millions of dollars in rights, options, warrants, and bonuses.



vestment banker who was retained by Matsushita in its sale of MCA. "But they weren't getting along with Lew's number two at MCA, Sid Sheinberg. Sid was hitting them broadside, and they were confused. We told them that Sid was a straight and honorable guy. But they kept on asking, 'Why is Mr. Sheinberg saying these awful things about us?'"

"What Edgar did was highly unusual, even in American corporate culture," said Stephen Volk, the senior partner of Shearman & Sterling and the lawyer who represented Seagram in the MCA deal. "Here was a C.E.O. going off by himself to Japan, with no staff and no aides, to establish a relationship of trust and confidence. He presented a contrast between himself and Sid Sheinberg."

"I found lots of similarities between the management philosophy of Konosuke Matsushita, the founder of the Japanese company, and my grandfather Samuel Bronfman," Bronfman said. "Both of our companies have a commitment to improving society and behaving responsibly. My grandfather published his first moderation-in-drinking ad in 1934, and we've been refining that message for the past '60 years.

"I also wanted to let Morishita know that, for me, MCA was a great series of assets that really could grow into a highly competitive and lucrative communications company. It has the second-largest film-and-TV library in the world, after Ted Turner's. It has a strong music business. A good cash flow. It is the only company that can compete with Disney in the theme-park business. It has a small but strong publishing business. And it has a film studio that hasn't performed as well as it should, but still represents a major asset."

He knew that MCA would fetch a lot of money—Morishita had originally thought of asking $10 billion—but Bronfman did not bring up the subject in this first meeting. Instead, he spoke of his personal commitment to the entertainment business. His passion for movies and music was so obvious that it practically transcended the language barrier, and as an aide trans-

lated his words into the formal idioms of Japanese, Yoichi Morishita nodded.

The two men resumed their discussion at 8:30 the next morning. Bronfman was aware that Morishita had a number of other suitors for MCA. A year and a half before, a Matsushita executive had traveled to Denver to discuss selling a nearly 25 percent interest in MCA to John Malone, the head of Tele-Communications, Inc., the largest cable company in America. More recently, the Dutch owners of Philips, the Australians from News Corporation, and the Germans from Bertelsmann had all made overtures to Matsushita, and Ronald Perelman was said to be preparing his own bid.

"We didn't want to get into an auction," Bronfman said. "We felt that if we could acquire this company sensibly and fairly, O.K. But Seagram had no interest in pursuing an auction and bidding up the price. I told Morishita, 'If we want to do this quickly, it would be helpful for us to see your valuations of the various divisions of the company.' I also said, 'We would like an exclusive period of time to formulate a proposal.'"

Morishita agreed to both requests—with one important proviso. He did not want Sheinberg and Wasserman to get wind of the negotiations. Bronfman accepted the condition of confidentiality and promised that he would be back within 18 days. The two men stood and shook hands.

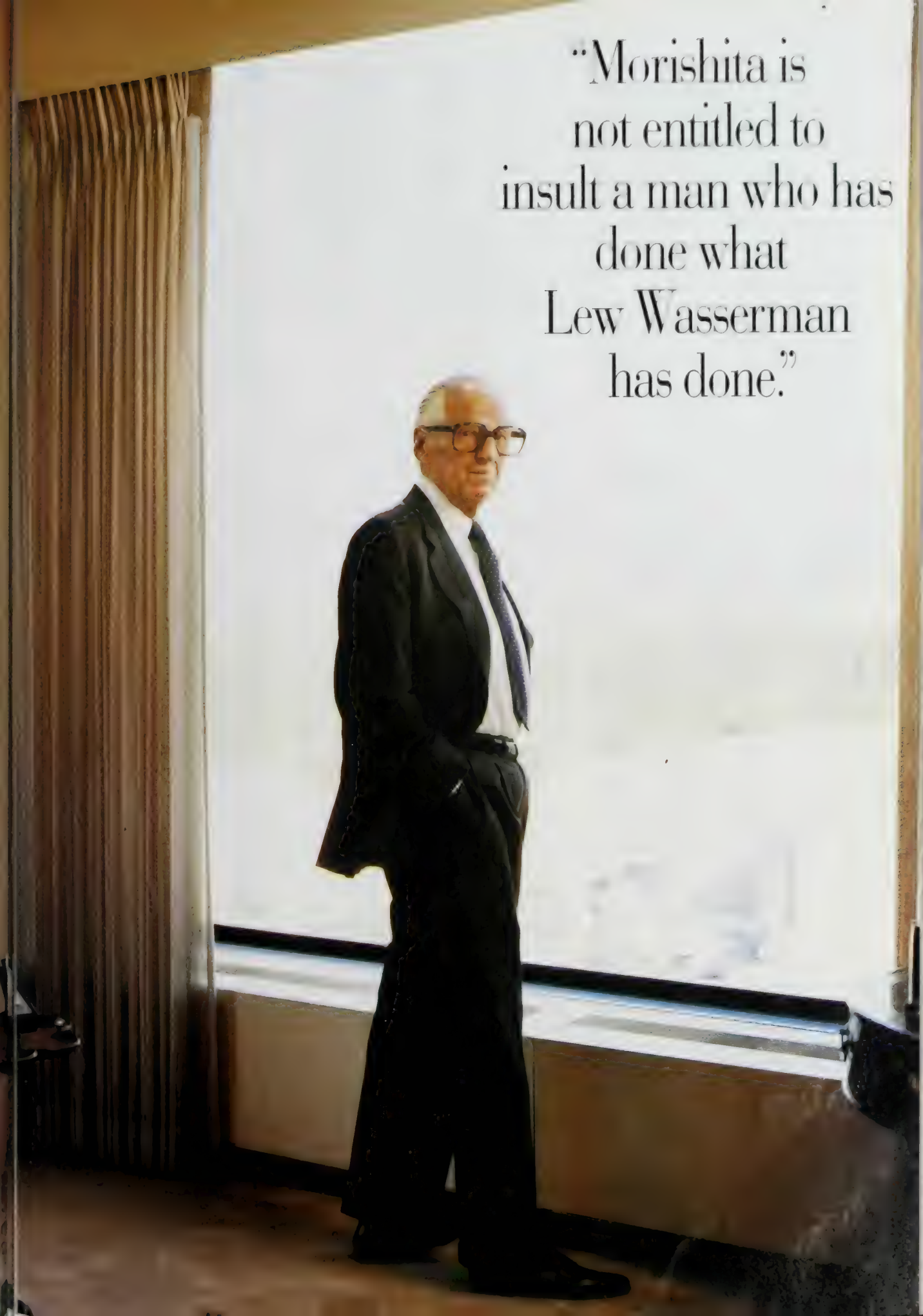
In less than 24 hours, they had put into motion one of the most important deals in Hollywood history.

"If I do well, I have 25 years in this job," Bronfman told me. "If I do poorly, I have significantly less time." A little more than a week had passed since he had signed an agreement in principle to pay $5.7 billion for 80 percent of MCA. That left Matsushita with a face-saving 20 percent and, taking into account the sharp rise in the value of the yen, a foreign-exchange loss of about $2 billion. In Hollywood, the deal was compared to Japan's surrender aboard the battleship *Missouri* at the end of World War II.

Bronfman's name was splashed all over the papers, and his face was on



THE GODFATHER
MCA's Lew Wasserman, the patriarch of Hollywood, in his office at Universal Studios. Though Wasserman got a staggering $327 million from Matsushita, he and Sheinberg behaved as though they had never sold the company.


"Morishita is
not entitled to
insult a man who has
done what
Lew Wasserman
has done."

TV. It was said that he had embarked on a risky course of action that was certain to change the legacy of his family business. What's more, he had set in motion powerful forces that would bring an end to the Wasserman-Sheinberg reign at MCA and could also affect the relative ranking of the major studios and talent agencies, as well as alter the futures of Steven Spielberg, Jeffrey Katzenberg, and David Geffen and their new DreamWorks SKG studio. Though Barry Diller and Warner Bros. co-chairman Terry Semel were among those mentioned as the possible new head of MCA, speculation centered on Michael Ovitz, who had been a key Bronfman adviser on the MCA purchase. Everyone said that it would take an extraordinary offer—hundreds of millions of dollars in rights, options, warrants, and bonuses—to lure him away from CAA, the Hollywood agency he had created, and even all that might still not be enough. Many were just as certain that, whoever ended up with the top title at MCA, Bronfman would keep "the Lew Wasserman seat" for himself.

In Bronfman's office, a Miró and a Picasso share wall space with a photograph of Mr. Sam, as Bronfman's grandfather was known until his death in 1971. Beneath the portrait of the pugnacious Seagram founder is a copy of his most famous saying: "Shirtsleeves to shirt-sleeves in three generations. I'm worried about the third generation. Empires have come and gone."

That concern is now shared by many in the financial community, who point out that Seagram bought a studio that was in danger of losing its shirt on *Waterworld,* the Kevin Costner movie alleged to have cost as much as $175 million and scheduled for release in July. In the course of the MCA purchase, Seagram's stock plunged by almost 20 percent, giving the Bronfmans, who own 36 percent of the company, a reported paper loss of about $800 million. *The Wall Street Journal,* which was the hardest on Edgar junior, attributed his motives to "a lifelong infatuation" with Hollywood, and suggested that the first movie made under the Seagram banner at MCA should be called *Dumb and Dumber II.*

"It's a nutty thing he's doing," an investment banker told me. "A studio is like a ball team: you make money when you sell, but there's not much cash flow in between. Given the large amount of growth in that business, you can make the case that on an asset basis, not an earnings basis, with good management, you could have real value over time. But it's a play. It's a guess."

"I'm dumbstruck," said a chief executive who, like Bronfman, had inherited a giant family business. "I'm not saying they shouldn't have gotten out of DuPont and put their own and their stockholders' money to better use. But this is gunslinging. Father and son played around in Hollywood, fine, but that's very different than betting the crown jewels."

Not everyone saw it that way, however. "MCA is a great company that has been run by conservative businessmen," said David Geffen, who, along with his DreamWorks partners, wasted no time opening negotiations with Bronfman over a possible future business relationship. "It's an underexploited asset, the equivalent of where Disney was when it was taken over 11 years ago by Michael Eisner. Frankly, Edgar's gotten a good deal."

"We bought MCA with no debt," Bronfman said. "Matsushita has eaten the costs of *Waterworld.* . . . Let's say that between postproduction and marketing the movie will cost us $57 million. That's 1 percent of what we paid for MCA. If it is the biggest hit in creation, it won't make any difference. And if it's the biggest flop in creation, it won't make any difference, either, from a financial standpoint. But if you're going to print that, print this: We're going to make every effort to make *Waterworld* a hit. You stand behind your creators in good times and bad. Kevin Costner is a great star and filmmaker, and I want to stick with him, and I've told him that."

The intense pub scrutiny was beg ning to take its t on Bronfman, w had dropped almo 10 pounds in t month following t deal. To avoid th press on his trips Los Angeles, he started checking in the Hotel Bel-Air under the pseud nym "Mr. Alcock"—his second wife maiden name.

He got a lot of support from h father, a virile-looking man of 66. "Ps chotherapy alone was not responsib for Edgar's and my relationship in proving," he said, referring to his f ther by his first name, "but it woul also be inaccurate to say it's ha nothing to do with it. A relationshi takes two people, and both Edga and I have grown."

Four years ago, when Edgar se nior married for the fifth time, t Jan Aronson, an artist, Edgar junio donated money in their name for a art program run by the Fund fo New York City Public Education Edgar senior devotes most of hi time to the major passion of his lat ter years, the World Jewish Con gress, of which he is president an chief financial benefactor. He can wel afford it; the latest *Forbes*-magazine ranking of America's richest people estimates that Edgar Bronfman Sr. has a personal net worth of $2.5 billion. Edgar junior makes no secret of the fact that he has never been as close to his father as he is to his mother, the former Ann Loeb, the daughter of John Langeloth Loeb, the ex-chairman of Loeb, Rhoades & Company, and the former Frances Lehman.

Edgar junior and his second wife, Clarissa, a tall Venezuelan beauty, whom he married less than a year and a half ago, live in a town house on Manhattan's Upper East Side, which was occupied in the 1970s by Edgar junior's mother after she left his father. There is a gym, where both Edgar and Clarissa, who excelled at broad-jumping in her native country, work out. The house is filled with antiques

Bronfman and Morishita had put into motion or

l comfortable chintz-covered chairs
l sofas. Recently, Bronfman plunked
wn $4.4 million for a five-story
vn house on a nearby side street,
ich he is gutting and redoing for
m.

Edgar's two-and-a-half-year-long
urtship of Clarissa was typical of
relentless determination. During
e period of his romantic pursuit,
sent her two dozen roses, then
o dozen orchids, every day. Claris-
finally relented. She is from a
althy family: her father, a former
gh-ranking executive in Petroleos
Venezuela, the state-owned oil
onopoly, is retired; her mother comes
om an old Venezuelan family that
ntrolled extensive land interests. Not
rprisingly, Clarissa's Catholic par-
ts did not see Bronfman as an ideal
tch, and Clarissa is fond of telling
e story of how she broke the news
t they were going to get married.
he said, 'There are a few things I
ve to tell you about him,'" according
Bronfman. "'One, he's Jewish. Two,
's been married before. And three,
's got three children.'"

The wedding was presided over by
rabbi, a priest, and a local bishop,
d it took place on the mountaintop
operty in Caracas owned by Claris-
's grandmother. The ceremony was
grand, torchlit production attended
1,200 people. At the reception, there
ere three bands, and Bronfman's
ngtime music collaborator, Bruce
oberts, sang a song that he and Bronf-
an had written for Barbra Streisand,
hich she has yet to record, called
f I Didn't Love You."

On alternate weekends, Bronfman
d Clarissa climb into their van and
ck up his three children—ranging
age from 7 to 14—who live with
eir mother in a town house on River-
de Drive. They then head to Bronf-
an's 125-acre Pawling estate in New
ork's Dutchess County, which has an
1-acre lake, a tennis court, an in-
oor swimming pool, and a private
olf course. The red-brick, 12,000-
quare-foot Georgian mansion once
elonged to radio newsman Lowell
homas, and it had passed through
ne hands of Dino De Laurentiis be-
fore Bronfman bought it for $3 mil-
lion.

When he finds time, Bronfman still writes songs with Bruce Roberts. "A few weeks ago," Roberts told me, "during the most crucial part of the negotiating for MCA, I kept calling him and annoying him for a lyric. He told me, 'Honey, I love you, but I'm too busy at the moment.' I have a new CD coming out on Atlantic in August," Roberts continued. "Edgar wrote one of the songs, called 'Intimacy,' for Clarissa." Roberts then sang the first stanza:

Intimacy, I bless you
I worship at your feet.
You're the gentle breath on an open sore.
You're the savior I've been waiting for.

To understand Edgar Bronfman Jr.'s open sore, it is necessary to know something about the tangled Bronfman family history. "I didn't know him very well," Bronfman told me about his paternal grandfather. "He passed away when I was 16. But he was such a canny businessman that I think he'd see the potential and the opportunity in MCA."

Samuel Bronfman (the family name means "whiskey-man" in Yiddish) was not a man to miss an opportunity. The Bronfman family was washed ashore in Canada as part of the late-19th-century wave of Jewish immigration from the East European Pale of Settlement. Sam and his three brothers, Abe, Harry, and Allan, started off in the hotel business in the frontier towns of Manitoba. "Many years later, in 1951," Mordecai Richler wrote in the Canadian magazine *Saturday Night*, "a small-time hoodlum, testifying before Estes Kefauver's Special Senate Committee to Investigate Organized Crime in the U.S., volunteered that the Bronfmans' prairie railroad hotels were actually a chain of whorehouses. Confronted with this story in his last years, Sam countered, 'If they were, they were the best in the West.'"

Sam was a brilliant, profane, hard-drinking man, and, like Joseph P. Kennedy, he made his fortune in bootlegging. "The Bronfman customers during Prohibition," wrote Peter C. Newman in his biography of Sam, *King of the Castle, the Making of a Dynasty: Seagram's and the Bronfman Empire*, "were an army (and navy) of bootleggers taking delivery in ships off the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, in small craft at handy crossings along the St. Lawrence–Great Lakes system, in cars and trucks at dusty prairie towns bordering on North Dakota and Montana."

Years later, after he had forced his only surviving brother, Allan, out of the liquor business, had merged his operations with the venerable Joseph E. Seagram and Sons Inc., and had built a huge mansion in the posh Westmount section of Montreal, Sam tried to sanitize his early history. He hired his own personal poet laureate, A. M. Klein, who composed panegyrics to Sam on his birthdays and important business occasions. Sam desperately wanted to be accepted by the ruling elite, and, above all, to be made a senator—in Canada, a prestigious lifetime appointment. He never achieved either of these goals. In the prudish, bigoted atmosphere of Canadian society in the 1920s and 1930s, he was ostracized for being a bootlegger and a Jew, and was refused entry into such "proper" institutions as the Mount Royal Club and the Mount Stephen Club. He reacted to his disappointments by creating an upper-class British fantasy life.

He and his wife, Saidye, who, at age 99, still lives in the Westmount mansion, had four children—Edgar, Charles, Phyllis, and Minda. Sam tried to instill his win-at-any-cost values in his children. The mild-mannered Charles was the least like his father, and yet he chose to remain in Canada, where he was the convenient victim of his father's merciless bullying. Charles became active in Jewish affairs and was a founding owner of the Expos baseball team. He *(Continued on page 129)*

the most important deals in Hollywood history.

BIANCA'S DESTINY



Bianca Jagger has cast off the Studio 54–era label of "Mick's ex" to champion the dispossessed in the political salons of Latin America and Washington. With her boyfriend, Congressman Robert Torricelli, under fire for charging C.I.A. involvement in Guatemala, Jagger shows JENNET CONANT the uses of celebrity muscle

As she descends into the terraced living room of director Mike Nichols's Manhattan town house, sheathed in a pale satin slip by Calvin Klein and a matching hat with the veil drawn low over her face, all that can be glimpsed of Bianca Jagger is her crimson lips. But that has always been enough.

"Bianca, look this way!" "Bianca, over here!" "Bianca, just one more!" The paparazzi snap madly as she greets Mort Zuckerman, Fran Lebowitz, and Jane Wenner, old friends who are unfazed by the commotion she causes. Famous faces fade, mercifully. But Bianca endures. And the continuing fascination with the former Mrs. Mick

Photograph by DAVID SEIDNER • Styled by KATE HARRINGTON



LA BIANCA
Those who question Bianca's political seriousness risk the wrath of loyalists, including Susan Sontag and Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who accused the *New York Post* of doing "rank injustice to a brave young woman who might so easily be living a celebrity life of fashion shows and night clubs."



"There are always new adventures, turns, and movement with Bianca."

A WOMAN OF INDEPENDENT SCENES

Top row, In 1977, Bianca celebrates her birthday on horseback at Studio 54; with Salvadoran earthquake victims in 1986. *Second row,* Bianca and Halston in 1977; with Mick at a Paris premiere, 1975; at the Roxy in L.A. in 1978. *Third row,* Bianca with Congressman Robert Torricelli at the White House Press Correspondents Dinner in April; with Michael Caine in her early days; dancing with Sterling St. Jacques at the Studio. *Fourth row,* Bianca with Andy Warhol, 1976; on horseback in her native Nicaragua, 1992.

ger is not attributable solely to the fact that few women ow how to make a better entrance or that fewer still are emphatically sexy at fortysomething. No, Bianca's attrac- n—which has tempted a succession of escorts including vid Bowie, Carl Bernstein, Ed Bradley, and the perpetu- y eligible Senator Chris Dodd—is heightened by everything has been, and everything she may still become. As lvin Klein, her friend of 20 years, says, "It doesn't really tter what the world thinks of her, because she's always f doing her own thing. There are always new adventures, rns, and movement with Bianca."

Since last we encountered her, on the banquettes at Stu- 54, our heroine has found herself at the center of an in- national scandal involving no less than the U.S. government, e C.I.A., and an alleged plot to cover up the Guatemalan urders of one American and the husband of another. Irate olitics on both sides of the aisle agree that Bianca de- rves much credit—or blame—for the fact that the whole shed-up mess is now public. Had it not been for her per- stence, it seems, Democratic congressman Robert Torricel- of New Jersey—her constant companion for the past two ars—would never have pursued the fate of Jennifer Har- ry's husband, Efraín Bamaca Velásquez, a guerrilla fight- who disappeared in Guatemala in 1992.

In a controversial March press conference, Congressman rricelli and Harbury—survivor of two highly publicized nger strikes—revealed their allegation that Bamaca and an merican named Michael DeVine had been killed by a paid I.A. informant. They also made the claim that the C.I.A. d some administration officials had known the truth for ars. This bombshell sparked hearings before the Senate In- lligence Committee, a U.S. Justice Department inquiry, d an F.B.I. criminal investigation. Also ignited were the rath of conservatives and the outrage of the *New York Post,* hich claimed, in one of two vitriolic editorials, that Torri- lli "undertook this effort at the urging of his paramour."

The lady, of course, has her defenders. "As for your un- allant swipe at Bianca," rallied Arthur Schlesinger Jr. in a tter to the *Post*'s editor, "you do rank injustice to a brave oung woman who might so easily be living a celebrity life f fashion shows and night clubs and instead devotes her- lf to the support and rescue of suffering women and chil- ren in the most dangerous parts of the world."

Bianca's new status as the center of political controversy the culmination of years of single-minded dedication to ansforming the fame she acquired from an early marriage a Rolling Stone into a more meaningful identity. "What happening at the moment is in some way something you xpected and counted on to happen, but that is still in some way surprising. Those letters that have appeared in response o the attacks on me have meant so much to me." So Bian- a reports. Her accent, far from American, suggests neither Nicaragua, her native land, nor Britain, her first adopted ountry. Rather, it is some dazzling fusion, designed to ommunicate and at times, perhaps, obfuscate.

Petite in person, she wears impossibly impractical white rosgrain heels and a superlatively feminine summer dress. The pale silk straps of her camisole slide suggestively into iew when she gestures dramatically (and she rarely gestures undramatically). She might seem an unlikely candidate for battle, but appearances can be deceiving. "To me it has al- ways been a question of simply telling the truth of what I know," she says, tossing her dark curls in the determined manner of great romantic heroines. "I was not doing it to gain something for myself, or to advance a political agenda. I was not speaking for some political party I was trying to promote or propel. I always thought that time and perse- verance would prove that I was serious."

Armed with only her name and a temperament worthy of Eva Perón, Bianca has become a self-created human-rights advocate and all-purpose defender of oppressed peoples anywhere, anytime. Combining Warholian media savvy with a compassion that seems genuine, she puts low-risk do-gooding celebrity icons to shame. She has championed every conceivable human-rights cause, speaking out against violence—from the Nicaraguan revolution and contra war to the horrors of the death squads in El Salvador, Honduras, and Guatemala. She has drawn attention to the plight of indigenous people in the Amazon, railed against unjust incarcerations in Northern Ireland, decried the mass raping of Muslim women by the Serb forces. She has given her time to domestic women's issues, the AIDS crisis, and a host of environmental problems all over the world. If the sheer number and diversity of her undertakings make her sometimes appear dilettantish, few observers question her zeal. Jaded types who persist in the conviction that she trots off to trouble spots to get her picture in the paper forget that she could accomplish that much just by appearing at her buddy Calvin Klein's fall show.

"She doesn't have to do this, she *chose* to do it, and she does it with fervor and dedication," says author Susan Sontag. "But I am appalled by the skeptical reaction to what she does, and it makes me especially furious when I hear it from my own friends. It's because she's beautiful, famous, and a woman, and she's stepping out of that role to do something that is worthy. It violates everybody's expectations."

Admittedly, Bianca's modus operandi can be eccentric. But she's got guts and frequently finds herself on lengthy fact-finding missions that are arduous and dangerous. Torricelli once grew alarmed when, during a satellite hookup with Bianca in Tuzla (she was arranging for the evacuation of two critically ill Bosnian children), a mortar shell exploded in the background. "I heard the building shudder," he recalls, confessing that he fell for Bianca then and there. "You know, there aren't that many people you meet who are prepared to make that kind of effort for strangers. To me, there is a real human character there that I found enormously appealing."

Dropping the names of powerful friends and politicians, firing off faxes round the clock, and spewing the acronyms of relief organizations like the Hail Marys in her girlhood catechism, Bianca is a couture-clad anomaly, a highly visible and effective spokeswoman for her adopted causes. "Bianca walks in circles that are *(Continued on page 136*

Maurizio Gucci, whose family name is still a synonym for style and chic, forfeited his pride, his reputation, and his global empire of bags and shoes before he lost his life to a mysterious, elegantly dressed assassin. From Maurizio's Bulgari-draped ex-wife, and from other family members, JUDY BACHRACH learns of the intense loathing and vicious rivalries that brought down the Gucci dynasty



A GUCCI

LOUIS HOLLINGSBEE



KNOCKOFF

MURDER IN MILANO "Two shots in the back of the head and then, *pow*, one in the temple. An execution," says a family member of the murder of 46-year-old Maurizio Gucci on March 27. Gucci, who was gunned down in front of his office on the Via Palestro, is seen opposite at a London hearing in October 1998. During one five-year period, 15 lawsuits were filed in the United States by Gucci family members. All involved relatives



G SPOT
"In my time," recalls a Milanese countess, "all the ladies from Grace Kelly to Lee Radziwill to Gabriella di Savoy wore Gucci. You were nobody if you didn't have the *mocassini* of Gucci, the bag of Gucci." By 1986, when Maurizio Gucci headed the empire, the 153 Gucci shops worldwide were pulling in half a billion dollars a year.

"It wasn't one of the Guccis who did this. If it had been a Gucci he'd have buggered the job. They bugger everything."

At five in the afternoo strong spring sunshi streams through Milan hardening the new gre of the pines in the pu lic gardens, warming th white backs of fat duc in the Villa Reale, ligh ing the faces of the spi ful old ladies who ga up at the stone balu trades protruding fro the now famous *atti* of Maurizio Gucci. Yo can see practically everything fro the penthouse of this man who lost a empire of bags and shoes, forfeitin what counts most in Italy: a name, family, an inheritance.

Much of the world, after he grew to ashamed to meet it, was brought to Mau rizio's living room, a cocktail party c acquisitions thrown together. On a fa wall, a late de Chirico depiction of mys teriously illuminated columns coldly eye a sentimental 17th-century painting o Jesus convening his disciples in the Tus can countryside. Gold-edged plaster co nices overhang matching indigo silk couches. Enormous chocolates in shiny foil fill prim dishes near a vast Chi nese table as thickly rouged and lac quered as an aging actress.

But you can't see a strand of sun light. Curtains of heavy satin filter out all intrusions. This is the refuge where the last of the Guccis to run the Gucci company hid out, disgraced, mocked, and often in debt. Maybe the darkness was his solace. "I'm a weak man, I've messed up everything," Maurizio confided to his older daughter, Alessandra. "I think this time I really put my foot in it."

To everyone else, he was invariably less candid. "I feel like Rocky Marciano, the boxer who fought with his face full of blood, but won," Gucci declared almost two years ago as his company slid from his angry grasp.

The faceful of blood he did receive. On the morning of March 27, Maurizio Gucci kissed his lover and left the sumptuous gloom of the apartment, striding past the building's life-size murals of dour Roman matrons and blank-eyed warriors. After a mere 300 yards, he began to mount the blue-carpeted steps to his office on the Via Palestro. Behind him, a patient, elegantly dressed man peeled out of the rush-

ur traffic, and then everything opped. No silencer was used.

"Two shots in the back of the head d then, *pup*, one in the temple. An ecution," explains a Gucci cousin, micking with cocked fingers the sture of the gunman. All of Italy gages in this pantomime these days. he newspapers are full of diagrams d drawings showing the exact method-ogy of the hit. It wasn't, the gener- consensus runs, high-quality. A *ertiere*, an eyewitness, was wounded, ot mortally. The gun's caliber, 7.65, emed an unusual choice for the crime.

"A paid killer, but whether he was a al professional—that I can't say," rosecutor Carlo Nocerino declares ournfully in his office at the Palace Justice. "A professional killer needs, aximum, two shots. He shot too much."

Nocerino is a transplanted Neapol-an, handsome and dark, with full lips. ut on the day we meet, his solemn yes are pouchy with fatigue, his face s rumpled as a slept-on sheet. He's ast spent a very long weekend try-g to pry information from the dead an's reticent relations. "I don't know ow much I can tell you" is how he egins our conversation.

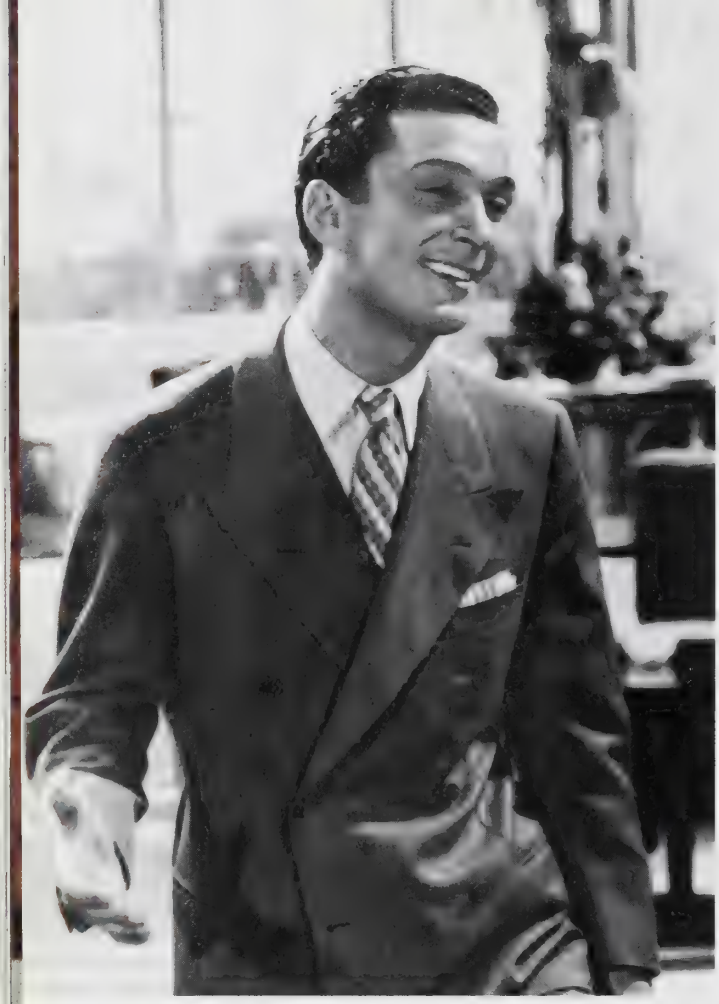
As it turns out, the prosecutor has lmost nothing to tell. Who is behind is infamous execution? "I have no lea what the motive was and with-ut that I can't find the person who ent the killer." What could Maurizio ave done to earn such dreadful ret-ibution? "*Ma!* It's a real mystery. Be-ause this guy went to the office on oot. If he was worried, he could eas-ly have hired a bodyguard. But he idn't hire a bodyguard."

What was the exact message being ent by the murder? "Here we are eally stumped!" What are the chances of finding the hit man? "I have little ope of finding him. It's very diffi-ult." Even the most workaday details re hazy. The make of the hired killer's getaway car? "We're not 100 percent ure. It could have been a Renault Clio."

Worse: for days, the prosecutor has been pleading with the lawyer for the esistant Patrizia Gucci, currently en-sconced in the massive Gucci-family vacation villa in Saint-Moritz, for per-nission to let him examine Maurizio's ank statements. "*Cherchez l'argent!*" cries Nocerino, and you'll discover everything. He intends to follow the



BAGMEN
Aldo Gucci (right) and a relative in New York City in the early 50s. It was Aldo Gucci who led his company's move into the United States.



GENTLEMAN CALLER
Maurizio Gucci's father, Rodolfo, who acted in films before returning to the family empire, is seen here in 1938 on the set of *Grandmother's Happiness.* He specialized in roles, common in the 1930s, requiring him to ring up Anna Magnani on a white telephone. (Italians refer to this film genre as "White Telephone movies.")

trail of clues as far as New York City, Maurizio's last stop before his fateful return to Milan.

Surely, Nocerino insists, this murder was no crime of passion. There was money behind those three bullets pumped into Maurizio's head. Lots of it. However, the Swiss banks are being very careful about the prosecutor's queries into the deceased's financial situation. Very guarded. The prosecutor cannot hide his exasperation.

"There are 14 floppy disks locked up in Switzerland."

But this is a homicide, I protest.

"Ah—" The prosecutor gives an ironic shrug. "With a homicide the Swiss authorities are even more severe, even more difficult. It's like a dog howling at the moon."

What is behind the reluctance of the Swiss? At least one of the factors is the miniature figure of Patrizia Gucci—"a pocket-size Venus," one friend calls her—whose impish crop of hair is the color of fresh pitch. "This is the only interview I'm giving," she announces dramatically as a white-gloved butler pours Maraschino tea. We meet in her living room, which is quite different from Maurizio's. The place is alive with light, its ceiling painted to resemble a Tiepolo heaven. Its owner is so tightly wound she seems ready to spring.

Draped in glittering Bulgari bracelets and earrings, her throat blazing with a crowd of diamonds, Patrizia is completely unrepentant about her role in this drama. Nocerino can beg and beg, but she has no intention of revealing the ebb and flow of Maurizio's finances.

"Absolutely not. I have to protect the heritage of my two daughters." Then she expands her declaration. "My lawyers said that there was no sense in putting all your money in the hands of the internal revenue. They leave you in your *mutandine*—in your boxer shorts."

Well then, how will the Italian authorities ever find the murderer of Maurizio?

"I told you before. Who cares?"

She is wearing a small clingy knit of forest green. Her lids, broadly lined with black, give her huge liquid eyes even more of a tilt; her neat little legs are crossed at the ankles. She says that, unlike the police, she has an instinctive feeling she knows exactly who murdered Maurizio. In any case, she knew he would end up badly. "I felt something.

"You know, Maurizio used to call me La Strega Piri-Piri. A character from the cartoons, on television. Piri-Piri, it means nothing."

And *strega* means witch.

"Yes. Because maybe in the cartoons she goes: *Peeree, peeree, peeree, peeree.*" Here Patrizia pitches her voice to imitate the squeak of a witch. Her dark gaze is moist, insistent. She is, of course, the ex-wife of Maurizio Gucci.

Inherent in the challenge facing Prosecutor Nocerino in his arduous search for the killer is the fact that an amazing number of people had it in for the victim. Maurizio was a restless, impassioned loner with a mania for collecting extravagant sailboats, lush residences, expensive but excruciating works of art, potent enemies. Some of his cousins despise him to this day. His clever late uncle, Aldo Gucci, almost succeeded in getting him thrown into jail. His cousin Paolo sued him and other Guccis for $13 million. Even in 1986, when the 153 Gucci shops worldwide were pulling in half a billion dollars a year and Maurizio Gucci was on top of the world, he was basically as loveless as a pauper.

And this is odd because, as one of his many younger relatives points out quite correctly, "Maurizio was not a terrible person. He was a good person."

Heir to a vast fortune and an even vaster responsibility—50 percent of the Gucci leather-goods empire—Maurizio should have been, by rights, the toast of Italy's fashion industry, a major international player. "I once told Maurizio that in my time, when you went on the most important hunts, all the ladies from Grace Kelly to Lee Radziwill to Gabriella di Savoy wore Gucci," recalls Contessa Marta Marzotto of Milan. "*Tutte, tutte, tutte.* You were nobody if you didn't have the *mocassini* of Gucci, the bag of Gucci."

And Maurizio understood the value of his heritage. He was only 46 when he died, an industrious man of considerable intelligence, moderately handsome but with subdued features devoid of force. "*Si innamorava delle persone,*" explains a sympathetic younger cousin, also called Patrizia. Maurizio was always falling in love with new people, new workers, new ideas. Then, just as precipitately, he would change his mind.

As he did with his ex-wife, in fact. "Ask if Maurizio had any friends," she taunts. "*Ask.*"

Cousins, uncles, wife, kids, business associates, friends: there was scarcely a person whom Maurizio Gucci hadn't

anaged to offend horribly by the hour his execution. Upon learning of e tragedy, his former wife summed o her emotions with unbridled speci- city: "On a human level, I'm sorry ut from a personal vantage point, I in't really say the same thing."

"He was very weak as a charac- r," explains cousin Roberto Gucci ss than a month after the killing. "He as easily led. He wasn't secure. My pinion: he must have been very much onfused."

Those whom Maurizio Gucci once aid to defend his reputation are now is judges. "The fact that Gucci had o premonition that he was about to e killed—even if he'd done someone rong—was a bit his nature. In these orts of things he was a bit superfi- ial," explains Maurizio's white-haired awyer, Vittorio D'Aiello, smiling gen- ly. "A little bit of a lightweight—yes, es, exactly."

D'Aiello knows his man. He de- ended Maurizio 10 years ago, when he constantly conniving and jealous ucci cousins ratted on their king, nd Maurizio was convicted of forg- ng his late father's signature in order o avoid paying $125 million in death luties to the tax man.

"Four handwriting experts agreed he signature was falsified," concedes he Milanese lawyer. The conviction vas, however, ultimately overturned n appeal. Maurizio—who had fled for year to his Swiss villa to avoid ar- est—came home once again to rule ver his messy kingdom. "*Il mondo del bello,*" he dubbed that empire, because he steadfastly refused to con- ider his family's products as luxury tems. He refused, in fact, to think of nything in life as extravagant.

"He would say, 'Oh, that briefcase doesn't cost much—just $3,000,'" ex- plains an old friend. "Maurizio had no conception of money. After he bought Stavros Niarchos's yacht the *Créole* he redecorated and redid the whole thing. I remember one day he talked about the work on one room and said it wasn't very expensive. I said, How much? He said, 'Oh, not much—$970,000.' One room! He had no practical sense. He was an incompetent manager. I don't think he understood the me- chanics of how you make money. Of how you run a business."

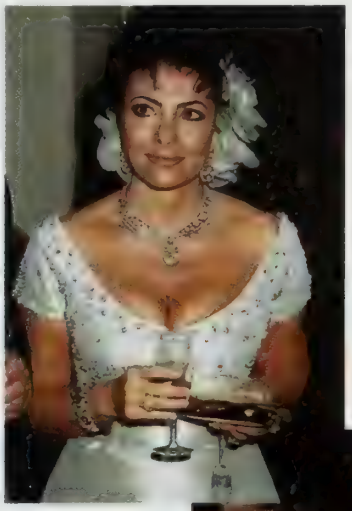
"I say Maurizio was superficial be- cause—well, you have to understand the life Maurizio led," his old lawyer con- tinues patiently. "At bottom, he was a kid who grew up rich, and he was never denied anything. Right? And there- fore I can say he wasn't likely to be fearful or to have a premonition of the dangers to come. And so he had this joyous conception of life. This is what caused him not to calculate."

Of course, a different, less joyful man might have calculated that with so many excitable, angry, treasonous relations one's health might be, some day or other, seriously jeopardized. But Prosecutor Nocerino strenuously denies the notion of a family plot.

"Yes, there was hate in the family. But everyone knows this. Everyone who knows the story of the Gucci family knows this."

"Oh no, it wasn't one of the Guccis who did this," protests Jenny Gucci, now separated from one of Maurizio's first cousins. "If it had been a Gucci he'd have buggered the job. They bugger everything."

"Maurizio was simply a thing called Gucci that had to be washed and dressed."





INTO LEATHER *Left:* "A pocket-size Venus," says a friend of Maurizio's ex-wife, Patrizia, who refuses to aid murder investigators in their efforts to pry open the family's Swiss bank accounts. *Below:* Paola Franchi, who was living with Maurizio at the time of his murder, at a memorial gathering for her lover in Milan in early April.

The roots of the Gucci family's mutual loathing and self-destructive internecine rivalries are, oddly enough, the very same roots that once nourished its extraordinary commercial success. Back in 1922 in Florence, family patriarch Guccio Gucci was a clever businessman with a passion for craftsmanship and an unfailing instinct about the amount of money that the bourgeoisie would pay to be perceived as aristocrats. Handbags molded in the form of saddles, loafers clasped by gold stirrups, textiles dyed like racing silks, linked stirrups that formed the initials "GG": over the years, Guccio Gucci created a spectrum of status symbols through shrewd observation of the guests who checked into London's Savoy Hotel, where he spent his early days, first as a scullery hand and then as a waiter.

After his return to Italy, however, the merchant himself fell victim to the princely dreams he so successfully

Maurizio spent $7 million to restore the *Créole*—formerly



...vned by Niarchos—to *fin de siècle* mahogany perfection.



vended. Newspaper stories perfumed his genealogy with references to mythical highborn forebears. "Such mystique these Guccis have! But they were nothing but a bunch of cobblers, for Christ's sake," protests Jenny Gucci. Nonetheless, fabulous dynastic sagas written by Gucci public-relations people often referred to Guccio as descending from the Medicis, or, at the very least, as having crafted for them.

"That is, excuse me, bullshit," young Maurizio, after he ascended the Gucci throne, informed author Gerald McKnight, who was writing a history of the Gucci clan's warfare. "We must not give the impression that we have some special right to be on top of the world. . . . In my own family I insist that we do not carry on as if we came from a sort of kingdom."

But how could he help it? How could any of the Guccis ignore the call of class woven into the very fabric of their wares? From the earliest days, old Guccio Gucci appears to have been vividly aware of founding a kind of Darwinian dynasty. It is said that the patriarch encouraged snitching among his four sons and when apprised of some youthful misdeed whipped the guilty party with the knotted end of a tablecloth. "Grandfather would play his sons off against each other whenever he could to show they had blood in their veins," Paolo Gucci, a first cousin of Maurizio's, would later explain.

One of these sons—good-looking Rodolfo, with his very white teeth and long, eloquent nose—initially escaped the leather-goods business and the tyrant pioneer who ran it, becoming for a while a hand-to-mouth film actor. He specialized in roles, common



SAIL MERCHANDISE

In 1987, Maurizio Gucci sailed with an unidentified crew at the America's Cup. *Top,* the *Créole.* A friend recalls, "Maurizio told me that Niarchos sold the *Créole* to him with the Impressionist paintings still on the walls." The sailboat also featured gold taps in the bathroom and a screening room where Maurizio watched his father's old movies.

in the 30s, that required him to wear white carnations and stiff collars while ringing up Anna Magnani on a white telephone (in fact, Italians call this genre, without irony, "White Telephone movies").

Briefly, Rodolfo adopted the name Maurizio D'Ancora, married Alessandra Winkelhausen, a pretty blonde half-German actress with a very hot temper, and, after World War II, waited for the scripts to roll in. They didn't. So the defeated actor returned to the family fold. This was the father of Maurizio, an executive Johnny-come-lately as far as most of the family was concerned.

"I know every piece in the Gucci line, and I know that two-thirds of the price of every wallet goes to lawyers."



CLUELESS
Prosecutor Carlo Nocerino, pictured in Florence in May, is in charge of investigating the Gucci murder. His plan: *"Cherchez l'argent!"*

Rodolfo would never truly rid himself of his obsession with the world of cinema. On top of that, he never demonstrated the marketing genius of his older brother Aldo, who had the nerve to tackle the New World. It was Aldo who was responsible for opening the wildly successful Gucci shops in New York, Chicago, and even Beverly Hills; he selected Rodeo Drive when no one in Italy had ever heard of such a location.

"I'll never forget a man who in 1953 takes an airplane—not a jumbo, it took almost 24 hours to get to New York—and opens a shop on 58th Street," says one Gucci cousin. "You must really have a feeling for what you do, something you have in your blood. If you have to think about it, forget it."

Maurizio's father had other skills. After his return from the world of the movies, he helped lure swarms of glamorous Hollywood royalty toward the House of Gucci. Before long the likes of Bette Davis, Katharine Hepburn, and Sophia Loren were streaming into the shops. In the film *Roman Holiday,* Audrey Hepburn's lovely head was framed by a Gucci silk scarf; she danced in the *mocassini de Gucci.* Before her marriage to Prince Rainier of Monaco, the young Grace Kelly pleaded so movingly for a Gucci-designed floral scarf (she was unable to find a flowered scarf she considered suitable in all of Rome) that the Guccis immediately began manufacturing them, with Rodolfo in charge. Quickly, the Gucci image became as princely as old Guccio's ambitions. At his wedding, Prince Rainier handed out Gucci scarves to all the female guests.

"In sum, young ladies of the 50s and 60s in Italy—the *signorine* from the good families of Italy—had Gucci. At Christmastime, on birthdays, the things Gucci made gave you an entrée," explains former tennis champion Le Pericoli, who was famous for wearin whites edged with lace and rhinestone on the court, and who now writes abou fashion. "You needed the pearl neck lace and the mink coat, and then yo had a Gucci leather bag with the bam boo handle, the Gucci scarf. I ha one with butterflies." She flashes wicked grin. "And that way you looke exactly like your grandmother!"

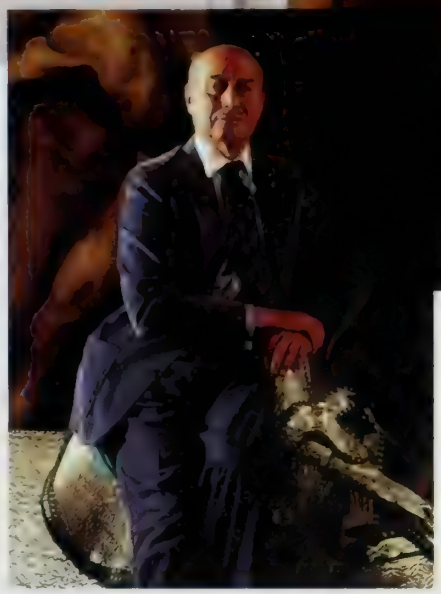
The lure of the brand lingered int the era when fashion began to frame and, to an extent, define the borders of a particular kind of political life Ronald Reagan swore by his Guccis until it became politic to claim pref erence for American goods. "Me—when I went to high school here in the 70s. Milano was divided between left- and right-wingers. Well, you were known precisely by your clothes," says fash ion writer Grazia Loria.

"The leftist kids were known by their jeans and by their big white sweaters. Whereas the right-wing kids were known by their velvet trousers, their cashmere sweaters, their silver pendants, their Ray-Ban sunglasses—and their Gucci scarves, which you always wore wrapped around your Hermès bag. And the briefcase also was always Gucci. And that was the dividing line between the left and the right at first glance."

So the Guccis owned far more than a prosperous intercontinental business. It was a giant leather throne on which sat two exceedingly quarrelsome heirs. Aldo had built up the business; Rodolfo had benefited from his visionary brother's brilliance and skill. When Rodolfo died of cancer in 1983, he had been a widower for many years. His heir, Maurizio, 34, had been motherless since the age of 5.

And that's how the cosseted, gentle Maurizio Gucci, who had grown up in a hothouse atmosphere in Milan, complete with Tullia, his governess from the Tuscan hills, a cook, and the two hazelnut Ferraris his father had bestowed on him, inherited 50 percent of a kingdom. Overnight. "He was like a child," recalls Patrizia Gucci, who attributes his lack of emotional growth to his early development, when, she says, "he was simply a thing called Gucci that had to be washed and dressed." Certainly, he was—despite an overwhelming passion to prove himself—imperfectly trained for his ascendancy.







GUCCI DUCHY
Clockwise from top left: The late Aldo Gucci and consort take in a horse race in Rome in 1988. Roberto Gucci—Aldo's son—in Florence in May. Paolo Gucci, another of Aldo's sons, was constantly suing his father. "And the father," reports one witness, "was paying for his son's lawyers to sue him. Every time Paolo ran out of money to pay his lawyer, Aldo would pay."

his lifetime, his father, for all his ve for his son, had not allowed Mauzio to own a single voting share of ıe Gucci company. The other cousins, escendants of the more fruitful Aldo who had, in fact, given shares to his fspring during his lifetime), were apalled by Maurizio's new supremacy. le was far younger than they, and wholuntried. They had been completely pstaged and were forced to settle for ır smaller parcels of the company.

"He inherited the rights of God, as e say in Italy—then why he make all ıe mess he made?" cries Roberto Guci, one of the many disappointed ousins, who still speaks of Maurizio ith disdain. "I don't have an anwer. If you have an answer, I say thank ou! And not only me—all the rest of ıy family. They say, *Why? Why?*"

At the time of young Maurizio's promotion to power, the company's capital assets were said to be nearing $800 million. But he was not the leader, the businessman, the visionary to enlarge them further. Since childhood he had never been trusted—by anyone. Even by Rodolfo, the man who had left him in charge.

"Rodolfo used to treat Maurizio like a *stupidino* in public meetings," recalls a younger Gucci cousin. She mimes the father's dismissive gesture. "You know, he'd say, 'O.K., Maurizio, off you go now.'"

"Rodolfo was a wonderful man who adored Maurizio, but he knew Maurizio's weaknesses," reports a longtime friend of both men. "Rodolfo called me all the time—he used to call me every hour of the day: 'I'm concerned about Maurizio, very, very concerned,' he'd say."

Says Francesco Gittardi, who worked for Gucci for 20 years, "When his father died, it was unfortunate for everybody. Especially for Maurizio because he lost the crutch, lost what sustained him. For me Maurizio had all the good qualities, but he did not have a strong character. Do you understand? When his father was alive Maurizio had to go through the father, and the father was the person who said 'Yes' or 'No.' And Rodolfo's 'No' was always 'No!'"

"And so I think Maurizio ran away basically," continues the longtime family friend. "Maurizio married Patrizia. And I think the reason he did it was because Rodolfo was really overwhelming."

"Patrizia was his only rebellion: perhaps the father thought Maurizio might have chosen someone more *éclatante*," hazards a rich Milanese. "Someone with an *éclatante* family name, so many tiny things. Great class, a great name, and perhaps also the financial part."

The woman who married Maurizio Gucci knows exactly what the Gucci family thought of her then. And what they think of her still.

"I have never been accepted. No. Not by anybody," says Patrizia Gucci, her smile faint and utterly mirthless. "I was called the Joan Collins of the situation. By everybody. Thank God my family was rich."

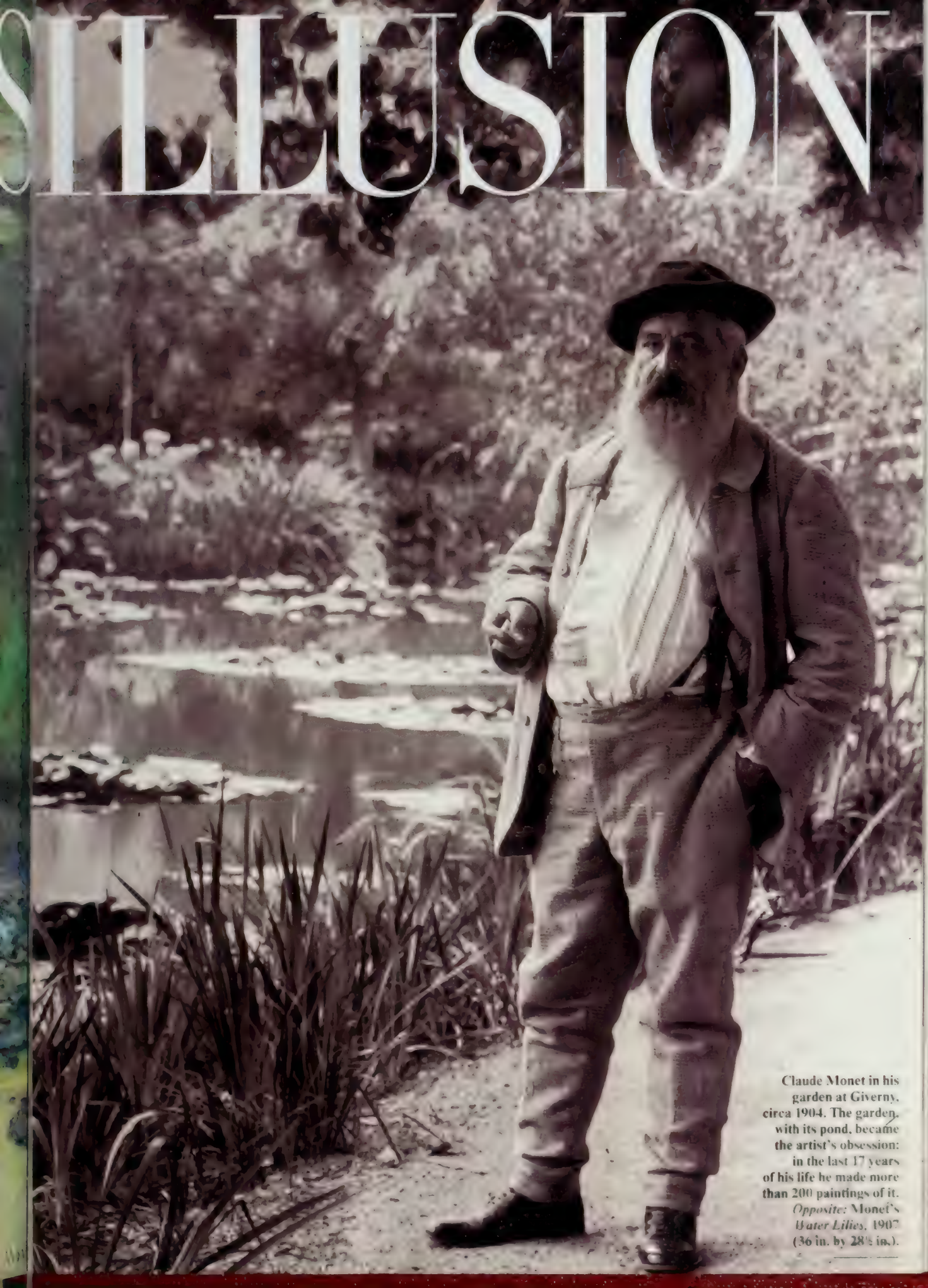
Patrizia's penthouse, in the heart of Milan's downtown shopping district, suggests cash hastily divested for maximum effect. Huddled together on a far table are the glistening, twisted bodies of seven enormous Art Deco vases; elsewhere, a tribe of bronze dancing girls, many in headdresses or coats of mail, strike extraordinary *(Continued on page 133*

MONET'S



Claude Monet indulged in
[illegible] bradles, handmade shoes,
and [illegible] suits and shirts,
all the while pouring money into
his garden paradise at Giverny.
As the largest ever Monet exhibition
opens at the Art Institute of
Chicago, [illegible] reveals
that this model of a modern artist
was an astute businessman who kept
one eye on his canvases and the
other on his balance sheet

SILLUSION



Claude Monet in his garden at Giverny, circa 1904. The garden, with its pond, became the artist's obsession: in the last 17 years of his life he made more than 200 paintings of it. *Opposite:* Monet's *Water Lilies*, 1907 (36 in. by 28½ in.).



Left: Monet in the room that was his first studio at Giverny, circa 1920. Feeling that the public didn't need to know everything about him, the artist once claimed that he painted exclusively from nature and never had studios. *Below: Water Lilies*, 1905 (35¼ in. by 39¼ in.).

On March 15, 1908, Claude Monet hosted a studio visit from his longtime Parisian dealers, Paul Durand-Ruel and Durand-Ruel's eldest son, Joseph. At 67, Monet was one of their star artists, and they had been to Giverny many times before. But as they sped northwest from the capital to the hamlet that Monet had called home since 1883, the two must have been excited—for this was anything but a routine call. After years of prodding, they had finally persuaded the often stubborn artist to exhibit his latest series of paintings—multiple views of his water-lily pond seen under varying light and weather conditions.

Monet had been working on these pictures for almost five years, refusing to allow them out of his studio. The last show the artist had mounted, in 1904, consisting of 37 views of London, had been wildly successful. It had even led one of the Durand-Ruels' rivals, Ambroise Vollard, to sponsor a trip to England by the younger André Derain to paint the very same sites as the older Impressionist though in a more modern, Fauve style—thus challenging Monet's claims to the leadership of French avant-garde art.

The water-lily show was scheduled to open at the end of April 1908. The Durand-Ruels were going to Giverny to select the paintings in consultation with the artist, to



Monet produced more than 500 drawings and 2,000 paintings—a painting every two weeks for a career that lasted almost 70 years. Cézanne envied his facility.



Monet at Giverny in 1920. He created a personal paradise in his house and gardens, and yet he loved to careen around the countryside at high speeds in one of his two cars and was known to have himself driven for hours just to buy a pastry or view the ocean.

Lovers today of the quintessential Impressionist are shocked to learn that Monet was concerned at all with money.

finalize arrangements for crating shipping them, and, they hoped, enjoy one of Monet's renowned me With luck they would be back in t Eighth Arrondissement apartment early evening.

When they arrived at Monet's tate and made their way to his stu however, they found the painter several surprises in store for the Monet informed them he had set tain conditions for the show. First, wanted them to purchase paintir prior to the opening. They had d this before, so that was not a pr lem. The surprise was the number paintings Monet insisted they bu 16, or one-third of the number t would be in the exhibition. Even m disconcerting were the prices he manded: 13,000 to 15,000 francs canvas. That was considerably high than the 8,000 to 11,000 the deale had paid for the London pictures fo years earlier. On top of this, Mon wanted half his money up front.

If the Durand-Ruels were p off by Monet's demands, th knew, as dealers, that there w hardly an artist then—just there are few now—who w not concerned with mone Monet was certainly no e ception. Anyone who has been t Giverny can understand why. Star up costs for the gardens had been eno mous, as was the cost of annua maintenance. The flower garden co tained some 200,000 bulbs, perenn als, and annuals, and required si full-time gardeners. Monet had t hire a construction crew to dig th lily pond, an aquatic paradise he ex panded no fewer than three times be tween 1893 and 1910. Little wonde that one journalist claimed Mone "reads more horticultural articles an price lists than articles by aesthetes." In addition to indulging his horticultural passions, Monet had serious professional expenses: paints, brushes, canvases, stretchers, easels, crates, frames, outdoor umbrellas, boats for work on the river, hotel and travel costs for campaigns away from Giverny, shipping charges, porters for day trips, clothes for Paris openings, travel to the capital to see exhibitions and collectors, food and wine for entertaining dealers and clients at

verny, plus a maid, a cook, and a river. Monet also spent a sizable mount of money in 1892 to build a eenhouse on his property and, in 97, a light-filled studio and gallery ace. In 1915 he built another huge idio, which he claimed was "horri- y expensive," for a series of monu- ental water-lily canvases. During this riod Monet was the head of a large mily: his second wife, Alice Hoschе-, his two sons from his first mar- ige, to Camille Doncieux (who died 1879, probably of uterine cancer), id his six stepchildren.

Monet not only needed money, but so enjoyed it. And he wanted it om the very beginning of his ca- er. Renoir recalled that even as a oor student Monet had been a dandy ho wore fancy lace-trimmed shirts. he 1860s were difficult years finan- ally for the emerging artist in his Os, but he achieved notable success- s at the Salon—the annual state- onsored exhibition in Paris to which ll artists of his day aspired—and he egan to develop an enviable client ase of private collectors. In the 870s his earnings soared. He made s much money as a prosperous arisian doctor or lawyer: 10,000 to 5,000 francs a year. Yet he contin- ed to cry poverty to his friends, plead- ig for money because the butcher or aker was cutting him off or the ndlady was throwing him out on he street. These woeful claims were robably true, but they were due to Monet's fiscal extravagances rather han his lack of earnings. He moved nto a new, expensive house, ordered vines from Narbonne and Bordeaux, ired two domestics and a gardener.

He was not unscrupulous about mon- y or greedy, however. He always re- aid loans from friends and delivered aintings for which he had accepted dvance payments. As he became more successful he was generous with both his time and money to those who were less prosperous. He spent a year, beginning in the spring of 1889, or- ganizing a subscription to purchase Edouard Manet's *Olympia* from the artist's widow so it could be donated to the state. In the early 1890s he lent Camille Pissarro money so the still- struggling artist could buy a house. And he organized a benefit auction for Alfred Sisley's family after Sisley's death in 1899. During the First World War he was constantly approached for money and works of art by many organizations and individuals. He turned almost none of them down. The same cannot be said of other artists of the period.

In 1892, Monet sold enough paintings to gross more than 100,000 francs, a sum he matched or exceeded every year for the rest of the decade (this in an era when one could live on an income of 8,000 francs). In 1899 he made 227,400 francs; in 1900, 213,000 francs. On top of these fabulous sums he was netting about 40,000 francs a year from investments.

His income allowed him to enjoy many luxuries. When he was in London he stayed at the Savoy. When he wanted foie gras, he preferred Alsatian varieties. He bought truffles from Périgord, and his twill suits were made to order from the fancy English tailors Old England, on the Boulevard des Capucines. His cambric shirts were from the best shirtmakers in Paris. He owned two cars—Panhard-Levassors. When one of them began to slow down in 1913, he traded it in for a limousine. He loved to careen around the countryside at high speeds, but he always left the driving to someone else—a son, a stepson, or his chauffeur, who doubled as a studio assistant, a wine steward, and a mechanic. (As owner of the car, though, he got a speeding ticket in 1904, and did what most people today would do—requested a special hearing with the judge to get out of the fine by claiming that he was "completely opposed" to driving at reckless speeds.) He was known to have himself driven several hours to indulge his passion for tarte Tatin—the delicious French apple pastry.

Despite his wealth, Monet did not aspire to social prominence. He loved going to parties given by the aristocracy in England but avoided similar events in France. He had many influential friends, but his primary interest was his art, and he worked incessantly. During the course of his 86 years, he produced more than 500 drawings and 2,000 paintings—a truly remarkable legacy, amounting to a painting every two weeks for a career that lasted almost 70 years. Cézanne envied his quickness, and Renoir remembered that during Monet's early career fellow art students were stunned by his dexterity.

Lovers today of the quintessential Impressionist are shocked to learn that Monet was concerned at all with money and the business of art—that he did such things as subscribe to no fewer than two press-clipping services to keep track of his career. The gray-bearded master of light and color has come down to us as an immensely sensitive artist interested solely in translating his personal sensations before nature into paintings of boundless beauty. That image of Monet the otherworldly painter is based not only on what we feel in his work but also on Monet's conscious manipulation of his public image in talks with friends and journalists. Shortly before his death in 1926, for example, he eloquently told his friend Georges Clemenceau, the great French statesman, that his whole career had been relatively simple: "I have only looked at what the universe has shown me in order to bear witness to it through my paintbrush." His statements to a reporter during the very first interview he granted, more than 40 years earlier, were not much different. When the reporter asked to see the painter's studio, "sparks flew from Monet's eyes," the reporter stated. "I never have *had* one, and personally I don't understand why anybody would want to shut themselves up in some room," Monet told him. Nature was his studio. Asked how he became an Impressionist, Monet answered coolly, "I didn't *become* one. . . . I've always been one." "But still," persisted the reporter, "didn't you belong to a school?" "Sure," Monet replied. "I was a student of Gleyre for three months . . . to please my family." Finally, when queried by the journalist about the reception of the so-called first Impressionist exhibition, which had taken place in 1874, Monet fumed, "I was energetically booed by all the critics of the time."

As with much of what Monet said about himself during his lifetime, these recollections are not entirely accurate. Many critics, for example, praised the famous 1874 exhibition and sin-

gled out Monet for special recognition. It is true that 12 years prior to that landmark show Monet had entered Charles Gleyre's studio to satisfy his hardworking father, who, contrary to later accounts, actively supported his son's efforts to succeed in the art world. However, the budding artist stayed there at least a year—perhaps a year and a half—not just three months. Monet minimized his connection with Gleyre in order to distance himself from this respected but traditional Swiss history painter, who produced competent though insipid neo-Grecian scenes. Gleyre's studio must have been an interesting place to learn the rudiments of art, though; it also attracted the likes of Auguste Renoir, Alfred Sisley, and Frédéric Bazille. All four became steadfast friends, but none of them were Impressionists from the beginning—Monet included. Monet actually began his career rather conservatively in the 1850s by copying illustrations from artists' manuals and drawing caricatures of local notables. He even despised the pre-Impressionist seascapes of Eugène Boudin when he first saw them in Le Havre.

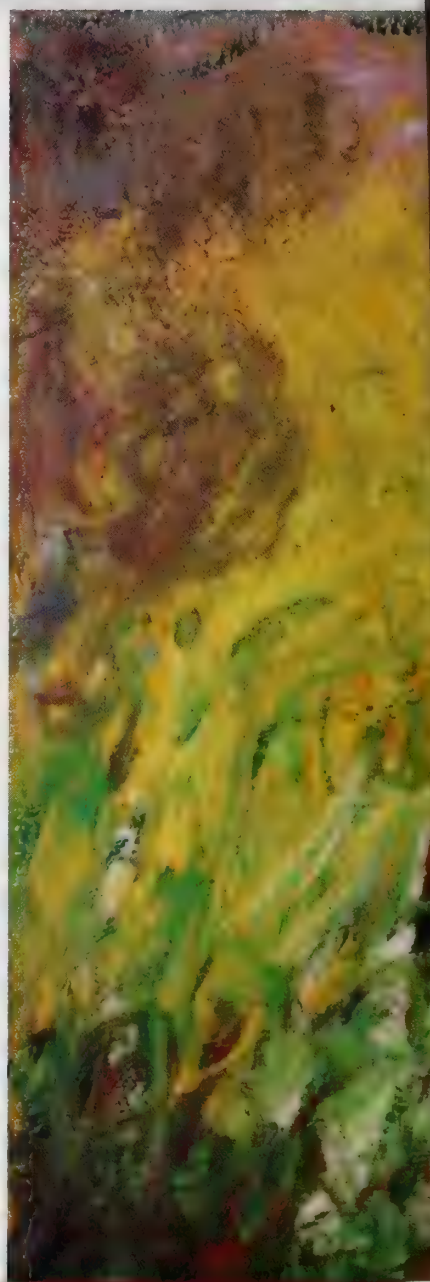
Finally, despite persistent denials, Monet maintained studios wherever he lived. Their quiet confines allowed him to endow pictures he had begun outside with harmonious effects that only reflection and artifice could engender. The majority of his London views of 1904, for example, were completed in Giverny, far from the bustle of the English capital.

This does not mean Monet was duplicitous. He simply felt that the public did not need to know everything about him, a position he made clear at the turn of the century when a rival artist accused him of painting some of his London pictures from photographs. "Whether . . . my *London*s or other canvases are painted from nature or not," he ranted to Paul Durand-Ruel, "is nobody's business and is of no importance." His passion for nature, however, was unquestionably as intense as he wanted people to believe. He would often ask to be driven 100 miles to the Normandy coast just to take in the salt air, the special quality of the light, and the expanse of the sea. He even claimed he wanted to be buried in a buoy after he died!



Monet's talent, industry, and personal mythmaking paid off. By the end of the 1890s he was hailed as one of France's greatest artists, a title none of the Impressionists could have dreamed of receiving when they snubbed the state and staged their own group show 25 years earlier. By 1908 the Durand-Ruels, as much as anyone, understood Monet's talent and rise in status. They had also seen earlier canvases during previous visits to Giverny and were confident that Monet would continue to reinvent the look of landscape painting.

More than any other contemporary artist, and even more than in his previous work, Monet had narrowed his focus to concentrate on an extremely limited subject. The result was a seemingly endless number of remarkable images in which water and sky, surface and depth, were depicted with surprising accuracy and, at the same time, merged with poetic splendor. Light danced across these canvases; water lilies floated aimlessly upward, buoyed as much by the calm of the site as by the mysteries of the water's color and density. In many of these paintings it is almost impossible to tell what is reflection and what is physical, what is up and what is down. In others, Monet lowered his gaze so precipitously *(Continued on page 133)*



One journalist compared the water-lily series to Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel and Beethoven's late quartets.

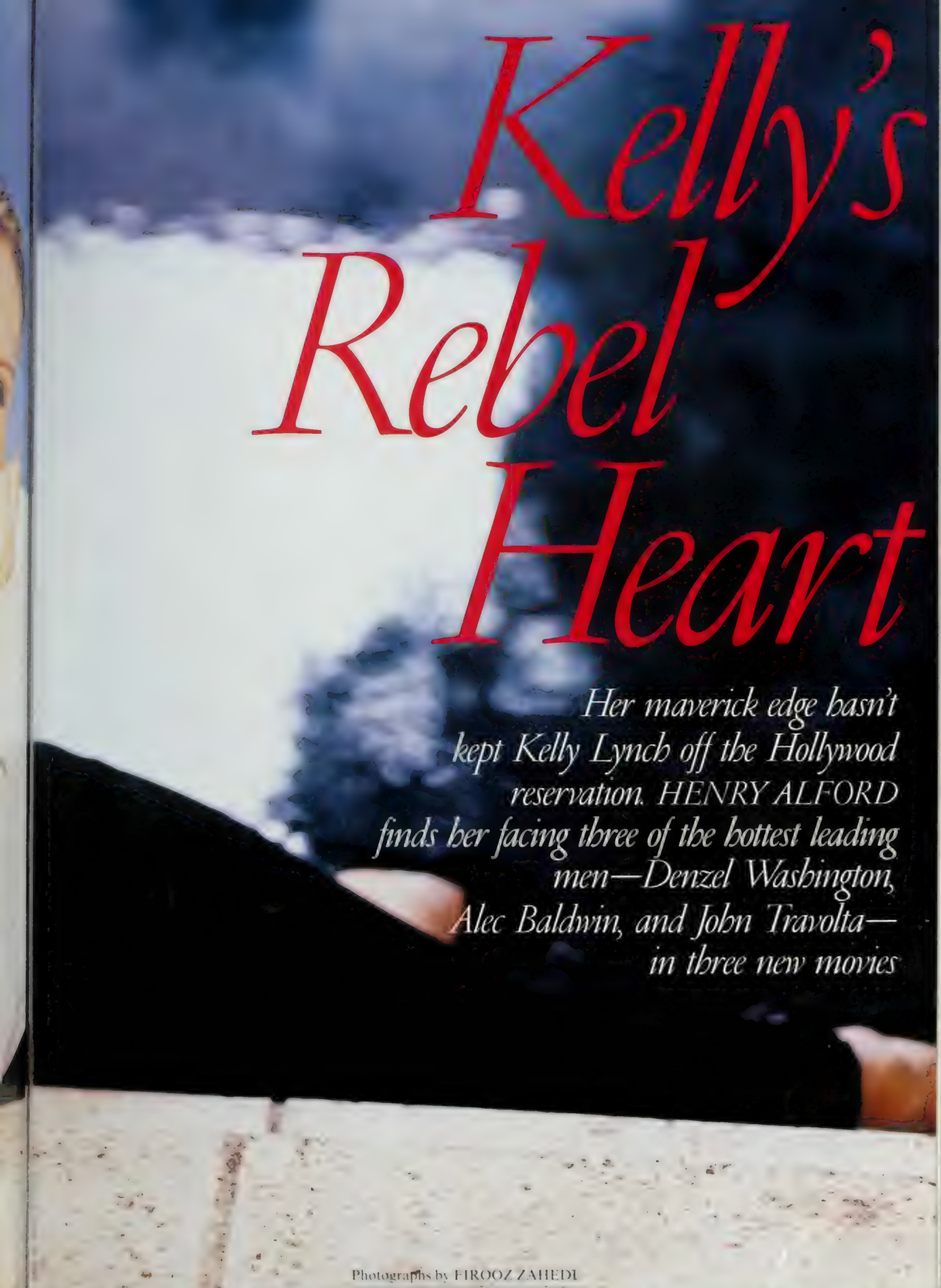


Detail from Monet's *Grandes Décorations—Soleils Sur*, circa 1916–26 (6' 6" by 19' 0"). *Inset:* Monet at Giverny, circa 1924–25, with *Grandes Décorations—Matinée* (6'6" by 41'0"). These late, monumental water-lily paintings are one of the artist's greatest legacies. It had long been his dream to wrap an entire circular room with such pictures to create "an endless whole of water without horizon or shore." The result is the famous pair of oval rooms at the Musée de l'Orangerie in Paris.



KELLY GIRL

That *other* blonde star with a hard edge—Kelly Lynch turned down the part in *Basic Instinct* that went to Sharon Stone.



Kelly's Rebel Heart

Her maverick edge hasn't kept Kelly Lynch off the Hollywood reservation. HENRY ALFORD finds her facing three of the hottest leading men—Denzel Washington, Alec Baldwin, and John Travolta—in three new movies

Photographs by FIROOZ ZAHEDI

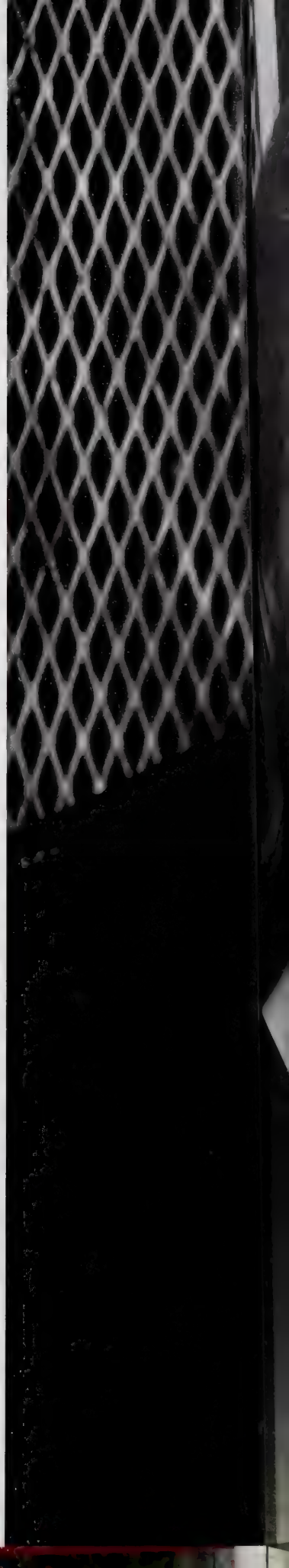
There is to all that Kelly Lynch undertakes a faint whiff of rebellion. Her performance as Matt Dillon's junkie wife in *Drugstore Cowboy* was a jewel of hardened impenitence; while shooting her role as a lesbian in the 1993 romantic comedy *Three of Hearts,* Lynch, endowed with the magical power of final script approval, reportedly shut down production because she felt that the script was becoming homophobic. Now this: "I'm Steve McQueen. In an amazing Richard Tyler suit. In four-inch heels." That is how Lynch describes her upcoming role in *Virtuosity,* which is not, as it turns out, a nightclub act celebrating the *Bullitt* star's predilection for mesh hose, but rather an action thriller that has Lynch, as a criminal-behavior specialist, teaming up with Denzel Washington to track down a computer-generated murderer in 1999. As a result of making the film, she spent copious amounts of time in the presence of sophisticated virtual-reality equipment; however, let the record show that the experience has not helped her in her personal dealings with advanced technology. "My daughter just got a computer," Lynch says. "The guy was here for about six hours showing me how to use it."

What else has the tall, toothsome 35-year-old iconoclast done since turning down the Sharon Stone part in *Basic Instinct*? When not plying her trade—she appears in two films this fall, *Heaven's Prisoners,* an erotic thriller with Alec Baldwin, and *White Man's Burden,* a drama about a world in which black culture dominates, with John Travolta—Lynch lives in Los Angeles with her nine-year-old daughter, Shane, and her husband, screenwriter Mitch Glazer (himself no stranger to a certain kind of edgy rebellion—John Belushi was his best friend and Michael O'Donoghue his writing partner).

The happy troika spend their weekends in a stunning 1959 glass pavilion that was designed by arch-modernist Richard Neutra and is nestled in a landscape of 100-foot-high rock formations in Lone Pine, California. In her purchase of a 1941 Jean Carlu poster to adorn Glazer's office in the house, Lynch decided to make a no-nonsense statement about the couple's dual film careers: the poster depicts a huge gloved hand with a wrench in it, and reads, AMERICA'S ANSWER! PRODUCTION. "The idea is that it would inspire, frighten, and spur me to get movies made," says Glazer, who co-wrote *Scrooged.* "Bless her heart."

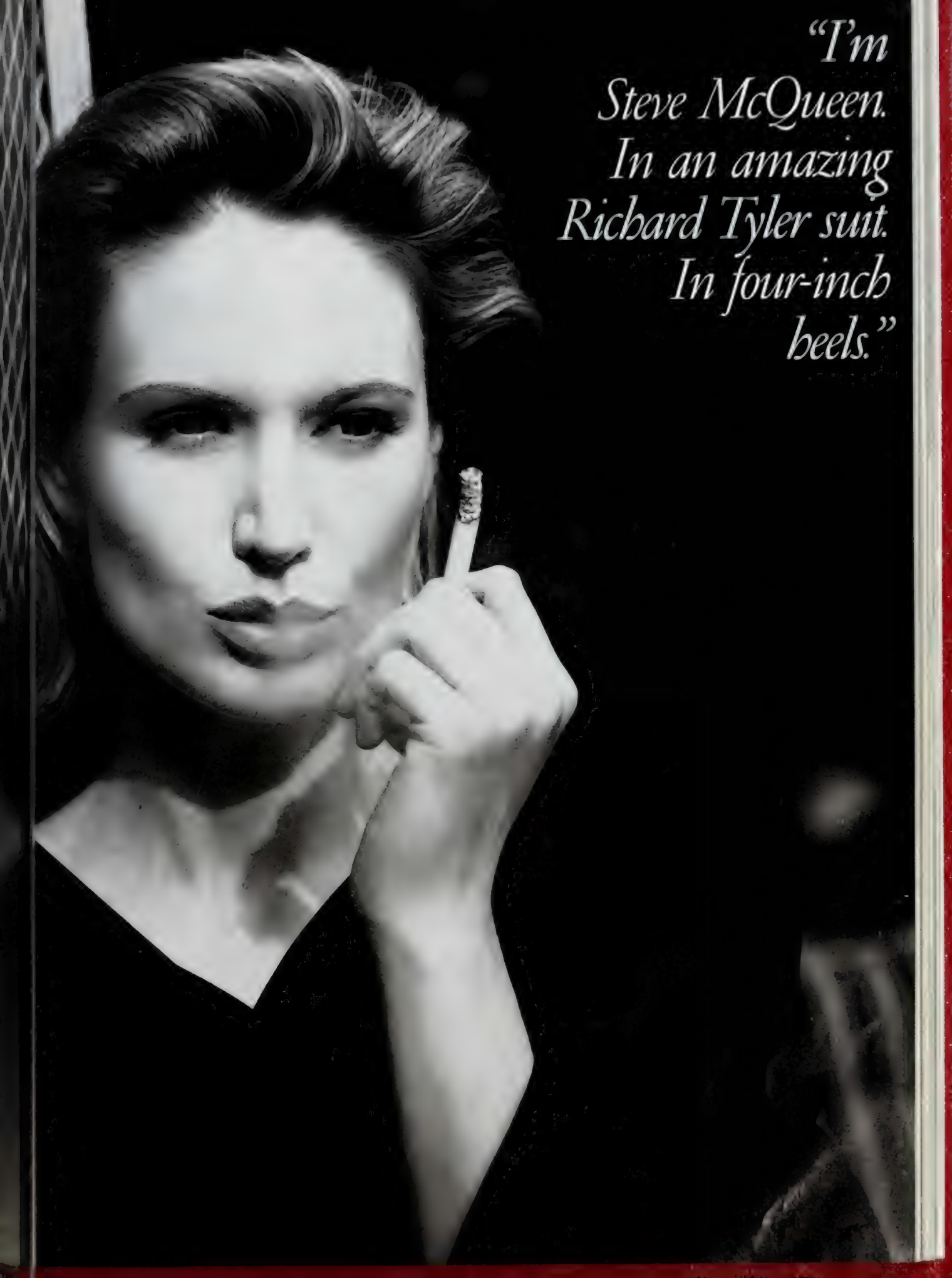
Glazer isn't the only one she inspires. "The designers are nuts about her," he says of his former-Elite-model wife, to whom Dolce & Gabbana and Todd Oldham have been known to give clothes, and whom Versace sometimes flies in for shows. "She has great range as a person," he adds. "She can model in Versace clothes, but on the other hand she's the one who has the incredible tool kit in our house—one of those official ones with all the ratchets and screwdrivers."

In other words, Steve McQueen in four-inch heels. □



LYNCH PIN

Since her turn as a junkie in *Drugstore Cowboy,* Kelly Lynch has consistently landed offbeat parts—at least by Hollywood standards.


"I'm
Steve McQueen.
In an amazing
Richard Tyler suit.
In four-inch
heels."

THE CONROY SAGA

If Pat Conroy's long-delayed *Beach Music* has the same impact as his last novel, the best-selling *Prince of Tides*, it will ignite another round of emotional fireworks within his family. The master storyteller talks to JOHN BERENDT about the links between his fictional epics and a real-life southern drama—the death of his mother, his brother's recent suicide, and the continuing shadow of his father, the model for the violent Great Santini

Not quite a year ago—on the morning of August 30, 1994, to be exact—Pat Conroy, the author of *The Prince of Tides,* sat at his desk in the bedroom of his house on Fripp Island, South Carolina, listening to his telephone messages. He heard the voice of his brother Mike, who had called from Columbia. "Pat, I have terrible news. Call me."

Conroy had just come in from a walk on the beach and was wearing an Atlanta Braves baseball cap, a faded blue tennis shirt, and cotton chinos rolled up at the cuffs. When he heard the message, he tossed the baseball cap onto the bed and ran his hand through his unruly white hair. Conroy's body had filled out since he was captain of the basketball team in college. Now, at 48, he weighed 250 pounds but still possessed a youthful voice and a light, easy laugh.

Mike's line was busy again and again. So Pat called his father in Atlanta. No answer. Then he called his brother Jim, also in Atlanta. Jim answered the phone.

"Jim, it's Pat. What's up? Mike called—"

"Have you heard?" Jim asked. No, Pat had not. "Dammit,"

Photographs by DAVID BARRY



THE PRINCE, THE KING
The tidal waves between Colonel Don Conroy (right) and his son novelist Pat Conroy have inspired best-sellers and films. Upon publication of Pat's *The Great Santini*, the Colonel flung the novel—which contains a character much like himself—across the room and called it "horseshit." The pair are pictured near Pat's home on Fripp Island, South Carolina.

said Jim, "I hate being the one to give bad news."

The news was that their youngest brother, Tom, had thrown himself off the roof of an 18-story apartment house in Columbia.

In the awful, mind-numbing moments that followed—as the shock thumped in his chest and fanned out in ripples throughout his body—Pat Conroy absentmindedly drew a rectangular box on the large blotter-size writing pad before him. The top page of the pad was filled with notes he had written to himself over the past several months in a neat, compact script. Names and telephone numbers crowded the periphery, but most of the notes concerned his novel in progress, *Beach Music.* The notes were arranged in columnar form, so that they looked almost like shopping lists. There were several columns of words Conroy wanted to work into his book because he liked the sound of them: *fishnet, placards, confetti, woodsmoke, chalk, outline, infraction, energies, roughcast, weatherboard.* There was also a list of characters to be included in the Trial chapters (Ledare, Jack, Capers, Father Jude, Max, Sarah . . .), and a rundown of scenes that remained to be written: "The Mansion in the Water," "The Party for Lucy—whole town attends," "The Feeding," "The Arrest of Lucy McCall."

Dead center on the blotter, Conroy had written a list of 13 scenes that would make up the last part of the book. It was Scene 10 around which he had drawn the rectangular box after learning about Tom's suicide. The scene was entitled, "The Suicide of John Hardin." Conroy had already written a draft of it. The character John Hardin had been based on Tom.

Shocking as it was, Tom Conroy's suicide at 33 had not been entirely unexpected. A paranoid schizophrenic, he had been a quiet, dysfunctional man who kept mostly to himself. He had an apartment in Columbia, but he would sometimes sleep on the streets or disappear into the woods for days at a time without food or a change of clothes. On one occasion he jumped out the window of a moving pickup truck. Pat Conroy had been of two minds while writing John Hardin's suicide scene, because he knew that Tom, a great reader, would certainly read *Beach Music.* He worried what effect it might have on him.

Every one of Pat Conroy's first five books had been substantially autobiographical, and every one had triggered an emotional explosion in one quarter or another. Two books, *The Boo* (1970) and *The Lords of Discipline* (1980), cast an unflattering light on the Citadel, the all-male military college in Charleston, from which Conroy had graduated in 1967. The Citadel responded by banning *The Boo,* and even today the mere mention of *The Lords of Discipline* reduces the Citadel's spokesman to sputtering incoherence. In 1972, Conroy drew the wrath of South Carolina school officials for portraying them as racist incompetents in *The Water Is Wide,* his account of a year spent teaching poor black schoolchildren in a one-room schoolhouse on Daufuskie Island, off the South Carolina coast.

But Conroy's two most popular novels (*The Great Santini* and *The Prince of Tides*) hit much closer to home, and with the force of cluster bombs. *The Great Santini* (1976) is the story of a family headed by a violent and bullying Marine fighter pilot, Colonel Bull Meecham—a dead ringer for Conroy's own father, Colonel Don Conroy. Upon publication of the book, Conroy's whole family experienced what he has described as a collective nervous breakdown. His father flung the book across the room and called it "horseshit." Pat's paternal grandparents told him they never wanted to see him again. Meanwhile, Conroy's long-suffering mother, Peg, accused him of betraying his family's secret, then divorced her husband after 33 years of marriage. During the proceedings, she handed the judge a copy of *The Great Santini* as proof of Don Conroy's violent nature.

As for Conroy himself, the trauma of having unearthed and written about the horror of his childhood led to depression, exhaustion, the disintegration of his first marriage, and a nervous breakdown, for which he was hospitalized after collapsing in a parking lot on a publicity tour.

With *The Prince of Tides,* published in 1986, the abusive father was back—this time in the guise of a shrimp-boat captain—and so were the victimized children and the beautiful, romantic mother. Conroy's mother had died of cancer two years before the novel came o so she never saw herself portrayed a pathetic and ineffectual social climb The book did nothing to heal the between father and son, and it open up a new family chasm between Co roy and his sister Carol, who was e ily recognizable in the fictional sis Savannah—a gifted poet who lives New York. According to Conroy, Ca ol had declared that she did not wa him to write about her at all. Wh he was working on the book, s stopped speaking to him.

The Prince of Tides left the Conr family splintered and out of touch the brothers in one clump, the siste in another, and their father livi alone in Atlanta, treading cautious on the outskirts of his children's live Somewhat closer to his daughters, h was on good behavior around his son who let him know they would banis him to a lonely exile if he reverte even verbally, to his old bullying way

One Saturday night last spring at his house on Fripp Island Conroy gave an informal din ner party for Shannon Faulk ner, the young coed who wa suing to become the first fe male cadet at the Citadel. Con roy would be speaking at a rall for Faulkner the next day, and th prospect of twitting the Citadel ye one more time put him in high spirits A cluster of family photographs hung on a wall outside the kitchen. I asked Conroy who was who. "Ah, the fabu lous Conroy family!" he said. "One o the greatest gifts you can get as a writer is to be born into an unhappy family. I could not have been born into a better one. They're from Cen tral Casting. Mom and Dad were Athena and Zeus. They gave me vivid story characters. I don't have to look very far for melodrama. It's all right there."

Conroy pointed to the tallest boy in the back row. "I was the oldest of seven—five boys and two girls." He himself has been married twice and has two daughters, one with each wife. "This is Carol, the poet," he went on. "She lives in New York in the East Village. Mike works at a state mental hospital in Columbia. Tim teaches mentally disabled children and lives on Pawleys Island. Kathy is a nurse in Beaufort. And Jim works for Gillette in At-



"One of the greatest gifts you can get as a writer is to be born into an unhappy family."



RIDING THE TIDE
Nan Talese in her Manhattan town house, where she edited the 2,100-page manuscript of Pat Conroy's *Beach Music* in a sun-filled room on the third floor. She will publish the new novel on June 28 under the Doubleday imprint that bears her name.

lanta—he's got the darkest humor of all of us. That's Dad in his dress whites. He was born in Chicago. He'll never be the warm cuddly type. One of my brother Jim's first memories is of seeing Dad grabbing me by the throat with both hands, my feet off the ground, banging my head against the wall.

"Mom was nothing like Dad. She was a north-Georgia beauty full of love and dreams. She was in love with the English language, and she used to read to us every night. After she read us Anne Frank's diary, she looked up and said, 'I want us to be a family that would hide Jews.' When she read *Gone with the Wind,* she said she wanted us to grow up to be southern gentlemen, like Ashley Wilkes. This did not sit well with Dad. He said, 'Nothing makes me puke faster than a southern gentleman. Ashley Wilkes is a fruitcake.' And Mom said, 'Well, I certainly don't want them to be anything like Rhett Butler.' And Dad said, 'Rhett Butler is a fruitcake compared to me.'

"Mom wanted my sister Carol and me to become southern writers, but when I signed up for typing class in high school, Dad called me into the squad room. I could have been wearing a tutu. 'Son, you got something to tell me? Son, you're taking *typing!?* You'll have corporals typing for you! *Girls* type!' He took me out of typing and put me in physics. I still write in longhand. No decision by a father ever cost his son so much money.

"The first person who ever told me I was a writer was my high-school English teacher Eugene Norris. He gave me a copy of *Look Homeward, Angel* for my 16th birthday and said, 'I think you are ready for the many pleasures of Thomas Wolfe.' I read the first page and I thought, This will change my life. That summer, Gene Norris took me to Asheville, North Carolina, to the house where Thomas Wolfe had lived and where *Look Homeward, Angel* was set. He picked an apple from a tree in the yard and handed it to me. 'I want you to know there's a relationship between life and art,' he said."

That apple and Eugene Norris's comment about it must have made a profound impression on Conroy, because ever since that moment the relationship between Conroy's art and his life has been almost seamless. Friends and family have become accustomed to seeing themselves, their deeds, and their words peering back at them from the pages of his books—if not in exact duplicate, then in a somewhat skewed fun-house-mirror image. On her deathbed in 1984, Conroy's mother told him, "Son, I find it hard to relax while I'm dying, knowing you're going to write down every damn word I say." She was not far wrong. The death of his mother is a major element in *Beach Music.*

Conroy has kept daily journ... for years, jotting down no... about memorable charact... conversations, sights and sou... that he would fold into ... fiction later on. By writi... the scene about John Hardi... suicide, Conroy had taken ... art a daring step ahead of his life, o... to see events overtake it in a grotesq... and devastating way. When Tom's s... cide suddenly became real last A... gust, Conroy discovered he was n... prepared for it. He pulled the draft ... John Hardin's suicide out of his de... and reread it. Then he tore it up a... threw it away. John Hardin would n... die in *Beach Music.*

Conroy's first four books were mo... est successes. Each one fared bett... than the last. But in early 1986, wor... began to circulate that his fifth boo... *The Prince of Tides,* due that fall, woul... represent a quantum leap in scop... ambition, quality of writing, and—n... least of all—popularity. Houghton Mif... lin announced plans for a first prin... ing of 200,000 copies, a surprisin... number, considering that none of Co... roy's previous books had sold mor... than 40,000 in hardcover. Then Co... roy landed the most valuable plum i... the book business: an invitation to spea... at the annual convention of the Amer... ican Booksellers Association, to be held... that year in New Orleans.

The A.B.A. convention always oc... curs in late spring, just as publishers... are poised to exhibit the books they've... scheduled for fall, when 40 percent o... the revenues flow in. At the A.B.A., ... 30,000 booksellers and exhibitors ... browse through several acres of booths ... manned by 1,500 publishers waving ... order pads and hawking their wares ... like merchants at a literary souk. Given the chaotic atmosphere of the convention, an invitation to be a speaker at one of the three big breakfasts represents a bonanza. In 1986, the speakers on Sunday were Walter Cronkite, Carol Burnett, and Pat Conroy. The A.B.A. board had its reasons for choosing Conroy. The anticipation of *The Prince of Tides* was one; the fact that three of his books had been made into popular movies (*The Great San-*

"For a while I was suicidal. I knew it when

The Lords of Discipline, and *The ter Is Wide*, which was titled *Con-* on the screen) was another. But as also true that over the years Con- had become one of the most wed authors on the book circuit. affected and instantly likable, he had yal following of devoted booksellers. was also a consummate story- er, as gifted at the podium as he on the page. The A.B.A. knew when they asked him to speak, they were not disappointed.

That Sunday morning in New Or- ns, the throng at breakfast watched, chanted, as Pat Conroy, a great ndly mass of a man with graying r swirling about his head, told sto- s. He told about his father, "the eat Santini," watching Robert Du- l play him on the screen and be- ming teary-eyed at the enactment his own funeral. He told how his other had inspired him to be a iter and how, when she lay in a ma, dying of cancer, he and his others and sisters had read poetry her and sent her off on a "wave language." Then he told the story his introduction to publishing at e age of 24, when he was a public- hool teacher in South Carolina. It is a story that has since become an dustry legend.

"I will tell you about the first book ublished. . . . It was called *The Boo*, d it was about a guy named Colonel urvoisie at the Citadel who was ce to me as a boy. I took the fin- ed manuscript to him . . . and he oked at me and said, 'Bubba, you're English major. How do we go out getting this book published?' I id, 'Colonel, I have no idea.' Puffing his cigar, he said, 'Let's have a ok in the Yellow Pages.' Under 'Print- g' I found an ad for the Albion rinting Press—business cards, invita- ns, books. So I went to see them d said, 'I wrote this book. I'd like get it published.' They said, 'That'd fine. For $2,000 we'll give you 500 pies.' Then I went and got a loan om the Bank of Beaufort, and I pub- shed the book. I would have pub- shed my next book, *The Water Is Wide*, e same way, but someone suggested I call the agent Julian Bach in New York, and I did, and he took me on. Then one day Julian called to tell me Houghton Mifflin wanted to publish the book. He said, 'Here's the great news, Pat. Seventy-five hundred dollars!' And I said, 'Julian, I don't think I can raise that much money.'"

Conroy's speech electrified the booksellers and set off a stampede to the Houghton Mifflin booth on the convention floor, where galleys of *The Prince of Tides* were piled high. The crush was so great that Houghton Mifflin was threatened with a fine for blocking the aisles and causing a safety hazard. Sensing a groundswell, the publisher upped its first printing to 300,000.

Public response to the book was everything Houghton Mifflin could have hoped for—51 weeks on the best-seller list, 350,000 copies sold in hardcover. Conroy's readers were swept along by the story and moved by his lavish prose, which was always at its richest when conjuring the beauty of coastal Carolina: "To describe our growing up in the lowcountry of South Carolina, I would have to take you to the marsh on a spring day, flush the great blue heron from its silent occupation, scatter marsh hens as we sink to our knees in mud, open you an oyster with a pocketknife and feed it to you from the shell and say, 'There. That taste. That's the taste of my childhood.' I would say, 'Breathe deeply,' and you would breathe and remember that smell for the rest of your life, the bold, fecund aroma of the tidal marsh, exquisite and sensual, the smell of the South in heat, a smell like new milk, semen, and spilled wine, all perfumed with seawater. My soul grazes like a lamb on the beauty of indrawn tides."

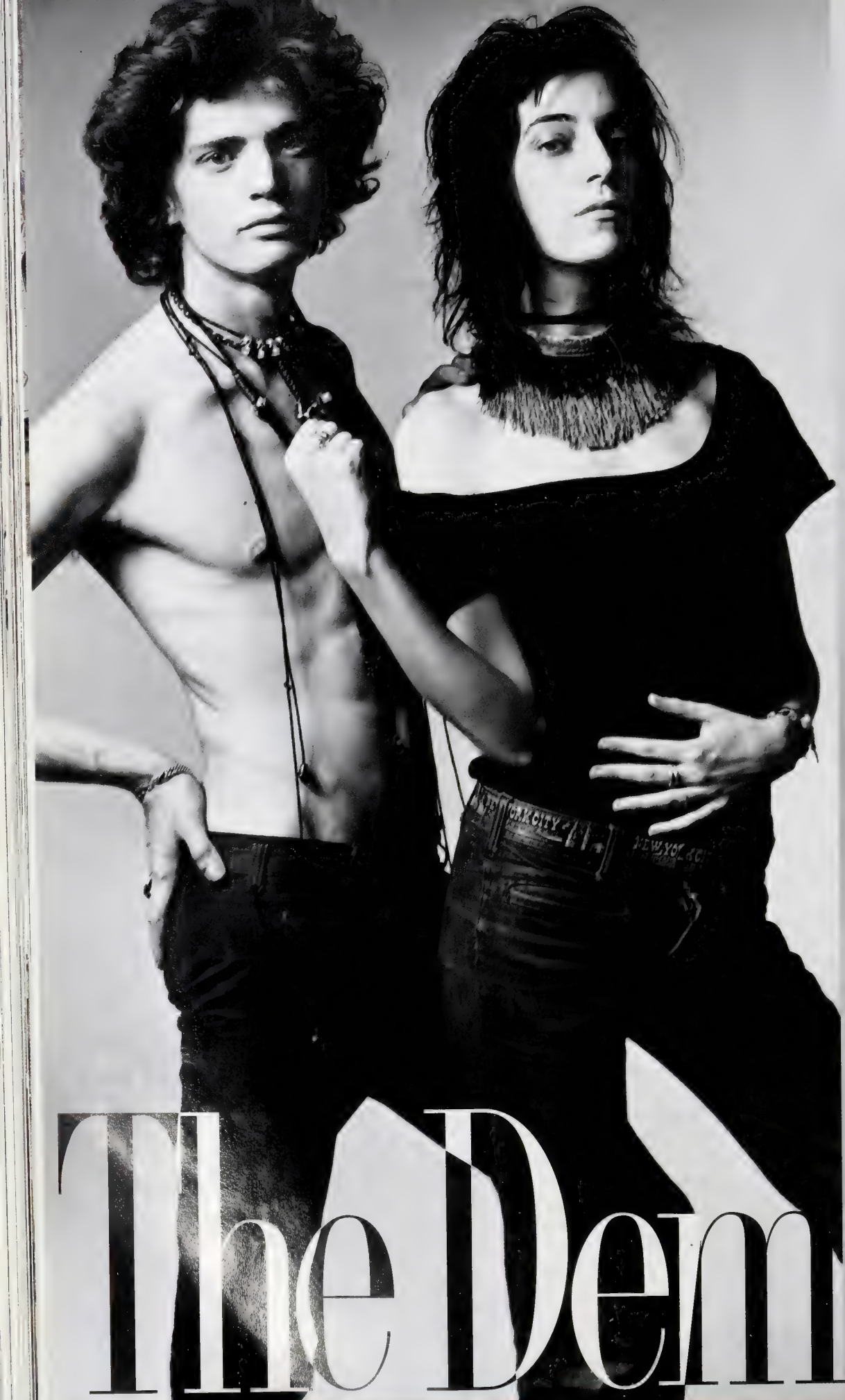
The reviews were overwhelmingly favorable, though some critics complained that Conroy's plots were too bizarre and that his prose style was overblown. Conroy shrugged them off. "My prose style is an old disease," he said, meaning that it went back to the influence of his word-struck mother and to Thomas Wolfe.

A term frequently used to describe Conroy's prose is "lyrical," and in this respect, he is indeed a descendant of Thomas Wolfe's. "Conroy is one of our shining stars," says Aldo P. Magi, associate editor of *The Thomas Wolfe Review*. "We're proud that he openly admits being a follower of Thomas Wolfe. He has his *(Continued on page 138)*

BEACH BOY
During the completion of *Beach Music*, Pat Conroy worked in his one-story gray frame house on Fripp Island. Eugene Norris, his high-school English teacher, drove from Beaufort with supplies and took care of errands.



ent shopping for a gun."



DOPPELGÄNGERS
Robert Mapplethorpe and Patti Smith, *left,* in 1969, when they shared a room in the Chelsea H Both of them viewed the other as a separate h The androgynous images he shot of her for her first album, *Horses,* in 19 including the one at right shocked Clive Davis, the head of Arista Records, v felt a female singer needed to look sexy, but *Horses* made Smith a star.

The Demon



Romantics

When a Cincinnati museum was charged with obscenity for showing Robert Mapplethorpe's photographs, his name became synonymous with "deviant" art. In an excerpt from her new biography, PATRICIA MORRISROE untangles the Gordian knot of Mapplethorpe's work and his sexuality, and examines his relationship with punk-rock poet Patti Smith—a perverse mix of love, jealousy, and ambition

Robert Mapplethorpe met Patti Smith in the spring of 1967, when he was a senior at the Pratt Institute, living on St. James Place in Brooklyn. She was searching for another Pratt student, Kenny Tisa, a friend from New Jersey, and someone had mistakenly given her Mapplethorpe's address. She wandered into the brownstone and found Mapplethorpe asleep in his bed. Startled, Mapplethorpe wondered if he was dreaming, for the intruder was one of the most curious-looking women he had ever seen. She had a pale, elongated face out of a Modigliani painting, piercing blue eyes, straggly black hair, and a 90-pound body so sharp and angular that Salvador Dalí later described her as a "Gothic crow." Mapplethorpe thought she resembled a "creature from another planet," and escorted her to Tisa's apartment without saying a word.

Their introduction was followed, several months later, by an encounter in the East Village during the height of the Summer of Love. Smith had accepted a dinner date with a stranger, and was in the awkward position of rebuffing his sexual advances when she saw Mapplethorpe's familiar face amid the carnival of pot-smoking hippies in Tompkins Square Park. He was tripping on LSD, and in his sheepskin vest and love beads he impressed her as the consummate hippie. Smith ran over and whispered, "Pretend you're my boyfriend." To the other man she said, "Thanks for the dinner, but I've found the person I've been looking for."

Excerpted from *Mapplethorpe: A Biography*, by Patricia Morrisroe, to be published this month by Random House; © 1995 by Patricia Morrisroe.

What Mapplethorpe found in Patti Smith was a doppelgänger, someone whose love and intuitive understanding made him feel complete for the first time in his life. They were exactly the same age—20—and they suffered from many of the same problems concerning their parents and their sexual identities. Mapplethorpe had grown up with five siblings in a middle-class Catholic family in Floral Park, Queens; Smith had spent her early childhood in Philadelphia, where her father, Grant, worked the night shift as a machinist, and her mother, Beverly, cared for Patti and three younger children. When Grant Smith wasn't working, he would lose himself in the Bible or in U.F.O. literature. At the age of seven, Patti developed scarlet fever and was beset by terrifying visions that plagued her for years. She hallucinated regularly and used these recurrent episodes as grist for her creativity.

She majored in art education at New Jersey's Glassboro State College, but in her junior year she became pregnant, and after dropping out of school she lived in seclusion with friends until the baby was due. For someone who felt uncomfortable as a woman, who always wished she had been a boy, the pregnancy was a devastating blow. Distraught, she gave the baby girl up for adoption and moved to New York. Eventually she found a job at the Brentano's bookstore on Fifth Avenue—Mapplethorpe, coincidentally, was working at the Brentano's in Greenwich Village—and then came that sultry summer evening in Tompkins Square Park.

Smith followed Mapplethorpe home to Brooklyn, where he was now sharing an apartment on Waverly Avenue with two other students. "Patti was like nobody else I'd ever met before," Mapplethorpe said. "If she hadn't discovered art, she would have wound up in a mental institution. But she had a lot of magic in her." He believed he had stumbled upon a true genius, and he assumed the responsibility of protecting her talent. "I didn't believe in myself until I met Robert," Smith explained. "He gave me confidence as an artist."

She in turn helped bolster his poor self-image. Mapplethorpe interpreted his attraction to Smith as evidence that he wasn't homosexual, and he attributed his previous sexual confusion to not having found the right woman. Smith, however, came to the relationship with gender problems of her own, and perhaps the reason they bonded so quickly was that both viewed the other as their missing half. "It was difficult to tell who Robert began and Patti left off," said Pratt student and photographer Judy Linn.

In November, Mapplethorpe and Smith moved to a brownstone on Hall Street. It was the happiest period of his life, for he was desperately in love with her. They were now working at F. A. O. Schwarz, the Fifth Avenue toy store, where Smith was a cashier and he a window trimmer. When they returned to Brooklyn at night, they would spend the evening on their various art projects. Smith did not use drugs, but Mapplethorpe couldn't work without getting high on marijuana, amphetamines, or LSD. "When I work, and in my art, I hold hands with God," he once wrote in Smith's notebook. She sparked his interest in the occult, and he often accompanied her to a bookstore on Astor Place to buy manuals on witchcraft and astrology.

Mapplethorpe complained that his job at F. A. O. Schwarz was depleting his strength, so Smith, who had been hired by Scribner's bookstore on Fifth Avenue, agreed to support him. Once Smith began serving as Mapplethorpe's patron, his life was perfect; he would draw to the sound of Motown records while she sat next to him, sketch pad on her lap, creating quirky little characters she described as "bad-seed children." These were usually naked little girls, their genitalia exposed and almost painfully accentuated. Eventually she began to scribble poetry around the edges of her drawings, which she now described as "drawlings."

Robert was so worried that his strict father, who was an engineer, would discover that he and Patti were living in sin that he sent his parents an announcement of their "marriage." Robert celebrated their unofficial union by presenting Patti with a small sapphire engagement ring and a gold wedding band. "In a way," Mapplethorpe insisted, "we *were* married."

Mapplethorpe had never breathed a word about his homosexual inclinations to Smith, but their sexual relationship was less than satisfactory, and while she loved him, she didn't feel passionate about him. Despite the couple's long-range plans to move to Manhattan together, Smith had been secretly seeing another man, a blond abstract painter named Howie Michels. "Patti wasn't attractive in a classic way," Michels said, "but she had incredible charisma." No matter how crazy his friends acted under the influence of drugs, he found Smith to be more "far out" even without drugs," but against his better judgment, they decided to share an apartment.

When Smith told Mapplethorpe she was leaving him, he reacted as though the earth had splintered beneath his feet. "Please don't go," he pleaded. "*Please!* If you go, I'll become gay." She didn't take his threat seriously, but when she returned to the apartment to pick up her clothing she found him surrounded by pictures of naked men that he had clipped from gay pornographic magazines.

"It was like it happened overnight," explained Smith, who, despite living with Howie Michels, continued to see Mapplethorpe nearly every day. "The gay thing wasn't there, and then suddenly it was." His fascination with gay pornography led him to make collages from the pictures in the magazines. Mapplethorpe's most-talked-about piece at the time was a sculpture he created by taking a pair of his blue jeans, stuffing the crotch with several socks, and wiring the pants so that the groin pulsated.

Mapplethorpe was a work in progress himself, and he began to craft another identity. His pendulum swung to such an extreme that Judy Linn, accompanying him to the beach on Fire Island, was astonished when he slipped off his blue jeans to reveal a studded black leather bikini. Linn recalled, "It was like suddenly Robert had this secret life that I wasn't going to be part of." Soon he began dressing like a cowboy and contacted a callboy service. He was set up with five different men, and while he described the experience as "interesting," he became physically ill after each encounter.

Mapplethorpe was scheduled to graduate from Pratt in June 1969, but he failed his psychology final. He walked away without a diploma and moved to a loft on Delancey Street on Manhattan's Lower East Side.

Meanwhile, Patti Smith was suffering her own growing pains. She was still in love with Howie Michels, but he was having difficulty coping with what he described as her "weird and trippy" personality. She had recently become attached to a wolfskin, which she insisted had magical properties, and she wouldn't go anywhere without it. She was equally attached to Mapplethorpe, whom Michels pegged as an "untalented artist with an edge of darkness about him." He was annoyed that Smith could not shake herself loose from him. In April she and Michels agreed to live separately, and she moved from Brooklyn to an apartment on West 12th Street in Greenwich Village. One afternoon Michels passed a scowling Mapplethorpe on the staircase to Smith's building, and when he entered the living room Michels saw the wolfskin dangling from a noose attached to the ceiling. "Robert and Patti had gotten into a fight," Michels explained, and "Robert had hung the wolf." Soon after that, Michels made a swift retreat.

Smith fell apart, and Mapplethorpe was not supportive. Instead, he cruelly flaunted his relationship with a young man he had become involved with, as if to exact penance for her deserting him. "If I had been going out with another woman, it would have been different," Mapplethorpe explained. "But Patti couldn't compete with a man." Smith described this period of her life as "unbelievably painful," and according to Janet Hamill, who was then her roommate, she suffered a nervous breakdown and tried to kill herself.

Mapplethorpe wasn't in much better shape himself, as he had long neglected his dental hygiene and had ulcerative sores on his gums, and the infection had affected his lymph nodes. They needed each other badly, and to appease Smith, Mapplethorpe ended his affair with the young man. "It was sexually successful," he explained, "but he wasn't any replacement for

"Please don't go," he pleaded. "*Please!* If you go, I'll become gay."



THE SHY PORNOGRAPHER
Mapplethorpe reveals his secret self to photographer friend Judy Linn on Fire Island in 1969. As Smith said, "The gay thing wasn't there, and then suddenly it was."



Smith and Shepard's affair was marked by a theatrical frenzy that was too intense for real life.

Patti." Smith moved back in with Mapplethorpe.

In July, after a neighbor was murdered across the hall, they fled to the Allerton, a run-down hotel on West 22nd Street. Mapplethorpe's infection worsened, and his temperature climbed to 105 degrees. Neither of them had any money for a doctor's visit, and she couldn't take him to an emergency ward, because if she left the hotel she might be denied re-entry, having been unable to pay the bill.

After five days, Smith devised a plan of escape. She lifted Mapplethorpe in her arms and carried him down the fire escape. She hailed a cab and named the only place she knew that might be hospitable to a pair of destitute artists, the Chelsea Hotel.

When they arrived, Smith helped Mapplethorpe into a chair in the lobby. Then she marched into the office of the hotel manager, Stanley Bard. Over the years Bard had amassed a substantial art collection in lieu of rent, and Smith hoped to barter with him for a room. "Hi," she said. "My name is Patti Smith, and I've got Robert Mapplethorpe outside. You don't know us, but we're going to be big stars one day, only we don't have any money. . . . Robert's sick . . . nothing serious, just trench mouth." She then presented Bard with her portfolio, urging him to use it as "collateral." Bard finally said "O.K., O.K." and handed her the key to one of the smallest rooms in the hotel.

Smith was triumphant. She helped Mapplethorpe into the elevator and up to Room 1017, where they both collapsed on the small single bed. Huddling close, they made a solemn pact to stay together until they were both strong enough to stand alone.

The Chelsea Hotel was a psychedelic Coney Island for creative geniuses and freaks. Pimps, transvestites, and junkies strolled the hallways; rock musicians such as Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, and the Jefferson Airplane crowded the lobby. Mapplethorpe and Smith soon developed a reputation for their eye-catching costumes, which, at the Chelsea, was no mean accomplishment. Mapplethorpe purchased a sailor's uniform at an army-navy store in Greenwich Village, and he swaggered around the hotel in tight bell-bottom trousers, a white cap slanted seductively on his forehead. Smith, recently enamored of the cancan dancers in Toulouse-Lautrec's paintings, took to wearing a purple skirt and green tights.

The Chelsea resident most infatuated with the pair was a filmmaker and photographer named Sandy Daley. "I knew Robert and Patti were brilliant right off the bat," Daley said. Since Smith worked full-time at Scribner's, it was Mapplethorpe w derived the benefits of Daley's tu lage. Every morning at 11:30, th had breakfast in her apartment; th after smoking some hash, they wou look through her photography book Daley urged Mapplethorpe to t her Polaroid, and he shot his fi flower photographs in her stark whi apartment.

Daley was a regular at Max's Kans City, and soon Mapplethorpe and Smi were also heading to Mickey Ruskin celebrated bar-restaurant at Park A enue South and 17th Street. "Max was the place where Pop art met Po life," Andy Warhol wrote in *POPism* And indeed the place attracted an ama ingly diverse clientele—celebrities, suc as Mick Jagger, Jim Morrison, an Warren Beatty, as well as politician Park Avenue socialites, drug addict and artists, including John Chambe lain, Robert Rauschenberg, and La ry Rivers.

Night after night, week after week Mapplethorpe and Smith sat alone a a table and ordered a green salad an a Coke to share. Returning to th Chelsea in the early morning hours they would analyze their progress i "gaining connections." A major break through occurred when rock promot er and writer Danny Fields invited them to join his table. Fields managed Iggy Pop and Detroit's MC5, whose guitarist Fred (Sonic) Smith would later become Patti's husband. Fields compared Robert and Patti to a "leather version of Sigmund and Sieglinde," the incestuous twins of Wagner's "Ring" cycle. The back room attracted a gay population, and Mapplethorpe exuded sex appeal. "Everybody wanted to know, 'Who's that cute boy with the girl who looks like him?'" Fields recalled.

Mapplethorpe's exposure to the Dionysian atmosphere of Max's made him even more determined to use gay pornography in his art, and the outward trappings of the S&M subculture also held great appeal. He began frequenting the leather bars in the Village. "There was no going back," he later said. "I had found my form of sex." He had found his subject matter, too. Soon his art and his sexuality would become so thoroughly entwined that no one, least of all Robert, could untangle the Gordian knot.

Mapplethorpe and Smith's room at the Chelsea was too small to serve as anything more than a crash pad, so they rented the front part of a loft in a building several doors ay from the hotel. At Pratt, Mapthorpe had transformed his bedom into a psychedelic church; now was adding S&M totems to relous ones. A Devil's head poked out om the crotch of a pair of blue jeans; ctures of naked men hung on a clothg rack. He even made art by stretchg a pair of his pale-blue briefs over white frame.

One of Smith's first contacts at the helsea was Bob Neuwirth, a promient downtown figure who was friendwith Smith's idol, Bob Dylan. He troduced her to Janis Joplin and to e Minimalist painter Brice Marden, ith whom she had a brief affair; Marn created a painting for her titled *tti Smith, Star.*

She also met the poet Jim Carroll, ho at 16 had become a literary cult gure when *The Paris Review* pubshed an excerpt from his book *The asketball Diaries* (the film of which, arring Leonardo DiCaprio, appeared is year). It was an account of his igh-school days at New York's exclue Trinity School, where he played basetball and hustled homosexuals to bsidize his heroin habit. Carroll, who as then 19, was handsome in an etheeal way that appealed to Smith. "Patwas one of the few women I met ho actively encouraged my addiction," arroll said. Ultimately, he moved his elongings into the front part of the oft. "Robert was living in the weirdst space I'd ever seen," he recalled. It was as if some Hell's Angels had ailed through Miss Havisham's room nd landed in her bridal suite." Mapplethorpe reacted with surprising equaimity to Carroll's invasion of their rivacy. He and Smith had grown accustomed to leading separate sexual lives.

Smith began giving impromptu potry readings at the Chelsea, and at a ecord store on Bleecker Street she net Lenny Kaye, who would become member of the Patti Smith Group. He was writing rock criticism and earning extra money by working partme as a salesclerk. Kaye and Smith began experimenting with the idea of



CHELSEA GIRL
Patti Smith with her boyfriend Sam Shepard, *opposite*, on a balcony of the Chelsea Hotel in 1972, and, *above*, Smith performing at Max's Kansas City in 1978.



adding musical accompaniment to her poetry readings. "Looking back," he said, "the seedlings of some of our songs were in those poems."

Mapplethorpe celebrated his 24th birthday on November 4, 1970, with his first one-person show, at Stanley Amos's gallery in the Chelsea. The main focus of the exhibition was not gay pornography but 12 "freak collages"—pictures of fat women and Siamese twins combined with pieces of Mylar that simulated mirrors.

About this time, Smith met the playwright Sam Shepard at the Village Gate, where he was playing drums with the Holy Modal Rounders, a cult band from Vermont. Shepard was only 25, but he had already written 20 plays and won six Obie Awards from *The Village Voice.* He had narrow blue eyes, straight brown hair, a lean, rangy build, and, even then, a movie star's magnetism. Shepard had been married to the actress O-Lan Johnson for only a year and had a six-month-old son when he became involved with Patti Smith. "Me and his wife still even liked each other," Smith explained. "I mean, it wasn't like committing adultery in the suburbs." In fact, Shepard and Smith regarded themselves as partners in crime, and often when they went to Max's they would drink too much and start fights. "We'd have a lot of rum and get into trouble," Smith admitted. "We were hell-raisers."

Smith fell deeply in love with Shepard, and although Mapplethorpe was involved with a model and illustrator named David Croland, he was jealous. Shepard represented more of a threat than Jim Carroll or any of the other men with whom Smith had had affairs, and Mapplethorpe never lost an opportunity to criticize him. But Smith was so infatuated with the playwright that she staged a public *rite d'amour* by having an Italian Gypsy give them both tattoos while Sandy Daley made a film of it.

Smith and Shepard's affair was marked by a theatrical frenzy that was too intense for real life. The most accurate picture of their relationship is *Cowboy Mouth,* a play they wrote together in two nights by shoving an old typewriter back and forth between them. Smith's character, Cavale, is a deranged woman who kidnaps Slim from his wife and baby and attempts to turn him into a "rock 'n' roll Jesus with a cowboy mouth." Slim accuses Cavale of ruining his life by continually tempting him with seductive dreams of stardom. "You're twisting me up," he screams, "you're tearing me inside out!"

When *Cowboy Mouth* opened at the American Place Theater on April 29, 1971, Smith and Shepard played the starring roles. But the merry-go-round of life imitating art was becoming too much for Shepard, and he left the show after a few performances to join the Holy Modal Rounders in Vermont. Not long afterward, Shepard took his wife and son with him to London, where he gave up drugs and distanced himself from the chaotic life he had known in New York.

"Patti was devastated by Sam's departure," said Ann Powell, who worked with Smith at Scribner's. "It completely ripped her apart."

On July 3, 1971, David Croland unwittingly introduced Robert Mapplethorpe to his next patron, at a medieval feast hosted by Maxime de La Falaise and John McKendry in their apartment at 190 Riverside Drive. Maxime was the food editor at *Vogue,* and the McKendrys' parties were a magnet for a stylish crowd that included fashion editor Diana Vreeland, Andy Warhol, Metropolitan Museum of Art curator Henry Geldzahler, socialites Nan Kempner and Mica Ertegün, and a host of British bluebloods, including the Tennants and the Guinnesses.

John McKendry, who was 38 and bisexual, held the prestigious position of curator of prints and photographs at the Metropolitan Museum, but his primary vocation was fabricating the myth of John McKendry. He dressed in silk shirts, harem pants, and a long velvet coat. Mapplethorpe wasted no time striking up a friendship with him. When Maxime returned from Europe at the end of the summer, she discovered that her husband was madly in love with the young man, who had dinner at the McKendrys' apartment two or three times a week. Occasionally he brought Patti Smith with him, but Maxime dismissed her as a "prima donna," and a "dirty" one at that.

In September, John McKendry was going on a trip to London, and he offered to take Mapplethorpe with him. When Mapplethorpe broke the news to David Croland, he said, "You're crazy! You hardly know John." With a nervous catch in his throat, Mapplethorpe explained that over the past few months he and McKendry had become "very good friends." Croland was stunned. He had been seeing Mapplethorpe steadily for more than a year now. How could he suddenly go off with John McKendry, who was married to his friend Loulou de La Falaise's *mother?* "But then I woke up pretty quick," said Croland. "It was, like, Now I get it. . . . Robert will do anything for his career."

On November 24, Sandy Daley's movie *Robert Having His Nipple Pierced* had its premiere at the Museum of Modern Art. It starred Mapplethorpe having his chest punctured by the Chelsea's resident physician; afterward he swooned in Croland's arms, like Michelangelo's "dying slave." Even more interesting than the movie was the fact that John McKendry, Maxime de La Falaise, and David Croland were all sitting together in the audience to watch Mapplethorpe, whom John adored and Maxime detested, make love to ex-boyfriend Croland. Patti Smith added another twist by providing the voice-over to the film: while Mapplethorpe and Croland tenderly kissed, Smith blamed Mapplethorpe for giv-



SOMEONE TO SPOIL
Mapplethorpe with the wealthy photography collector Sam Wagstaff, *opposite*, in Arles, France, in 1981. Wagstaff became Mapplethorpe's lover and patron, and purchased him this loft on 23rd Street, which Mapplethorpe filled with a mélange of religious objects, antiques, and erotica.

Wagstaff beamed like a proud parent. "Well," he said to Patti, "our boy is finally the belle of the ball."

ing her a venereal disease. At the end of the movie, as the arty, uptown audience gave Daley a standing ovation, one man shouted, "You people need psychiatrists!"

By the end of 1971, rock musician Allen Lanier had moved in with Patti Smith. Tension was building between Mapplethorpe and Smith due to their poor living conditions in the loft, which had no shower or heat. Patti was tired of having to go through Robert's room in order to use the bathroom, and the last vestige of privacy was destroyed when a building inspector tore a hole through the partition dividing their rooms because it violated the fire code.

By the summer of 1972, Mapplethorpe had replaced John McKendry with a more powerful patron. It was well known among gay men in the art world that Sam Wagstaff was searching for "someone to spoil." Wagstaff was a brilliant collector with an eye for extraordinary objects and a recent inheritance from his stepfather. At 50, he was so good-looking that anyone who met him invariably described him as the handsomest man on earth.

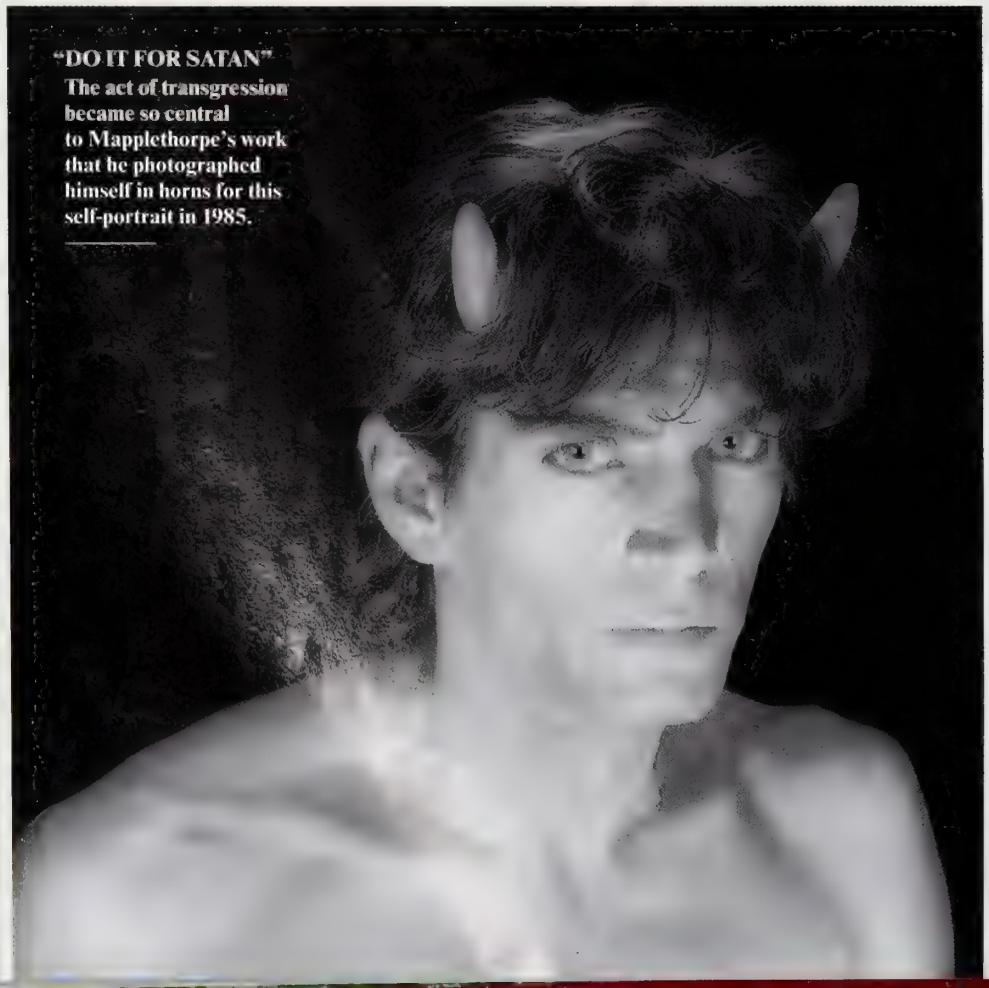
Ironically, David Croland, who had still not forgiven Mapplethorpe for his relationship with McKendry, helped introduce him to Wagstaff. On a visit to Croland's apartment to view his work, Wagstaff spotted a Polaroid of Mapplethorpe in a French sailor hat, and when he asked who it was, Croland experienced a sense of déjà vu. "It was like I gave them to each other," he explained. "When Sam walked out the door, I said to myself, This is it."

Wagstaff immediately telephoned Mapplethorpe and opened the conversation by asking "Is this the shy pornographer?" Mapplethorpe, who already knew of Wagstaff's reputation, was so happy to hear from him that when he hung up the telephone he leapt through the hole in the plasterboard to tell Smith the good news. "Yippee!" she shouted, jumping up and down. "You've been saved!"

Several days later, Wagstaff visited the loft, where he was greeted by the unmistakable sounds of people engaged in sexual activity. When he walked into the room, he realized the noise was coming from an audiotape of a pornographic movie, which was playing on a ta recorder hidden inside the pocket o black motorcycle jacket. The jac was hanging on a clothing rack nex a pair of leather pants with a loaf French bread protruding from the f Mapplethorpe wanted to impress W staff with his versatility, so, in additi to the constructions, he showed h his collages, jewelry, and Polaroids.

Wagstaff made it clear to Mapplethor that he was willing to help him. Th spent the night together, and by t next morning Mapplethorpe was th oughly smitten; for years he had wo dered if he would ever find someo to love as much as he had lov Smith, and in Wagstaff he had fin ly found the right man. "It was lo at first sight," he said. "After that, ever thing turned around for me."

Mapplethorpe hoped Wagstaff wou buy him a place to live, for Pat Smith had made it clear that she ar Allen Lanier wanted to move to a apartment in Greenwich Village. In O tober, Wagstaff gave Mapplethorp $15,000 for a loft on Bond Street dozen yards from his own. Sever weeks before Mapplethorpe's 26th birt day, he and Smith moved from 23r Street. Better days had arrived.



"DO IT FOR SATAN" The act of transgression became so central to Mapplethorpe's work that he photographed himself in horns for this self-portrait in 1985.

The month of January 197 marked Mapplethorpe's firs photography show, at the Ligh Gallery on Madison Avenue The gallery had been estab lished two years earlier b lawyer Tennyson Shad t showcase contemporary photographers But when Shad found himself face-to face with Mapplethorpe's sexually ex plicit Polaroids, he was flabbergasted Shad was equally astonished by th crowds of people who came to th opening, and by the sheer force o the "Wagstaff-Mapplethorpe machine."

Smith was now reading her poetry to the accompaniment of a toy pian at the Mercer Arts Center, the hom of glitter rock. With the help of her new manager, Jane Friedman, she be gan performing "Rock 'n' Rimbaud" concerts—"a little rock, a little poet ry"—at various hotels and clubs around the city. In June 1974, Mapplethorpe gave her $1,000 to record two songs at the Electric Lady Studios with a novice band that included her old friend Lenny Kaye.

hat summer Smith played Max's Kan City, where she attracted the at tion of *New York Times* music ic John Rockwell, who compared to poet-rocker Lou Reed in her sorption with demonic, romantic ess." Smith's success soon revolved und CBGB, the seedy Bowery bar t nurtured punk rock in New York sic critic Stephen Holden, who s then at RCA, thought Smith was best new solo artist since Bruce ingsteen. It was Clive Davis at ista, however, who eventually signed ith to his label and gave the band even-record deal worth $750,000.

Smith and her four-piece band spent much of the late summer of 1975 recording the album *Horses*. Her lyrics touched upon sadomasochism, lesbianism, suicide, U.F.O.'s, and Wilhelm Reich. Smith had devised the nd's catchy slogan herself—"Three-ord rock merged with the power of word." What she needed for the cov- of *Horses* was a photograph that cap- ed her intriguing ambiguity, and she ked Mapplethorpe to take the picture. Sam Wagstaff had purchased a new nthouse at One Fifth Avenue in e Village, and since the apartment s bare and painted white, Mapple- orpe occasionally used it as a pho- graphy studio. He had recently oticed that midway through the af- noon the sun formed a perfect tri- gle on the wall.

On the day of the shoot Mapplethorpe d Smith spent several hours drink- g coffee at the Pink Teacup on Bleeck- Street. Then Mapplethorpe looked his watch and panicked. "Let's get t of here," he told Smith. Smith d no idea what was happening, but e followed him as he sprinted down e street. "The light," he called out. We can't lose the light."

When they reached Wagstaff's pent- use, the triangle of light was still on e wall, but Mapplethorpe spotted an minous patch of clouds in the dis- nce. He was so agitated that he had fficulty setting up his tripod. Mean- hile, Wagstaff was in the kitchen mak- g hot chocolate for Smith, and when lapplethorpe saw her drinking a huge p of it, he threw up his hands. "Great," groaned. "Now your teeth are going be all brown for the picture." Smith told him she wasn't smiling anyway, so it didn't matter. "Don't you even want to use a comb?" he asked, staring at her unruly black hair, but she refused to touch it. Instead she flung an old secondhand jacket over one shoulder in a Frank Sinatra pose. Mapplethorpe made sure to line up her body so that the tip of the triangle jutted out from her collarbone, like an angel's wing.

Clive Davis did not share Mapplethorpe's enthusiasm for the image. One of the unwritten rules of the record business was that "girl singers" were supposed to look sexy and pretty. Davis understood that while Smith's music might not be for everyone, it was commercial suicide to place a black-and-white photo of an androgynous woman on an album cover. Furthermore, Smith even had a trace of dark facial hair on her upper lip. Davis wanted to scrap the image entirely, but when Smith had signed her deal with Arista she had been given artistic control of her albums, and she refused to change the cover. "I remember the art department wanted to change my hair into a bouffant," she said. "I told them 'Robert Mapplethorpe is an artist, and he



PARTING SHOT
The cover for Smith's 1987 album, *Dream of Life*, was one of the last two portraits Mapplethorpe took of her. "Robert knew it was the image I wanted."

"It was everything we had ever hoped for," Smith said. "The two of us together in an art gallery."

doesn't let anyone touch his pictures.'"

Years later, when *Rolling Stone* composed a list of "The 100 Greatest Album Covers of All Time," *Horses* ranked 26th.

Wagstaff soon grew to accept Mapplethorpe's promiscuity, and ultimately, perhaps, he was even titillated by it. Mapplethorpe often telephoned Wagstaff the morning after his latest debauch to describe his experience. Sex, however, had never been their primary bond; Wagstaff was a surrogate father to Mapplethorpe the way Smith was a sister.

Through John McKendry and now Wagstaff, Mapplethorpe met more and more social subjects for his portraits, both in England and America. In addition to S&M callboys, he was also photographing Isabel and Rose Lambton, the daughters of a former British Cabinet minister; writer and art dealer Guy Nevill in his riding gear; Lady Astor's granddaughter Stella; and John Paul Getty III.

Toward the end of the summer of 1976, Mapplethorpe's biggest career break resulted from a fleeting sexual liaison with a young man who worked at the Holly Solomon Gallery in SoHo; the man persuaded the dealer to look at Mapplethorpe's work. Solomon knew that Mapplethorpe carried Wagstaff's imprimatur, and that considerably enhanced her admiration for him. "Sam was considered the great photography collector," she explained. "I wouldn't have touched Robert without Sam." Nevertheless, Solomon was impressed, and promised Mapplethorpe an exhibition early in 1977.

Exactly a year after Patti Smith recorded *Horses,* she was back in the studio with *Radio Ethiopia.* In late January 1977, Smith's convulsive energy reached a climax when she opened for Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band at Curtis Hixen Hall in Tampa, Florida. She was performing "Ain't It Strange," spitting out the lyrics and miming X-rated sexual acts with Lenny Kaye before she began spinning like a top. "Go, go on, go like a dervish," she shouted. "Come on, God, make a move." She twirled faster and faster until she tripped over a monitor and fell to the concrete floor 14 feet below the stage. Blood spurted from a large gash in her head, and she had broken several vertebrae in her neck.

"When I fell off that stage," Smith explained, "it was like God said, 'If you keep bugging me, this is what's going to happen.' I began to realize that maybe I was mortal after all."

When Smith returned to New York, she experienced paralysis in her legs and double vision. Doctors worried that she might never be able to perform again. In addition, *Radio Ethiopia* was a commercial and critical flop, and she could not help boost the album's sales by touring with the band.

Mapplethorpe had watched Smith's career surge ahead of his, and he often teased her about becoming famous before he did. Now she was temporarily sidelined, and he was about to score his first major success with a show of portraits at the Holly Solomon Gallery. Realizing that Solomon didn't fully appreciate what she called his "dirty pictures"—images of men gagged, blindfolded, and hog-tied—he had arranged to exhibit those at the same time at the Kitchen, an alternative space in SoHo. Consequently, he had *two* openings on February 4, 1977—"Portraits" at Solomon (including photographs of Princess Margaret and Arnold Schwarzenegger) and "Erotic Pictures" at the Kitchen.

Before he went downtown for the openings, he stopped by One Fifth Avenue to pick up Sam Wagstaff and to see if Patti Smith, who had bought an apartment in the same building, felt well enough to accompany them. An ophthalmologist had assured Smith that she would regain her normal vision, but her legs were still partially paralyzed. In the meantime, he had prescribed total bed rest for three months, and so even though Mapplethorpe persisted in trying to persuade her to rent a wheelchair for the openings, she declined the offer.

After making an appearance at both openings, Mapplethorpe returned to Wagstaff's apartment to change into a velvet dinner jacket, then took the elevator down to the restaurant on the first floor to greet the 200 guests arriving at a party for him. These cluded Diana Vreeland, the writer F Lebowitz, the heiress Catherine G ness, and the designers Halston Fernando Sanchez. He was so exci that he took the elevator back up Smith's apartment to share the g news. "I'm a success!" he exulted.

Smith was in bed eating a bowl couscous, a gray sombrero cover the 22 stitches in her head. A named Ashley was picking its w through the books and clutter s rounding her. "Everybody in N York is here," Mapplethorpe cont ued. "You've got to see it for yo self." Smith sent him away, but was back almost every half-ho "I'm the toast of the town!" he nounced at one point. Gathering Sm up in his arms, he headed for the do but he stumbled from the drugs a the champagne and put her back do on the bed.

Soon Wagstaff arrived upstairs. had had his fill of the "smarty-par set" and wanted to keep Smith co pany. He was beaming like a pro parent. "Well," he said, "our boy finally the belle of the ball."

Mapplethorpe's "S&M p riod" reached its peak du ing 1977 and 1978, whe he produced 13 graph images that were late packaged and sold as th "X Portfolio." The seve ity of the pictures, which include scenes of bodily mutilation, was shoc ing by nearly anyone's standards, bu Mapplethorpe's explorations had tak en him so far into the netherworld o sexual deviance that almost nothin shocked him anymore.

He was fully aware that he was break ing taboos, and the act of transgres sion was central to his work. He pushe his sexual partners to transgress thei own boundaries by repeating the phras "Do it for Satan." Once he had suc ceeded in breaking down their re serve, he often photographed th "secrets" and made them public.

In a rare moment of self-reflection he confided that his goal in sex, and i art, was to stop himself from feeling "When I have sex with someone, I for get who I am. For a minute I even forget I'm human. It's the same thing when I'm behind a camera. I forget I exist."

n a rare moment of elf-reflection, Mapplethorpe onfided that his goal n sex, and in art, was to stop imself from feeling.

When Robert Mapplethorpe and Patti ith's joint exhibition, *Film and Stills*, ened at the gallery of Robert Miller, applethorpe's new dealer, in June 78, it drew huge crowds and TV cam-as. Smith had made a stunning meback from her accident 17 months rlier: *Easter*, her new album, had ceived the best reviews of her ca-er, and she had a top-10 single with Because the Night," which she had -written with Bruce Springsteen. nith clearly was the star of the event, it the show itself celebrated her dec-e-long friendship with Mapplethorpe. ie poster for the exhibition featured photograph of Patti by Robert and drawing of Robert by Patti, and the st image confronting viewers when ey entered the gallery was a 1968 apshot of the two artists taken in oney Island. "It was everything we d ever hoped for," Smith later ex-ained. "The two of us together in art gallery."

Smith became increasingly frightened by what she considered the psychotic strains of punk rock; what had started out as an exhilarating musical adventure had ended in punk's symbolic breakdown when Sid Vicious of the ex Pistols stabbed his girlfriend, Nancy Spungen, to death in the Chelsea Hotel. Two months later, free on bail, Vicious slashed Smith's brother, Todd, n the face with a broken beer bottle. Still, Smith might not have removed erself so quickly from punk violence ad she not become involved with a an who roused her fantasies of unconditional love like no other boyfriend before him. Fred (Sonic) Smith had been the rhythm guitarist for the MC5, the Detroit-based group managed by White Panther leader John Sinclair. When the MC5 lost its recording contract, Smith formed the Sonic Rendezvous Band, but while he had a reputation as a first-rate guitar player, the group's performances were limited mostly to Detroit. Patti met him there in March 1976 at a record-company party given in her honor. She conducted a secret affair with Fred for two years; then, in the summer of 1978, she made the final break with Allen Lanier.

Mapplethorpe's friendship with Patti Smith reached a temporary impasse when Fred entered their lives. Mapplethorpe worried that Fred held too much influence over Patti, who seemingly needed to ask his permission for every move she made. Now that she was Fred's girlfriend, she declined to pose naked for Mapplethorpe and affected an air of modesty, which some old friends found difficult to accept.

When *Wave*, Smith's fourth album, was released in April 1979, it featured a Mapplethorpe portrait of the singer on the cover. The picture had been taken in Sam Wagstaff's apartment, against the same bare white wall that had served as the backdrop for *Horses*. This time, however, Smith wore a chaste white dress and balanced a pair of doves on her finger.

At the end of the summer the band toured Europe. Its final concert, in Florence, Italy, attracted a massive crowd of 80,000 the largest Smith had ever played for and she pulled herself together to give one of the most rousing performances of her career. Later that evening, she made a stunning announcement: she was abandoning the group.

Smith's decision prompted speculation about her health and it was widely assumed that she had a drug problem, but it was mainly her addiction to Fred Smith that resulted in her defection from the band. In the end Patti traded her public life for a private one in Detroit, and in March 1980 she and Fred were married in a church ceremony with only their parents in attendance. For the first year she kept in touch with Mapplethorpe and other friends by telephone. By the time she gave birth to her son Jackson in 1982, however, the phone calls had stopped; when friends tried to reach her, they discovered that she had changed her number to an unlisted one. Letters were returned: "Addressee Unknown."

The Robert Mapplethorpe who turned 39 in November 1985 was a considerably more respectable figure than the one who had first terrorized the art world with pictures of gay S&M sex. His birthday coincided with the publication of *Certain People: A Book of Portraits*, which earned high marks from no less an Establishment newspaper than *The New York Times*. Five years earlier the paper had denounced him for "redrawing the boundaries of public taste"; now *Certain People* was mentioned in its *Book Review* as a possible gift idea for Christmas, and the photographer was trumpeted by critic Andy Grundberg as "the best portrait photographer to emerge in the last 10 years."

At the publication party for the book, Mapplethorpe unveiled his new, $500,000 loft, which had been purchased for him by Wagstaff. The loft was located at 35 West 23rd Street, two blocks from the Chelsea Hotel.

In October 1986, Smith was in the kitchen of her home in St. Clair Shores, Michigan, when she received a call from her lawyer, Ina Meibach, informing her that Mapplethorpe was in the hospital with AIDS-related pneumonia. He had passed the word through his lawyer, Michael Stout. That Mapplethorpe and Smith were now communicating through their lawyers

showed how estranged they had become.

Ironically, when Smith heard the bad news, she was in the process of planning a trip to New York to record her comeback album, *Dream of Life.* Fred had granted his permission for Mapplethorpe to shoot the album cover, and she was just about to call him to arrange their reunion, and to share a secret: at 40, she was happily pregnant again. She telephoned Sam Wagstaff to learn more details of Mapplethorpe's condition, but since she hadn't spoken to either man since 1982, their conversation left her feeling like Rip Van Winkle. "How's Robert doing?" she asked Wagstaff, who would soon be hospitalized himself for the second time. "He's doing better than I am," he replied. "I've got it . . . everybody's got it."

On December 11, Mapplethorpe took a cab to the Mayflower Coffee Shop on Central Park West for his reunion with Patti Smith. Of all the pictures he had ever taken of her, the image that remained in his mind was the *Horses* cover from a decade earlier. It must have been a shock, then, when he saw the middle-aged woman seated at the corner table. Smith's waist-length hair was now streaked with gray, and her eyes were hidden behind glasses. She was flanked by Fred and their son Jackson. She was relieved to see Mapplethorpe looking surprisingly fit, and he explained that with AZT and his weekly vitamin-B_{12} shots he felt better than he had in years.

During the shoot Mapplethorpe's assistant Brian English fussed endlessly with the lights while a hairstylist and makeup artist stood ready with crimping irons, lipsticks, and powder brushes. After an hour of preparation, Smith finally stepped in front of the camera.

Mapplethorpe's eye immediately noticed a tiny brown spot on her right hand; when he asked her about it, she told him the mark had mysteriously surfaced right after her son was born. Smith noticed that Mapplethorpe was unusually quiet during the shoot, and she wondered if he was thinking the same thing, that one day the only evidence of their relationship would be the photographs they had created together. "Oh, Robert," she sighed, and he looked up briefly at her face. "I know," he said. "I know."

The photograph was disappointing, and Mapplethorpe, though gravely ill, insisted on reshooting it. Technically, even the final portrait wasn't up to his high standards; her face was washed out and the background was blurry, yet she loved it all the more because it wasn't perfect. Mapplethorpe had even refrained from airbrushing out the brown spot on her right hand. "Certainly it's not a glamorous picture," Smith said. "But Robert knew it was the image I wanted. It was his gift to me."

The opening of the Robert Mapplethorpe retrospective at the Whitney Museum was one of the most eagerly anticipated events of the summer of 1988. It was Mapplethorpe's night, and he was determined to enjoy it. He had to remain seated, and his fingers burned from the neuropathy caused by his illness, yet he shook hands with every important person who was whisked to his side, and throughout the evening he could be seen chatting with artists Francesco Clemente, Ed Ruscha, Robert Rauschenberg, Brice Marden, Barbara Kruger, and Louise Bourgeois. Sadly, the people who mattered most weren't in attendance. Sam Wagstaff had been dead for more than a year, and Patti Smith didn't feel she could leave her family.

"Mapplethorpe mania has arrived in New York," Andy Grundberg wrote in his review of the show for *The New York Times,* and hardly a day went by without Mapplethorpe's name appearing in the papers. Yet the photographer derived his true solace from the knowledge that sales of his prints were reaching a record high. After the Whitney show and the subsequent articles about Mapplethorpe's illness, Howard Read, his dealer, sold several million dollars' worth of prints. "It was like Wall Street," Read said, "except in this case people were buying against death."

Smith hadn't seen Mapplethorpe since June, but she spoke to him several times a week on the telephone, and their conversations invariably cheered him up. Restrained by her responsibilities to Fred and their children, she had opted against touring to promote *Dream of Life,* and the album was a commercial failure. In February 1989, when Smith heard that Mapplethorpe would soon be leaving for treatment in Boston, she asked Fred to drive her to New York so she could personally wish him good luck.

As they sat dreamily in his studio, Mapplethorpe was seized with gastric pains, and a nurse led him to the bathroom. When he emerged a few minutes later, his eyes were glassy and feverish, and he could barely maintain his balance. "Patti," he said, "I'm dying."

Smith looked down at his hands, which had once been so beautiful, and saw that his arthritic-looking fingers had retracted into something resembling a baby's fists. She began sobbing and couldn't stop until Mapplethorpe suggested they go into the living room. He took a seat in his favorite chair while she sat opposite him on the couch. "There's nothing more to say, is there?" Mapplethorpe said. Smith began crying again, and he got up from his chair to sit next to her on the couch. Resting his head on her shoulder, he tried to comfort her, but a few minutes later she realized that he had fallen asleep. For the next two hours she sat very still and listened to his labored breathing and the faint beat of his heart. She retraced their lives together, flashing back to Max's Kansas City and the Chelsea Hotel, and finally to that day in Brooklyn when she first saw him sleeping in his bed. They had come full circle. "I'd never felt so young," she said, "and so old."

Robert Mapplethorpe died on March 9, 1989, three weeks after Smith's final visit. He became even more famous after his death, when, in June the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., canceled a retrospective of his work. When the exhibition arrived in Cincinnati, the Contemporary Arts Center and its director were ordered to stand trial on obscenity charges—the first time a gallery in the United States had faced prosecution for the art it displayed. The jury was unanimous in deciding that although Mapplethorpe's pictures appealed to a prurient interest in sex and were patently offensive, they were, nonetheless, "art."

Patti Smith still lives in the Detroit suburbs with her two children, and is writing a book of poems honoring her deceased friends and lovers. Her husband, Fred, died of a heart attack on November 4, 1994, the date of Mapplethorpe's birthday. "Now," she said, "all my favorite guys are gone." □

Photograph by JONATHAN BECKER



ME AND FORTUNE
bert Rauschenberg
s one of the many major artists
o came to congratulate
enfeebled Mapplethorpe at the
ening of his controversial
rospective at the Whitney Museum
New York in July 1988.
applethorpe died the following
arch, at the age of 42.

Kidman

(Continued from page 68) Nicole says coyly, "more romantic than I am. He buys flowers; he writes letters." She looks proud and happy as she shows off the Victorian diamond ring Tom picked out for her: "He knows I love antique jewelry," she says.

Cruise is also happy to play Mr. Mom. "He's fantastic," Nicole attests. "He sits with the mothers in the playgroup; he goes to the playground. He'll be the only guy there."

Maintaining a certain equality in parenting responsibilities, while a challenge for any couple, has been simpler for the Cruises than working out some semblance of career equity—a daunting task when your husband reportedly bags $15 or $20 million per movie. Nicole won't even tell me what her current price is. "It's too small," she says, blushing. "It's embarrassing." Nevertheless, equality "is what we aim for. Sometimes I feel his career is more important, and I have to say, No, wait a minute—me doing a small-budget film is important to *me!* He's very liberated in that way, or has become so. I had to work at it."

According to her colleagues, nobody takes her professional responsibilities more seriously than Nicole Kidman. "She worked harder than I've ever seen anybody work," says Gus Van Sant. "There was nothing she wouldn't do for the part. The work she had done in preparation was extremely detailed. She had put in maybe four months of work with an acting coach in New York, and she had a whole notebook filled with exercises to do for every scene. It was very systematic; I had never seen anything like it. Her method is very thorough. In her work she's very driven."

Kidman's unrelenting perfectionism doesn't cease when a job is done, either; she lies awake at night worrying about how she could have done it better. "Joel Schumacher says I'm obsessive-compulsive," she says ruefully.

Kidman is equally driven as a competitor. "We played a board game once, and this side of her came out that I had never seen before, this very determined, very competitive spirit," Van Sant reports. "It was like playing for keeps. She wanted to beat *anybody.*"

Kidman's ability to prevail is clearly abetted by her sense of destiny, which is so powerful that it can even sway complete strangers to her will. "When I first talked to her about *To Die For,* she said she was destined to play this part," Van Sant reports, still bemused. "Which made me think that she probably was. I totally believed her. She had a very authoritative view on the whole story, and I just thought I shouldn't stand in the way of destiny. I mean, she might have a hand on destiny that I don't have."

One thing Kidman won't talk about is the effect of Scientology on her modus operandi. Scientology is a movement founded by L. Ron Hubbard, a science-fiction writer who decided in 1948 that he wanted to start a religion. "That's where the money is," he reportedly said, though the church now officially labels this statement apocryphal. The adherents of Scientology believe that it helps them improve their lives, their relationships, and their careers, giving them the determination to achieve virtually any goal they set their sights on.

Hubbard decided way back in the 1950s that celebrity converts would be crucial to realizing his own success, and famous names such as Lisa Marie Presley, John Travolta, and Tom Cruise serve as a powerful lure to new recruits. Cruise, who counts Scientology's top leader, Dave Miscavige, among his closest friends, is viewed by the church as particularly critical to its goals: "Tom is pretty much seen as the Messiah," one former church member told *Los Angeles* magazine.

However, many independent investigators have concluded that Scientology is an organization that brainwashes its members, uses confidential information to blackmail those who show signs of straying, and harasses critics with an array of reprisal tactics.

Cruise remains resolutely supportive. "I have gained a lot from Scientology," he told *Premiere.* "I know what it is and how it can help people from my own personal involvement and study of the subject. . . . I know the good work they do."

As for Kidman, "I don't talk about it," she says firmly. "It gets misinterpreted and misrepresented." She confirms that she is a Scientologist, but she refuses to discuss the subject any further.

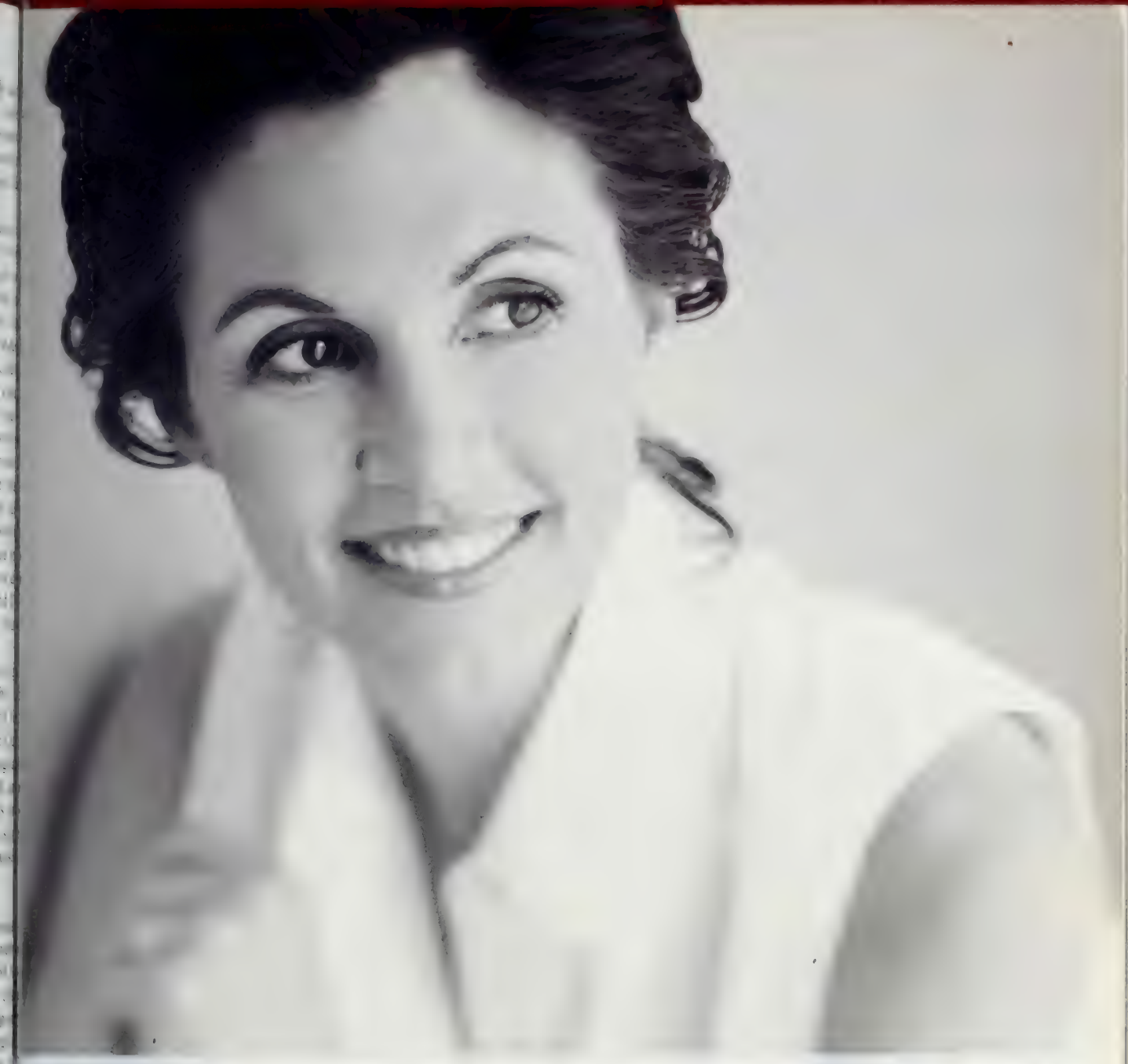
The sinister agendas imputed to Scientology are hard to imagine when one listens to friends talk about the Cruises, who are typically described as a spirited, fun-loving couple. Determined not to let parenthood turn them into premature fuddy-duddies, they love to party, whether it's at a pool hall or dancing all night in a Paris club or flying off to Vegas on a moment's notice. Both Kidman and Cruise love gambling—Nicole carr a Blackjack Strategy Card in her wall and although her style is less exuber than his, she prides herself on meth cally winning enough to pay off his de when he loses big.

Casinos seem like the only places Cruises ever lose these days; they're b riding high. You look at them and w der whether it's true, after all, that i every life some rain must fall; the sk over these two heads seem bright inde "I've had my share of rain," Nicole sists. "My mother had breast can when I was 17, and it affected me such a deep way. You see someone through chemotherapy and it's a year hell. It's the most upsetting thing tha ever happened in my life, but it al made me very aware. I had to confro death at an early age, had to realize th people are mortal—you're born, you d I'm sure I have rain up ahead and I' sure I also have sunshine, and tha life."

That sense has spurred Kidman to g involved with select causes, notably chairperson of the Advisory Board f the U.C.L.A. Women's Reproductive Ca cer Research and Treatment Progra and as UNICEF Australia's goodwill a bassador. "I believe that as much as yo take, you have to give back," she say "It's important not to focus on yourse too much."

It's clear that she also believes in mak ing the most out of every momen After seeing me in London, she's off t Jordan, where her mother, a nurse edu cator, has asked Nicole to accompan her on an archaeological dig. Although means leaving Tom and the kids for 1 days, Nicole is excited about the trip Her travel plans are as ambitious as he career goals; the next item on her menta checklist is an African safari. But wher ever she goes, she carries with her a unshakable faith in her own power t prevail.

"You're five feet ten inches tall, you're in Australia, not in America, you're told 'You can't do it,' and you think, I may as well settle for this relationship, because there's never going to be someone else," she muses, a faraway look on her face as she thinks back to that bygone time, before Prince Charming hurtled into her life at 185 miles per hour and her horizons expanded to the stratosphere. "But I always thought, No! I think there is something else out there—and even if I don't find it, I want to at least have made the attempt." □



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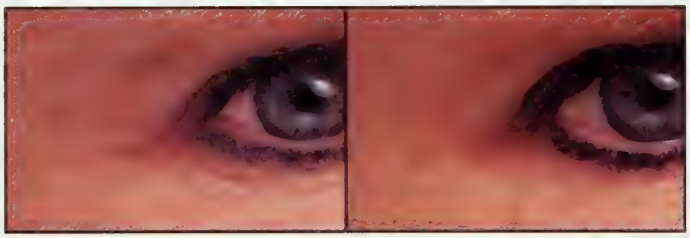
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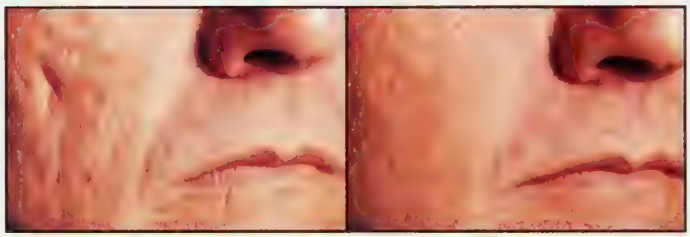
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All medical procedures are subject to certain risks. Although thousands of m and women have found Zyderm® and Zyplast® Collagen treatments to be a sa non-surgical option for many skin contour problems, you should be aware of t safety issues and restrictions associated with their use. Although you sho review these points at the time of your consultation with a physician trained in t use of collagen, we have summarized them for you as follows:

If you have a reaction to the required skin test, or previous allergic reaction injectable collagen products or lidocaine, or have a history of serious allergic (ar phylactic) reactions, Zyderm or Zyplast Collagen must not be used. Also, if you a undergoing or planning to undergo desensitization injections to meat products, y cannot receive injectable collagen.

The onset of connective tissue diseases has been reported after treatment w collagen injections in patients with no previous history of these disorders. A stat tical analysis comparing the number of collagen treated patients who were dia nosed with two rare connective tissue diseases (Polymyositis/Dermatomyosit with the expected number of these diseases, suggests that the rate of occurren of these two rare diseases appears to be higher than expected in the collag treated population. However, a causal relationship between collagen injectio and the onset of the diseases has not been established.

Also, patients with connective tissue disease may have an increased susceptibi ity to hypersensitivity responses and/or accelerated clearance of their implan Therefore, injectable collagen should be used with caution in such patients w consideration given to multiple skin tests.

Since studies have shown that injected collagen may stimulate the deposition your own collagen at injection sites, there is a possibility that part or all of the co rection may last two years or more.

Use of Zyderm I Collagen Implant in an individual patient should be limited to cc over a one-year period. Use of Zyderm II Collagen Implant in an individu patient should be limited to 15 cc over a one-year period. The combination these products or of Zyderm in conjunction with Zyplast in an individual patie should be limited to 30 cc over a one-year period. The safety of injecting great amounts on an annual basis has not been established.

The risk of infection is always present with any injection and it is possible experience a reaction to the process itself, such as mild bruising or a slight blu at the injection site. This does not mean it is necessary to discontinue treatme Previous facial herpes simplex at the site of injection may recur if provoked by t injection.

Though unlikely, it is possible for the needle to be accidentally placed through blood vessel during injection, which could result in temporary discoloration of t treated area, or in tissue death leading to a scab and/or scar formation. Injectab collagen, like other substances that are injected (particularly local anesthetics ar steroids injected into the head or neck area or the extremities), could be accide tally injected into a blood vessel. Although this possibility is remote, it could res in a blockage of the blood flow and loss of circulation to nearby sites. Blood flo blockage resulting in permanent loss of vision in one eye has been reported onc since product introduction in 1981.

Occasionally, injected collagen has been reported as visible in the skin, in th form of a small raised or white area at the treatment site, which may persist from few weeks to several months. Some areas (such as compressed scars) resist pr cise placement of the material, resulting in a slight elevation beside the defect.

People with histories of atopic or allergic reactions to other substances requi extra care when treated with injectable bovine products. Cautious use of Zyder and Zyplast Collagen is recommended in such cases. In addition, caution advised with people who are receiving immunosuppressive therapy. (Patients o long-term prednisone or other steroid therapy should consult their doctor befo beginning Collagen Replacement Therapy.)

More than one skin test is recommended prior to injectable bovine collagen trea ment if you have a history of dietary beef allergy. It is possible that the collage component of the beef may be causing the allergy.

If you are using drugs that reduce coagulation, such as aspirin and non-steroid anti-inflammatory drugs, you may, as with any injection, experience increase bruising or bleeding at injection sites.

Active inflammatory skin conditions (eruptions such as cysts, pimples, rashes hives) or infections require that treatment be postponed, until the condition ha been controlled.

The safety of treatment during pregnancy or in infants or children has not bee established.

With more than 500,000 people treated since 1976, injectable collagen ha proven to be safe. However, a small number (one to two percent) have develope an allergic reaction after one or more injections, which has consisted of prolonge redness, swelling, itching and/or firmness at some or all of the sites. On rare occa sions, these reactions can proceed to a cyst-like reaction that can drain, and ma form a scar. Between one and nine months is the usual duration, but a few case have involved intermittent flare-ups which have exceeded 24 months.

Importantly, many people who developed an allergic reaction after treatment di not report or recognize a response to the skin test. (With proper monitoring of th skin test, many of these later reactions could have been prevented.)

Systemic complaints have been reported in fewer than five per one thousan people treated and included flu-like symptoms (nausea, dizziness, headache, joi aches), rash, visual disturbances, anaphylactoid reactions (severe allergic rea tion) involving difficulty in breathing, and various systemic diseases includin immune-mediated diseases.

Since every patient's expectations and physical make-up are different and ever physician's technique is unique, there have been cases reported where collage injections have not achieved the desired result.

We encourage you to discuss this information with your doctor. He or she ca best evaluate whether treatment is appropriate for you and can answer any ques tions you may have.

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COLLAGEN

Bronfman

(continued from page 81) achieved one connection that had always eluded Mr. Sun, Charles was admitted as a member of the Mount Royal Club.

The handsome, haughty Minda moved to France, where she became the Baroness de Gunzburg, and was interested in cultural affairs until her death in 1985 from leukemia. Phyllis became an architect, and in 1954 it was she who personally chose Ludwig Miës van der Rohe and Philip Johnson to design the bronze tower that became New York's landmark Seagram Building. A divorcee, Phyllis lives today in a grand loft in a former peanut factory in Montreal, not very far from where she has established what many consider the finest museum of architecture in the world.

When Edgar Bronfman married Ann Loeb in 1953, it was viewed as a brilliant match for both families. The union gave the Bronfmans their long-sought social legitimacy. As for the Loebs, Ann's father was overheard to say at the wedding, "Now I know what it feels like to be a poor relation." To their sumptuous New York apartment Edgar and Ann attracted a glittering circle of friends from the worlds of theater and politics, and they produced a large family consisting of four boys and a girl: Samuel Bronfman II, Edgar junior, Matthew, Adam, and Holly.

Though Edgar junior was the second son, and therefore not first in the direct line of succession, he was a natural leader, and a far more commanding presence than his elder brother, Sam. This gave rise to a tense triangle among the father and his two oldest sons. Matters weren't helped much by the fact that the marriage between Edgar senior and Ann was deeply troubled. Edgar hardly bothered to hide his liaisons with models and society women. And friends of Ann, who was known to be a warm, nurturing woman, said that as the years went by she became increasingly fragile.

"The breakup of the Bronfman marriage was very traumatic for all the kids," said a close family friend. "I don't think Edgar junior assumed real responsibility for anything until that happened. And then he stepped into the breach and became a surrogate father to his siblings."

More family trauma soon followed. In 1973, Edgar senior married a British aristocrat named Lady Carolyn Townshend. On their wedding night, and during their honeymoon in Acapulco, Carolyn refused to sleep with Edgar. "Nels R. Johnson, a friend of the bride's, testified that Dr. Sheldon Glabman, a New York specialist in internal medicine, had boasted that Lady Carolyn had spent most of her wedding night with him," wrote Peter Newman. "Johnson also told the court she had confided to him in Switzerland two months previously that Edgar had screwed a lot of people and 'it gives me a lot of satisfaction to screw him without having to deliver.'"

By the time his father's second marriage ended, Edgar junior was living on his own in Hollywood. He had already worked in London on two movies with the producer David Puttnam, and he was trying to make it as a producer himself.

Bronfman was by his family's side in 1975 after his elder brother, Sam, was reportedly kidnapped and held for $2.3 million in ransom for nine days. In the confusing dénouement of this lurid episode, Sam was rescued, and one of the men charged in his kidnapping claimed that the whole thing had been a hoax, and that he and Sam had been homosexual lovers. "I knew Sam Bronfman while we were both teenagers, and I was with him the night before he was kidnapped," said a friend. "I don't believe that Sam is gay. But something happened. And I believe that within the family there was a secret pact that nobody would ever talk about it."

Edgar senior was to marry three more times—twice to the same woman, Georgiana Webb, the daughter of the proprietor of an English pub called Ye Olde Nosebag. The estrangement between him and Edgar junior grew to the point where some people wondered if it was irreconcilable. In the mid-70s, Dionne Warwick, who would later record one of Edgar junior's songs, "Whisper in the Dark," introduced him to her friend Sherry Brewer. Despite—or perhaps because of—his father's vehement objections to an interracial marriage, Edgar junior eloped with Sherry.

Years went by with father and son hardly exchanging a word. "Nobody will believe this," Edgar junior told me, "but when I arrived in Hollywood my trust fund was $20,000 a year. I was working for a living. I lived on my per diem from Universal. I didn't have any money."

However, in 1982 Edgar junior was persuaded to invite his father to a dinner at La Côte Basque in New York celebrating the premiere of *The Border*, his first major Hollywood project, starring Jack Nicholson. The next day the two of them sat down in the Seagram offices for their first heart-to-heart talk in a long time. Edgar senior, who was 51 at the time, was growing weary of his corporate responsibilities. Edgar junior, who was nearing his 30th birthday, was growing unhappy in his marriage and career.

"Will you join the company with a view to eventually running it?" his father asked.

"If my brother Sam had said, 'No, don't take it,' I wouldn't have accepted my father's offer," Bronfman told me. "Because to do it against his wishes would have created a situation which we're in business to avoid: a schism in the family. The whole point is that the family acts together, works together, and invests together, in a vehicle called Seagram."

"Edgar junior needed to establish his identity and legitimacy in his own eyes first," said the writer Barbara Goldsmith, who has known the Bronfmans since childhood.

After serving apprenticeships in London and New York, young Bronfman was made president of Seagram in 1989. About four years ago, he turned his attention to long-range planning. As his right-hand man, he chose Stephen Banner, a brilliant, 53-year-old strategist who had been head of corporate law at Simpson Thacher. Seagram's 24 percent stake in DuPont was in many respects a sweet deal; it produced $300 million a year in dividends at a very low, 7 percent intercorporate tax rate. But it was like a one-stock mutual fund—a passive investment that promised little future growth. Bronfman wanted to avoid selling the DuPont shares on the open market and incurring a capital-gains tax of about $2.1 billion. Instead, he arranged to sell the shares directly back to DuPont—a sale in which the proceeds would be counted as corporate dividends, carrying a tax liability of only $615 million.

"What you had in Edgar junior," said Herbert Allen, "was a young, active, aggressive manager, who wanted to transform his company from a mutual fund to being an operating company, and once he made that decision, it was only a question of 'What would I be good in, and what do I like?'"

"As I went around the world," Bronfman told me, "there was one invariably accepted United States export that dominated its field—popular culture, whether sports, entertainment, or fashion. It's an extraordinary force in international markets, and I believe we have just begun to tap those markets, especially in China and India, with their two billion people."

Seagram already had a foothold in the pop-culture future, thanks to its stake in Time Warner, the largest communications company in the world. Over a period of months, Bronfman and Time Warner chairman Jerry Levin lunched regularly

on the balcony in the Grill Room of the Four Seasons restaurant in the Seagram Building, and at one point Bronfman offered Levin up to $3 billion to help pay down his company's mountainous $15 billion debt. In return, Bronfman wanted at least a couple of seats on the Time Warner board. Levin, fearing a creeping takeover, didn't even accord Bronfman the courtesy of an answer. Frustrated and annoyed, Bronfman began about a year and a half ago to look elsewhere.

While Bronfman was shopping for an entertainment company, Yoichi Morishita, the president of Matsushita, was running into serious trouble in Hollywood with MCA. "The Matsushita people are essentially very solid businesspeople, but they bought something they didn't understand," said an American who had worked with Matsushita during its 1990 purchase of MCA. "With a little help from American management, courtesy, and respect, a lot of problems could have been avoided. But Sid Sheinberg and Lew Wasserman studiously kept anyone who had been close to Matsushita away from MCA. They poisoned the well with all of the advisers who had served Matsushita with the purchase of MCA, including the lawyers at Simpson Thacher, Mike Ovitz, and Herb Allen."

Morishita, a no-frills executive, did not have a personal stake in his company's glamorous Hollywood venture. He had come to power following a disastrous, multimillion-dollar recall of faulty Matsushita refrigerators, which had contributed to a management shake-up and the resignation of president Akio Tanii and key members of the Japanese team responsible for the MCA purchase. In the fall of 1993, shortly after Morishita was made president, moreover, a bidding war broke out for Paramount, which started him thinking about whether he should cash in his Hollywood chips. Most important of all, he discovered that the vaunted synergy between software and hardware had never materialized, and that Wasserman and Sheinberg were now talking as though the future lay not in such low-cost hardware gadgets as digital laser boxes that played music and movies but in giant record companies and in cable and broadcast distribution systems requiring billions more in investment.

In October 1994, Wasserman and Sheinberg, who had already been rebuffed by the Japanese in their effort to buy Virgin Records, flew to Osaka to see Morishita. Their intention was to convince him of the wisdom of launching a joint offer with the American conglomerate ITT to buy CBS from Laurence Tisch, who was reportedly asking $5 billion for his network. Japanese companies are slow-moving, multilayered bureaucracies, and Morishita's aides were not properly briefed in advance by their counterparts at MCA. As a result, Japanese underlings scurried back and forth, while a confused Morishita refused to come out of his office and greet Wasserman and Sheinberg. The pair of proud and powerful Hollywood titans were left in the humiliating position of waiting for hours in an anteroom.

When Sheinberg got back to Hollywood, he composed a scathing letter to Morishita's boss, Masaharu Matsushita. "Sid wrote the letter because Lew was furious, but would never have said anything, and Sid had to protect his honor," said a high-ranking executive at MCA, who saw the letter before it went out. "In effect, the letter said, 'I have to protest the conduct of Mr. Morishita. He deliberately and willfully insulted Lew Wasserman. He's not entitled to insult a man who has done what Lew Wasserman has done.' Lew read the letter and approved it, although he had Sid tone it down."

"I did send a letter to the chairman after the now infamous trip we took to Japan in connection with a proposed investment," Sheinberg told me. "We were given all the reasons in the world why it was inappropriate even to present it. I thought we were treated excruciatingly rudely, and I said so."

"Sid will never admit it," said a source at MCA, "but I believe that he wanted to bring the situation to a head. By now, don't forget, we were in the midst of Sony's travails with their Hollywood studio, and the one thing we know about Matsushita is that they are extremely sensitive to and paranoid about Sony."

Sheinberg demanded a meeting with the top brass of Matsushita, and it was scheduled to be held in Hawaii, until the press got wind of it, at which point the venue was secretly switched to San Francisco. The Americans gave the Japanese an ultimatum: Grant us total control of the company or we will quit. "Sid was playing a giant game of poker," said the MCA source. "He was betting that Matsushita wouldn't risk losing MCA's top management, who would take DreamWorks along with them."

On November 2 of last year, a Matsushita executive reached investment banker Herbert Allen, the chairman of Allen & Company Inc., who was in the airport in Nairobi, where he had just finished an African safari, and asked him to fly to Japan to give Matsushita a thorough assessment of its options. The Japanese did not initially call Michael Ovitz of Creative Artists Agency, whom they held in high regard, because they thought he might have a conflict of interest; Ovitz represented Spielberg, and the Japanese feared that if Spielberg learned of a pending sale he would be obliged to tell his mentor, Sidney Sheinberg. But Allen insisted, "I can't get involved in this without Mike." And within a month Ovitz was in Osaka, where he personally apologized for the way the Japanese had been treated by Wasserman and Sheinberg.

Soon Matsushita had four American companies looking at its Hollywood problem: the investment firms Allen & Co. and Goldman Sachs, the talent agency–cum–advertising agency–cum–deal-maker CAA, and the law firm Simpson Thacher, which was driving the transaction. Significantly, all of them had close relationships with Seagram, which raised the ticklish question of whether that ultimately gave the Bronfmans an inside track.

"We knew they were looking at the books," said a top executive at MCA, "but we didn't know that it was in connection with a sale. We thought they were just looking at their various options, bringing in a strategic partner or making a major investment. . . . During all of this, Sid refused to believe that Mike Ovitz would be involved in anything without telling him. He kept on saying, 'Mike would never betray me, he'd never do this to me.' And David Geffen—there was no love lost between him and Mike Ovitz—kept telling Sid, 'Don't be naïve.'"

"I felt obliged to tell Sid," Ovitz told me, "but I had a confidentiality agreement with Matsushita. And I had given Edgar my word that everything would remain confidential. There was no deal yet. Everything was still in the talking stage. What could I do? Ultimately, I'm a businessman bound by a code of ethics. It was a torturous experience."

In January, after Allen & Co. and Goldman Sachs had completed their evaluations, Ovitz went back to Japan, taking with him Sandy Climan and others of the same top CAA team he had used five years before to advise Matsushita on its purchase of MCA. In the course of a nine-hour meeting, they made a four-hour bilingual presentation with charts and graphs. The Japanese listened, and were impressed, but they did not commit to selling MCA. Of the half-dozen names the Ovitz team gave them as possible buyers, they kept asking, "Who can close?"

d Ovitz told them that the Bronfmans ld cut a check. Eighteen hours after tz left, Japan was rocked by its worst thquake in 70 years.

In New York, Stephen Banner, the for- r Simpson Thacher attorney who now rked for Edgar Bronfman Jr. as Sea- m's senior executive vice president, rted picking up signals that MCA was sale. "There were certain things we ldn't talk about, and Steve honored t," said Harold Handler, Simpson Thach- s chief tax expert. "But he was aware of fact that Matsushita was conducting a iew, and that we had been retained. at had been published in the trade jour- is. There were some very appropriate nversations that, if and when there was opportunity, Seagram might be interest- And of course we said that if the time mes when there is an opportunity to k we'll let you know. Steve had his own ationship with people at Matsushita, o were still involved with the MCA re- ionship. There was a lovely guy named oru Takada, a Matsushita lawyer. And oru and Steve had a conversation netime at the beginning of 1995."

By late January, Bronfman recalled, teve telephoned me and said, 'There's neone coming to visit me from Matsushi- a guy I know named Takada. It would nice for you to pop in and say hi.'"

On February 27, Banner got in touch th Stephen Volk of Shearman & Ster- g, and hired him to represent Seagram. March 2, Banner, 56, who had a wife d four children, checked himself into ew York University Medical Center. He d been diagnosed with lung cancer. even weeks later he died.

If Seagram was going to be a compa- ny in control of its own destiny," onfman told me, "then I was convinced at we could and should make this deal. March 24, we had put together an of- r letter and were going to send it to pan. Conventional wisdom was that the panese would need time to talk to their lvisers and then get back to us. I felt at I should go to Japan and explain the oposal. There were parts of the propos- that were difficult to put into words, d I felt that the personal relationship I d established with Morishita would be ttical to coming to an agreement."

A fierce debate broke out among Bronf- an's advisers over whether he should go Japan. Ovitz, who knew the Japanese st, was in favor of personal diplomacy, d his influence carried the day. Bronf- an arrived in Osaka on March 26. He as served club sandwiches and potato chips, and informed that his bid of under $7 billion was not high enough.

"My second trip was all about building trust and confidence," Bronfman said. "But shortly afterwards the rumors start- ed to fly. This was bad news. From Sea- gram's point of view, it could create what we had sought to avoid—an auction."

On April 6, Seagram sold nearly all of its 163 million shares back to DuPont for $8.8 billion. That same day, Lew Wasser- man was asked to comment on the im- pending transfer of ownership of MCA. "I have no idea," said Wasserman, making one of his rare public comments, "because no one has called me. I've heard nothing."

At eight o'clock in the morning on Sunday, April 9, two Gulfstream IV jets left White Plains, New York, for Santa Monica, California, with Edgar Bronf- man Jr. and his advisers on board. At about the same time, another Gulfstream IV, with Edgar Bronfman Sr., left an airstrip in Virginia, near the Bronfman farm, and also headed for California.

By 2:30 in the afternoon, as the lawyers and advisers for the two sides began to as- semble in a conference room of the Los Angeles offices of Shearman & Sterling, Herbert Allen arrived from his ranch in Wyoming, wearing cowboy boots, and Mi- chael Ovitz, tanned from a cruise in the Bahamas, went down to the lobby to greet Morishita and the Japanese contingent. The two Edgars went into a nearby office and closed the door behind them. Senior called Wasserman and told him what was about to happen; Junior tried to reach Sheinberg, but couldn't get through to him. A few minutes later, formal papers were being exchanged on the 20-foot-long con- ference table, and as Edgar senior looked on, his son signed his name.

Edgar junior's first order of business was to find someone to replace Wasserman as chairman of MCA. The 60-year-old Sid Sheinberg was not in the running to fill his mentor's colossal shoes, and he didn't bother to seek the position. "Sid said, 'I don't want that job,'" Bronf- man told me. "He said, 'I want to do something else.' I told Sid that I would like him to remain associated in some ca- pacity with MCA, and until he and I got that settled and out of the way I wasn't ready to move on filling the top job."

Hard-nosed Hollywood executives found it hard to believe that Bronfman had bought an entertainment company for nearly $6 billion without having a clear idea of who was going to run it. But, in fact, that was precisely the case. "When you're going through these deals, reality is suspended," he told me. "There's a mo- ment in time when either you make a deal or not. It's easy to sit back and say you should line up management. This was a unique opportunity to buy a great asset at a favorable price, and there wasn't time to line up management. . . . It's not going to make a lot of difference to our sharehold- ers whether we have new management on day 1 or day 91."

With the question of management left up in the air until after due diligence was completed and the sale was final, the Spielberg-Katzenberg-Geffen team abrupt- ly suspended negotiations over a future distribution deal with MCA. David Get- fen was telling everybody that the likeliest choice for the new top man would be Mi- chael Ovitz. Yet near the end of May, Bronfman told me, "Mike is unique. I talk with him every day. But I haven't talked to him about management."

Ovitz, as always, was keeping his own counsel, though he confided to close friends, "The truth is, I have done ab- solutely nothing regarding this job, and yet the whole world's talking about it. It's a big hoot." He was less amused by the suspicion that his competitors, in an ap- parent effort to destabilize CAA, were spreading rumors that a handful of top young CAA agents were on the verge of leaving his company.

There were many in Hollywood who believed that Ovitz was the only serious candidate, and that if on the remote chance Bronfman didn't get him he'd opt for a prestigious name from outside the movie community. "If I were Bronf- man putting all that money in there," said one former studio head, "I'd want a *wow* choice, and Mike is clearly the most exciting possible choice." Accord- ing to this line of reasoning, Ovitz has grown tired of being at the beck and call of immature superstars with overgrown egos, and wants to follow in the path of his idol, Lew Wasserman—the gold stan- dard in Hollywood. What's more, the men in the movie industry whom Ovitz respects—billionaire David Geffen and near billionaires Michael Eisner and Steven Spielberg—have amassed far larg- er fortunes than his, which is estimated at about $100 million. It is said that the time is ripe for Ovitz to cash in his half- ownership of CAA, which could bring him more than $200 million. At MCA, moreover, Ovitz would have the oppor- tunity to replicate Michael Eisner's expe- rience at Disney and also make hun- dreds of millions of dollars more in rights, options, warrants, and bonuses. A potential snag: anyone buying CAA

Credits

Fashion

Cover: Nicole Kidman's Oscar de la Renta ball gown for Pierre Balmain Haute Couture from Pierre Balmain, Paris.
Page 8: Nicole Kidman's dress by Chanel, from Chanel boutiques nationwide.
Page 18: Photograph, center, styled by Alyssa Leal; dress by Prada, from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.
Page 20: Photograph, bottom, styled by Terri Hockett for Award.
Page 55: Björk's Hussein Chalayan shirt and pants from Browns, London; bra from Miss Selfridge, London, Reebok sneakers from Planet Reebok, N.Y.C.; Tony Lewis for Streeters
Page 56: Peter Frechette's polo shirt by Dolce & Gabbana, from Charivari, N.Y.C.; jacket by Romeo Gigli, from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; shoes from Emporio Armani, N.Y.C. Michael S. Rosenberg's jacket and pants by Alberto Biani, from Jay Wolf, L.A.; vest by Alberto Biani, from Roppongi, L.A.; tie from Agnès B., N.Y.C. Mark Nelson's vest from Paul Smith, N.Y.C.; pants from Gap stores nationwide. Oni Faida Lampley's corset, skirt, and jacket by Cesar Galindo, from Barneys New York, N.Y.C. Albert Macklin's jacket by John Bartlett, from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.; pants by John Bartlett, from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, shirt from Agnès B., N.Y.C. J. Smith-Cameron's suit by Miu Miu, from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; shoes from Bottega Veneta stores nationwide. Stephen Flaherty's shirt by Katharine Hamnett, from Fred Segal, L.A.; pants by Alberto Biani; vest from D. L. Cerney, N.Y.C.; cravat by Drake's, from Barneys New York stores nationwide. Becky Ann Baker's robe by Isaac Mizrahi; shoes by Susan Bennis Warren Edwards, from Henri Bendel, N.Y.C. Patricia Clarkson's tank top by Liza Bruce, from Barneys New York stores nationwide, skirt by Jeanette Kastenberg, from Henri Bendel, N.Y.C.; belt by Erickson Beamon, from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; shoes from Bottega Veneta stores nationwide. Jonathan Bixby's shirt by Katharine Hamnett, from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; jacket by Nautica by David Chu; tie from Paul Smith, N.Y.C. Patrick Breen's polo shirt by Alberto Biani; pants by Alberto Biani, from Ron Herman Fred Segal, L.A.; shoes from Gap stores nationwide. John Slattery's tuxedo and shirt from Giorgio Armani, Beverly Hills; shoes from J. M. Weston, N.Y.C. T. Scott Cunningham's polo shirt by Alberto Biani; pants from Gucci, N.Y.C. Cynthia Nixon's gown by Vera Wang, from Barneys New York, Beverly Hills. Dylan Baker's shirt from Agnès B., N.Y.C.; vest and pants from Dolce & Gabbana, N.Y.C. Mary Beth Peil's jacket and pants from Jil Sander, Chicago. David Warren's cardigan from Paul Smith, N.Y.C.; polo shirt by Alberto Biani. Douglas Carter Beane's shirt from Paul Smith, N.Y.C.; pants by Giorgio Armani, from Barneys New York stores nationwide
Page 58: Top right, wallet chain and bracelet by Chrome Hearts, from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Paula Fox for Butler-Reghanti
Pages 62–63: For Frederick's of Hollywood shoes, call 800 323 9525
Pages 66–67: See credits for cover
Page 69: Pierre Balmain Haute Couture dressing gown from Pierre Balmain, Paris; for Beach Lingo bathing suit, call 800-766-8466; Stephane Kélian shoes from Stephane Kélian stores nationwide.
Page 83: Bianca Jagger's Chloé dress from Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; antique gloves from Patricia Pastor Vintage Fashion, N.Y.C.; antique shawls from Cora Ginsburg, Inc., N.Y.C., by appointment, 212-744-1352; John Iversen jewelry from Takashimaya New York, N.Y.C.
Pages 104–5: Kelly Lynch's Calvin Klein blouse and slacks from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; J. M. Weston loafers from J. M. Weston, N.Y.C.; Buccellati ring from Buccellati, N.Y.C.; George Cortina for Ivy Bernhard.
Pages 106–7: Calvin Klein coat from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.
Page 109: Pat and **Don Conroy's** Paul Stuart hats from Paul Stuart, N.Y.C.
Page 144: Lauren Hutton's Donna Karan coat from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: Nicole Kidman's hair styled with Sebastian Potion 9. All makeup from Princess Marcella Borghese. On her eyes, Shadow Milano Duale in Lino/Neutrale; on her lips, Lumina Lipstick in Amalfi Stormy Red. Cemal for Jed Root, Inc.; Rebecca Heath for Célestine
Page 16: Bottom, see credits for cover.
Page 18: Center, hair and makeup by Marina Maricic for Oz New York
Page 20: Bottom, hair and makeup by Terri Hockett for Award
Page 42: Grooming by Fiona Jolly for Michaeljohn Management.
Page 55: Björk's hair styled with Nexxus Holding Mist All makeup from Clarins. On her eyes, Eye Colour Duo in Pink Peony/Stone; on her lips, Clarins Colour Lipstick in Natural Rose Hina Dohi for Streeters; Cathy Lomax for Debbie Walters
Page 56: Hair, makeup, and grooming by Deanna for Marek, Clyde Haygood for Sarah Laird, Kat James for Indorato Artists, and Nancy Schall for Price, Inc
Page 58: Top right, grooming by Letha Rodman for Ivy Bernhard.
Pages 62–69: See credits for cover; Erynn Zirlin for Cloutier.
Page 83: Jerome Lordet for Jacques Dessange; Margaret Avery for Stephen Knoll Ltd
Pages 104–7: Kelly Lynch's hair styled with Nexxus Headress Shaping Spray. All makeup from Elizabeth Arden. On her eyes, Eyecolor Naturals in Nude and Teak; on her cheeks, Cheekcolor Naturals in Terrarose; on her lips, Lip Spa Sunshade S.P.F. 15 in Bare. Teddy Antolin for Visages; Lucienne Zammit for Cloutier.
Page 112: Rickey Lee for Oz New York
Page 144: All makeup from Revlon. On **Lauren Hutton's** eyes, Lashfull Mascara in Deep Black; on her lips, Moon Drops Lipstick in Satin Mauve. David Gardner for Ford Beauty; Michel Voyski for 8 Co.

Photographs and Miscellany

Page 8: Prop by David Ross
Page 12: From the Underwood Collection/Bettmann Archive
Page 20: Top, from Outline.
Page 30: Top and center, from Saba; bottom, from Sygma
Page 38: From Sygma.
Page 46: From Hulton Deutsch.
Page 48: Second from top, by Gerard Rancinan/Witness; second from bottom, from Gamma Liaison
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Page 58: Bottom, left to right, by Robin Platzer/Twin Images, Cheryl Dunn/Visages, Dana Lixenberg/Outline
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Pages 62–63: Bathtub propping by Matthew Warner; additional props by Pascale Vaquette.
Page 72: Top, from the Montreal *Gazette*, second from bottom, from U.P.I./Bettmann; bottom, by Norman Parkinson/Hamiltons.
Page 73: Top, by Judie Burstein/Photoreporters; bottom, by James Smeal/Ron Galella Ltd
Page 84: Top row, left to right, by Rose Hartman, Juana Anderson/Contact Press Images; second row, from A.P./Wide World Photos, by Michel Artault/Gamma Liaison, Ralph Dominguez/Globe Photos; third row, by Dafydd Jones, from Globe Photos, by Robin Platzer/Twin Images; fourth row, from U.P.I./Bettmann, by Arturo Robles/JB Pictures
Pages 86–87: Large photograph from Antinea; inset from the Press Association.
Page 88: From Team/Grazia Neri
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Page 90: From Farabolafoto
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Pages 92–93: Large photograph from Farabolafoto, inset from Stock Newport.
Page 95: Top left, from Marka; bottom, by Jillian Edelstein/Sygma.
Pages 96–103: All Monet paintings © 1995 by the Artist Rights Society (ARS), NY/SPADEM, Paris
Page 96: From the Kawamura Memorial Museum of Art.
Page 97: From Photographie Bulloz.
Pages 98–99: Left, from Roger-Viollet. Right, painting from a private collection; photograph courtesy of the Acquavella Galleries, Inc
Page 100: From Roger-Viollet
Pages 102–3: Left, from Studio Lourmel/Giverny Museum; right, from Lauros/Giraudon.
Page 111: From the family archives, courtesy of Colonel Conroy

Bronfman

would deem it of less value without [illegible] chael Ovitz.

Before Ovitz and Bronfman could m[illegible] a deal, there are two major precipi[illegible] that they would have to cross, accord[illegible] to those familiar with their thinki[illegible] First, Ovitz would have to decide whet[illegible] he wanted to walk out the door of CA[illegible] perhaps taking with him his right-ha[illegible] man, Sandy Climan. For his part, Bro[illegible] man would have to decide how much [illegible] could afford to give Ovitz, from both a[illegible] nancial and power point of view. "It [illegible] comes down to a supply-and-demand [illegible] sue," said a person in a position to kn[illegible] "There's a very limited supply and [illegible] great demand for the heads of these hu[illegible] entertainment companies."

But others felt sure that, in the en[illegible] Ovitz would not go to MCA. "I do[illegible] think he will take the job," said an Ov[illegible] confidant. "At CAA, he is king. At MC[illegible] he would only be the prince. At MC[illegible] Mike would be more exposed. There a[illegible] many people in this town who don't li[illegible] him, and want to get him. . . . At MC[illegible] his power would be circumscribed, and [illegible] wouldn't be as protected as he is now. H[illegible] would be more vulnerable to attack."

"Money for Mike is not the issue," sa[illegible] someone who was familiar with his thin[illegible] ing. "If net worth were the issue, Mik[illegible] would have chosen a different career pat[illegible] a long time ago. Keep in mind, Mike ha[illegible] many options other than MCA."

Perhaps the most tantalizing option fo[illegible] Ovitz would be to raise about $2 billio[illegible] in order to buy the 14.9 percent Seagra[illegible] ownership of outstanding Time Warne[illegible] common shares, which would put hi[illegible] within striking distance of controlling th[illegible] company.

"This issue of who runs something i[illegible] always a difficult one, because you ge[illegible] into very small indices, and semantics[illegible] and you have to be very careful," sai[illegible] Barry Diller, who has taken himself ou[illegible] of the running for the MCA chairman[illegible] ship. "Edgar isn't going to move to Lo[illegible] Angeles and quote run unquote MCA[illegible] He isn't going to go to dinner at Holly[illegible] wood restaurants and be in meetings with[illegible] writers, directors, and actors. But he wil[illegible] be the senior officer. Anything other than[illegible] that is unrealistic and just babble. He's[illegible] the senior executive officer of the compa[illegible] ny, and he will function as such, no mat[illegible] ter who it is that reports to him. I don't[illegible] think there is any question that Edgar[illegible] Bronfman Jr. is going to deal with his re[illegible] sponsibilities." □

onet

ntinued from page 102) that the bank . appeared in the background of the ier pictures in the series dropped out ldenly the primary reference for near far is gone, forcing the viewer to neate space in sensory terms instead of g aided by the logic of an imposed naissance perspective system. In the nediate foreground the water lilies m to be viewed from above. As they ve up the canvas and further away, y become increasingly foreshortened, if Monet had actually pulled closer l closer to the surface of the water to w the plants from a horizontal, not a tical, position. Thus the paintings ap- r almost warped, like the curvature of earth or vision itself.

When the Durand-Ruels saw the paints Monet had completed since their visit, they were taken aback. In more n a dozen, probably finished in the er months of 1907, Monet had set the nd on fire, slashing its surface and emzoning it with strokes of red, yellow, l orange. The tranquillity of the earlipictures was nowhere to be found. Inad there were competitive arrangents of less defined forms which occud dizzying spaces torn by rivulets of ense, agitated light set off against oding shadow. What was the artist up How did these paintings fit in with the earlier ones in the series? Above all, how were they going to sell them?

It was one more challenge to the art world as well as to the dealers. It was also one more instance of Monet's reinventing himself. After their return to Paris, the Durand-Ruels decided to lay off some of the risk and approached the Bernheim-Jeune brothers, rival dealers, to share the expense of Monet's pre-payment demands. The rivals knew Monet's selling power and leapt at the opportunity without even setting eyes on the problematic canvases. The dénouement came a month and a half later, only a week before the show was supposed to open. Monet dropped his biggest bombshell when he announced that he had decided he was not going to show the series after all. At least not anytime soon. He simply wasn't satisfied with them.

After months of more work, a trip to Italy, and a new series of views of Venice, Monet returned to the water lilies, informing the Durand-Ruels in early 1909 that he could plan on an exhibition of the pictures in early May. This time it happened. It was a smashing success despite the dealers' uneasiness about the tougher 1907 pictures. One critic wrote, "One has never seen anything like it. . . . There is no other living artist who could have given us these marvelous effects of light and shadow, this glorious feast of color." Another went so far as to compare the series to Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel and Beethoven's late quartets.

Perhaps one of the most significant results of the show was the confidence Monet gained to pursue what had been a long-held dream: a series of water-lily paintings that would wrap around a room and "create an illusion of an endless whole of water without horizon or shore." This obsession was a complicated affair involving personal goals, national politics, and the international conflagration of the First World War; it would preoccupy him for the remaining 17 years of his life. In the end it resulted in more than 200 paintings of his water-lily pond and flower garden and one of his greatest artistic legacies—the *Grandes Décorations,* the monumental water-lily-wrapped rooms of the Orangerie in Paris. Standing in front of these paintings, we are struck by the determination of the artist to translate nature's poetry into the prosaics of paint. They remind us of Monet's ability to layer his work with multiple meanings, and suggest that certain human characteristics, such as order and discipline, steadfastness and confidence, are as essential to art as they are to life. When they are applied to the study of nature, they can yield enormous results, instilling in the novice viewer as well as the connoisseur and professional artist a complementary sense of humility and awe, knowledge and innocence. □

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ucci

ontinued from page 95) poses. A pair of nze leopard cubs bestow a blind gaze a settee covered in leopardskin.

"I was very spoiled by my father," Pazia informs me without any prompting. t 12, I had my first mink coat. Yes, ry nice. But I always wish to have es in the same color as what I wear. I went to my father and said, 'Daddy, nks for the present, but now I need a ir of *mocassini* the same color as my fur at.' He says, 'Are you crazy or what?'"

The frugality of her new father-in-law me as a horrifying revelation when trizia married Maurizio. At her husnd's side when he was packed off to ew York to learn the family business ere, she stepped into their first home—a om at the St. Regis hotel. "I had a tiny, y room with only one window, and unr the window was a *cavedio*—a big ll and I couldn't see New York! I said, 'Well, I married a millionaire. *Ma!* I feel very poor.'

"I say, 'Maurizio, we have to change the situation. Why don't you allow me to contribute a little to the expenses of the family?' 'No, no! I am the man!' he says." But Patrizia ignored him and got a better room. And that's the way the balance of power would remain. "She was a spoiled brat," explains a Milanese socialite who knew Maurizio during the early years of his marriage to Patrizia. "She asked for everything, wanted everything." Says a critical Gucci cousin, "I think Patrizia did everything for Maurizio." Patrizia herself is the last to disagree.

"Yes, my dear, I knew. *I knew.* I knew he was weak. But I was not weak. . . . I pushed Maurizio so strong that he became president of the Gucci," she insists. "I was very social, but Maurizio didn't like to socialize. At all. I was always out, he was always in the house. But, you know, I was the representative of Maurizio Gucci, and this was enough."

In 1985, exactly two years after his father's death, not long after he'd bought—at his wife's insistence—the magnificent 70-meter sailboat *Créole,* once owned by the shipping magnate Stavros Niarchos, Maurizio Gucci packed a little bag. He told Patrizia he was off to Florence for five days on business. A few days later the family doctor dropped by to inform the busy wife, "I'm very sorry, Signora Gucci, but your husband will *not* be coming back."

Patrizia's eyes widen in pain at the mention of the exquisite yacht that sailed out of her life. It was the talk of all Italy, the most beautiful boat in Europe, with an impressive history. Niarchos had used it as part of his ongoing competition to outspend and outshine his arch-rival, Aristotle Onassis. "Maurizio told me that Niarchos sold it to him with the Impressionist paintings still on the walls," reports Contessa Marta Marzotto. And not only that: gold taps in the bathroom, bright inlaid cabinetry, a screening room where the Guccis showed the

old White Telephone movies of Rodolfo.

The boat broker had warned Patrizia that she simply couldn't think of buying anything less spectacular ("Because otherwise, signora, you will always be looking for a bigger boat!"). As for the $1 million price tag, that was nothing compared with the roughly $7 million to restore the *Créole* to its arch–*fin de siècle* mahogany perfection. "Well, when I want something, you know, Maurizio always gave it to me," recalls the ex-wife. At the thought of this, at the memory of the day the Italian flag was raised on board the graceful vessel for the first time, Patrizia begins to weep in earnest. Slowly, she blots her cheeks, passing a small, light hand over her lids. A large pigeon-blood ruby winks and glows with the gesture. The moment passes.

"Maurizio's boat. He bought it for me."

He kept it, however, for himself.

At the time Maurizio Gucci decided to rid himself of his wife, he seemed to be harboring similar intentions toward the rest of the Gucci clan. It was as if Rodolfo's death had released this timid gentleman from all ties of family, domesticity, and even prudence. He was aware of this amazing alteration within himself, the death of caution, even proud of it.

"First I had my father, and now I have you," he told his wife. "I have never been free in my whole life."

He asked lawyer Domenico De Sole, who eventually headed Gucci America, to fire Aldo Gucci from the presidency of the company. Seventy-eight years old at the time, Aldo was destined for another shock. Eleven million dollars in profits from American Gucci stores had been cunningly diverted, and $7 million in taxes avoided. The old man wept like an infant as he was led off to an American prison. He very likely would have gotten away with everything, but for his own son Paolo, who had squealed about Aldo's corporate shenanigans in court documents during one of the many lawsuits he filed against the Gucci company.

Maurizio, who always referred to Aldo respectfully as "the big strength, the big power," twisted the knife in the old man's back, despite Aldo's previous favors to his nephew.

"You know, Rodolfo told Maurizio, 'If you marry Patrizia, you can leave the company.' But Aldo said, 'Now, wait a minute, Rodolfo, your son's a good guy,'" reports a Gucci cousin. "And it was Aldo who reunited father and son."

The cousin vividly recalls Aldo's fate at the hands of Maurizio. "Two policemen took Aldo out of the office. They took the desk—everything."

"To see a man like my father, president of a company, a strong charismatic person—to see him destroyed and offended in such a vulgar and such a dramatic way," says Roberto Gucci, his lips perfectly white as he draws on his cigarette. "Well, excuse me, I don't want to blaspheme, but it was like offending God."

At the time of Aldo's ejection Maurizio was off sailing on the Costa Smeralda in Sardinia. "Maurizio did not like confrontation," explains an old friend.

The Guccis have never been fans of peaceful co-existence. Warfare within the clan has at times reached Shakespearean dimensions. "It's in the blood," murmurs a cousin. The saga of Aldo and Paolo grew increasingly complicated, as Gucci sagas do. At the time of Aldo's ouster Paolo was constantly suing or countersuing his father over money and Paolo's desire to create his own brands. "And the father—Aldo—was meanwhile paying for his son's lawyers to sue him," reports a family friend. "Yes, every time Paolo ran out of money to pay his lawyer, Aldo would pay."

Around this time, Giorgio, Roberto, and Aldo Gucci filed a complaint with the prosecutor of Florence, accusing Maurizio of usurping the Gucci presidency. Paolo, in another incident, claimed he had been struck on the head with a tape recorder by loved ones during a Gucci board-of-directors meeting.

"Oh, there was blood all over him," recalls Paolo's estranged wife, Jenny Gucci, offering one of the many versions of the story. "Maurizio had grabbed Paolo by the neck, from behind, to get the tape recorder from him, and his signet ring struck Paolo's temple."

"I was hit over the head until I bled profusely," Paolo complained to the court. He got a $200,000 settlement from his annoyed kin. Learning of the fracas, Jacqueline Onassis, a longtime Gucci customer, cabled a solitary word to the clan: "Why?"

Haute Milan was disgusted. The press fanned the flames. "DALLAS" ON THE ARNO, screamed one report.

Paolo's legal battles were only the tip of the familial legal imbroglios. In one five-year period, 15 lawsuits were filed in the United States alone by members of the Gucci family, all against one another. In 1987, New York State Supreme Court judge Miriam Altman, sick to death of the litigious leather lovers, dismissed one of these suits with this observation: "I know every piece in the Gucci line, a[nd] know that two-thirds of the price of e[very] wallet goes to lawyers' fees."

During his reign, Maurizio ena[cted] many modern reforms, some ne[ces]sary, most painful. For example, the G[ucci] company got its first in-house audit. [One] hundred and fifty of the company's [1,]corporate employees—a breed that in I[taly] is as eternal as Rome itself—were sudd[enly] fired. Other new developments were [in]spired but executed abruptly: chea[per] items such as canvas bags adorned w[ith] the famous logo were instantly discon[tin]ued. Ultimately, 22,000 different prod[ucts] were whittled to 5,000. In 1990 handb[ags], shoes, and clothes were pulled out of [most] department stores; the points of sale w[ere] reduced exclusively to the 60 or so Gu[cci] stores and franchises—on Maurizio's [or]ders. The mouse had turned into a lion.

"But Maurizio did not realize that [if] you take away a whole bunch of low[-]scale products, you cannot change [it] overnight," sighs a friend. "You've got [a] plan. And at the same time, he was [in]creasing expenses."

Maurizio flung money at everything. He switched the Gucci company's hom[e] base from its birthplace in fusty old Flo[r]ence to fashionable Milan, where he bu[ilt] a grandiose new office: "Something op[u]lent, totally astronomical—not even Ge[n]eral Motors has one like it," claims a corporate insider. He launched ready-t[o]-wear big-time, which was a smart mov[e] except that it made little money. He to[ok] P.R. woman Pilar Crespi, who was thin[k]ing of ways to promote the new colle[c]tion, "Why don't we just rent a circus i[n]stead of doing an ordinary fashion sho[w]. And perhaps we could have the clown[s] interact with the public." Crespi d[id] some checking. "This would have cost u[s] way over $550,000. We were talkin[g] about a New Age circus."

Maurizio used a corporate jet—to go to Florence, two hours away—instead [of] taking the train. He wanted to spen[d] $100 million to redo existing stores an[d] open new ones. He hired expensiv[e] Americans instead of Italians.

The family situation had already gotte[n] out of hand. By the fall of 1985, Aldo and his sons claimed to the authoritie[s] that Maurizio had ordered his staff to forge Rodolfo's signature on document[s] that endowed him with one millio[n] shares of the company—thereby avoiding death duties. The charge seemed to hold a lot of water. One secretary, Roberta Cassol, who testified that Maurizio had ordered the forgery just two days after his

er's death, told the courts there had n an attempt to bug her phone.

Despite his tremendous wealth and prominence, Maurizio never regained his lost status in Italy after being charged with forgery. He was even forced temporarily surrender his reign over company. Few sympathized. Many disliked him. Maurizio was left to stew in villa in Switzerland and then, after the h Court overturned his forgery conion, back home in his newly embelled apartment, where the green satin tains block out the sun. Four years , the diminished tycoon began to re his life with Paola Franchi, a ysomething divorced decorator with a e, like his, for the quiet life.

He made sure never to stay up past night. She wore her blond hair in a gnon, never ordered him about, and ed that he might marry her. Although ether or not they would have wed reins a subject of some dispute, Patrizia sts her former husband was eager to ndon the affair. She says that Mauri- told his daughter Alessandra as much rtly before his death. But how could get out of it? That was the question. hated messes.

"These people with all their money, I n't think they are capable of real love," secutor Nocerino reflects. "I mean, ssion, yes. I read Maurizio Gucci's lets to Paola Franchi and they are really ite passionate. But real love—no, I n't think so. There's too much of 'This mine, this is yours, this is ours' in their nking.

"It's like that Jackie Onassis of yours."

Many prominent Italians regard the Gucci saga as a cautionary tale. "The ndis of Rome would always talk about Guccis," says one family insider. "They mpared themselves a bit. And they'd tell ir children, 'See what happens when eryone in a family grabs something for nself. See what family conflicts can do your business.'"

By 1989, however, Maurizio Gucci had naged to rid himself of his bickering n. Gone forever were the conniving usins. That was the good news. Also ne, however, was much of the compa- 's business, now that Maurizio had so thlessly reduced the points of sale and nished the best-selling cheaper items. In 88 and 1989, at the victorious heir's ompting, a Bahrain-based group of instors called Investcorp bought out the ares of the other Guccis, making all of em rich and many of them bitter. "When I left Gucci it was like half of my body was destroyed," recalls one cousin, who has come to our interview carrying a briefcase by Hermes. "Good-bye to my baby," says Roberto Gucci, who sold off his 23 percent of Gucci. "My baby's been suffering."

And with those good-byes accomplished, 50 percent of the company was placed in the hands of perfect strangers—Arabs, explained the Italian press—who also owned chunks of far-flung stores with such odd-sounding names as Tiffany and Saks. Gucci, for better or worse, was no longer family.

"You see, Maurizio never understood this," says Domenico De Sole, the chief operating officer of Gucci. "He thought, This is my company—my everything. I told him, 'Once you bring in Investcorp this is not just your company. This is real life.'"

But real life, as it turned out, ended up being far more difficult for Maurizio than his own relations. The company was leaking money; expenses mounted. In 1993, Maurizio and Investcorp engaged in a heated and occasionally very bitter duel; the investment group had discovered, to its sorrow, that despite Maurizio's many promises to make Gucci profitable this eagerly anticipated event had not yet occurred. By 1991 the company was posting a 37.8 billion lire loss. A year later the loss was 24.7 billion ($15.4 million). Investcorp argued in New York State Supreme Court that it was time for Maurizio to give up the business.

The investment group accused Maurizio of violating a major shareholder agreement by secretly pledging a wad of his shares to Banca della Svizzera Italia, of Lugano, Switzerland, in return for a loan. When his Arab partners called him on it, Maurizio hastily reclaimed those shares, repaying the loan to the bank with 30 million Swiss francs.

Where had he found this new stash of cash? Maurizio's story was, perhaps, not immediately convincing. He said he had been "visited in a dream by the ghost of his father," who duly informed him that he could find "the money to pay the multimillion-dollar debt hidden under the floorboards of his house in Saint-Moritz, Switzerland."

"I stick by my story," Maurizio declared stoutly to an amazed Pilar Crespi, the Gucci employee who had to answer to the press. He later claimed that his reply was a way of telling Investcorp to mind its own business.

It was Patrizia who had introduced her former husband to the mystery man who lent him the 30 million Swiss francs to get back his shares—and also, says Patrizia, his Saint Moritz villa, which had been used as collateral. "I made the introduction for my daughters' sake, not for his. Because Maurizio didn't deserve it." Patrizia will not, however, divulge the name of the lender. "In financial business there are some things you cannot tell," she says. (The prosecutor suggests he already knows who it was.) The loan, in any case, carried with it a stiff amount of interest.

The question is: Did Maurizio ever repay this debt? His track record in that area was not good. Domenico De Sole, who lent him $4.2 million around the same time, had to sue to reclaim his money.

Vittorio D'Aiello, Maurizio's old criminal lawyer, says, "It's possible certain people who do this sort of lending expect to collect enormously. Perhaps capital plus interest isn't enough for these people." So the other question is: If Maurizio didn't repay his debt, then isn't there a chance that the anonymous lender may have been behind the murder of the last of the big-time Guccis?

"Absolutely not," Patrizia says shortly. "Because Maurizio sold his part in the company." She is referring to the day in September 1993 when Maurizio's reign and almost a century of family control came to an end. Investcorp won out. GUCCI FALLS UNDER THE FLAG OF ISLAM, read a headline.

And then Maurizio vanished, more or less. The last time his ex-wife saw him, he promised to attend his daughter's 18th-birthday party at the Villa Borromeo. "And then he disappeared," reports Patrizia. "And imagine, as a form of respect I had purposely not invited people from Milano and Roma so as not to create embarrassment." In a way, this self-imposed exile was understandable. For an intelligent man, he'd certainly made a fool of himself in recent times. "Two days before Maurizio sold out to Investcorp, he gives a big speech where he says, 'Don't worry. I'm gonna buy out Investcorp. I have the money.' Yes, he told everyone that," reports a friend. "I think Maurizio had a hard time at the end. . . . I mean, I don't know, at times you felt he had escaped, escaped from reality. He made things up."

The few friends who bothered to stay in touch were informed that Maurizio was doing just great. That he was sailing with Paola Franchi. That he was "at peace with himself," the happy recipient of a large chunk of money for his shares of Gucci. How big a chunk, however, is the question. Some say $150 million; others say no, that by then the Gucci shares were worth a good deal less.

Gucci

But Patrizia Gucci knew better than to believe these reports of Maurizio's newfound bliss. "He was very dissatisfied," she says, "according to the people that met him."

"He was fearful," her daughter Alessandra told the newspapers. "But why?"

After Investcorp took over completely, the company that bears the Gucci name perked up considerably. Its relatively new backpack is now a best-seller. The classic little bamboo handles have maintained their desirability. The saddle shapes of the bags have been left intact. Designer Tom Ford's new line of ready-to-wear has received extravagant praise in the fashion press. Today, Gucci rules. "I mean, nowadays Gucci is hot, very hot—and I want to say that this comes from the vision of Maurizio," says Pilar Crespi, who no longer works for the company. But what was left for her old boss now that he was bereft of his company?

Maurizio was planning to invest in a casino in Crans Montana, Switzerland. He wanted to leave his mark on something. Prosecutor Nocerino says that, as casinos go, Maurizio's gambling dream was no big deal. A good-size room, really, is what Maurizio envisioned, filled with 60 slots. "But that wasn't the project he was really crazy about," Paola Franchi told the newspaper *Corriere della Sera*. "His heart was really in Palma de Mallorca, where he dreamed of renovating the old port for boats like the *Créole*. With perhaps a typical hotel included, tiny shops. A small jewel, in short.

"We spent our last weekend talking about this project," Paola continued. "He was happy because he had already found the name for his resort: Paradise in a Jar. The title was from his favorite Chinese fable, which he'd just read. It was the story of a pharmacist who every evening, weary from the day's work, found refuge in one of the jars in his shop.

"'That is my own philosophy exa
is what Maurizio told me."

A few hours after she had seen
lover lying massacred, Paola receiv
surprise visit from Patrizia Gucci. M
rizio's former wife had come accon
nied by her lawyer and her daugh
who was frantic, Patrizia claims, to
cover a sweater belonging to her late
ther. Paola kept herself invisible, say
she was too distraught to see visi
right then.

On the coffee table that fronts a co
in her darkened living room are two p
sible clues to the frailty of the new life
Paola, whose rich lover doesn't appea
have left a will. One is a piece of wh
paper listing the various phone numb
of her lawyer, Roberto Giustiniani,
cluding his mobile phone. The other i
glossy folio-size publication from C
Med, touting a wealth of vacations.
very different sort of paradise, anot
kind of jar, for a lady who, in days pa
used to sail the *Créole*. □

Jagger

(Continued from page 85) not accessible to us. She knows all sorts of people of influence and can move them to do things. That's her reputation," says Anne Manuel, deputy director of the Human Rights Watch/Americas, which turned to Jagger for help in the Jennifer Harbury case after she expressed interest.

As Torricelli himself admits, Bianca is someone it is "near impossible to say no to." The controversial congressman—who earned the nickname "the Torch" in high school for his sometimes abrasive intensity—says he had never heard of Ms. Jagger when a starstruck aide ushered her into his office for the first time in the spring of 1992. Rather quickly, he sensed her sharp understanding of the policies and personalities that determine Latin-American politics.

Torricelli, who once chaired the Western Hemisphere Subcommittee, had heard for some time about the Harbury and DeVine cases. But he also understood the near impossibility of piercing the C.I.A.'s veil of secrecy. Last December, however, at the Summit of the Americas in Miami, he broached the subject with Guatemala's foreign minister. "Bianca asked me to raise the issue, among many issues, and I did," he says briskly, sounding a little hesitant about overstating her role.

Kathryn Cameron Porter, the wife of Republican congressman John Porter and a human-rights activist herself, recalls running into Jagger and Torricelli in Boca Raton just before Harbury was scheduled to begin her second hunger strike. Porter remembers Bianca teasing the congressman. "She jerked a thumb in his direction, and said, 'This guy thinks Jennifer's a little too radical,'" recalls Porter. "I think he took some convincing."

Torricelli indicates that when he raised the subject of Harbury with Assistant Secretary of State Alexander Watson, he received a pro forma response. But Torricelli hints that it may have been a report of this meeting which caught the attention of certain Clinton-administration officials, who came to him with the allegations. Torricelli's decision to leak the information about the C.I.A.'s involvement in the murders to *The New York Times* was, he says, wholly his own. He says he informed Jagger on the morning the story broke. "Bianca may be close to me, but she's not part of the U.S. government," he says.

Both knew that there would be hell to pay. House Speaker Newt Gingrich initially threatened Torricelli with removal from the House Intelligence Committee. He claimed that Torricelli had learned of the C.I.A. activities through his work with the committee, and said that the congressman had broken his oath of secrecy. Gingrich has temporarily backed off. The entire incident, however, has done nothing to lessen Torricelli's reputation as an ambitious maverick, which he relishes, or the sense in t
House that the heat-seeking congressman
something of an opportunist.

One mistake that Bianca Jagger swo
she would *never* make again was
become identified with the accomplis
ments of the man in her life. She marri
Mick when she was 21, and five mont
later gave birth to their daughter, Jade.
her signature sunglasses, Bianca becan
one of the world's most identifiab
women overnight, dabbling in modelin
acting, and feats of exhibitionism. On
day, sick of the rootless existence and en
less frustrations, she bolted—with her pric
and a relatively paltry (by rock-star sta
dards) $1 million divorce settlement. Sh
now gets by on the income from her i
vestments. "My life is not one of luxury
she observes halfheartedly. "You could n
have had a more unfair divorce. But I wa
young, I was on my own, and I was figh
ing an empire—the Rolling Stones."

Because of her marriage, Bianca has a
ways felt an added pressure to prove her
self. (When Jagger's current wife, Jerr
Hall, comes up, Bianca has been known t
observe, "She's puuurrrfeeeect for him."
One of her best friends, artist Ross Bleck
ner, says her radical self-reinventions sten
from "a deep and passionate inner strug
gle. Oppression is the cause Bianca re
sponds to because she has felt oppressed
herself. She knows what it means to be
pushed down and made to play a role. She

spent a lot of years redressing the past." She says that her combative personality can be traced to her youth. (The exact details of our heroine's earliest adventures are elusive.) According to the standard version of the saga, her parents divorced when Bianca (nee Blanca) was seven, which carried a hurtful stigma at Bianca's convent school. She recounts as well the experience of witnessing her mother's descent from privilege to having to work very hard to maintain the veneer of social position. At one point, Bianca says, her mother opened a cafe next door to their house to help support her three children. "I was 10 years old when I had the determination not to be a second-rate citizen because I am a woman," Bianca says flatly. At 16, she left home to attend the Institut d'Etudes Politiques in Paris, intent on having a career and avoiding her mother's fate. But she caught the eye of actor Michael Caine, and it was only a matter of time before Mick and destiny intervened.

The Jaggers had been married only a very short time when, a few days before Christmas in 1972, a powerful earthquake devastated Nicaragua, and moved her to do something for her homeland. Unable to reach her family by phone, they traveled to Nicaragua, bringing medical aid. "In some ways that experience changed my life," reflects Bianca, who persuaded Jagger to have the Stones stage a concert for earthquake relief, one of the first benefit concerts of its kind. "As I walked through the rubble with Mick, looking for my parents and seeing the misery in the streets, my eyes were opened to much that I had not understood about Nicaragua. . . . I could never be just Bianca Jagger, living a privileged life. I couldn't turn my back and wash my hands of my own country."

She became hooked on human-rights work after a particularly adventurous outing in Honduras in 1981 with a U.S. delegation. While visiting a Salvadoran refugee camp, they encountered an armed death squad in the process of taking 43 prisoners, their thumbs bound behind their backs. Unable to stop them, Bianca and three others decided to follow them on foot, hoping their presence as eyewitnesses would prevent a mass murder. The risky maneuver worked.

The extent of Bianca's support for the Sandinista government has always inspired talk, even wild speculation. But observers say Bianca was too savvy to ever align herself completely with the Nicaraguan revolutionaries. "She was careful never to identify herself with the Sandinistas, but with Nicaragua's right to choose its own government," says Paul Reichler, a lawyer who has represented the government of Nicaragua off and on since 1979. "She has the kind of natural skepticism which crosses the border between her life as a rock-star wife and human-rights activist. It's a disdain for authority."

"All her life, my mother has been determined to do something to make a difference," says Bianca's equally stunning daughter, Jade Jagger, 23, who lives in England with the painter Piers Jackson and their children. "She is not afraid to get into the middle of the action. She's driven by it."

"Bianca would like to get married again," says Bleckner. "Deep down, she's a good little Catholic who wants to do the right thing." But the question remains: Will Bianca forsake her long-harbored dream of becoming the president of Nicaragua for the prospect of becoming the First Lady of New Jersey? Bianca remains mum. But she does not deny that she spends most of her free time with Torricelli, who is divorced, clearly adores her, and is expected to eventually run for governor. Or Bill Bradley's Senate seat.

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Jagger

Friends say that Torricelli would like to marry again and have a family, and that he and Bianca may well decide to adopt a war orphan. (They grew close in 1993 when Bianca nursed an eight-year-old Bosnian refugee back to health after a lifesaving heart operation.) As for what his constituents and political strategists may think of Bianca—a woman you might not consider the perfect date for a confirmation hearing—the besotted Torricelli says, "I don't think you can live your life that way."

What is more troublesome for Torricelli is that the two fundamentally disagree on so many pressing political issues, from his friendship with anti-Castro Cubans such as Jorge Mas Canosa to his close relationship with Violeta Chamorro, the president of Nicaragua. Bianca herself concedes that had she met Torricelli during the Gulf War their relationship "would have been impossible." In fact, she had been seeing him for some time before a Torricelli aide inadvertently told her that he had given one of the crucial speeches on the House floor in favor of the war. "I know his areas, and I try to work around them," Bianca says, rolling her eyes prettily. "I love his patriotism, and I understand his positions, but we come from such different worlds. Unfortunately, I have seen many things . . . that I cannot close my eyes to."

"They definitely disagree a lot, and the sparks fly," says Alan H. Fleischmann, staff director of Torricelli's Subcommittee on the Western Hemisphere for two years. "They are both very stubborn people, and neither gives up. But they know how to keep it playful."

They are well matched in some respects. "A good politician is always an opportunist," says Reichler, who believes Bianca and Torricelli are both sm enough to know how to seize the mom and advance themselves and their cau "They are both very shrewd." But th not just a working partnership. In m ways Torricelli has brought some mu needed focus to Bianca's life. She knowledges that her peripatetic exister has probably been designed to distract from the real downside of celebrity: lon ness. "I have spent a lot of time trying replace things that were missing," she sa

One thing is certain. Bianca will ne conform to anyone's idea of political w Parts of America remain a curiosity to "Bianca knows Park Avenue very w and has a fairly good understanding Madison and Fifth," says Torricelli. As his suburban New Jersey district, do ask. Bianca has braved the world's w zones. Englewood may be another story

Conroy

(Continued from page 113) lyricism and intensity. Other writers, like William Styron, speak of Wolfe as a youthful enthusiasm they've outgrown. Wolfe appeals to young people. Jack Kerouac was so Wolfean it was embarrassing; he was a copycat but not good enough. . . . Conroy never adopted Wolfe's style that thoroughly."

Neither lyricism nor Thomas Wolfe is much in vogue today. *Look Homeward, Angel* sells only a quarter of what William Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury* sells each year. (Scribner will release a new paperback edition of *Look Homeward, Angel* in October, perhaps anticipating a broadening of Wolfe's appeal.) This leaves Conroy in a class by himself, as a practitioner of what might be called the "male/emotional" genre. No other popular male author attempts it. John Updike writes about emotions, but in a distanced, clinical way. Conroy pours his heart out, unabashedly, yet without losing a tincture of his masculinity.

The Prince of Tides was Conroy's breakthrough, and on the strength of it, Houghton Mifflin offered him a $1 million advance for his next book. When Nan Talese, his editor, moved to Doubleday, Conroy went with her and negotiated a new deal: $3 million for two books, the first of which, *Beach Music*, would be due in late 1990. Now the pressure was on. But the demanding afterglow of *The Prince of Tides*—a lengthy book tour, television appearances, the lecture circuit, and time out to write a screenplay of the book—kept Conroy busy well into 1990. Doubleday extended his deadline several times. Then in early 1994, three years late, they announced that a first printing of 750,000 copies would be shipped to bookstores in November.

Doubleday would say only that *Beach Music* was the story of Jack McCall, an American who moves to Rome to escape the painful memory of his young wife's suicidal leap off a bridge in South Carolina. The book, set in Rome and South Carolina, had flashbacks to the Vietnam War and the horrors of the Holocaust. Based on that description alone, and without having read a single word of the manuscript, the Literary Guild paid $1.1 million for rights to it, a German publisher plunked down $280,000, and a British publisher paid $200,000. The movie rights, still to be negotiated, were also attracting "heavy bidding."

Expectations for *Beach Music* had reached such a pitch, and Conroy had become so beloved a figure in the book world, that the A.B.A. invited him to speak a second time. So, on Memorial Day weekend a year ago, with his Atlanta Braves cap at its customary rakish angle, Conroy flew into Los Angeles to a hero's welcome. He was the same ebullient man who had bowled them over eight years before (except that his riotous halo of hair had turned completely white). At breakfast on Sunday, he stood before 1,800 people and won their hearts all over again. He told them stories about his family. He told them his famous (yet perhaps apocryphal) story of Barb Streisand phoning to discuss making movie of *The Prince of Tides* and h making her sing "People" to prove s was really Barbra Streisand. He spo with affection about his teacher Euge Norris, who was present in the audienc He closed with thoughts about his mot er. "It is her voice that I feel I speak in he said. "It is the power of her voice th moves me to write, moves me to fe She told me, 'Never write anything y cannot feel, never write anything witho emotion, never write anything witho passion.'"

Once again, Conroy thrilled his aud ence, but this time there was a differenc After his speech, there were no copies the new book to give away, not even ga leys. He had not finished writing it. *Beac Music* was still an 1,800-page manuscrip at that point, and several difficult chap ters remained to be written. So Doubl day handed out *Beach Music* tote bags and Conroy signed copies of *The Princ of Tides*. He was as gracious and person able as ever, but the Doubleday peopl knew that he was anguished. Almost n one had ever spoken at the A.B.A. an not had a book come out in the fall. Con roy was guilt-ridden about it. "I've com here under false pretenses," he said t Nan Talese. "No you haven't," she said trying to soothe him. "They invited you and when you accepted, you believed you'd be finished in time."

For the past two years, Conroy ha been under enormous pressure from al sides. The huge success of *The Prince o*

s had created a daunting, almost crip-
g creative challenge. Although Talese
shielded him from the constant
ow's Pat doing?" queries she was
ring from higher-ups at Doubleday,
roy knew about discussions of cover
gn, first-printing figures, and promo-
al plans and was therefore keenly
re of the ticking clock. Doubleday
If was under pressure: *Beach Music*
s the only major book on its fall list.
t only added to Conroy's increasing
se of desperation that he was begin-
g to run out of money and, worse,
t his second marriage was falling
rt. His wife, Lenore, was living in San
ncisco while he was working a conti-
nt away on Fripp Island. As if the
ntal strain were not enough, his back
gan to give him problems, and in the
ddle of 1993 he underwent surgery,
d for months afterward he could not
in a chair for more than an hour at a
e. Then, in the fall of 1993, Nan
lese knew something was amiss, be-
se the chapters stopped coming. She
ited. When Conroy finally got in touch,
confirmed her worst fears. He had had
other breakdown.

"I think I'll be O.K.," he said gamely.
have these periodically."

Conroy had gone back to his therapist,
arion O'Neill, driving over to Hilton
ead twice a week to see her, and they
d managed to get things under control.
t it had been serious, he admits. "For a
hile I was suicidal," he says. "I knew it
hen I went shopping for a gun."

By January 1994, Conroy had over-
me his despair and banished thoughts
suicide. He was at work again, writing
full capacity up to the day he left for
s second appearance at the A.B.A.

Conroy and his wife tried unsuccessful-
to patch things up during that anxiety-
led weekend in L.A. ("It was like con-
lting a marriage counselor on Bourbon
reet in the middle of Mardi Gras"), and
terward they spent two fruitless weeks
gether in San Francisco. By the time
onroy boarded a plane for the East
oast, word about the book had leaked
t: "Latest Conroy a Bit Late," *The New*
rk Times reported in its "Book Notes"
olumn. The *Times* said that the delay had
t dimmed prospects for the book; the
over had already been designed, and
oks would be in the stores by December,
plenty of time for the Christmas rush.
onroy relaxed on his return flight. He'd
en given a little breathing room, and in
st a few hours he would be back in his
vorite place on earth—the tidal marsh-
nds of the South Carolina low country.

Some years ago, referring to a group of slick, upstart novelists, the Savannah-born author Flannery O'Connor remarked, "You know what's the matter with them? They're not *from* anywhere." The best fiction, in O'Connor's opinion, was regional. It came out of well-defined places where people had a shared history and a shared sense of community. Because Pat Conroy was raised in a military family and was constantly on the move—rootless, migratory, transient—he very nearly missed being from somewhere. He attended 11 schools in 12 years, and in one of his most poignant pieces of writing (the introduction for a book entitled *Military Brats*) he recalled, "My job was to be a stranger, to know no one's name on the first day of school, to be ignorant of all history and flow and that familial sense of relationship and proportion that makes a town safe for a child."

It was Conroy's good fortune that when he was 15 the Marine Corps assigned his father to Beaufort Air Station, and the family found itself living in Beaufort, South Carolina. Pat joined the basketball team at Beaufort High and scored 28 points in his first game. He became an instant hero, and at the end of the year he was elected senior-class president. For the first time in his life Conroy felt he belonged. Then and there, he adopted Beaufort as his hometown. "My will to have a hometown is pathetic," he says. "I forced Beaufort to be mine."

It was probably the best move Conroy ever made. If a writer of lyrical prose were to go shopping for a place to write about that was, as yet, undiscovered and unextolled by other writers, and if his requirements were that the place have an abundance of unspoiled natural beauty, picturesque old houses, and richly eccentric characters with compelling stories to tell, he could not have done better than to choose Beaufort, South Carolina.

Conroy embraced the low country as no writer had ever done before. He gathered it in with all five senses and sang its praises in words that so closely matched its power and beauty that the reading of his prose was like paying a visit in person. "You can't read too far into any of my books without smelling marsh grass," he says. Indeed, Conroy's first five books are set within that magical, low-lying kingdom between Charleston and Savannah. *Beach Music* ventures as far away as Italy and Ukraine, but even so you get to smell the Carolina marsh grass on page 4. The intensity of Conroy's feeling for the low country is not unlike that of a refugee who rejoices in his adopted homeland with a fervor that the natives lack. Conroy has become the prose laureate of the low country, but he is still an adopted son; he speaks without a southern accent.

After returning from Los Angeles, Conroy retreated to his one-story gray frame house on Fripp Island, a barrier island connected to the mainland by a bridge, half an hour's drive from Beaufort. Every morning he rose at seven, walked on the beach, swam in the ocean, came back home, had coffee, and called his best friend, cartoonist Doug Marlette, to swap jokes and get a start on the day. By nine o'clock he'd be seated at his desk in the bedroom, writing. If he turned and looked through a window to his left, he could see the tranquil, tree-shaded lagoon behind the house. But mostly he wrote, and as he did, an invisible circle of friends watched over him, slipping into the house through the back door with groceries, putting them away in the kitchen, and slipping out again, unseen, allowing Conroy to work undisturbed. His old teacher, Eugene Norris, was one of the self-appointed guardians. He would drive out from Beaufort with supplies and take care of errands, like having Conroy's car serviced and getting inspection stickers.

Over the summer, Conroy managed to produce six handwritten pages a day—far more than his usual output—and he wrote well. He solved a number of vexing narrative problems and outlined all the chapters to come. The creative juices were flowing. He felt good. Then Tom jumped from the Cornell Arms apartment house.

Nan Talese remembers receiving the call from Conroy that morning last August. His voice sounded very small. "I just want you to know I'm going to be a little held up," he said. "Tom has just committed suicide." When she was able to speak, Nan told Pat not to worry about the book; the only thing that mattered now was for him to heal himself, however long that might take. Afterward, she walked into the office of Stephen Rubin, president and publisher of Doubleday, and broke the news. She told Rubin, "My feeling is, everybody has to leave him alone. We've got to stop talking to him about printing schedules and shipping dates."

"When do you think you'll have the manuscript?" Rubin asked.

"I can't give you a date," she said firmly.

It was one of those days that made Nan Talese all the more aware how profoundly the book business had changed since she'd gotten into it 35 years before. One by one, the small private publishing houses had

been taken over by large corporations. What was once a genteel profession had become big business, run by accountant-businessmen who forecast revenues and drew up financial projections that put impossible pressures on editors and writers who were dealing with an unpredictable commodity—the creative process. Nan Talese was an expert on the subject. For as long as she had been an editor, she had been married to a writer: Gay Talese.

To his credit, Steve Rubin sat down and wrote Conroy a compassionate and reassuring letter. Relax, he told Conroy, take as much time as you need.

A pre-Christmas publication date was now out of the question, but the good news was that Conroy would not be sidetracked by the tragedy. "Writing will help," he said. "It's the best thing I can do. It will keep me sane." He threw himself into his work, and the chapters started arriving in New York again—the difficult chapters he'd been putting off writing, the one based on the death of his mother and the others on the Holocaust, for which he had conducted extensive research. Talese read the chapters with mounting excitement. Conroy was writing at the peak of his powers. Meanwhile, she kept the businessmen at bay. Conroy never once heard the word "schedule" or "deadline."

On January 12, Conroy called Nan Talese, elated. He had finished.

"Wonderful!" she cried out, and then without missing a beat she added, "A ticket will be waiting for you at the airport tomorrow." The next day, a slightly dazed Pat Conroy arrived in New York, settled into a suite at the Surrey Hotel off Madison Avenue, and then met with Nan Talese in her town house in the East 60s to discuss his manuscript, which was 2,100 pages long. The editing process had begun.

Pat Conroy is a writer who forges ahead, following his creative impulses, rarely looking back until he comes to the end of a draft. His method is to write "full out," as Talese describes it, frequently setting down all the thoughts that occur to him, rather than just one or two. What emerges is a manuscript with a meandering narrative and an overabundance of scenes, characters, subplots, and insights. The paring down and restructuring come afterward, with the help of his editor. "Nan is one of the great readers in the world and she has a great sense of structure," says Conroy. "I write the manuscript, then she helps me find the book that's in there." It had worked that way with *The Prince of Tides,* and that is how *Beach Music* would be pulled into shape as well. It is worth noting that the great Scribner's editor, Maxwell Perkins, performed much the same function for Thomas Wolfe more than 60 years ago.

Schoolgirl slim and as elegant as a socialite, Nan Talese has become one of the best-known editors in New York. As an assistant editor under Albert Erskine at Random House in 1959, she impressed her boss sufficiently that he entrusted important authors to her care when he was busy. Which is how, while still in her 20s, she found herself working with Robert Penn Warren. Over the years, she has edited A. Alvarez, Oriana Fallaci, Thomas Keneally, Michael Korda, Ned Rorem, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Gail Sheehy, Andrew Tobias, and Margaret Atwood. By the time she was given her own imprint at Doubleday, "Nan A. Talese," she had acquired a reputation as a gifted, caring, and nurturing editor.

Talese and Conroy talked for seven and a half hours that first day in New York. She showed him diagrams she had made of his manuscript. She had charted the appearance of characters and themes, chapter by chapter, and plotted the chronology of the narrative through current action, flashbacks, and double flashbacks. She had read much of the manuscript eight times in order to get a handle on it, and she had found the book Pat Conroy had written.

They went over the first 150 pages that day, and Conroy agreed to virtually all of her suggested cuts. He proposed that each day she give him a marked-up chapter, attaching an assignment sheet detailing whatever writing tasks she wanted him to perform. Talese knew that the book had to come out before summer, which meant that the deadline for the edited manuscript would be March 31. Although she did not tell Conroy about the specific deadlines—she did not want to increase his anxiety—the urgency was all too apparent. "It was a full-court press," Conroy recalls. "Nan let me know about pressure."

For the next 11 weeks, Nan Talese put all her other book projects aside and stayed home from the office, devoting herself full time to *Beach Music.* She worked in the sun-filled front room on the third floor that had been Gay Talese's one-room bachelor pad and later their apartment as newlyweds before they took over a second room, then a third, and finally bought the whole house in 1974. In the basement, three floors below, in a windowless, telephoneless office, Gay Talese worked on a sequel to his own book *Unto the Sons,* while 15 blocks uptow his suite at the Surrey, Conroy wrot yellow legal pads, applying himself t daily assignment.

Talese stayed two or three chap ahead of Conroy, indicating cuts and s in structure. But she did more than t As she went along, she made a fundar tal change in the narrator's voice that c tically altered the book. When Conroy started out more than five years earlier had put the narrative in the first per but the voice sounded too much like T Wingo, the main character of *The Pr of Tides.* Talese proposed using the t person instead. She suggested Conroy r *Anna Karenina* to get a feel for it, wh he did. For the next five years, he wr *Beach Music* in the third person. Then day last December, with 2,000 pages w ten, Talese took *The Prince of Tides* off shelf and, more or less idly, started re ing. Suddenly, tears came to her eyes. had a wild idea. Turning to the first p of *Beach Music,* she crossed out the na of the main character, Jack McCall, a wrote "I." She kept on going, transpos the narrative in her head from third p son to first. It was like removing a v from the face of the book. The narrato voice became strikingly intimate, as if had been in hiding before. After 3 pages, Nan called Conroy. "Pat, I've j had the most appalling thought. The bo should be in the first person. What do y think?" There was a silence. Then Conr said, "I hope Gay knows a good underta er." Then there was another pause. "Ac ally," he said, "I think you're right."

The very idea of unmasking himself the main character and narrator terrifi Conroy, so they agreed that Nan wou make the rough transpositions, and would follow up, smoothing it and rewr ing where necessary. As it turned out, wr ing the book in the third person ha served a useful purpose. "It provided a d tance," says Conroy. "It kept the gre alpine 'I' at bay." When the first-perso narrator emerged, Tom Wingo's voice wa miraculously gone. Using the third perso had helped Conroy write about his moth er's death, and it had also enabled him t concoct a steamy sex scene (rare for Co roy in any voice) that made him blus when the pronouns were changed: " licked her throat and breasts as she move me toward a bed, laid me down on freshl laundered cotton sheets, then unbutton each button of my costume. She licke my chest in her purring descent down m body. When her mouth reached my penis she took it down her throat. . . . When came, my scream met her scream an

tongues bruised against the sound." y late March, Conroy and Nan Talese tightened and trimmed *Beach Music* to its original size. They had cut nothing length, only for pacing and structure. it emerged was the novel that had been ing in Conroy's 2,100 pages—a novel in haunting imagery and seductive, penseful storytelling, a worthy succes- to *The Prince of Tides*. In *Beach Music*, most ambitious novel, Conroy proves e again that he is the master of place, he can take possession of any locale ne, Venice, South Carolina—merely by pping his sumptuous prose around it. Never once in the editing of *Beach sic* had there been any strain between hor and editor. Their few disagree- nts had only given Conroy ammuni- n for a relentless barrage of good-na- ed teasing. "Nan thinks my characters gross," he says with a delighted grin. ster Mary Immaculata does not like ulence, nasal hair . . . or any mention he bodily functions that my characters d to exult in. No one in a Nan A. ese book can fart or menstruate. She uld have my novels populated by an- s. It's because she went to higher-class tholic schools than I did."

With the manuscript now in the hands copy editors, Conroy was able to slip ay for a weekend in Oxford, Mississip- where he was to be a featured speaker a literary conference. Once there, he d homage to the Great Man of south- n letters, William Faulkner, by visiting estate, Rowan Oak. Faulkner's niece, an Faulkner Wells, took him through house, telling him stories about "Pap- " and about the ghost named Judith om he had created for the benefit of children. Then she invited Conroy to r own house, the house that had once en her grandmother's, and sat him wn at the very table, in the very chair, ere Faulkner had completed *Absalom, bsalom!* and had him sign her copy of *e Prince of Tides*.

Also that weekend, Conroy came face- -face, publicly, with his greatest nemesis: s father. The retired Colonel Don Con- y had been invited to attend the confer- ce as a participant in a panel that in- ded Pat, Talese, Julian Bach, Eugene Norris, and Marly Rusoff, a Doubleday vice president. It was his father, "the Great Santini," who aroused the most curiosity—this man whose violence Conroy had described as "the central fact of my life and art." Don Conroy had become, through his son's books, one of the most hateful father figures in American literature.

But it was clear when Don Conroy appeared at a dinner party before Pat's speech—dignified, gallant, and disarmingly witty—that he had reached some sort of accommodation with his notoriety, aided by denial or even amnesia.

The exchanges between father and son were lighthearted on the surface, but the eyes betrayed a wariness on both sides. "Pat writes fiction, don't forget," Don Conroy would say. And Pat would remark, "When Dad's squadron was sent to Cuba in 1962, his job was to shoot down MiGs. He was depressed he didn't get to nuke Havana." Colonel Conroy joined Pat at a book-signing session, inscribing the words "Old likable, lovable Col. Don Conroy, 'The Great Santini.'" With a laugh, Pat would say, "His lines at these signings are always longer than mine." But at times the jovial mask would slip, and the glint of Conroy's dark agony would peep out with startling effect. After his speech Friday night, a questioner from the audience asked, "You seem so much happier now than you did five years ago when I saw you give a talk in Atlanta. Why?" The obvious answer would have been that Conroy had at long last finished his new book. Instead, and without seeming to notice the gasps that greeted his response, he said with a chuckle, "Dad just told us he has cancer."

At 74, Don Conroy has a winsome smile, sparkling blue eyes, and a sparse, white Vandyke beard that gives him a strange resemblance to Ezra Pound and a slightly haunted air, like a war criminal who has been released after serving his time. This perky old gent seemed unaware that weekend in Oxford that in *Beach Music* there would be not one but two terrible fathers who bear resemblance to him—one a drunken judge and the other a Marine officer who far exceeds in nastiness all the other Conroy fathers to date, adding betrayal of his son to the crime of violence.

In one memorable scene in *Beach Music*, the Marine's teenage son gets into the car at dusk after pitching a losing baseball game and his friends climb into the backseat. His father approaches the car and gets in, thinking his son is alone.

"Dad," Jordan said in the darkness.

Colonel Elliott did not answer. Instead he backhanded Jordan so hard that his head snapped back against the seat and his baseball cap flew into Capers' lap in the backseat.

"You walked five batters. Five goddamn batters. I told you not to try to throw that sinker until you've mastered it. Didn't I tell you that, mama's boy? Didn't I tell you that?"

"Dad," Jordan said, trying to warn his father of [his friends] hidden by darkness in the backseat.

Another backhand silenced Jordan as the colonel continued. "You walked the goddamn kid that scored. If you hadn't given that little bastard a free ride, then that error wouldn't have cost us the ball game."

Colonel Conroy will no doubt come to terms with *Beach Music*, just as he has with *The Great Santini* and *The Prince of Tides*. "There's a kernel of truth in there somewhere," he will say, "but Pat exaggerates."

Back in New York in late April, page proofs of *Beach Music* arrived from the typesetter, and it was clear that books would be in the stores by the end of June. Conroy packed his bags and flew home to South Carolina. He carried with him the journal in which he had been making notes that he would reread later on while assembling ideas for his next book. What that book would be about, he was not yet sure. It might be the big Atlanta novel he knew he would write one day. It might not. But whatever it was, he already knew some of the stories he wanted to work into it. There were stories that he had already written and reluctantly cut from *Beach Music*—"The Mansion in the Water" was one. There were fragments of stories that he had picked up from other people and jotted down. And there were incidents in his own life that he would write about in the fullness of time, when he was able to think them through and grasp their meaning. The suicide of his brother Tom would almost certainly be one of those.

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Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

CANCER *June 22–July 22*

Not even astrology can predict how the current political climate is going to affect you over the next year. One thing can be said for sure: it will. Gurus everywhere will tell you that with a new moon in your 12th house kicking off a grand mutable square the only antidote for anxiety is to live life fully in the moment without obsessively looking right and left expecting to see an oncoming train. What you need, of course, is a fail-safe belief system. Even if you scheduled a pilgrimage to Mecca, though, tensions being what they are today, how comforting would that be?

LEO *July 23–August 22*

Leos have been bravely battling energy drains in recent months. Some have been nervous about sexual secrets leaking out, while others have been virtually dead in the water in terms of their finances. Luckily, the transit of Jupiter through your 5th house has kept you buoyed up, laughing, singing, and in some cases cooing over a bundle of joy (Schwarzenegger actually had a baby on-screen). Therefore, with your 5th and 11th houses activated just now, continue your Zorba the Greek dance, even if the retrograde of Saturn is keeping your buns on ice.

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

Every nerve and muscle will be sizzling as all four of the mutable signs are energized by the sun, the moon, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Chiron. It might be wise to practice conjugating a few of those irregular verbs in any language you dropped in high school. The currents flowing through you will shoot up to 100,000 volts, but you've got the ergs, ohms, and amps to cope. All you have to do is balance self-centered primitive drives (yes, Virgos have them) with the need to be socially acceptable. If you must release gas in the queen's swimming pool, make sure she doesn't see the bubbles.

LIBRA *September 23–October 23*

True, nobody should have to live in fear of getting fired or being unable to function, even if Saturn *is* in your 6th house. But if you take 300 sick days to catch up on soap operas or sneak martinis when your liver is already the size of Alaska, you've got nobody to blame but yourself. A trip to a hot spring could be therapeutic, but simply moving from one time zone to another will not effect enough of a life change. Good health is a balance of diet, exercise, and willpower, which means there's no room for self-destructive attention-getting fantasies.

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

When Michelangelo was flat on his back on a scaffold doing his Sistine Chapel thing, or working his fingers to the bone chiseling away at the *Pietà,* how tempted he must have been to throw temper tantrums or act like a prima donna, using the excuse that the light wasn't just right or that he couldn't get in the proper creative mood. Back in those days, when you were hired by the Pope or any other big shot to execute an artistic project, you did it, period, whether Saturn was in your 5th house or not, whether you felt you were getting enough you-know-what or not. Channel your drives at once!

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

You've actually got reason to feel hopeful. Pluto is eventually going to move out of your 12th house. You're already clued in to the fact that you are in the process of awakening from a great slumber à la Snow White or Rip Van Winkle. Besides being treated to a whole new worldview, you're going to need some new clothes. Styles have changed considerably while you've been out of it. Before you go shopping, though, one little thing: the ghosts of your ancestors need some attention. If you honor them, you'll be cool. If you don't, sleep with the lights on.

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

Did you ever watch a hamster on a wheel with its little feet going
and faster? It makes you wonder if the poor creature actually think
going somewhere. If you don't have a hamster handy, just walk int
gym and take a look at the people dolled up in spandex and sweating
exercise machines. It's all a perfect analogy for the mutable cross
ring now. Part of you knows you have to keep trying, keep working,
on plugging, while a little devil on your shoulder is balancing a ch
cake on his horns and telling you to let it all go to hell.

AQUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

Many astrologers have been hounding their Aquarian clients about m
lately, when, with Saturn in your 2nd house and Uranus leaving your
the real issue has been about survival on emotional levels. This is dif
for Aquarians to grasp. Aquarians all come from the planet Uranus
do not have emotional problems, because in order to have emotional p
lems you have to have emotions, and emotions are for the unevolved.
don't have conflicts about money. And you couldn't harbor resentmen
fears about having to change your lifestyle. Of course not.

PISCES *February 19–March 20*

When well-meaning friends and optimistic clergymen tell you you're b
protected by the unseen forces of the universe, say, "Yeah, sure." W
they tell you that nobody's out to get you, say, "Yeah, sure." When
cheer you up and remind you none of it was your fault, say, "Yeah, su
When astrologers tell you that this period of Saturn in Pisces is a tim
replace restlessness with patience, anger with forgiveness, and para
with faith, just say, "Yeah, sure." They're all completely right, of cou
but being a Pisces, you have to find it out for yourself.

ARIES *March 21–April 19*

It's not that you're simply a bluffer. You talk a good game and always
on a terrific show, no matter what's going on inside. You have both
knack and the gumption to let everybody know that, when it comes
your destiny, you are pulling the strings and are completely free to do
actly as you please. The good news is that, with Jupiter in your 9th hou
you *do* have options, and you're *not* a loser. Even when the camera p
back to reveal the electrified fence around the corral, you can still m
the world believe you're a wild, untamed horse.

TAURUS *April 20–May 20*

You have aged 100 years in the last 18 months, but have still managed
weather one of the worst storms of your life. You haven't been stripp
totally bare, but—*whoosh!*—talk about a tornado taking a house and all
contents with it! There's nothing harder for Tauruses to experience than
transit of the south node through their sign. You're so keenly aware
every fork in the drawer and every item in the warehouse that surrend
ing can take a lot out of you. If only you could pretend to be a daze
cosmic Pisces; then you wouldn't even know it was happening.

GEMINI *May 21–June 21*

Great ideas flow from the Gemini mind like a sun-dappled stream splas
ing over rocks—in constant motion and ever fresh. Of course, your bra
moves faster than your life and sometimes shorts out the circuit to yo
mouth, resulting in run-on sentences and meaningless chatter. As the su
and moon oppose Jupiter and square Saturn and Chiron, and Saturn go
retrograde, step cautiously now. For some Geminis this means that yo
can't graduate until you complete your courses. For others it simp
means: Shut up! You don't run the world—at least not yet.

You'll forget to take it off sometime—

But you'll always remember it's on.
You'll twist it around just for fun and
your thumb will learn every facet by heart.
People will say you have lovely hands.
You'll find reasons to avoid wearing gloves.

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Social Study

At one time the word "supermodel" went before only one name: Lauren Hutton. Now it's prime time again as she debuts in CBS's *Central Park West*, playing a New Yo socialite, and launches her own talk show, *Lauren Hutton and . . .* This month she turns it for *V.F.*'s Proust Questionnaire

Lauren Hutton

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Sleep.

What is your greatest fear?
No sleep.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Rip Van Winkle.

Where would you like to live?
In the eye of the beholder.

What is your most marked characteristic?
I gap out on this one.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Agents and taxes.

What is your favorite journey?
Dreaming.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
The Little Engine That Could.

Who are your heroes in real life?
Firemen.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Nationalism.

Which living person do you most despise?
Lord Styrofoam, said to live more than 300 years.

What is your greatest regret?
Missing time with my father.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Sunlight.

Which talent would you most like to have?
One of gold.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
What I said yesterday, what I'm going to say tomorrow.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Survival.

What is your most treasured possession?
My comforter.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Wet cats.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Fairness.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Cooperation.

If you were to die and could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
The immortal fly on the wall.

How would you like to die?
Well.

What is your motto?
The sky is falling in. Do something.



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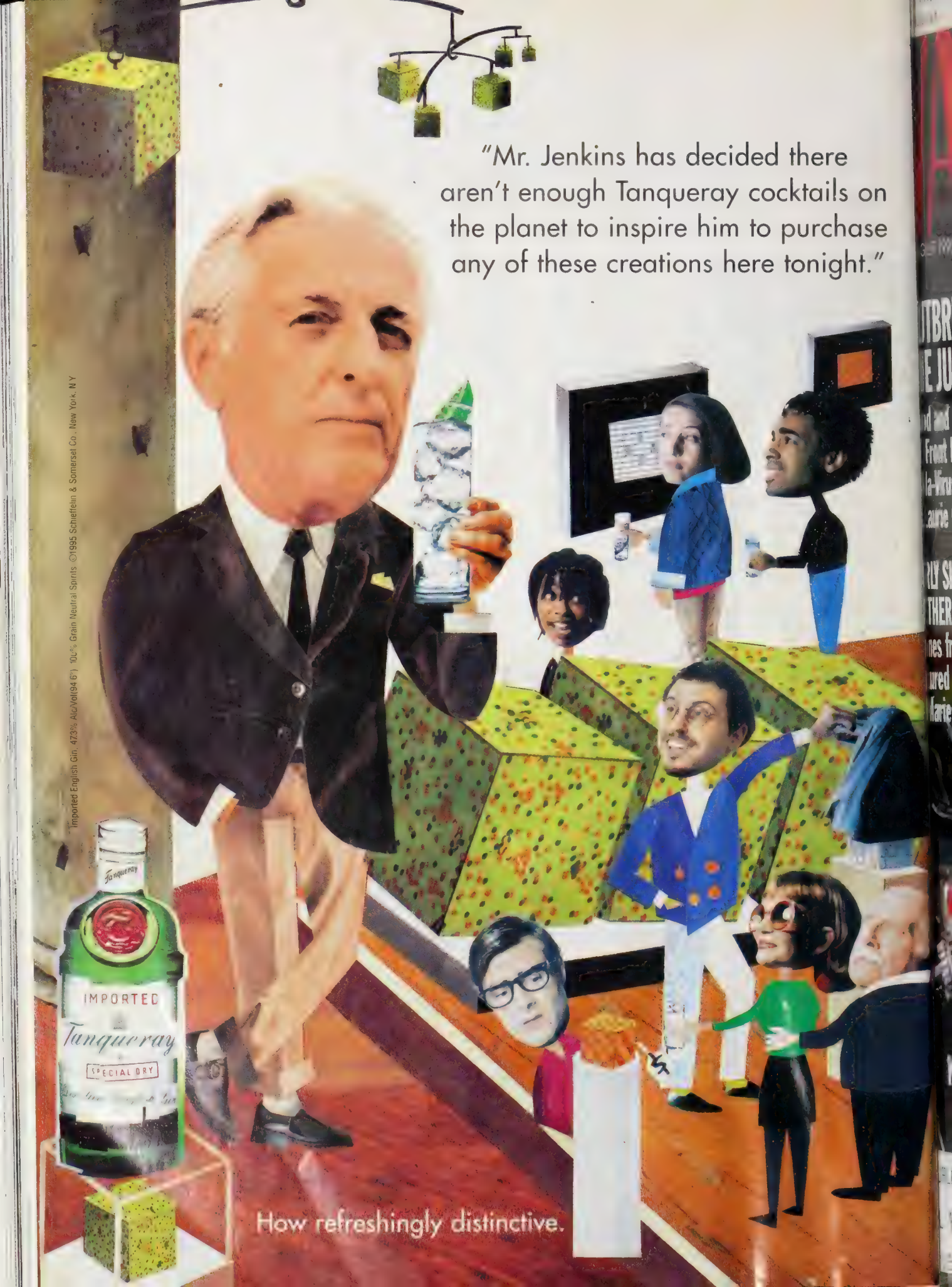


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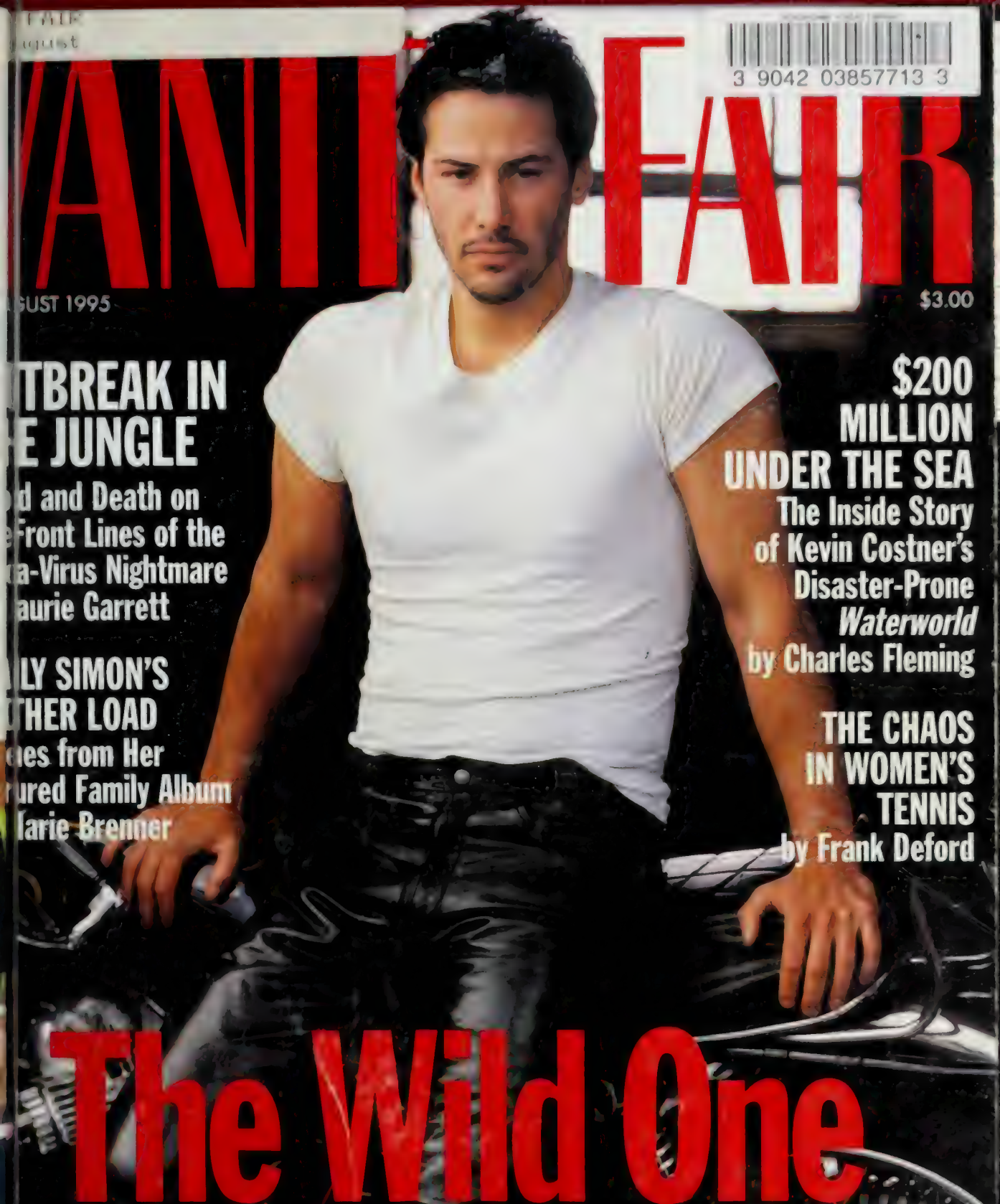



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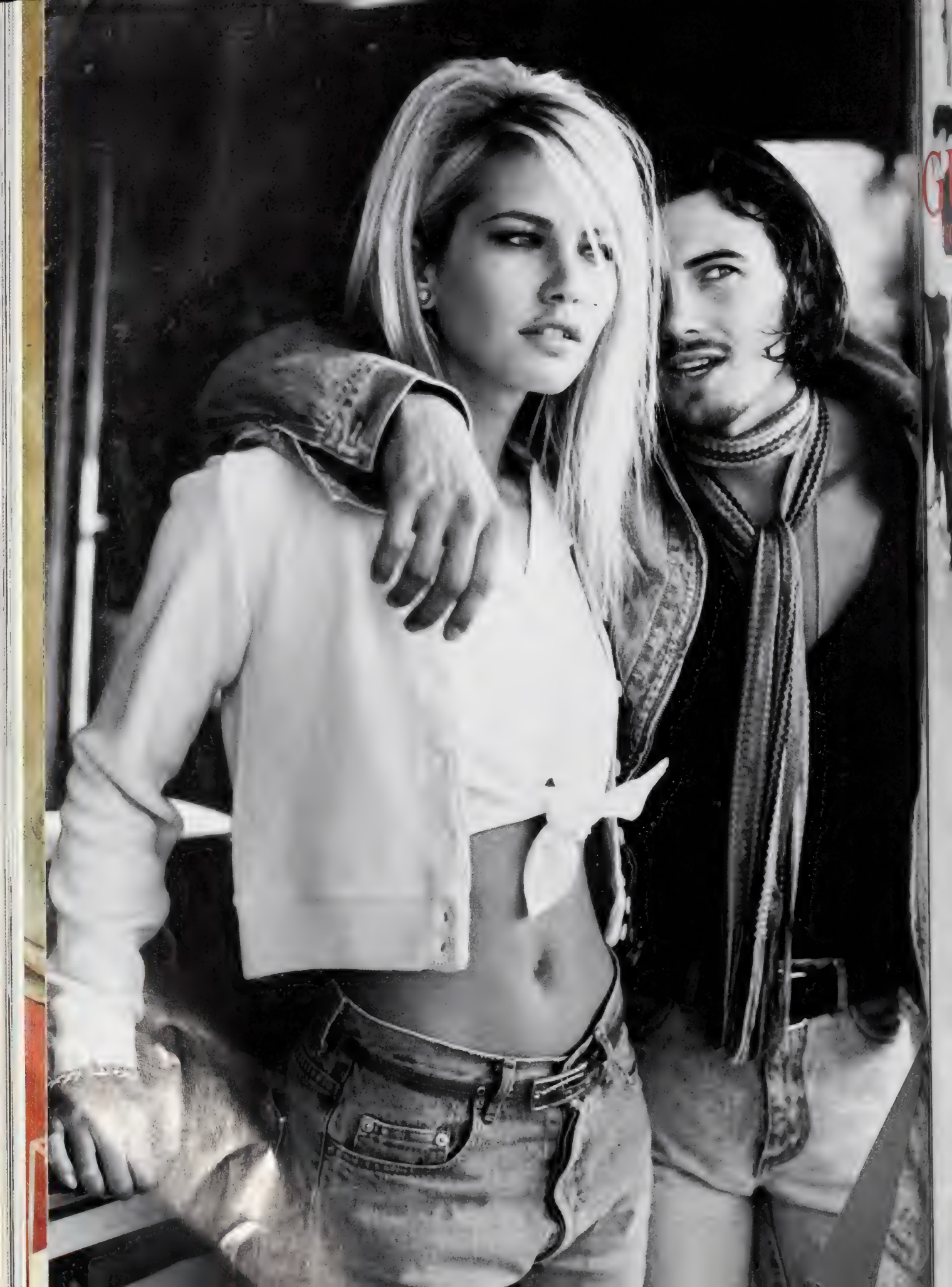
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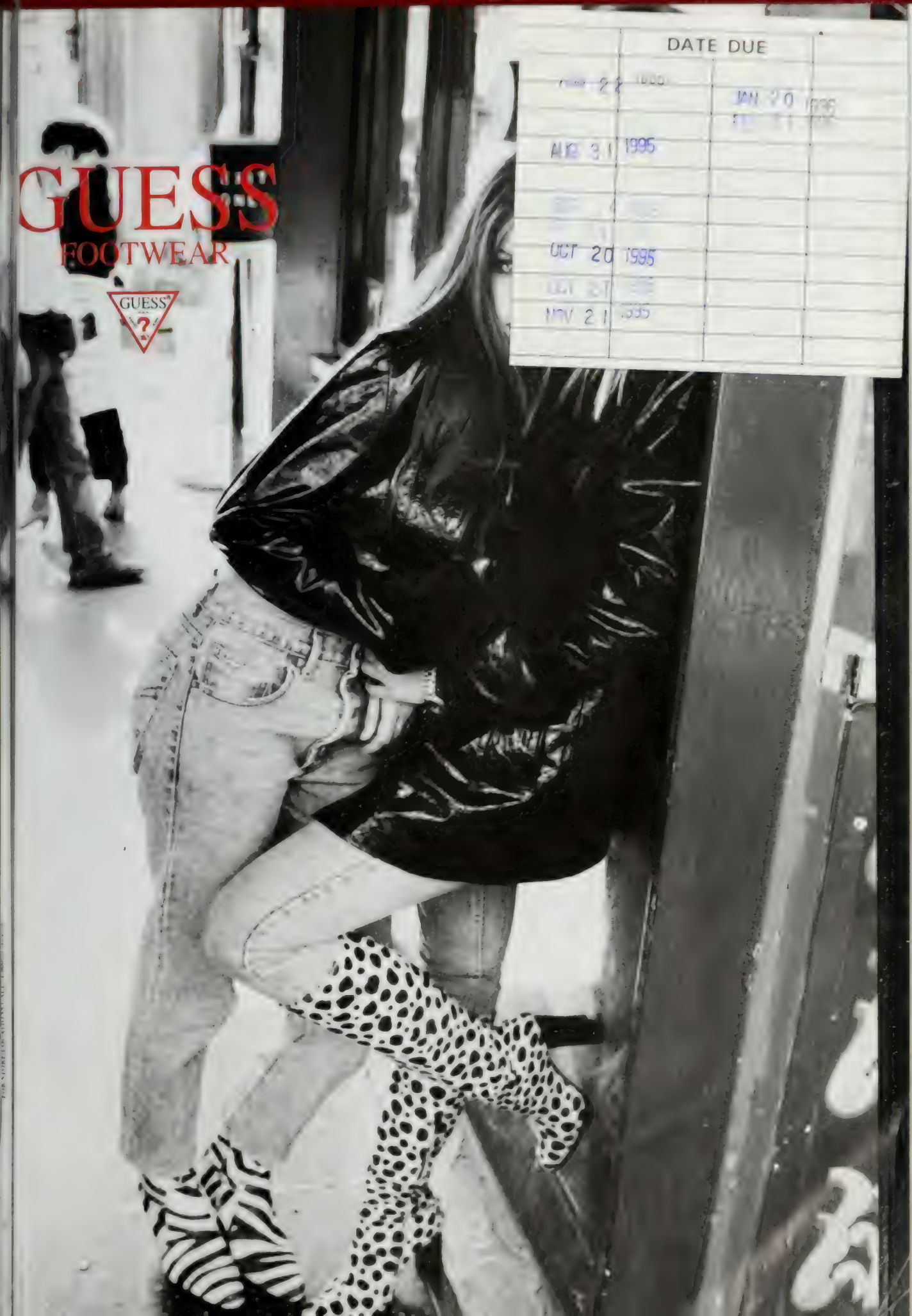
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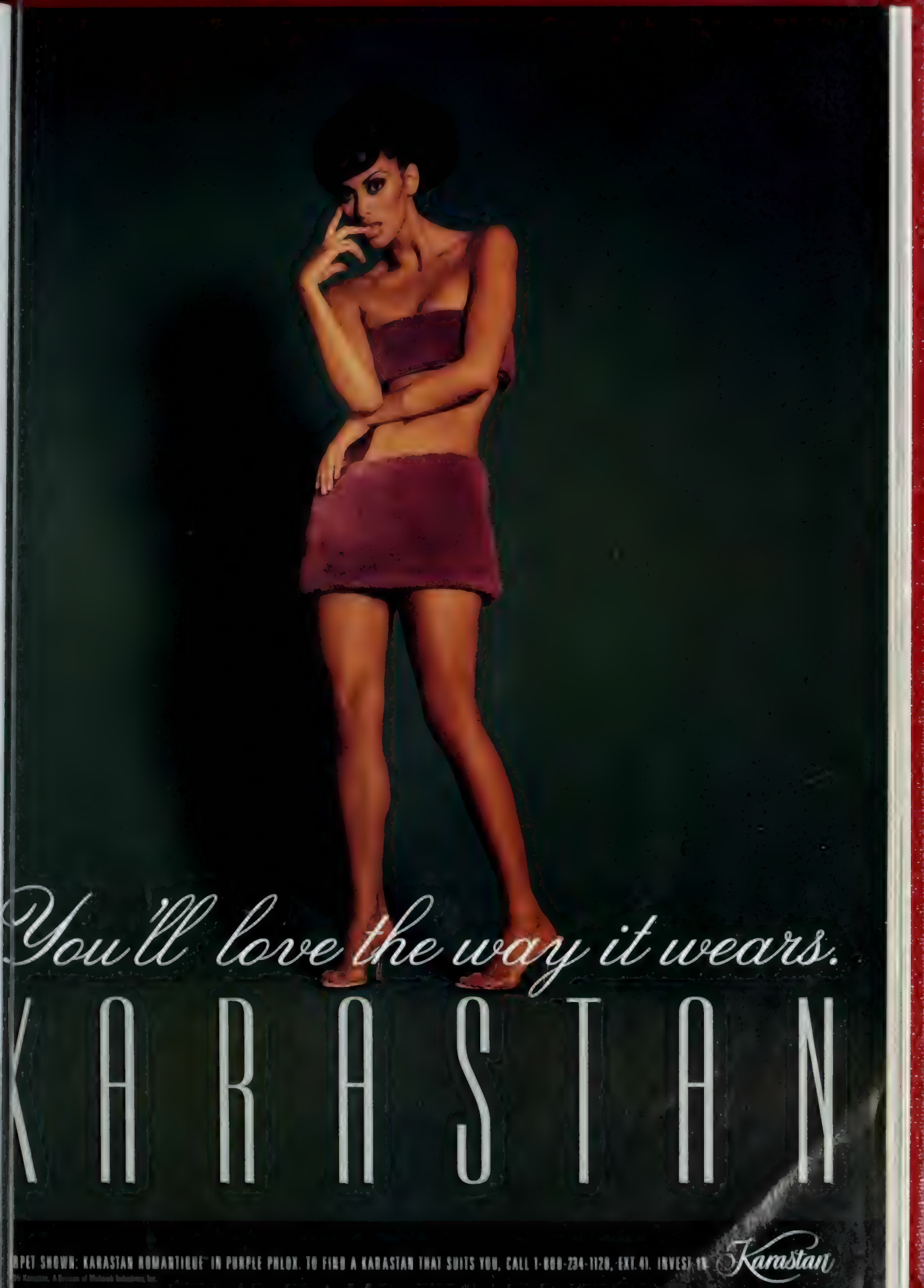
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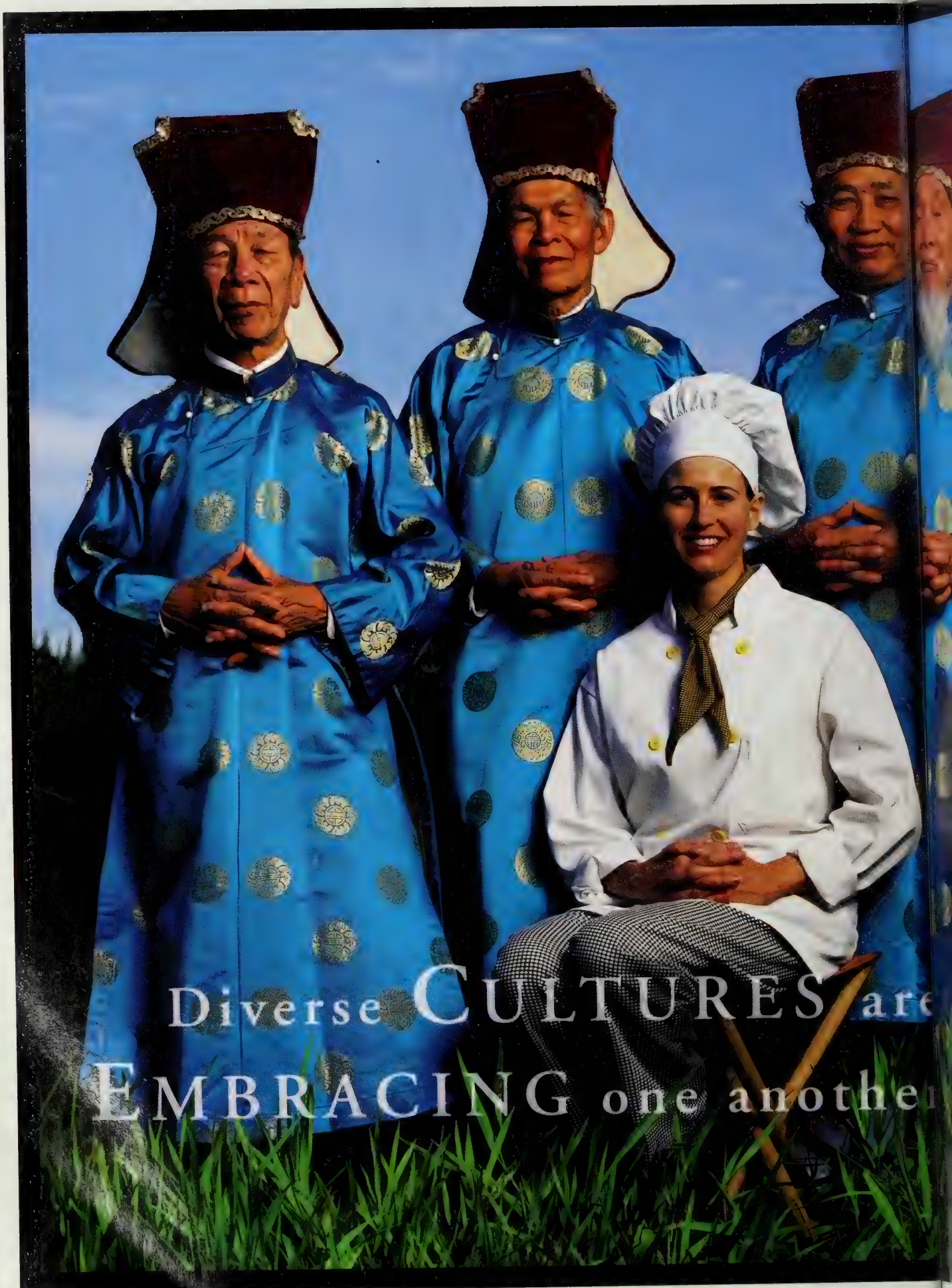


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QUICK SILVERSTONE, PAGE 118.

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Features

PLAGUE WARRIORS
As families and hospital workers hemorrhaged to death, a SWAT team of medical experts from around the world converged on Kikwit, Zaire, to try to stem the bloody contagion of the Ebola virus. At the center of the epidemic, Laurie Garrett charts the horrifying progress of the disease and describes the epic courage of the men and women fighting this mysterious, relentless killer 85

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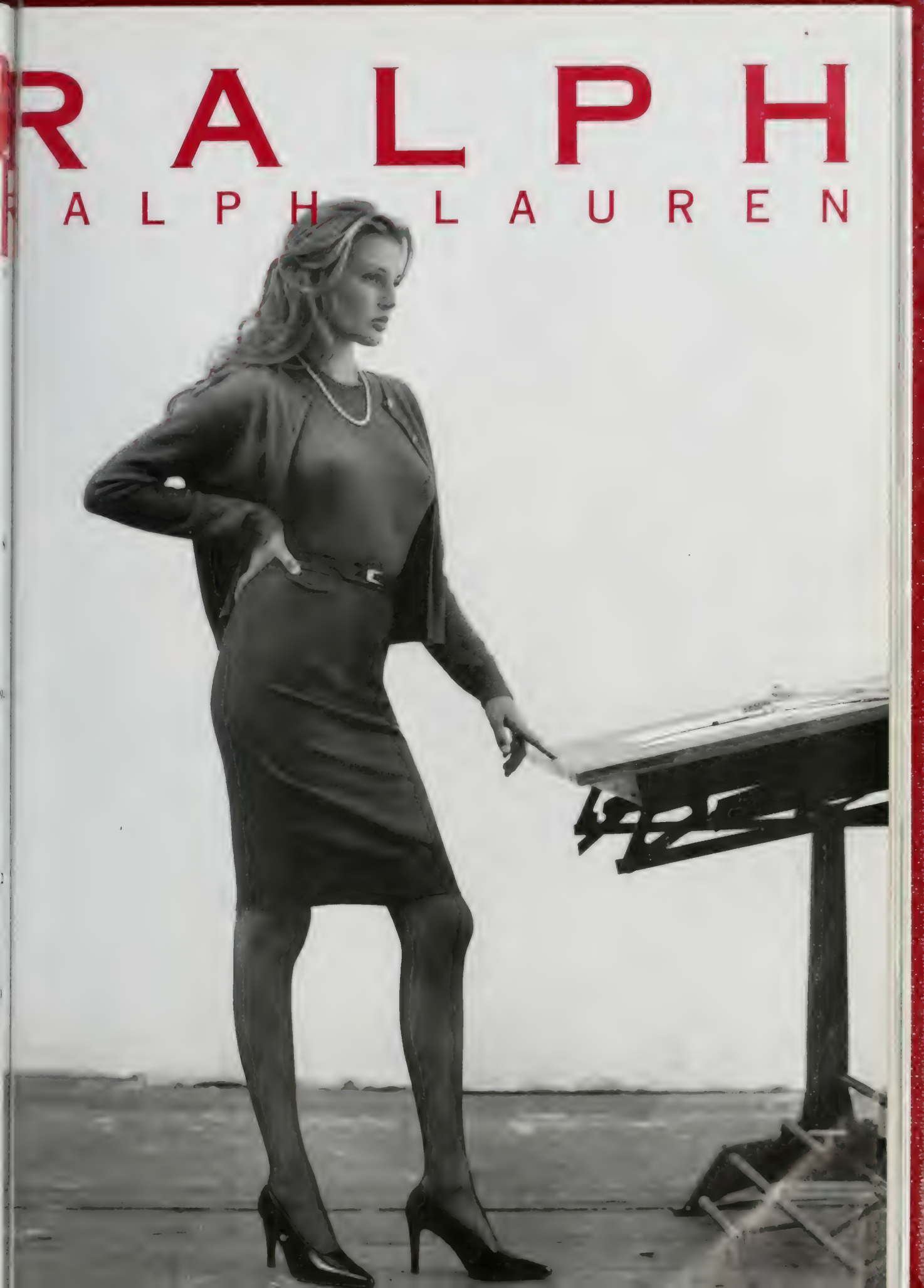
THAT SINKING FEELING
A ballooning budget of $200 million has made *Waterworld* the most expensive movie in history. Will MCA/Universal's oversize aquacade lend new meaning to the words "Dead Sea" and drown the career of its star, Kevin Costner? In a tale that never flounders, Charles Fleming explores the depths of Hollywood hubris 112

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RALPH

RALPH LAUREN



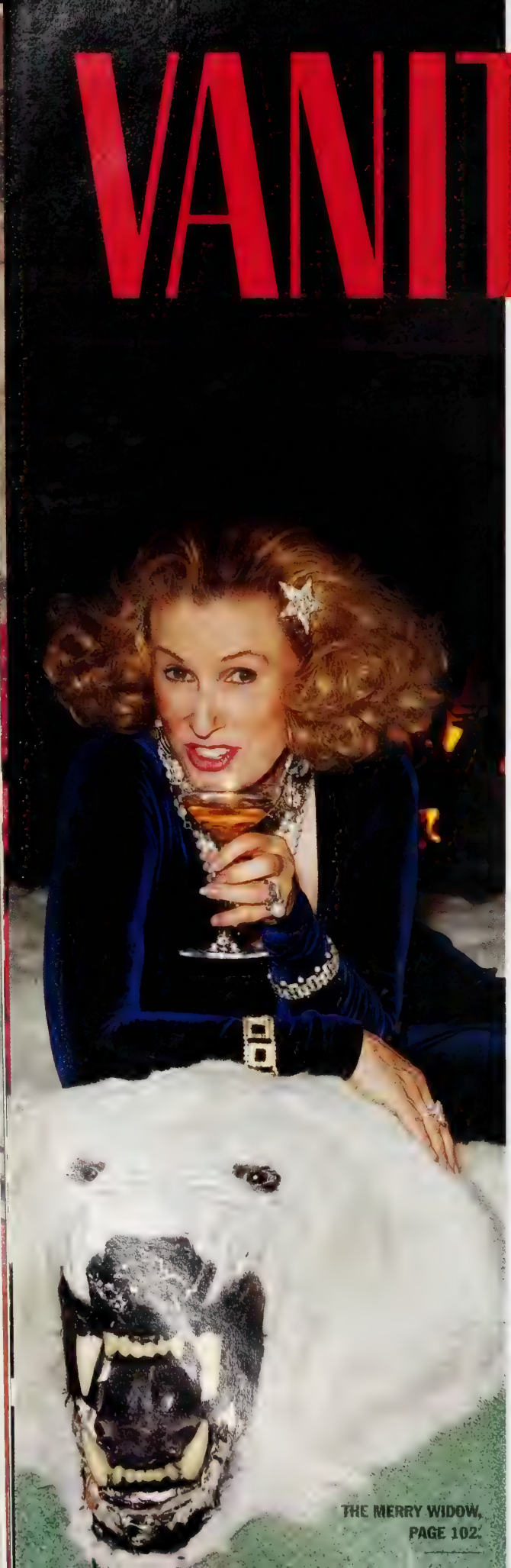

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WOODWARD AND . . . WALSH
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Editor's Letter

Journey to the Hot Zone



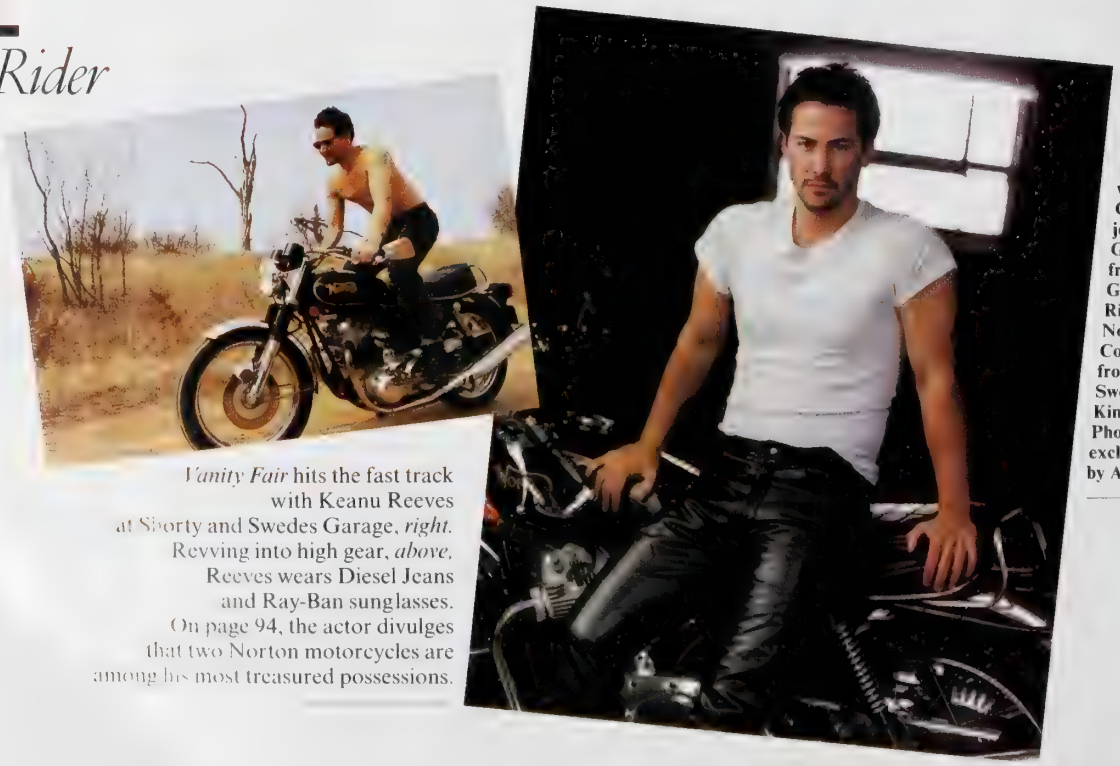
When medical journalist Laurie Garrett first read dispatches reporting a fresh outbreak of Ebola in Zaire, she knew she had to be there. Garrett knew Ebola. She had written about the 1976 outbreak in her acclaimed *The Coming Plague,* published last year by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. A definitive, landmark study of newly emerging diseases, the book was the culmination of years of reporting and research as a health and science correspondent for National Public Radio and *Newsday,* and of Garrett's growing fascination with burgeoning forms of infectious disease. "As a graduate student in immunology at Berkeley, I thought such diseases had been conquered, and the real threat was cancer," she says. "But all along I kept seeing these little stories with exotic datelines. I thought, What the heck is going on?" It was the H.I.V. epidemic that clinched it for her: "It really changed my worldview." And then she attended a 1988 summit in Washington, D.C., of top virologists from around the world. "One by one, they painted the same picture," she recalls. "New forms of viruses were appearing in every category they could think of."

In ancient times, humans were afflicted mainly by direct contact with insect or waterborne parasites. But the creation of densely populated urban centers led to epidemics of diseases transmitted from human to huma smallpox, measles, tuberculosis, influen syphilis, and gonorrhea. Though these p ticular diseases were eventually brought der control by vaccines, antibiotics, a hygienic practices, Garrett argues that day the threat is back with a vengean Rampant urbanization, deforestation, and misuse of modern drugs and pesticic have created disruptions in the planet's microecology well as its macroecology. "We've created whole new are for the microbes to exploit," she says. "I have lists and li and lists of microbes that are on the public-health rad screen as never before and that are now threatening t human race. We've ducked most of the big bullets, b H.I.V. has proved that we can be ultimately defeated." Ga rett's passion for her subject is clear; she was the only r porter to see the epidemic to its end in Kikwit, and h commitment and reputation gave her direct access to th dedicated corps of doctors and scientists who labored nig and day to stem the bloody tide of Ebola. Her account their battle, "Plague Warriors," on page 85, is truly bo chilling and inspiring.

Graydon Carter

Cover

Rough Rider



Vanity Fair hits the fast track with Keanu Reeves at Shorty and Swedes Garage, *right.* Revving into high gear, *above,* Reeves wears Diesel Jeans and Ray-Ban sunglasses. On page 94, the actor divulges that two Norton motorcycles are among his most treasured possessions.

ON THE COVER Keanu Reeves wears a T-shirt by Calvin Klein and jeans by Agnès B. Grooming products from Aramis. Grooming by Richard Keo. Norton Mk III Commando motorcyc from Jeffery R. Sweitzer. Styled by Kim Meehan. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz.

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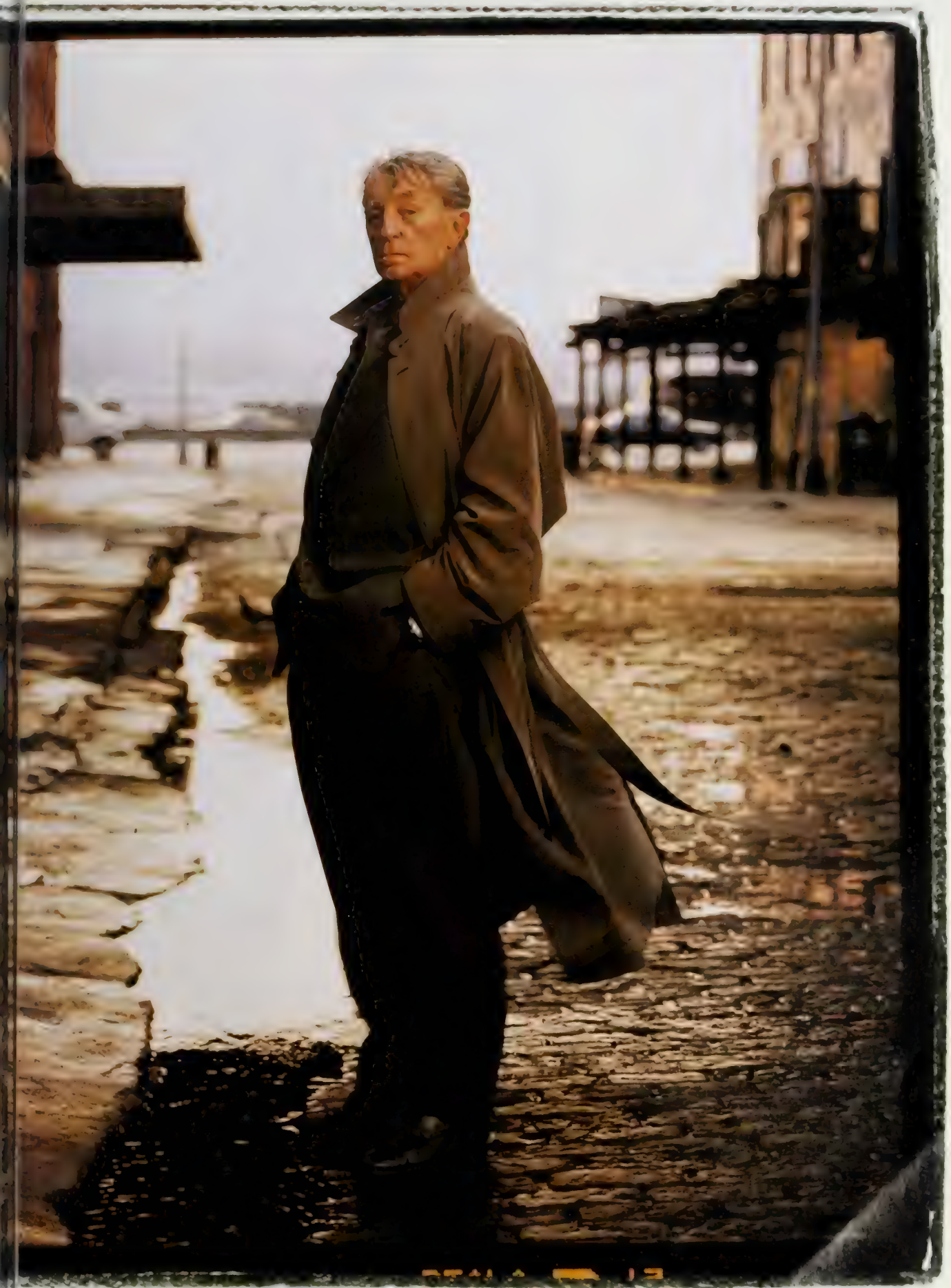
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Robert Mitchum has donated a portion of his fee to the Motion Picture and Television Fund Foundation.

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"Morning workout." Emily Stoddard on the frozen shoreline of Lake Tahoe. Photo: John Kelly
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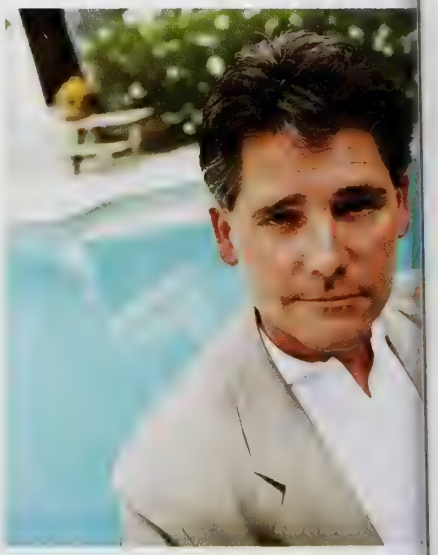
Marie Brenner returns to V.F. *as writer-at-large with an in-depth profile of singing legend Carly Simon and her family on page 128. "For 25 years, Carly Simon has turned out songs of excellence. When I heard 'Like a River' for the first time, I was so moved that I very much wanted to trace the family history that inspired it." Brenner is working on a book,* On the Border, *about a murder in her own family.*

Contributing editor **Michael Shnayerson** concludes from his cover story this month that "Keanu Reeves is both more complex and simpler than his image: a serious actor, but a lighthearted companion, curious, quick-witted, passionate about music and books, hockey, lager, and good Bordeaux. At the same time, he keeps his own counsel—fully aware, I think, of how tricky and treacherous stardom can be."

Elissa Schappell, a senior editor at *The Paris Review* and a former reporter for *Spy,* writes the monthly "Hot Type" column for *V.F.*

"I had mixed feelings writing this story," says contributing editor **Jennet Conant** about her article on Georgica Pond. "This little corner of paradise is becoming more crowded every year, but the Hollywood migration east was too amusing to resist."

Michael Musto is an author, bon vivant, dish maven, contributor to "Vanities," and TV fixture on E!'s *The Gossip Show.* His story on MTV ingenue/actress Alicia Silverstone takes him into the heart of America's Lolita fixation, "whereby perfectly nice girls get rich quick by pretending to be downright debauched."



Charles Fleming, who has covered the entertainment industry for such publications as Newsweek *and* Variety, *surveys the tumult at MCA/Universal over Kevin Costner's waterlogged epic,* Waterworld, *on page 112. "It's probably appropriate that the most expensive, complicated movie ever made is accompanied by the highest level of anxiety and paranoia I have ever seen at a studio."*

(Continued on page 26)



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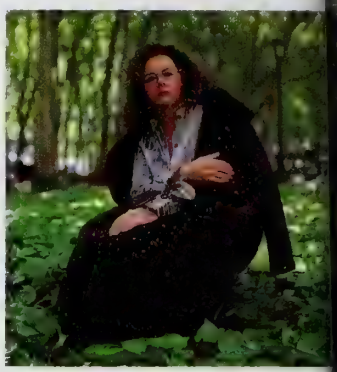
LIZ ELLIOT

London editor Henry Porter is finishing a novel called Iggy Ma Tuu Clava, *set in 1925, in which a shy 11-year-old boy discovers a curious mystical character whose prescience and cleverness heal him in many ways. "This came from a yarn I told as truth many years ago to my then girlfriend—now wife—and another friend. When they completely believed me, I thought, Maybe I should write this down." Porter spotlights Lord Shawcross and his son William on page 110.*

Journalist and biographer **Hilary Mills,** who profiles *The Washington Post*'s Bob Woodward and Elsa Walsh this month, examined another power couple, Joan Ganz Cooney and Pete Peterson, in the August 1993 issue of *V.F.*

Toby Young, who was editor [illegible] now defunct *Modern Review,* fou[illegible] kindred spirit in documentary pr[illegible] er Nicolas Kent. "As the former [illegible] of a defunct magazine himself, [illegible] proved to me there is life after[illegible] *Modern Review*."

In addition to filing his dispatch[illegible] the O. J. Simpson trial for *V[illegible] Fair,* **Dominick Dunne** is a speci[illegible] al correspondent for the *CBS Ev[illegible] News* and for *Good Morning Am[illegible]*



Laurie Garrett, a science and medical writer for Newsday, *is auth[illegible]* The Coming Plague: Newly Emergi[illegible] Diseases in a World out of Balanc[illegible] *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux), which wi[illegible] published in Great Britain this fall by Virago and is being ma[illegible] into a feature-length documentary for Turner Original Productions.*



Contributing editor Frank Deford has been reporting on women's tennis for 30 years and examines the sport on page 40. He collaborated with six-time Wimbledon champion Billie Jean King on her autobiography and believes that "what has happened is that the leadership died out, and the new leaders, such as Steffi Graf, have not been interested in taking the torch."



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patricia morrisroe

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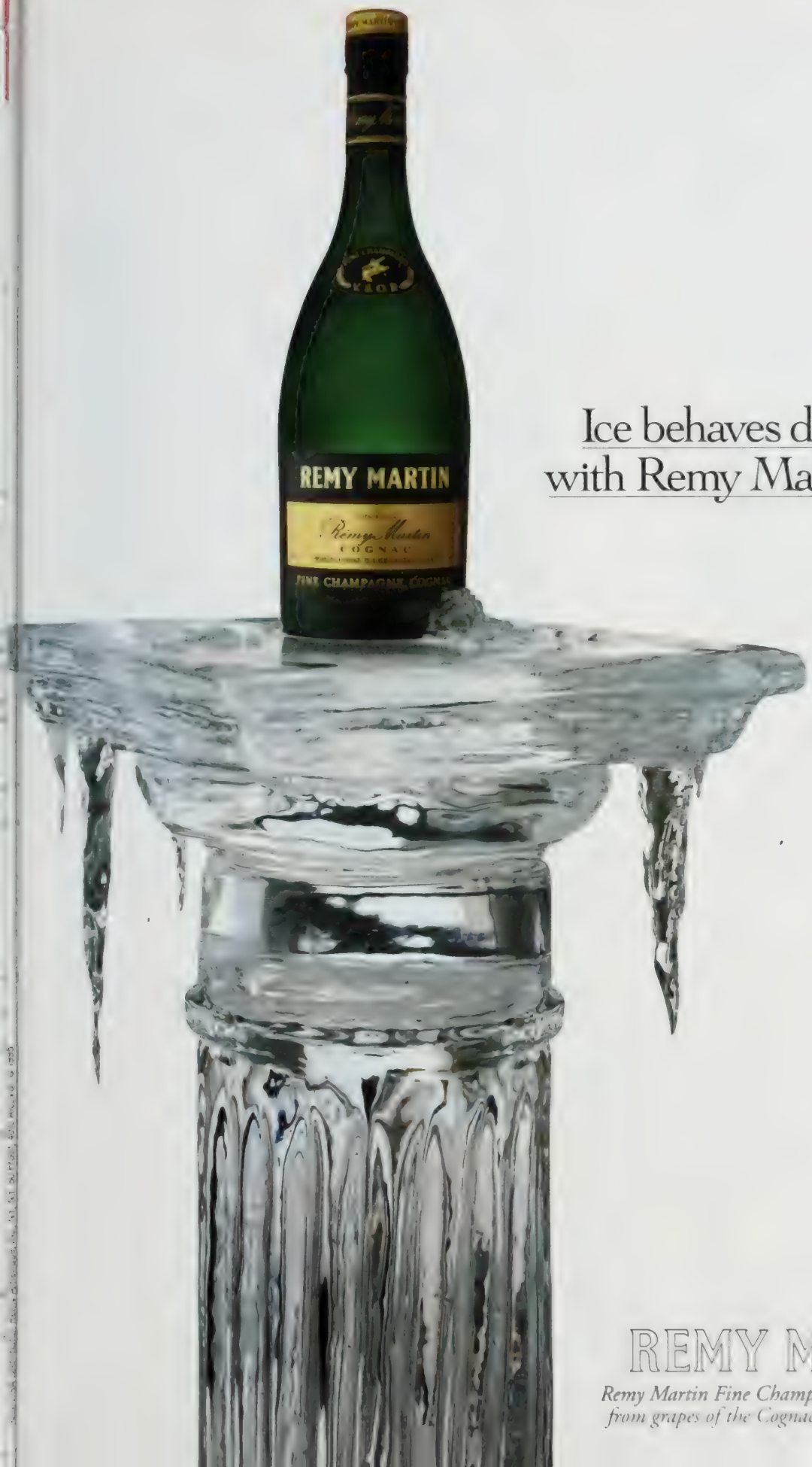
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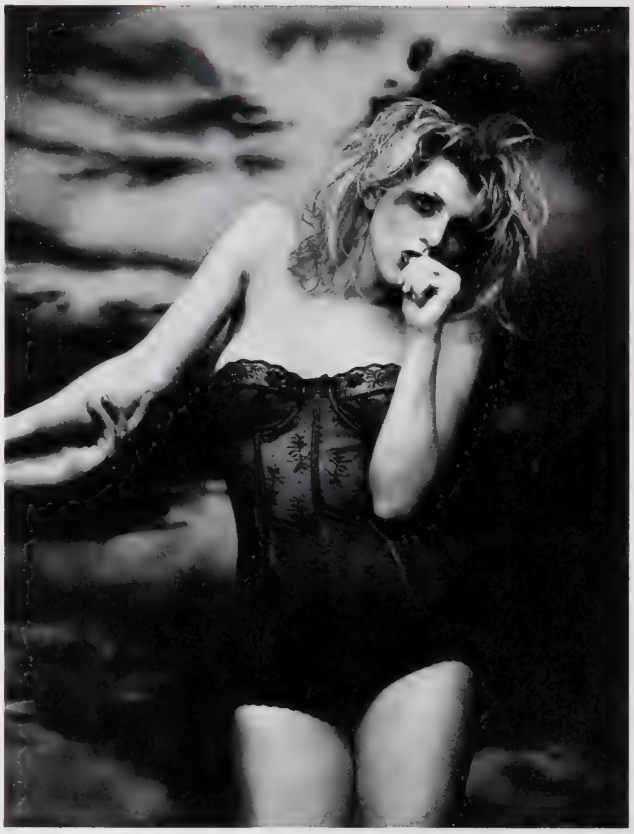
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Letters



LOVE LETTERS

Courtney Love ["Love Child," by Kevin Sessums, June] is a true enigma—too likable to loathe, too practical to pity, and too disgusting to respect. She might even be—dare we say it?—an original.

SUSAN RAY
Dallas, Texas

I used to think that Courtney Love was merely an opportunist with an impressive vocabulary who was riding on the coattails of the tragic demise of her late husband. However, the manner in which Kevin Sessums has portrayed this artist in his exquisitely written article has replaced my negative impression with respect and admiration.

JODIE E. ARRINGTON
Boca Raton, Florida

The Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and Jimi Hendrix are rock icons. Courtney Love is just a little fish in a big, big pond.

RUTH JAY
Clearwater, Florida

Courtney Love may not be Donna Reed, but it's obvious that she adores her beautiful daughter and is doing the best she can under the circumstances. She is a survivor and she is strong-willed, and sometimes that has worked against her.

K. JACKSON
Baltimore, Maryland

Courtney Love's no angel. She's a talented, crude, volatile enigma that begs for revelation and gritty abrasion, not warm suds and a loofah.

LAURA ROHRER
Toluca Lake, California

I read the Courtney Love interview with much hesitation, and I must say that Mr. Sessums certainly did prove to me that there is more to Ms. Love than sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll. I now know that she has chosen a sad, *un*enviable life.

LESLIE MERTA
Tacoma, Washington

Kevin Sessums' profile of Courtney Love is the best article on her I have ever read. It is raw and honest, just as Courtney is. Courtney should be com-



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mended for her ongoing devotion to her husband, her band, and, most important, her child, Frances Bean.

NANCY R. SOBEL
East Islip, New York

I love Hole's music and videos; however, I hate Courtney Love's behavior and ever growing ego. Love, unfortunately, is just another second-rate Madonna wanna-be. I do hope she grows out of it.

M. PARKER
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

Courtney Love shocks me as well as many other Americans, but I say, "Keep on shocking!" What a beautiful little girl Frances Bean is—such an old soul.

SUSAN KERR
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Seattle grunge rock was just a fad. Kurt and Courtney are merely 90s versions of the Bee Gees!

DON REBER
Reading, Pennsylvania

Courtney Love is not an artist; she is an exhibitionist. She is not a musician; she is a grunge groupie who got lucky. Love is just another representative of that pathetic slice of Generation X that chooses to pass through reality in a drug-induced and self-absorbed state, experimenting with "pansexualism," vulgarism, and sensationalism.

PEGGY S. LINDSLEY
Toledo, Ohio

Courtney Love is a very, very strong woman.

KATE KELSEY
Oxnard, California

Courtney Love is the Yoko Ono of my generation.

WILL HUNTER
Brooklyn, New York

Kevin Sessums' interview with Courtney Love, which I eagerly anticipated, was well worth the wait. The interview only confirmed how I feel about Courtney: she is both beautiful and talented.

SHELLY C. MORIN
Keego Harbor, Michigan

I was appalled to see Courtney Love on *Vanity Fair*'s cover. In my mind she has done nothing to warrant such an honor.

H. ERIK GARDNER
Stafford, Virginia

I wonder if there will be letters i
sponse to your Courtney Love p
to the tune of "Why glorify a no-t
druggie who is successful only bec
of the person she married?" Can't t
naysayers compose some origina
sponses, please? Manipulation is a
ent, and Courtney has it. As for K
Sessums' feature, although I have
in common with Mrs. Love-Coba
have found out I'm not the only
son who had a negative Brownie-t
experience.

HEATHER AN
Racine, Wisc

Banker's Trust

After all the pain Rupert Pennant-
caused both Ms. Synon and his w
["A Woman Scorned," by Sarah Ly
June], he got exactly what he deserv
Maybe now he will be deprived of
opportunity to play with yet anot
person's heart. At least Mary Ellen
non is getting on with her life, when
Helen Pennant-Rea appears hopeles
stuck with a selfish man who no lon
deserves her.

STEPHANIE EAST
New York, New Y

Wit and Wilde

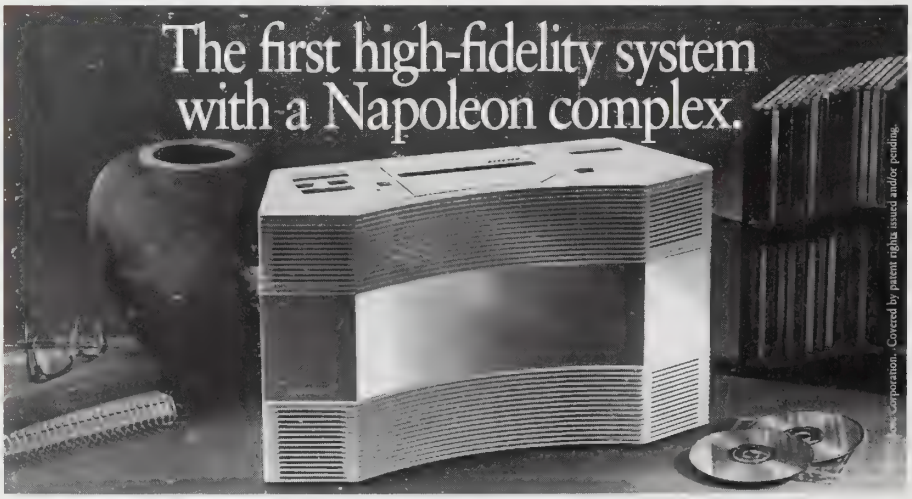
What a warm, magnificent, and lo
overdue tribute you gave to Osc
Wilde ["The Wilde Side," May]. Chr
topher Hitchens captured Wilde's b
liance, honesty, and wonderful w
Wilde so elegantly excised the tawd
and the dull from his world and ours.

SUE RA
Geneseo, New Yo

Christopher Hitchens's article on Osc
Wilde contained a factual error. Th
"very scratchy disc made during h
American tour" in 1882 was actually a
Edison wax cylinder recorded at th
American pavilion of the Paris Exhib
tion in the summer of 1900. Wilde rec
ed the last three stanzas of *The Ballad*
Reading Gaol, then spoke his nam
Five months later he was dead.

CHARLES CAGL
Pittsburg, Kans

Christopher Hitchens's exaggerated reve
ence for Oscar Wilde goes a long way to
ward explaining *(Continued on page 3*



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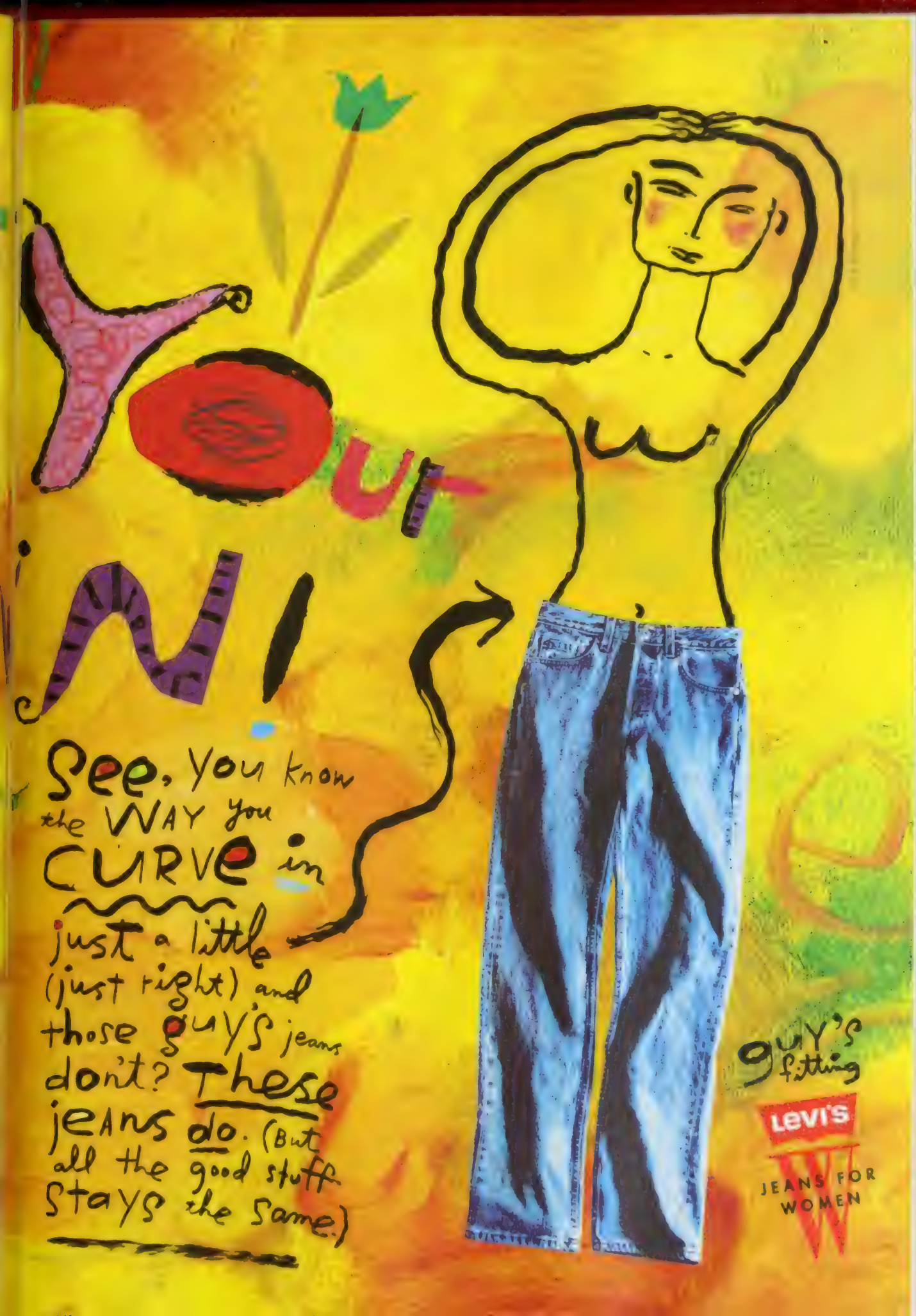
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it. Try t
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jeans (yes, th
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for the store
nearest you.
guy's fitting
Levi's
JEANS FOR WOMEN

...tters

...ntinued from page 32) his exaggerated ...rage against Mother Teresa this is ...s versus agape.

DANIEL PLATT
Los Angeles, California

...eon's Roar

...is interesting that in declaring Leon ...eseltier to be "pithy" ["Pop Goes ... Wieseltier," by Lloyd Grove, ...arch] you select the following quote ...m his review of my book *Chutzpah*. ...f you bleed us, are we not pricks?" ...is is not pith; it is word salad. I chal...nge anyone as I challenged Wiesel...r at the time to explain what he ...eant by that turn of phrase, and how ... bears any relationship to what I ...id in my book. This piece of pith, ...ough meaningless, is typical of ...ieseltier. This pretender to the throne ...f intellectual emperor wears no ...lothes. As those of us who remember ...im from his Cambridge Cafe days ...ell know, Leon Wieseltier is a dilet...ante and a phony who has managed ...o con some fairly smart people for ...elatively brief periods of time until ...hey see through his shallow exterior. ...n another age he would have been ... religious shaman; in today's world ...e sells superficial literary criticism. ...But at least now, after reading in your ...rticle about Wieseltier's cocaine and ...alcohol use, I can better understand ...ow he came to write his piece of pith ...about pricks.

ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Lucky Stars

I was very pleased to see Denzel Washington included in your "Power and Glamour" portfolio [April]. He is a superb actor, as well as very handsome.

JOAN MARTIN
Burlington, Ontario, Canada

We're big fans of Tommy Lee Jones here in Bozeman. He's a great actor and a great co-star. Jones is more enlightened than all the actors who try to be so politically correct; he doesn't need to wear a ribbon for AIDS: he courageously worked with *Blue Sky* director Tony Richardson. Actions always speak louder than ribbons.

KATIE LOURIS
Bozeman, Montana

Just when I start to be resigned to my essential atheism, you publish a spread of Daniel Day Lewis loping across the landscape clad in nothing but Nikes and the smallest white shorts it has ever been my privilege to witness. Praise the Lord!

MARY LONG
Baden, Pennsylvania

Days of Wine and Rosebud

I read your story on Patricia Lake ["San Simeon's Child," by Martha Sherrill, April] with great interest. One afternoon a few years back, Arthur Patrick Lake took me to lunch because I had been recommended to him to write the story of his mother as the illegitimate daughter of William Randolph Hearst, of which he said he had definitive proof. He also wanted to feature his own struggle with booze and a sporadic acting career. I was a logical choice to write this because I had observed the colorful Lake family in close proximity at the Santa Monica Swimming Club, while my mother, screenwriter Dorothy Kingsley, toiled away at the studio turning out hits for MGM. Being that I am a fiction writer, this kind of book wasn't my usual cup of tea, but I had at least volunteered a title, *The Hidden Hearst,* and said that perhaps I could do a short outline from which Lake could secure an advance and that we would proceed from there. A week later Lake telephoned to say that his then girlfriend, Tisha Sterling, and her mother, Ann Sothern, felt he should find himself a high-powered nonfiction writer.

Now I read in *Vanity Fair* that Miss Sothern came up with the same title—not that any of this matters in the long run. My feeling was that the book would never be written, although this excellent article is a good first step. I also learned that Arthur was killed in an auto accident. I'm sorry. As I told him over lunch, he should exorcise his private demons by writing his story himself. Now it is too late.

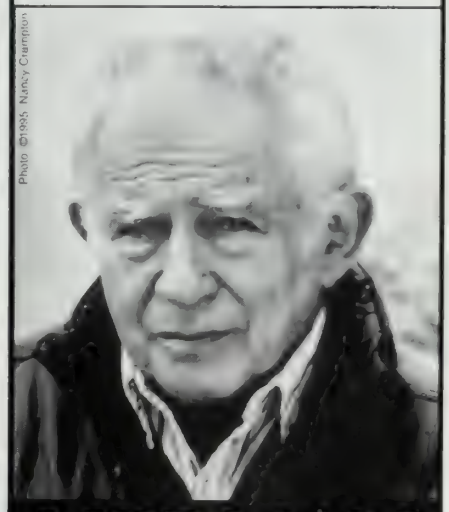
TERENCE KINGSLEY-SMITH
Carmel, California

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TROUBLE ON THE COURT

Why have so many professional women tennis players become unstrung? Between the coaches, the agents, the money, and the pressure, the system itself may have a fundamental fault

BY FRANK DEFORD

TWILIGHT OF THE GODDESSES
Many young women tennis players have suffered abuse and strain from the tour. *From left to right:* Mary Pierce (here at the 1993 U.S. Open) was allegedly hit by her father in his efforts to make her win; Monica Seles (here at the 1990 French Open) was stabbed by a crazed fan of Steffi Graf's; Graf (here at the 1991 U.S. Open) was embarrassed by her father-coach womanizing and drinking; and Jennifer Capriati (here at the 1992 French Open) was arrested in 1994 for drug possession.

It has been five years since Teddy died, so I assume he is back by now. He was a strong believer in reincarnation, Teddy was, and he feared greatly that this next time around he would return as either a four-legged animal or a Russian. Teddy found Russians so terribly boring.

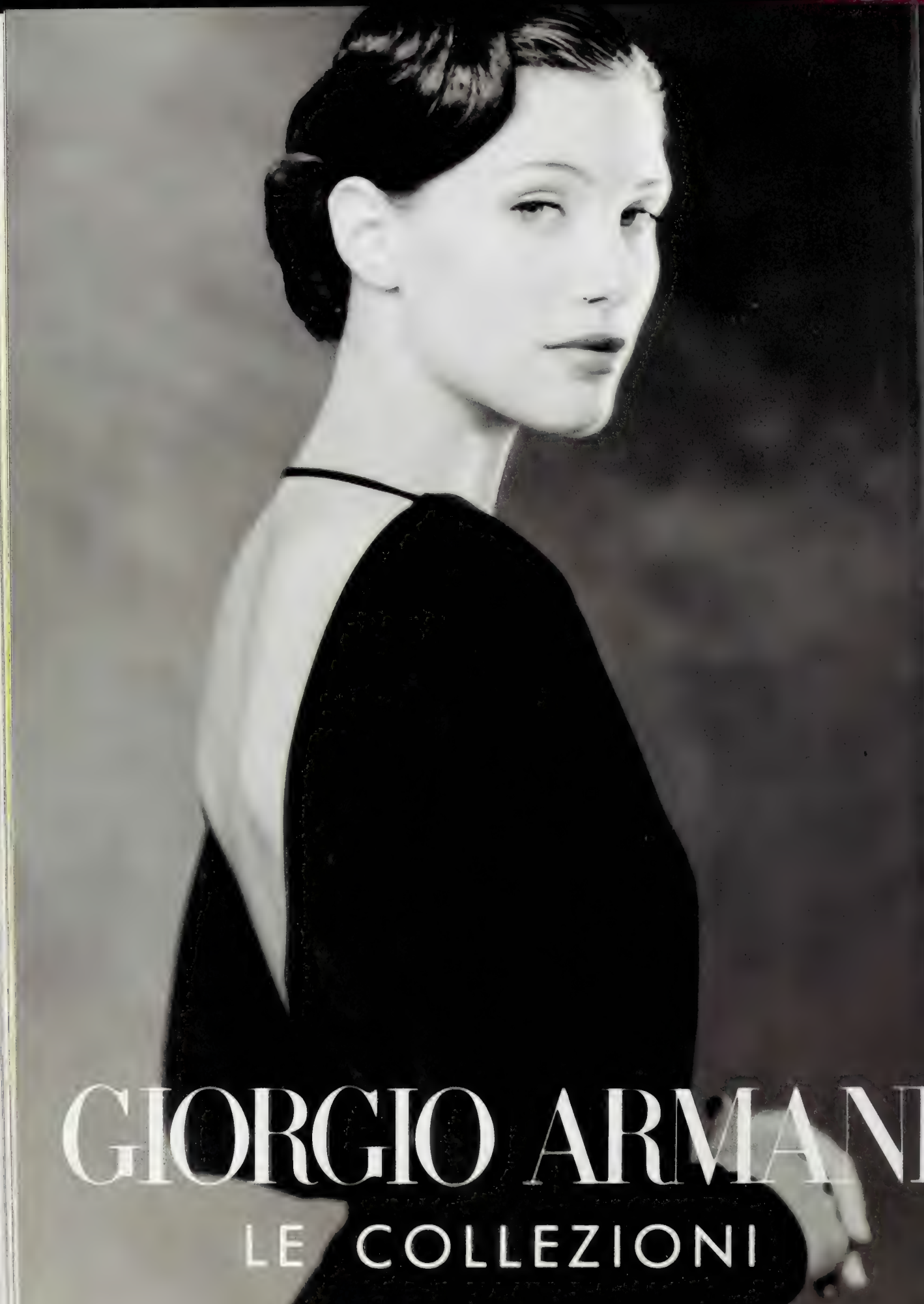
While he was alive, Ted Tingling spent much of his time trying to make women's tennis less boring. Teddy had been a hugely successful society couturier in London, and after the war he decided that women's tennis clothes were too mannish. In 1949 he dressed Gorgeous Gussy Moran in lace panties; unfortunately, for that indecency he was banished from Wimbledon. But he never left the sport. Instead he became its historian, an official M.C. at many matches, and an unofficial ambassador for the sport. When Billie Jean King sallied forth against Bobby Riggs, she was dressed in Teddy's sequined armor. "How sick can a sport be when it depends on a dress-maker to solve its problems?" the *Daily Mail* of London inquired once, commenting on Teddy's many roles. But, God, Teddy did love women's tennis may have loved it more than any woman ever did.

His involvement with the sport began when he was only 13, in 1924 on the Riviera, as personal umpire for Suzanne Lenglen. She was the first tennis champion to have been a prodigy driven by an obsessive father. "Papa" was all he was called, for he gave up his own life to, as he put it, "devote myself entirely" to his daughter's tennis. Tall, bent, usually dressed in a heavy greatcoat (even on the Riviera), he would stand by the practice court, forcing Suzanne to make two or three hundred shots to the same spot. It was, Tingling himself wrote, "to the total sacrifice of all natural life," but The Goddess, as Lenglen became known, kept up the appearance that she was having a fabulous time. She wore daring dresses to mid-calf, drank cognac at the crossovers, even entertained the press as she bathed. By 39, though, frail and distracted, she died of pernicious anemia, and it was speculated for the first time that perhaps an unfulfilled


GIORGIO ARMANI
LE COLLEZIONI






GIORGIO ARMANI
LE COLLEZIONI

father had driven his tennis daughter too hard, too early.

The sport would see many grand seasons, but as Teddy approached his death he began to proclaim to us all that the sport was in the last opera of Wagner's *Ring*: "The Twilight of the God[desse]s," where all must perish because of the avarice of the principals. In rare optimistic moments, though, he would assure us that a child from Yugoslavia who grunted and screeched, slugging two-handed from both sides, could yet save women's tennis from its Gotterdämmerung. And indeed, just days after Teddy died on May 23, 1990, the kid Monica Seles, only 16 years old, won the French Open, her first grand-slam title.

Alas, Paris lied that spring. The game degenerated into monotony on the court as charges arose that the little girls were being rushed into anguish and abuse by men who profited from their talents. Mary Pierce, a French-American teenager, had for a father an ex-con who reportedly had schizophrenic and paranoid tendencies and took his daughter out of school when she was 14, sold the family house, and lit out for tennis fortune. Mary's father screamed at her opponents, screamed at her "Mary, kill the bitch"—fought in the stands, even, Mary says, hit her, and was finally barred for his menacing behavior.

Jennifer Capriati, the American crown princess, was rushed onto the tour by her father, Stefano, when she was only 13, but already, with endorsements, a millionaire. Soon she would leave school and Stefano would approve exhibition bookings—"exbos," the players call these lucrative divertissements—for his daughter literally halfway round the world. She started faxing in her homework, such as it was, grew quickly disillusioned, and by 18, fat and sullen, she had been nabbed for shoplifting and, later, drugs. The charges were dropped; the problems were only more evident.

The golden age was over. Chris Evert was gone by 1989 to have babies, and Martina Navratilova would follow her into retirement five years later. The leadership of the sport was in tatters; for several months last year, political infighting left no one in control. Virginia Slims had bankrolled women's tennis for years, but as anti-smoking activism spread, public opinion forced it out. The parent company, Philip Morris, brought in another subsidiary, Kraft, in 1989 as a sponsor, but women's tennis wanted more money out of Kraft, and less input. Finally, Kraft quit, leaving the circuit without a major commercial name, advertising, or financial support. As the sport's reputation nosedived, Tampax emerged as the only potential sponsor, but the Women's Tennis Association Tour felt that it was just *too* womanly. The situation was so bad that the omnipotent sports-and-talent agency representing many top players, I.M.G. (International Management Group), threatened to start its own women's circuit.

Then, worst of all, in 1993 a deranged German fan stabbed Monica Seles in the back as she played a match in Hamburg, so that her German competitor Steffi Graf might ascend to the No. 1 ranking again. She did. The players refused to let Seles keep her No. 1 ranking while she recuperated. "They treated it like some injury—like only a sprained ankle or something," she cried out to me. For its part, the German justice system freed the assailant as a misunderstood fellow who had meant no harm. Fondly, *Der Spiegel* likened him to Samuel of the Old Testament: "The poor man owned nothing sweeter than a single lamb. . . . Günther Parche is even poorer than the man in the Bible."

International indignation, however, was so great that the German courts agreed to review the sentence, and Seles and her family took renewed hope that he might go to jail. Tentatively, she edged out into public, hitting on the new indoor courts at William and Mary College. The occasion was a special weekend to honor her agent, Mark McCormack, the chairman of I.M.G. and an alumnus of the college who had given the money to build the Nagelsen-McCormack Indoor Tennis Center. Attending a brunch with McCormack that weekend, she never seemed to mind that where she sat her back was exposed. Afterward, when we talked, her eyes sparkled with youth, hope, and health. "My dream in tennis—do you know what?"

I shook my head.

"My dream is to be like Suzanne Lenglen, to fly through the air and hit a volley flying—both my feet off the ground." She laughed at the sheer joy of that, and I could not help but think that if Teddy were back already, even as a bunny rabbit or a baby in Novgorod, he must have felt some twinge of delight at this moment.

But then, the next morning, the German courts declared that world opinion be damned: they had not changed their minds one iota about Günther Parche. Seles got the news over the phone in the Atlanta airport, and, swooning, fell back into her mother's arms.

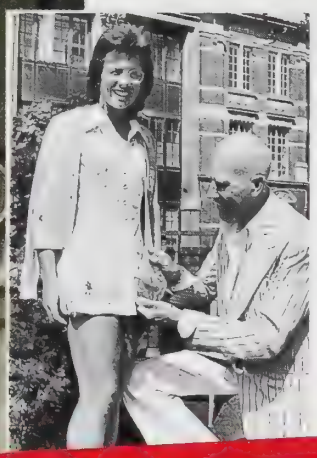
Lurid stories circulated that sex-starved lesbians hung about the showers . . . but in truth the predators have invariably been the male camp followers.

The dirty little secret of women's sports is that women don't much care to watch other women compete. Except for figure skating, men watch women's sports on television in higher percentages than do women. Live audiences for women's tennis are weighted toward males about 55 to 45 percent. Ruefully, Martina Navratilova, who now serves as president of the W.T.A. Players Association, recalls an experience at a club in Atlanta where she played last summer. "I'd see women who'd keep on playing while we were having a match, and I'd think, Would a man stay on the driving range if Jack Nicklaus were out on the course?"

Now, the good to all this is that women remain a great untapped sports-spectator market. Plans are in the works for two all-women's sports channels. You see, once gender equality is achieved and, just like men, women start parking themselves on their sofas all weekend, swilling beer, and clicking from one game to another, the popularity of women's tennis is bound to soar. I.M.G., which had so recently threatened to start a competing tour, was hired by the W.T.A. Tour to find a sponsor. "It's not a very expensive price," Mark McCormack says. Only four or five million for the major women's sport in the world.

I.M.G. has a huge investment in the sport already. It owns six women's tournaments and represents a dozen top players, including Pierce and Arantxa Sanchez Vicario, plus Capriati and Seles. (Of course, it also represents the men's tour and many of its top players.) A new Virginia Slims Legends tour, starring Evert, Navratilova, and King, started this spring, and







GOLDEN GIRLS

Clockwise from far left: **Suzanne Lenglen, the 20s tennis star affectionately known as The Goddess, drank cognac at the crossover and entertained the press as she bathed; photographed here warming up for a match at Madison Square Garden in 1926, Lenglen was also the first known tennis prodigy to be driven by an obsessive father. Teddy Tingling, a London couturier, was women's tennis's unofficial ambassador until his death in 1990; he is seen fitting Billie Jean King in a lace sleeveless design for her 1974 Wimbledon look. Tennis champions, from left to right, Tracy Austin, Chris Evert, and Martina Navratilova pose in Los Angeles, 1978.**

The leadership of the sport was in tatters; for several months in 1994, political infighting left no one in control.

I.M.G. handles that too. I.M.G. signed Anna Kournikova at the age of nine, and brought her over from Moscow to Florida, to Nick Bollettieri's Tennis Academy, which, of course, I.M.G. also owns. I.M.G. signed 11-year-old Martina Hingis of Switzerland and put her in the Wimbledon 18-and-under juniors the next year. She's 14 and a pro now. And although it hasn't yet signed Venus Williams, the 14-year-old African-American phenom, I.M.G. arranged for her first pro appearance, at one of its tournaments. I.M.G. pretty much owns women's tennis—yesterday, today, and tomorrow.

But then, is there another business in the world so dominated by one company as I.M.G. controls the management of all sport? "I'M Greedy," the players have been known to call it. "International Money-Grubbers." "Darth McCormack and the Evil Empire." But, say what you will, nobody keeps better company. I.M.G. has even represented the Pope. And the Nobel Foundation, Raggedy Ann and Andy, Itzhak Perlman, Rolex, Wimbledon, Pat Conroy, Jose Carreras, and scores of the best athletes the world over. McCormack was international when international wasn't cool.

By now, the tale of how McCormack conceived a major international business that hadn't previously existed has been repeated so reverently and so often that it has the ring of an epic poem. It all started when Arnold Palmer, who had played golf in college with McCormack, went to him for a little business advice; soon Jack Nicklaus asked Palmer if he might not share McCormack's wisdom, and from there a cottage industry of athletic representation exploded—tennis players, racecar drivers, figure skaters—and I.M.G. was born. Eventually, it began to spread its grasp beyond mere sport.

In 1990, for example, I.M.G. ventured into "cultureland." "We intend to be No. 1 in classical music," McCormack declared at that time. "We figure the competition is nonexistent." And, sure enough, soon I.M.G. was one of the two leading international agencies in the field. More recently, I.M.G. has made a considerable foray into the world of modeling.

Betsy Nagelsen, McCormack's second wife, was a journeyman tennis player when he met her (she is still an I.M.G. client, as a sports commentator). She is credited not only with heightening his interest in her sport but also with softening the intensity of her 64-year-old husband's life, which still begins almost every day well before dawn and lasts late into the night—usually ending in a city other than the one in which it began.

A manic organizer, McCormack is sort of an ambulatory daybook. He maintains an endless list of personal statistics on a fiscal-year basis—July to July—and he can report such authoritative personal minutiae as: until he took a 91-day Pacific cruise a couple of years ago (booking four cabins, for secretaries, friends, and family) he had not slept for more than 17 consecutive nights in the same bed for 20 years. Most people have heard of his enormous best-seller, *What They Don't Teach You at Harvard Business School.* His new book is *Hit the Ground Running,* a numbing compendium of travel tips, which will be just up your alley if you require an exhaustive analysis of the perfect location for telephones in a hotel room.

Nevertheless, McCormack is indisputably more at peace now, even serene. He actually—this bowled me over—hands out snapshots of the magnificent love nest that he and Betsy built near Orlando. Bob Briner, a contemporary and former competitor (he is a retired executive of another large tennis agency, ProServ), says, "The last times I've been with him I've seen even more of a spark of warmth. We've even talked about spirituality. Clearly, Mark's dealing with what's the endgame now. 'What's the capstone to my life?'"

McCormack smiles, then grins, then actually laughs at the subject. "You know, I think I've spent more time in the last five years talking about my death and who's going to pull the plug than anything else." He may have designated the next-in-line equals at I.M.G., but he remains adamant about not retiring.

"Mark has changed a great deal recently," Betsy says. "He's paid more attention to things I value—and, yes, some of that is involved with faith, Christian belief. Sometimes in the past he's overlooked people's feelings to reach his own goals." Sometimes he still does. In *Hit the Ground Running,* McCormack blandly advises you to double- or even triple-book airlines for your convenience; make hotel reservations for days more than you need, just in case; reserve a restaurant table for three when it's really only two of you, to give yourself more space—and (unsaid) damn the airline, the hotel, the restaurant, the other patrons.

Yet if many people disapprove of McCormack and his global domain, which includes 60 offices in 26 countries, the most intrepid sleuths have found no evidence of any I.M.G. impropriety. A British-government commission once did conclude that I.M.G. was "pregnant with conflict of interest," a

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CLARINS

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"When the father quits his job, you've got trouble," says Chris Evert.

FATHER KNOWS BEST

Clockwise from top left: **"He did it out of love for me," says Andrea Jaeger, photographed in 1980 with her father, Roland. Steffi Graf, pictured with her dad, Peter, who was accused of drinking and womanizing, could barely bring herself to say hello to other players in the locker room. An ex-con who took his daughter from school at 14 and lit out for tennis fortune, Jim Pierce, shown with daughter Mary, was finally barred in 1993 from tennis events for menacing behavior.**

stupefying revelation equivalent to discovering that a saloon was rife with spirits. With tennis (or golf), I.M.G. can own the tournament, control the rights (down to hiring Betsy Nagelsen as one of the announcers), produce the best players, and even give out, to its undeserving young recruits, the "wild cards"—those medieval indulgences of tennis that allow the tournament sponsors to use a few spots in the draw to insert anyone they please. Meanwhile, I.M.G. can also schedule exbos for its stars when someone else is sponsoring a tournament. And now, of course, I.M.G. controls both the men's and women's tours. Not to mention the advertising encircling the stadium—signage, so called in the business.

But McCormack will not back down an inch in any discussion of conflict of interest. "The fact that we own a tournament [as well as many of the best players] makes the sponsor more comfortable," he declares. "The fact that we own it makes our clients more comfortable. The fact that we own it makes our *young* clients more comfortable. They know we might get them a wild card."

But, I inquire, is that fair to everyone else? Shouldn't sports be the one sphere in which merit alone rules?

"Wait a minute," McCormack replies, shaking his head in exasperation at this tiresome old line of interrogation. "That's not conflict of interest. That's favoritism."

Fine—whatever you call it, should there be inequality in sports?

"If you take the risk, if you put up the money. That's what free enterprise is all about."

And that, in one form or another, is the defense McCormack always applies on behalf of I.M.G. "I keep telling the players," says Billie Jean King, another I.M.G. client, "don't be scared of I.M.G. They're the ones who've taken the risk."

Anne Person Worcester, the young woman who was finally promoted to fill the void as the head of the Women's Tennis Association Tour, says, "Ultimately we felt comfortable that because I.M.G. has so much invested in women's tennis that it's in their best interest to respect the rules. Because they're the big giant, everyone has them under the microscope." Moreover, because Worcester used to work at I.M.G. she knows she must endure the same scrutiny.

Clearly, the potential for dictatorship—even a benign one—for manipulation and cover-up, is indisputable, and while nobody puts it quite this way, I.M.G. is so dominant in this one sport that it is really beholden only to its own sense of a commercial noblesse oblige.

McCormack himself professes simply not to understand what all the fuss is about, and eventually he just shakes his head in polite exasperation at me. "You're so far away from me," he sighs, "that I just don't know where you're coming from."

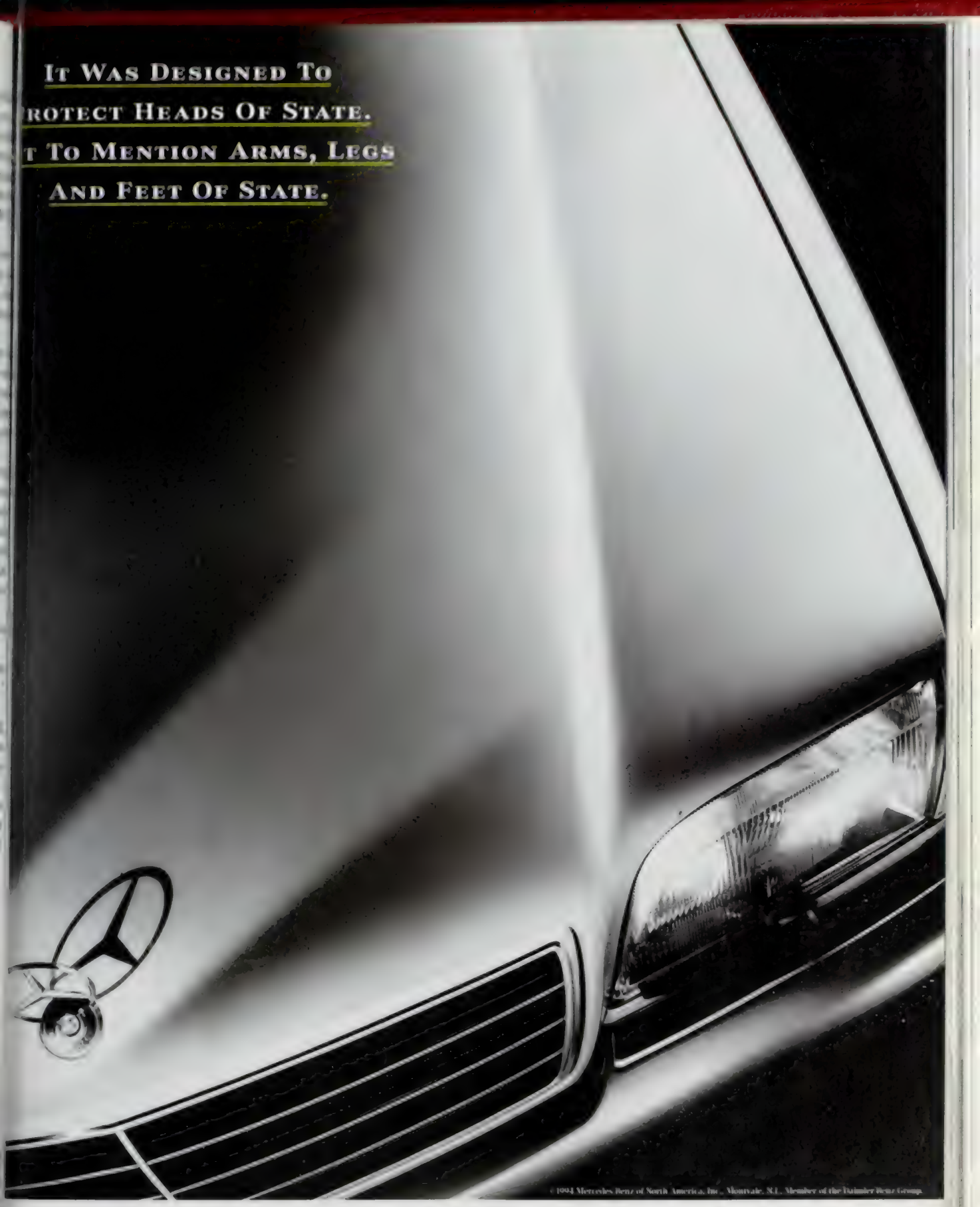
I try another tack. Recently figure skating has become so successful that it has cut into women's tennis audiences. Sponsors that previously supported the court now work the rink. McCormack nods. Nobody disputes this. In fact, I.M.G.'s Discover Card Skating Tour is a prime rival for the women's sports dollar. How does it serve the W.T.A. Tour to hire a direct competitor to save it?

"Oh, that's more of an advantage," McCormack replies sotto voce.

It's an *advantage* for women's tennis to be run by a company that has helped develop a major competitor? "Exactly." Well, why?

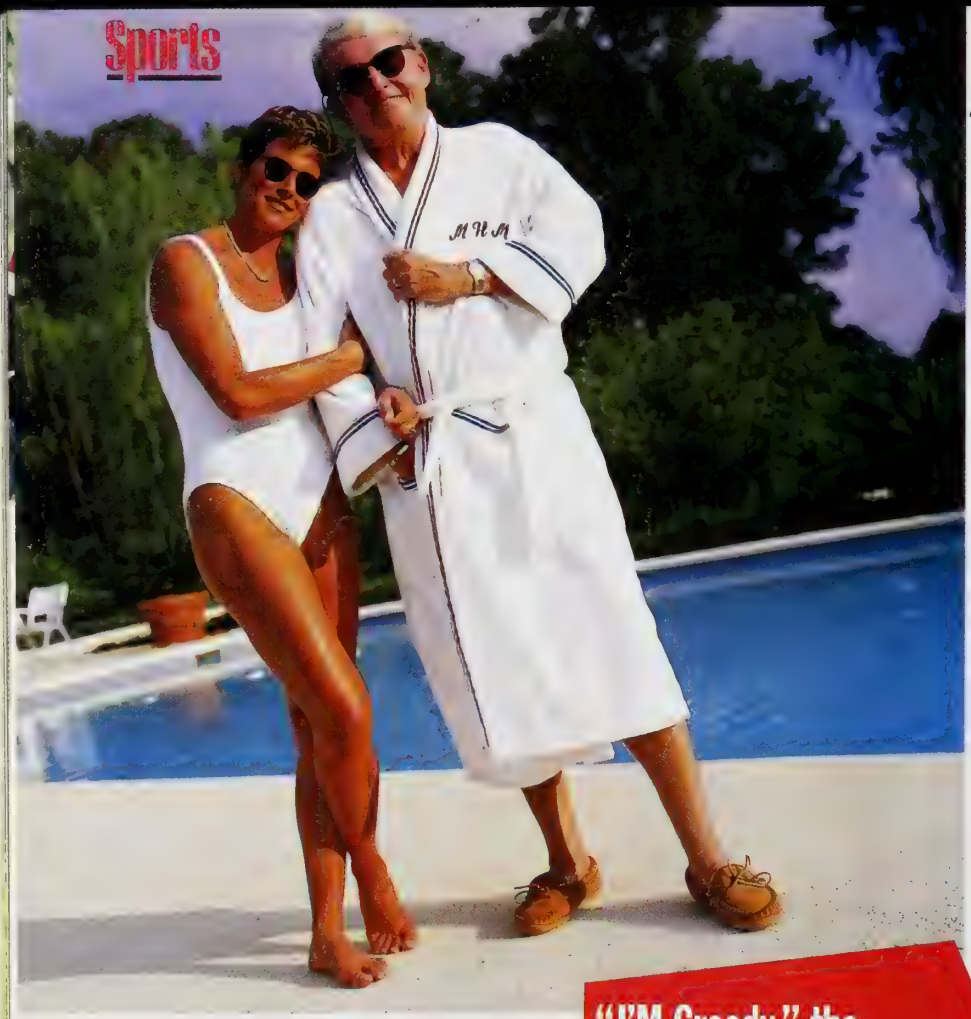
"Because, for example, our people know Discover Card, and that can wash over." And, more carefully now, he explains to me again the gospel of bigness, risk, and unfettered free enterprise. A few years ago, he would have been abrupt and arrogant. But, sitting in the beautiful new building at William and Mary with his name on it, while his wife is down on the court introducing his clients, who have come from all over the country to play before him, he is patient. He wants me to understand the I.M.G. way of the world. Says Betsy Nagelsen, "Mark has always known there is a purpose in life beyond signing the greatest golfers and tennis players. But until now he has only looked to the future so far as he could control it."

Thirty years ago I was walking along the beach in San Juan, Puerto Rico, with two of the best women tennis players in the world—both of them complaining how lonely they were and how much they hated life on the tour. Soon, one of them, Margaret Court, the No. 1, would chuck it all and go back to Australia to be a shopgirl. The other player suffered something of a nervous breakdown. Burnout doesn't have to involve blatant abuse or exploitation. It has simply never been easy being a woman tennis player—all the more so when the player is young and naïve. With the huge amount of money involved these days, it's even worse, because the children start younger. Bela Karolyi, the despotic girls' gymnastics coach, let the truth slip once: "The young ones are the greatest little suckers in the world, they will follow you no matter what." Monica Seles still remembers fathers at tournaments, pushing their unenthusiastic daughters upon her. "You can see," she says. "They're thinking about money first and love second." Often, the fathers become coaches. "When the father quits his job, you've got trouble," Evert says. She—as Tracy Austin did after her—went



The 1995 S-Class

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"DARTH McCORMACK AND THE EVIL EMPIRE" Betsy Nagelsen, Mark McCormack's wife and I.M.G. client (as a sports announcer), says, "Sometimes in the past he's overlooked people's feelings to reach his own goals." Sometimes he still does. Here McCormack and Nagelsen are photographed at their Orlando estate in May 1995.

to school and lived a quotidian life off the court, even as she became a teenage champion. At 13, Austin was on the cover of *Sports Illustrated,* and at 16 she won the U.S. Open, but she remained an A student throughout high school, living a normal existence much of the year.

Andrea Jaeger, two years her junior, dropped out of school, though, and that became the norm. "I think we thought that if we put 150 percent into tennis we'd get it all back later on," Jaeger says. "But what I'm afraid is that we became too programmed ever to enjoy it."

"I'M Greedy," the players have been known to call I.M.G. It pretty much owns women's tennis—yesterday, today, and tomorrow.

McCormack defends the agents' role in encouraging young players to drop all else in order to play: "You can't stop a kid from wanting to play tennis if the parents want it. The child can provide financial security for the rest of the parents' lives. But if you let them go to high school, if you let them live a quote normal life unquote, fine, but who knows what will happen?" Agents, of course, have no authority to stop greedy parents from pushing their daughters; if they interfere, the parents may simply hire a new agent. Concomitantly there is a strong commercial incentive to go along with such parents. Indeed, there is implicit pressure to overbook the children because tennis has become such a high-turnover business—although everybody suspects that the lucrative heavy scheduling is what causes the high turnover.

Both Austin and Jaeger were physically washed up before they were 21. Austin believes she was merely "injury-prone," but Jaeger says, "Some pediatricians have told me that your bodies aren't supposed to be doing that at that age." Too often, though, the decisions about how to develop a young player's talent are passed, to parent, to coach, to agent, to destiny. Of the 13-year-old Kournikova, Bollettieri say helplessly, "She's perhaps as good as an student we've ever had. We've got to slo this one down, but I don't think we can."

The psychological strain of the tour ma be the hardest challenge of all. Onc the players hung out together, sharing gossiping, and having fun. Now there is lit tle camaraderie. King, Evert, and Navra tilova had all set a certain standard by be ing outgoing, gregarious leaders, but Steff Graf, who succeeded them in the No. rank, was almost pathologically shy. Em barrassed by her father-coach's drinkin and womanizing, sometimes she couldn' even bring herself to say hello in the locke room. Says Betsy Nagelsen, "I know a young player. The last time I saw her, she was in a little bit of a slump, had a few problems. But she had no one to talk to. She didn't even have anyone to go out to dinner with."

A few years ago lurid stories circulated that sex-starved lesbians hung about the showers ready to ravage lonely virgin tour rookies, but in truth the predators have invariably been the male camp followers. McCormack and Nagelsen are hardly the only example of a romance between a man in sports management and a female client—there are others even at I.M.G. Of a particularly notorious former top agent, one older player says, "I'm sure I was the only one of his clients he never could screw." McCormack protests, though, that I.M.G. agents would never take advantage of teenage athletes. "I.M.G. has no written policy about dating under-age clients, because it is not necessary," he says. "It is the basic understanding that this behavior would not be tolerated." Under pressure from the public, the W.T.A. Tour has tried to develop ways to protect its young girls from the pressure—physical and psychological—that they must deal with. "We've taken a lot of the decision-making out of the legal guardians' hands," Anne Person Worcester says. Maximum playing times—for tournaments *and* exbos—have been set. An indoctrination session this year will even include a cautionary speech from Denise Capriati, Jennifer's mother, who is separated from her husband.

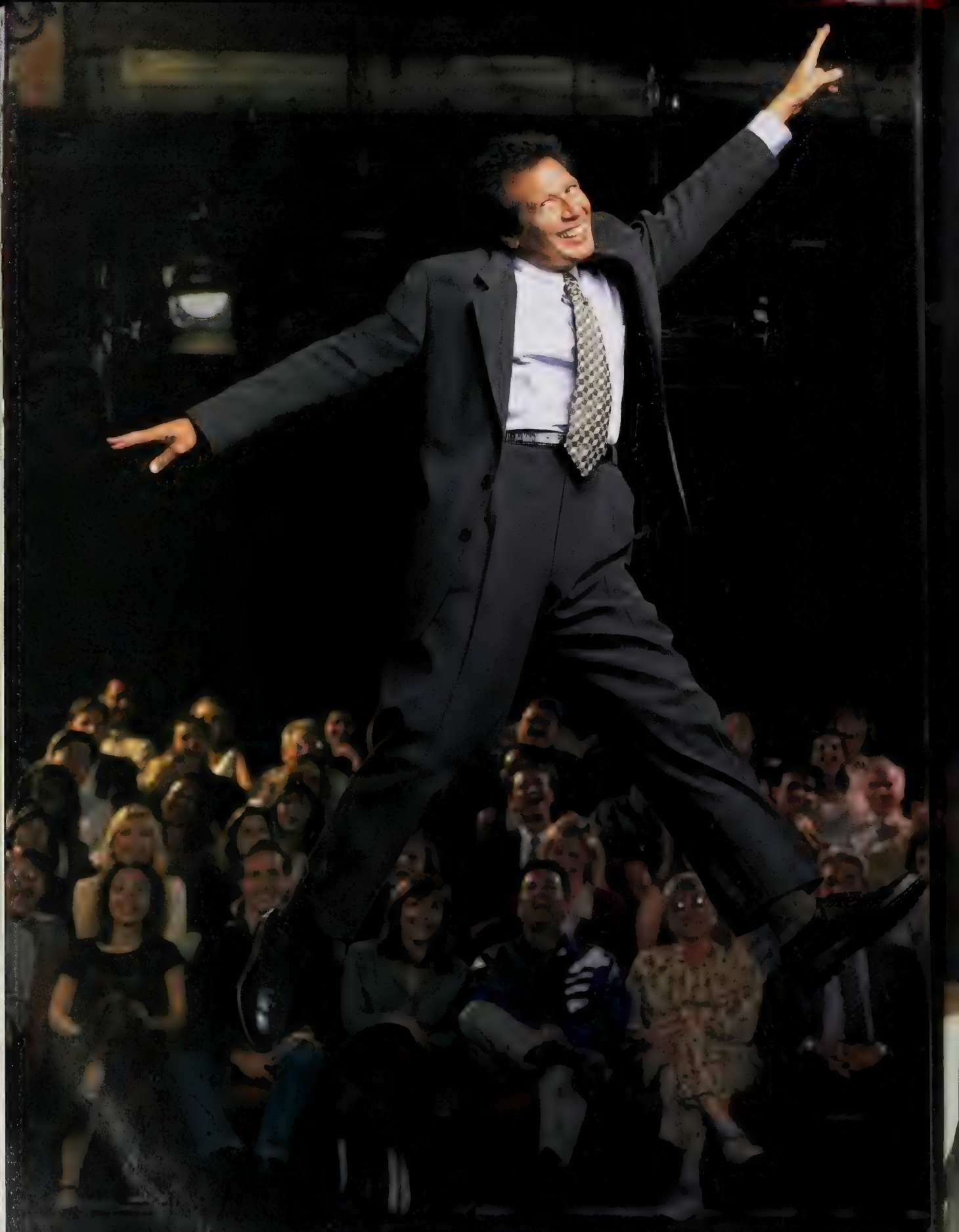
Maybe Jennifer will be back. After all, even now, she's still a teenager. The players do tend to be resilient. Tracy Austin gives motivational speeches. Mary Pierce, who surely had the most nightmarish time of all, is remarkably sweet and balanced. After her father was banished from the tour two years ago, she left tennis for a time, staying *(Continued on page 57)*


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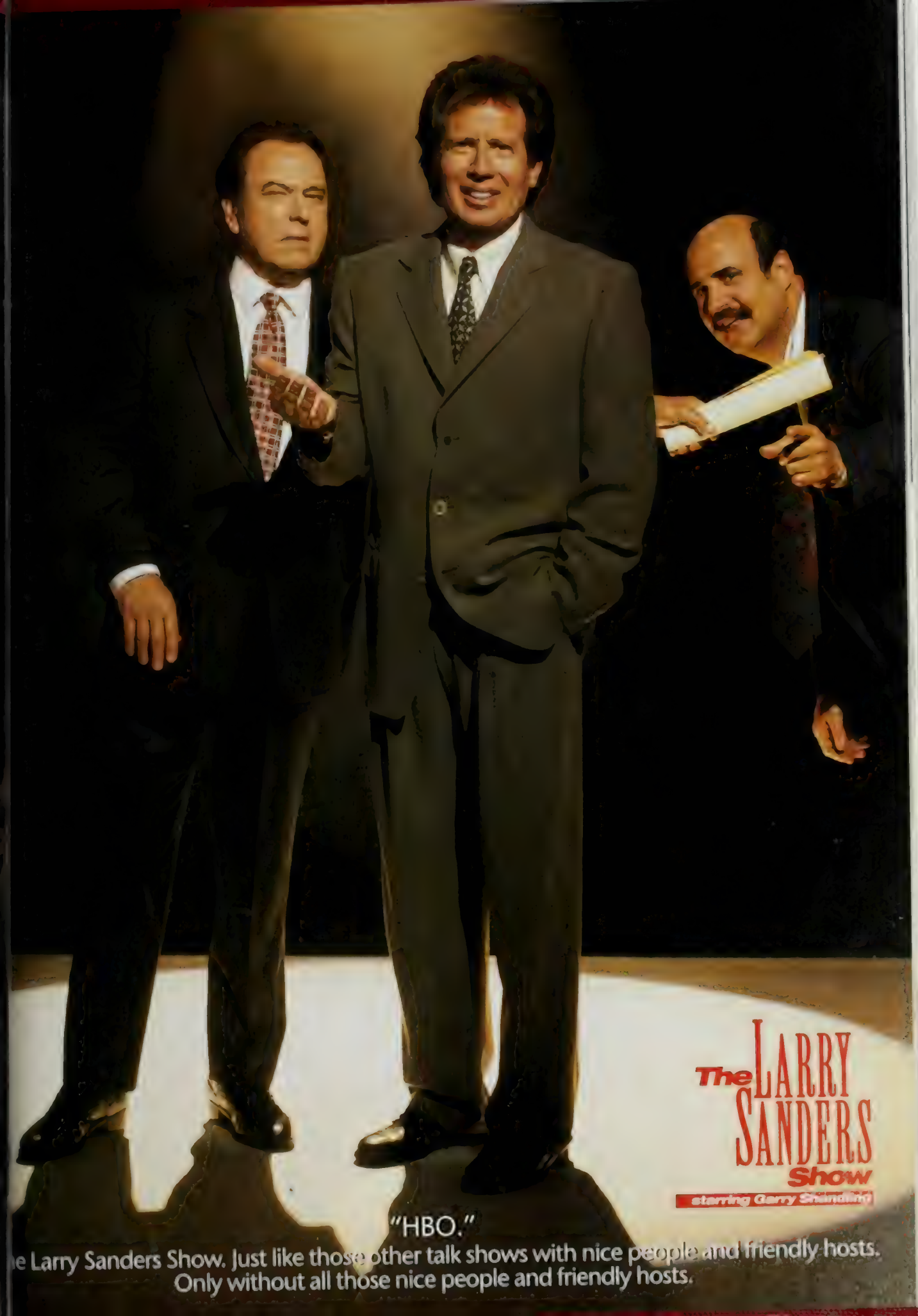
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Continued from page 50 with a friendly family. "That was the first time I ever got to know myself," she says. "The first time I could just be someone normal—shop, watch TV. That was when I finally became Mary Pierce, and it made me feel good and confident, knowing who I was at last."

For others it takes longer. Andrea Jaeger still loves tennis, but she adds, "God, I hope no one has to go through what I did." She traveled on tour with her father, Roland, a former boxer. "But from 13 on, he really wasn't my father," she explains, "just my coach. People thought he was a psychopath, I know—or in it for the bucks. But no—my father did it all out of love for me. He wanted me to have a better life than he'd had."

She was so lonely. Often, she would play with the ball girls, and once, when she was honored at a March of Dimes dinner, she spent the evening with her only contemporary there—the poster child. Sometimes, she would leave practice and go visit the nearest children's hospital because already she felt she could identify more closely with the sick children than with the glamorous players.

Then, in 1984, when she dislocated her shoulder at the French Open, she had to give up tennis. She attended college, and, after an automobile accident, went to Aspen to recuperate, working as an airline agent. There an old idea of hers came to the fore. Andrea Jaeger, who had had her childhood taken from her by tennis, would devote her life to caring for children who can have nothing but a childhood.

Using $500,000 she had left from her tennis earnings she established the Kids' Stuff Foundation for boys and girls with life-threatening illnesses. Coincidentally, both Navratilova and Evert had also moved to Aspen, to grand houses there. Jaeger kept a smaller, two-bedroom house. When the bulk of her money ran out, she didn't even have a car.

By this time people had begun to hear about her mission. Gabriella Sabatini and John McEnroe made major gifts. I.M.G. and McCormack came through handsomely, and Prince Bandar of Saudi Arabia, who has a magnificent chalet in Aspen, has matched funds—$225,000 so far.

But Jaeger's big break came when a mutual friend suggested she contact Fabi Benedict. Just before Jaeger called, Mrs. Benedict had been walking by a brook on her property praying to the Virgin Mary about a happy dilemma she had: Benedict and her husband, Fritz, owned choice Aspen real estate they'd bought years before, cheap, and she had been thinking about what to do with it. When she returned to her house the phone rang and it was Andrea Jaeger, and the older woman believed the Virgin had just heard her. So the Benedicts gave 10 acres, and soon sick children began to arrive at what Jaeger named the Silver Lining Ranch, to boat on the river, to walk in the woods, to sing and dance, to ski in the winter, to go over to Navratilova's place to feed her horses, even to play tennis with Andrea.

The kids who come to the Silver Lining must stay in a hotel for now, but Jaeger's trying to raise money to build a ranch house, with medical facilities. "God did bless me," Jaeger says. "I was very good at tennis. And fund-raising is the most difficult thing I've ever done. But now I'm sure He thinks I'm going to be better at this from here on in my life."





BREAKING AWAY
Jaeger, *left*, pictured at the 1980 U.S. Open, was washed up by her 21st birthday. On tour she used to visit sick children in hospitals, and felt she had more in common with them than with the glamorous tennis players. She has since established the Kids' Stuff Foundation in Aspen, Colorado, for children with life-threatening illnesses, and funneled her tennis earnings into the cause.

Andrea Jaeger dropped out of school, and that became the norm. "We thought that if we put 150 percent into tennis we'd get it all back later on."

Already, though, some of the kids who have spent vacations here have died. We get out of the rattly old station wagon somebody gave the foundation and trudge onto the Silver Lining Ranch. There has been a late-spring snow and the robins appear put out at this turn of events, but just over the brook, the skiers are happily riding up in the gondolas. Andrea says she can feel Rhea Olsen's spirit here, because this is where Rhea played with the other kids, where she took off her chemotherapy wig and slapped it onto Jaeger's head. Rhea suffered with rhabdomyosarcoma, a rare cancer. A few weeks before, Jaeger had flown to Chicago, where Rhea lived, because her health had declined so. She was almost blind, in excruciating pain, and so Jaeger moved into the trailer where Rhea was dying, putting up a cot next to where she lay. For six or seven hours a day Andrea and Rhea would talk about life and death. Rhea said it would probably be just like going into a long sleep, but Andrea shook her head. "No, every day you're going to be with me at Silver Lining," she told her, "and when I'm having a tough fund-raising day, I'm going to hear you." And then Andrea said good-bye and left Rhea to die with her family.

We walk through the snow over to a good vantage point from which to view the land where the building will be erected when they have the money. When she was a young player, her face, beneath the pigtails, was drawn and hard. Now it is soft and warm, her pale blue-green eyes reflecting peace as much as determination and grit. "Ever since I was a little girl," she says, "hotels have been my life. Holiday Inns, Ramadas, Marriotts. All my life. But when I was in

LEFT BY CHUCK MANSTUCK; RIGHT BY ACTION PHOTOGRAPHY







"The young ones are the greatest little suckers in the world, they will follow you no matter what."

CHILD'S PLAY

Clockwise from top left: **At the age of nine Anna Kournikova was brought over from Moscow to Nick Bollettieri's Tennis Academy, which is I.M.G.-owned. Although I.M.G. hasn't yet signed the 14-year-old African-American phenom Venus Williams, it arranged for her first pro appearance, in 1994. Another I.M.G. coup is Martina Hingis of Switzerland, signed when she was only 11; now 14 and a pro, she has already competed in the Wimbledon 18-and-under division.**

Rhea's house in Chicago—that little trailer . . . " She pauses, and what she says next may be the sweetest, most haunted thing I have ever heard an athlete say: "That was the place I finally felt at home."

"My dad let me decide," Monica Seles told me when we chatted in April. His name is Karolj. In Yugoslavia he was a cartoonist, but with Monica as his creation, he has compared himself to Michelangelo. "No, Dad never pushed me, and somehow I was always able to understand when he was my coach and when he was my father. I was the one who always said, This day, I want to go out and practice."

In fact, it seems that young Monica has often made major decisions for the whole family. "I think I had to be very strong just to get where I was," she continued. "Just coming from Eastern Europe, not speaking English. Yes, there's always been a lot of strength in me. I was not afraid of a lot of risk. Yes, to come out of where I was required strength. And then he . . . " Suddenly Monica's mind twisted back again to Parche and him stabbing her, and she had to pause and gain control of herself.

Yet however much Seles misses playing tennis, there is the oddest, most conflicted way that she looks back on the very point of the game—winning. Coincidentally, too, this is the one thread that seems to connect so many of the players who learn the rote mechanics of the game so well so young b never seem comfortable with the spirit of competitic Seles won eight grand-slam titles, but she said th unequivocally, the *only* time she ever truly enjoy triumph was her first major-tournament victory, t Italian Open of 1990, when she thrashed Navratil va. "That was the closest I've ever come to a perfe match," she explained. The next week, in Hamburg, s whipped Graf, and, to herself, she thought, "Wow, can beat these [players]." But that victory was not satisfying as the one in Rome, and thereafter, no matt what she won, there was never any sense of fulfillmen

In fact, Seles concluded this sad part of the conve sation by saying how much she preferred playing exh bitions. "Everybody is on their best behavior aroun you," she explained. "That's what's so great abo them. I have more fond memories for exhibitions."

So many women tennis players who are indoctrinated earl tend to be more robotic than athletic, to cling to the baselin hitting textbook ground strokes, rather than venturing forwar like Suzanne Lenglen, daring to gamble, volleying. They ar perfectionists, the presentation more important to them tha the outcome.

From talking to Monica, then, I do believe that at least par of the reason she has found it difficult until now to return, eve though she is healed physically, is her fear of being unable t perform at her best in public immediately—and the companio fear that security can't be airtight. Seles's psychologist, Jerr Russel May, testified at Parche's retrial that she continued t suffer post-traumatic stress disorder, that even "when she woul go to the grocery store and someone would look at her, she wa frightened that this person would attack her."

I cannot believe that the judge would not have understoo the terrible emotional damage done to Seles had she heard th victim herself speak. But, of course, Seles could not endure the agony of traveling back to Germany and facing Parche She remembered that she had seen him a few days before the assault, evidently stalking her already. "He gives me this smile," she said. And, even clearer, she still sees his face, because as she turned reflexively, after the knife had been driven hard within her, she saw him raise the dagger again, just before he was thwarted by a security guard.

It remains, too, so difficult for her to fathom how Parche is free, a sympathetic figure to many Germans, while she herself is the one in confinement, and while her colleagues, the players, denied her. "I talked to a couple of them," she said, "and, of course, they say it wasn't them. But I know the truth. I know Gabriela [Sabatini] was the one who said, 'This is not to vote for' [letting Seles keep her No. 1 ranking as she recovered]. I will never forget that. She's a human being." The other players? Monica bows her head, and I fear she may begin crying again.

Seles does not want to remain at home, behind the walls. "I do love this sport so much," she says. "I was growing as a person, too. But he hated so much." She can never bring herself to use Parche's name. "How can one person have so much hatred? I just love the game, and for somebody to take it away from me. . . . For hate! And he got everything he planned!" Softer now: "His dream came true."

Finally, early in June, after a visit from Navratilova and a trip to Europe with the McCormacks, Seles made the decision to attempt a comeback—in that controlled situation of an exhibition, which she prefers. It is set for July 29, against Navratilova. At least it is a start. There is still time for her dream, to soar toward the net like Teddy's Goddess. □

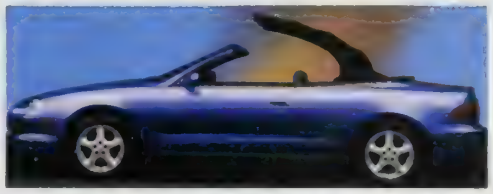


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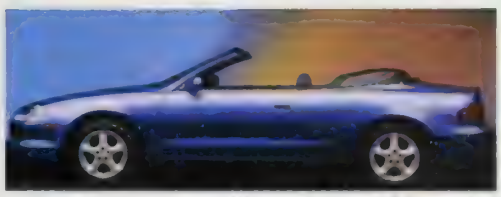


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Georgica's Sloop Group—uniting the worlds of Hollywood, Washington, and home furnishings—includes, *clockwise from top left,* regulars such as Martha Stewart, Lloyd Cutler, Nora Ephron, and Robert Benton; guests such as Barbra "Is this place for sale?" Streisand and David Geffen; and leading homesteaders such as Steven Spielberg and Kate Capshaw, Ron Perelman and Patricia Duff, and Ben Bradlee and Sally Quinn.

ON GOLDEN POND

By Gulfstream, helicopter, and limo, Hollywood power players have been turning a Hamptons patch of blue into Malibu East

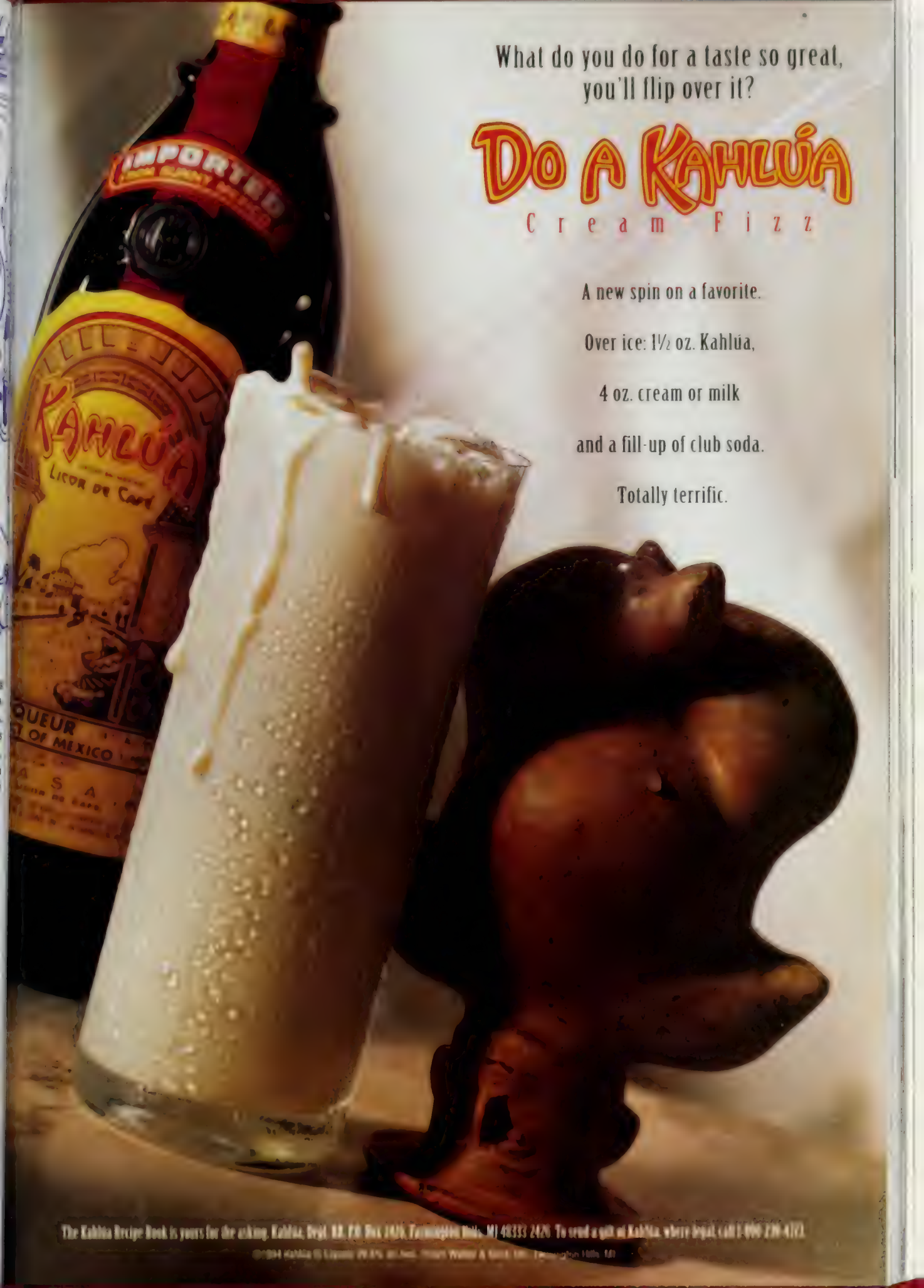
BY JENNET CONANT

As summer colonies go, Georgica Pond was Arcadia: a pocket of forgotten Long Island farmland between Southampton, where the old Palm Beach set still congregates, and East Hampton, where Wall Street meets Abstract Expressionists. The inhabitants liked to think of themselves as publicity-shy and scornful of ostentation. The Georgica Association, populated by an old Wasp contingent, made its credo: "The promotion of the welfare of the residents on and about Georgica Pond." No ducks, crabs, or bluefish qualified under this clause. Neither, for that matter, did some human species.

These days the place is undergoing a sea change. Battered by quakes, mud slides, and fires, many of the movie business's big names are abandoning Malibu, and they've got Georgica on their minds. "The good parts of the pond are now absolutely the most exclusive part of the Hamptons," says John Golden of Sotheby's International Realty. "Georgica has always been glamorous; it's just more so than ever. It used to be old Wasp, now it's new Hollywood."

Georgica, no ordinary pond, is more of a glorified tide pool, a catch basin for five narrow fingers of water, with spectacular ocean views. The most coveted area—now dubbed "Malibu East"—is a small, sandy crescent on the palm, protected from the Atlantic by a slim sandbar. Bare, windy dunes give way to

Illustration by TIM SHEAFFER


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"Georgica has always been glamorou it's just more so than ever. It used to be old Wasp, now it's ne Hollywood."









Clockwise from top left: **Georgica from the air; thoroughly modern Martha Stewart's Bunshaft house; the old signpost at the Georgica Association; the home of G. W. Pierson, a not atypical pond dwelling; swans float past the Creeks, now owned by Ron Perelman; at center, the ever expanding Spielberg compound.**

a row of baronial mansions which rival turn-of-the-century Fifth Avenue. The great estates feature gables, porticoes, generous porches, towers, tennis courts, swimming pools, screening rooms, multiple guesthouses, manicured lawns, and man-made arbors.

It all began when Steve Ross, the late Time Warner chieftain, bought a house on the pond and persuaded his protégé Steven Spielberg to buy a place near marketing whiz Chris Whittle's elegant spread. The *Jurassic Park* director, who never does anything in a small way, imported a barn and hired architect Charles Gwathmey to do it up as a postmodern showplace. (Spielberg is now expanding, and recently annexed the adjacent lot, where he is adding a guesthouse, a carriage house, and a stable.) Not to be outdone, Calvin and Kelly Klein erected the ultimate fashion statement, moving heaven and earth—4,000 square feet of pine trees and 7,000 blades of sea grass—to transform an old estate into their shingled Shangri-la. Just across the way looms the Creeks, the $12.5 million stucco palace belonging to New World Communications mogul Ron Perelman and his new wife, Patricia Duff, who was previously married to former TriStar chairman Mike Medavoy. Perelman bought the sprawling 57-acre estate, originally priced at $25 million, from the late eccentric artist Alfonso Ossorio's lover, Ted Dragon. (Barbra Streisand had been interested, too.) Also in Georgica but not on the pond—a critical distinction—are directors Alan Pakula and Nora Ephron and her husband, author and screenwriter Nick Pileggi. Ephron argues that it isn't Hollywood coming to New York as much as New York going Hollywood. "Twenty years ago everyone wanted to own a newspaper; today everyone wants a studio," says the author (*Heartburn*) turned director (*Sleepless in Seattle*).

Unfortunately for late arrivals from the Coast, Georgica Pond is small and already overpopulated. And prices, according to realtor to the stars Tina Fredericks, first "went bananas back in the 50s." Houses—which rent for $150,000 in high season and generally sell for anywhere from $1 to $12 million—seldom come onto the market, so even Hollywood heavyweights have to bide their time. Currently house hunting are Tom Hanks and his wife, Rita Wilson (the couple spent time la July *chez* Spielberg), ar Sony honcho Jeff Sagansk Perennially on the pro for Georgica prope ty are Streisand, D vid Geffen, and Ba ry Diller.

The Georgica li grows longer ever year. "A lot of friend are leaving L.A.," confirms Toni Ross whose father, Steve would be impressed by the crush o stars at her East Hampton eatery, Nic & Toni's, which serves as the Georgic crowd's Spago substitute. On a warm summer evening, it's not unusual to se Spielberg, Robert De Niro, Alec Bald win, and Kim Basinger. "There's a bi more anonymity here," explains Ross "It's a subtler scene."

There are those who are actually at tracted to the pond for its natural en dowments. Even though she already owns a picture-perfect shingled place only minutes away, Martha Stewart recently snapped up the Bunshaft house, a modern travertine-marble-and-glass temple in Georgica, for $3 million. Says the lifestyle guru, "To live on the pond affords one a view not only of the pond but of a unique ecosystem peculiar to that pond."

The ecosystem may be growing ever more peculiar, a fact that irks some longtime citizens. "One is constantly meeting people who are absolutely appalled that you don't know who they are," grouses Donald Petrie, a partner at Lazard Frères, who has lived in Georgica for 35 years and pens the annual *Pond Watchers' Almanac*. At a Georgica get-together last summer, he was chagrined to find himself confronted by an imposing blonde who refused to believe he didn't recognize her. His wife finally came to his rescue. The blonde was Diane Sawyer. □

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IF THE GLOVES FIT...

Ito's teeth clench, Faye Resnick gets subpoenaed, and O.J. puts his hands into a murderer's bloody gloves

BY DOMINICK DUNNE



On June 15, O. J. Simpson becomes a star again when, after struggling with the bloodstained gloves, he announces, "See? Too small! Too small!"

The presentation of the DNA evidence has ended, at least for now, and not a moment too soon. Everyone had had enough. Like everything else in this trial, it went on too long, especially the cross-examinations. Defense lawyers Barry Scheck and Peter Neufeld were brilliant, and wonderfully prepared, but they seemed totally unaware that less is more. They didn't understand that asking the same question over and over again ultimately bores people and causes tune-out. Anyone can tell you that a point isn't worth making unless it gets across to the jury. During the DNA material, the jurors' eyes began to glaze over. For at least one of them, Willie Cravin—subsequently dismissed for allegedly intimidating another juror—the DNA evidence apparently proved absolutely nothing. The 170-million-to-1 odds that blood found at the crime scene was O. J. Simpson's didn't convince him. During Cravin's 15 minutes of fame, spent racing from one television show to another in a chauffeur-driven limousine, he referred to the defendant as "the Juice." The fact is, although DNA testing may be as foolproof as fingerprinting, it doesn't cause excitement. It's difficult to respond to. It's like advanced math, brilliant but boring, astonishing but passionless. It made everybody eager to move on to the next phase of the trial, which consisted of the autopsy pictures of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ronald Goldman, the victims of this appalling crime, whose names are so rarely mentioned.

The people that like DNA are the police, the victims, the prosecutors who are looking for the truth. The only person that's got to worry about a DNA test being done in a criminal case is the person who committed the crime.

—Assistant U.S. Attorney James Wooley on *60 Minutes.*

In most murder trials, the prosecution and defense fight over the admissibility of autopsy photographs. The defense doesn't want the jury to see them. The prosecution does. Leslie Abramson, Erik Menendez's lawyer, once called autopsy pictures "a cheap prosecutorial trick."


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Pamela Bozanich, the prosecutor in the first Menendez trial, gave the perfect response: "Those who have committed crimes like these, it ill behooves them to complain of the carnage they leave." Judge Ito ruled in favor of the prosecution on this point, though he described the pictures in advance of the jurors' seeing them as "horrible." Johnnie Cochran prepared the way for O. J. Simpson to leave the court during the viewing of the photographs of his former wife's slashed neck if necessary, but in the end Simpson stayed. The first day the photographs were shown to the jury, he was flanked on his left by Carl Douglas, who kept up a running conversation with him, and on his right by Robert Kardashian, who provided protection from the constant gaze of the television camera. The pictures, which were mounted on large boards placed on an easel, were forbidden territory for both the Court TV crew and still photographers. Simpson rocked back and forth on his chair, occasionally exhaling in loud *whoosh* sounds, and stared straight ahead or up at the ceiling the whole time, particularly during the very graphic reenactments of the murders, with coroner Dr. Lakshmanan Sathyavagiswaran playing the perpetrator/narrator and Deputy District Attorney Brian Kelberg the victim. "Her carotid artery was transected on both sides," the coroner said. "It was literally divided in two pieces." Behind Simpson, his sister Carmelita Durio removed her glasses and wept.

Orenthal James Simpson . . . planned and prepared to assault, batter, and murder Nicole Brown Simpson and did thereafter brutally and with malice aforethought stalk, attack, and repeatedly stab and beat decedent Nicole Brown Simpson [and] left her on the walkway in front of her residence to die.

–From the wrongful-death lawsuit against O. J. Simpson filed by the estate of Nicole Brown Simpson.

Probably because of the presence of the Goldman family, seated only a few feet away in the courtroom, the autopsy pictures of Ron Goldman elicited a more emotional reaction from the jury than the equally gruesome pictures of Nicole Brown Simpson. A 72-year-old African-American alternate juror covered his face with a handkerchief and blew his nose, and the male juror sitting next to him asked if he was all right. A female juror, in obvious distress, signaled the bailiff and fled from the courtroom. When she returned 10 minutes later, Judge Ito recessed court for the day.

As someone who has seen the photographs of the mutilated bodies close up, I can tell you that they are appalling to behold. We reporters had to hire an attorney to argue our right to view the photographs, and even though the 48 of us who were picked to see them displayed on easels had braced ourselves for the viewing, a couple—myself included—got a little faint and had to sit down for a portion of our allotted 20 minutes. What I was not prepared for was that Nicole's and Ron's eyes were open, reminding me that they must have looked upon who it was who was knifing them to death. Nicole's lips were parted. You could see her teeth. Her blond hair was stained dark by the blood that flowed from the knife wounds on her scalp. One of the photos showed the contusion from a blow that was supposed to have knocked her out so that the perpetrator, according to the prosecution's version of the murders, could kill Ron, who had appeared on the scene to deliver Juditha Brown's glasses, then return to Nicole, place his foot on her back, pull her head up by her hair, and slit her throat. She looked so much like her sister Denise in the pictures that they could have been twins. I found myself thinking, Only a monster could have done this to a beautiful young mother of two, with the kids upstairs asleep. To me, Nicole's slashed neck was the worst picture of all to look at, but I couldn't stop looking. I had never seen a slashed neck before, and hope never to see another. The color was crimson. There were exposed muscles, veins, tendons, and spine, washed free of blood for optimum clarity. Then I moved on to the next easel, to look at what had happened to Ron. God, he looked young. On the front of his neck were some torture cuts, slices made before the killer went in for the lethal strokes. Some of his hair had been shaved away to expose the knife wound on his scalp.

That afternoon, back in Department 103, O.J. made his usual star entrance into the courtroom, beautifully dressed as always. He gave his raised-eyebrow-sad-smile greeting to his sister. I found it hard to look in his direction. That morning, Johnnie Cochran had said on the *Today* show that O.J. was distressed over a new poll which claimed that a majority of Americans believed he was guilty.

I think the jury will do him a favor to convict him. I don't think it will be safe for him outside.

–Overheard during intermission at Terrence McNally's new play, *Master Class,* starring Zoe Caldwell, at the Mark Taper Forum.

A few days later, in what has subsequently become known as the glove debacle, prosecutor Christopher Darden asked defendant Simpson to try on the infamous pair of bloodstained gloves, the left one found at the crime scene at Nicole Simpson's condominium on Bundy and the right one found outside Kato Kaelin's room in the guesthouse of Simpson's estate on Rockingham. In a dazzling bit of showmanship, Simpson seized the moment and ran with it, just as if he had caught a pass and made an 80-yard run for a touchdown at the height of his athletic power. That the gloves contained the blood of his deceased former wife appeared to be of no consequence to him. Every eye in the courtroom was upon him. Reporters sat half out of their seats as he crossed in front of us on his way to the jury box, surrounded by deputies. Jurors stared up at him, fascinated, and wrote furiously in their notebooks at the same time. "They don't fit," Simpson said, holding his hands up in the air, and they didn't. Darden had not established in advance that the gloves could have shrunk from exposure to blood and liquids until they were almost a size small-

DNA testing is like advanced math, brilliant but boring, astonishing but passionless.


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er than they had been when they were purchased at Bloomingdale's. Exasperated by Simpson's performance, Darden asked Judge Ito, "Could we ask him to straighten his fingers and put them in the gloves as one would normally put them in the gloves?" But Simpson was like a man fighting for his life, and he may just have saved it. There are some who think he may have won the case.

When is Marcia Clark returning to center stage? She's been on the back burner far too long, as five or six other prosecutors have moved to the forefront during the long DNA and coroner portions of the trial. The jury must be confused by now as to who's in charge of the prosecution team. A lot of us in the media are. In the beginning, there was the strong duet of William Hodgman and Clark. Then came the interesting duet of Clark and Christopher Darden, with Clark in charge. Lately, it seems like a department store with a lot of specialty boutiques operating independently of one another. Who's calling the shots? Is Bill Hodgman directing the team from the 18th floor of the courthouse? Or is it Los Angeles County district attorney Gil Garcetti who's really running the show? The jury needs a strong presence on the team to bond with, and Marcia Clark is the obvious one. Meanwhile, the prosecution began to recoup its losses with the strong testimony of F.B.I. authority William Bodziak on the size-12 Bruno Magli shoe prints at the scene of the crime.

Faye Resnick took a cake at Rodeo last night.

—Overheard at Carrie Fisher's birthday party for Griffin Dunne, a reference to Resnick's first-year anniversary in Alcoholics Anonymous.

There is always a yin and yang to things. Someone I know who has access to defense information told me in the corridor during a break that the defense really believes it's going to win this case. "They think the autopsy photographs are going to work in their favor," this person said. "They're going to bring in expert witnesses who are going to say that this could only be the work of a professional killer from a Colombian drug cartel, not a man like O. J. Simpson."

I first heard the Colombian-drug-ring idea last July, when I had dinner at '21' in New York with F. Lee Bailey, about six months before the trial began. He described it to me that night as if he were trying out his opening statement before a jury. He said Nicole's slashed voice box was the clue. He described it all wonderfully, very dramatically, but it seemed ludicrous to me then and it continues to seem ludicrous to me now. I believe it is unlikely to sway anyone other than a dedicated pro-defense juror, one who wouldn't convict Simpson even if a videotape of him committing the murders miraculously appeared. Would that I knew a way to contact a high-ranking member of a Colombian drug cartel to see how *they* feel about being accused by some high-priced defense attorneys in Los Angeles of savagely killing two innocent people on Bundy Drive a year ago.

Faye Resnick has been subpoenaed by the defense and, like Kato Kaelin, will surely be declared a hostile witness. She has been told to appear on July 3, which happens to be her birthday, and she is very nervous at the prospect. Evidently the defense is going to try to fit her right into the Colombian-drug-cartel scenario. The defense indicated early in the proceedings that the Colombians were after her, not Nicole.

What surprises one about Faye Resnick is how bright she is. And fearless. I don't think she's going to be the pushover the defense is expecting. She knows a lot about O.J. and drugs. She told me that she had taken drugs with him. She'd think nothing of spilling the beans on the stand if the defense got rough with her. She knows full well that Nicole Simpson and Ron Goldman weren't murdered by a Colombian drug cartel who thought they were killing her because she owed them money. I've seen Resnick roar with laughter at that idea.

I have watched the trial since the very beginning and I have noticed each week how the lawyers, witnesses, audience and O.J. have all started playing to the camera. They are obviously aware of when the camera is on them. They can see the camera move and even see the lens turn when it is zooming in to a close-up. As a result, the people in the courtroom are increasingly performing when they are on camera.

Yesterday Barry Scheck obviously disagreed and disapproved of your ruling in such an obvious way that anyone watching television felt that he had been severely damaged in his defense of O.J. by this and other rulings.

—Portion of a letter sent to Judge Ito by George Schlatter, producer of *Laugh-In* and *Real People*.

I went to my home in Connecticut for the Memorial Day weekend, my first time back in five months. I wanted to clear my mind of O.J. for a few days. Barry Scheck was on the same plane, on his way home for the long weekend with his family in Brooklyn Heights. There was a lot of "Oh, Mr. Scheck" from the moment he stepped aboard, and soon he got upped to first class, into the seat right next to me. Scheck had had a hard day in court, conducting a vigorous cross-examination of Collin Yamauchi, the Los Angeles Police Department criminalist who performed the first DNA tests on evidence found at the crime scene on Bundy and at the Simpson residence on Rockingham Avenue. Scheck and his partner, Peter Neufeld, are masters of the art of belittlement and humiliation. That day Scheck had tried to show that Yamauchi was too inexperienced for the task assigned him, that he had been forced to rush his results, and that his speed in analyzing samples may have resulted in cross-contamination. Yamauchi's dislike of Scheck was obvious.

I didn't think I was going to like Scheck, but I did. Opposites in our beliefs, we conversed nonstop during the flight. He did most of the talking, and since my forte has always been listening, that was O.K. with me. He spoke of O.J. in glowing terms, as if he were a swell

On Goldman's neck were torture cuts, made before the killer went in for the lethal strokes.

t was his honor to serve. Most of the people I spend time
don't think O.J.'s a swell guy at all. More and more I hear
le say things like "If O.J. walks, I'm going to leave the
try." Scheck really believes that the L.A.P.D. set up Simp-
or he puts on a good show of believing that. While spread-
aviar on toast tips, he posed a hypothetical question, in
s to this effect, for I wasn't taking notes. If I could prove
u beyond a shadow of a doubt that the police moved evi-
e in a conspiracy to frame O.J., could you as a member of
ury vote to convict O.J.? I don't for an instant believe that
olice moved evidence in order to frame O.J., but I went
g with his premise. Yes, I said, I could convict, knowing
If the police had done what he said they did, then they
ld be punished, but I could never believe that the perpetra-
f a double murder should go free because of police ob-
tion of justice. Scheck gave me an I-don't-get-you look. I
him back an I-don't-get-*you* look.

e went on to other subjects. It interests me how people
ond to fame, and Barry Scheck is now famous. Even *60*
utes has done a piece on him and Neufeld. He said he
sn't like being recognized everywhere he goes. He told me
vas upset when a radio personality made fun of the size of
nose. He thought it was embarrassing for his children. He
ns absolutely crazy about his two kids and his wife, Didi.
en he talked about them, he was a different person. Nice.
told me he had worshiped his father, who was a tap
cer, a hoofer, and a friend of Honi Coles, one of the all-
e greats of tap dancing. Later, he said, his father managed
sical acts, including Bobby Darin, Connie Francis, Mary
lls, and Hazel Scott, the great jazz pianist, who married
am Clayton Powell Jr., the Harlem congressman. When
eck described Hazel Scott's funeral to me, which he at-
ded with his father, I felt as if I were there.

n court the following Tuesday, we reverted to our original
es, with me watching and taking notes and Scheck up to
old belittlement tricks. "He was snapping at the witness,
errupting the witness, pointing his finger, embarrassing the
ness," said Laurie Levenson, a law professor at Loyola
rymount University. But Yamauchi stood his ground.
Would you mind not pointing at me like that?" he angrily
manded of his tormentor.

as bumped from my appearance on the Tom Snyder show
en Willie Cravin became available at the last minute.

Michael Chabon, author of *Wonder Boys*,
at a dinner party given by biographer Scott Berg and
studio executive Kevin McCormick.

verybody in this story wants to write a book about his part
in it. That even goes for Ron X, the lookout man for J.R.,
the drug dealer to the stars who claims to have sold crystal
ethamphetamine to O. J. Simpson and Kato Kaelin in O.J.'s
ack Bentley in the parking lot of a Burger King on the night
the murders. Ron X came by to see me one afternoon. It
as my first face-to-face with him; we had spoken on the tele-
one several times, and I was eager to put face to voice. He
d told me in advance that he looked like a homeless person.
e was not exaggerating. "Every homeless person smells like
me," he told me. "I let my cat pee on me. The police can
nell the urine on me and think I'm homeless."

"Don't sit in that chair," I replied, pulling out a wooden
ne from the kitchen.

He's somewhere in his mid- to late 30s, with a nice-looking
ice which he manages to make very difficult to get a good

Michele Perrone, size 9

Manager

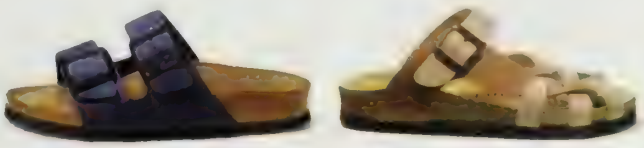
Mother

Bass player

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look at. His hair, which is long, curly, and ratty, hangs in front of his eyes, concealing them, and the rest of his face is obscured by his mustache and beard.

The prosecution continues to maintain its distance from these dealers, even though many of the people who traveled in the world of the Simpsons before the murders suspect that O.J. was high at the time of the killings.

When I pointed out to Ron X that there was apparently no trace of drugs in Simpson's blood, he said that crystal meth leaves the bloodstream quickly. He said that the police messed up by not giving him a urine test, because the drug would have shown up in his urine. I suppose nobody had the nerve to ask such a big star to urinate in a bottle. Ron X claimed that a number of criminals in recent news stories were all on crystal meth. He called them tweeker freak-outs, a slang term for habitual users of the drug. He has a book project.

I wasn't chewing. I was sucking.

—Kimberly Maroe, KCAL-TV reporter, telling me what she said to Judge Ito when she was called into his chambers for chewing gum.

Judge Ito seems to despise the media, and frequently makes reporters the objects of his wrath. Laughter is now forbidden in the courtroom, even if something funny happens, which is rare. On two recent occasions Judge Ito rebuked the court. After hearing ripples of laughter that were really no more than stress-relieving chortles, he said through clenched teeth, "This is not an audience-participation function." Another time, after a minor disturbance, he said that if it happened again he would clear the courtroom.

Mr. Dunne, I spent an evening with O. J. Simpson. At Mortons. Every beam, shaft, and hint of light bounced off his being. He was a man who shifted the energy in the room.... Not for a second do I think he'll be convicted, but he'll haunt the lives of those who "knew" and did nothing about it.

—Excerpt from a letter from a stranger.

At the party for Richard Pryor's book *Pryor Convictions* at Georgia, a man introduced himself to me as Kato Kaelin's publicist. Kato didn't do his gig in Las Vegas after all, but he's got some TV shows lined up, and he's planning to sue Marc Eliot, his former co-author, for a share in the profits of the book *Kato Kaelin: The Whole Truth*. Fame being as fickle as it is, Kato's not quite as famous this month as he was last. Of course, if Marcia Clark were to put him back on the stand and were able to prove that he lied under oath—his version of things in Marc Eliot's book is different in part from what he said on the stand—he'd be right back in the spotlight again. Also at Richard Pryor's party, I ran into the young lady who had told me at Paul Jasmin's birthday party that her girlfriend had been in a three-way with O.J. "Thank God you didn't use my name," she said. "I would have died. I've got a kid now."

At Joe Torrenueva's hair salon in Beverly Hills, I was introduced to Robert Cabral, who used to teach karate to Nicole, Sydney, and Justin Simpson. He told me a fascinating story about O.J.'s not wanting to shake hands with him at Nicole's funeral, and then not looking him in the eye when he finally did. A woman who was watching her four-year-old grandson get a haircut told me that she would introduce me to a friend of hers whom Rosa Lopez used to work for before she worked at the Salingers' house on Rockingham next door to O.J.'s, where, she claimed on the stand, she saw the white Bronco parked on the night of the murders. Speaking of Rosa Lopez, there's a story going around that she's engaged to be married to a 28-year-old ventriloquist from Baltimore who saw her testify on television and then followed her to El Salvador, where they met, fell in love, and plan to marry. The only part of the story I don't believe is that Lopez doesn't want to have the wedding until after the trial, because she wants O.J. to give her away. When I told all this to Dan Rather, on whose CBS newscast I appear on Fridays to discuss the Simpson trial, he asked, "What do you think of that?" I replied, "It's perfect." And it is.

JUDGE: All right. So we may finish with the prosecution case this month?
DARDEN: We may.
JUDGE: All right. That would thrill me to death.

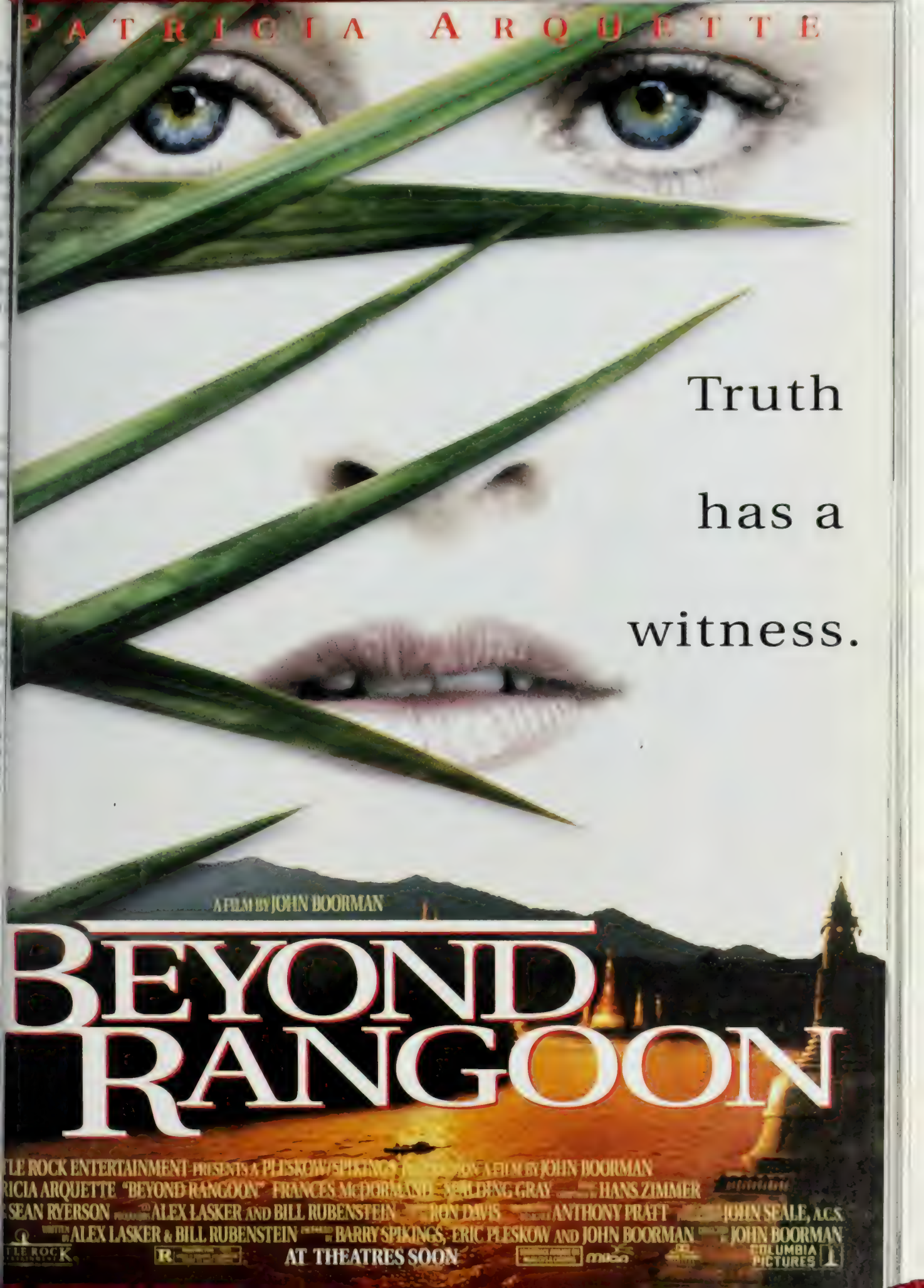
—Judge Lance Ito and prosecutor Christopher Darden discussing the scheduling of remaining prosecution witnesses

> I suppose nobody had the nerve to ask such a big star to urinate in a bottle.

Former attorney general Richard Thornburgh appeared in court one day, as did Roone Arledge, president of the News Division of ABC. Sometimes I forget that there is another world going on here in Los Angeles, where people talk about things other than DNA and slit throats, although all conversation eventually returns to the trial.

The Beverly Hills Hotel, that grande dame of Hollywood life, reopened with a splashy movie-star party. For the purists, the Sultan of Brunei did not overgild the beloved pink birthday cake in his $100 million renovation. The Polo Lounge is as before. Don Loper's banana-leaf wallpaper still covers the halls and the coffee shop. Of course, there are those rather excessive chandeliers that look as if they came straight out of the palace in Brunei, but we'll get used to them in time. In the crush, a woman I had not seen in years told me that Marcus Allen was not going to come back to testify in the O.J. trial. The defense wants Allen to say on the stand that he told O.J. he had had an affair with Nicole and that O.J. still gave him his wedding at the house on Rockingham—all of this to prove that O.J. was not a jealous man. My friend had just talked to Allen that afternoon. He had called to say that he couldn't fly in for her daughter's wedding the following Saturday because he didn't want to come to L.A.

Batman Forever opened with an old-fashioned premiere at the Mann's Village Theater in Westwood, complete with screaming fans going mad at the


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has a
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sight of the stars, Val Kilmer, Jim Carrey, and Nicole Kidman with her husband, Tom Cruise. At a party afterward at the Armand Hammer Museum, I asked a friend of O.J.'s how Simpson's money was holding out, after reports that his legal costs will amount to $6 million by the end of the trial. I was told that O.J. continues to sell memorabilia, that he has received more than seven figures from his book *I Want to Tell You*, that he took out a $3 million line of credit on his house, and that he continues to own equity in HoneyBaked Ham.

And Dennis Hopper, of all people, emerged as the host with the most at his 59th-birthday party in his art-filled house in Venice, arranged and presided over by the beautiful actress-singer Victoria Duffy. It was what they used to call out here a star-studded evening, with 96 guests seated and place-carded, among them, in no particular order, Jack Nicholson, Anjelica Huston, Warren Beatty, Robert De Niro, Uma Thurman, Roddy McDowall, and Sean Penn, as well as such Los Angeles artists as Ed Ruscha, Robert Grant, and Chuck Arnoldi. Jury sequestration, and why it doesn't work, was the main topic of conversation at my table. Ten of the original 24 jurors are gone, and not a one because of illness or family hardship, which are the usual reasons for dismissal. Sequestration is an unnatural state, everyone agreed. Does anyone really expect us to believe that information is not whispered into some jurors' ears during the pillow-talk portion of conjugal visits? Shortly thereafter, I heard that a second dismissed juror had been hospitalized following a suicide attempt.

The case is in the hands of 12 people who didn't have brains enough to get out of jury duty.

Milton Berle at a Sunday brunch at Hillcrest Country Club.

Recently, the *National Enquirer*, which has been right most of the time in what it has published about the O. J. Simpson case, reported that there were secret talks of a plea bargain, that Simpson would claim Nicole attacked him first and the sentence would be seven years. Johnnie Cochran vehemently denied this in court, and told the press that the only thing his client would accept from the state was an apology. That's what's known as chutzpah.

In a dazzling bit of showmanship, Simpson seized the moment and ran with it.

Sometimes, I turn around and I look at the Goldmans, and if you could see the hurt and suffering on their faces. Sometimes, I see them, and they're smiling, but when they are in the courtroom, sometimes they are dying inside. . . . The victims just keep mounting up. The Goldmans are victims. The Browns are victims. The Simpsons are victims. Sydney and Justin Simpson are victims. We're victims because the grief and the pain and the suffering are spread around equally.

—Christopher Darden, member of the prosecution team, in an interview in the *Los Angeles Times*.

If gossip is to be believed, another juror is in jeopardy. This news was whispered in my ear at the candlelight vigil commemorating the first anniversary of Ronald Goldman's death, honoring Ron, Nicole Brown Simpson, and all victims of violent crime. We were in a lovely park in Agoura, about 30 miles north of Los Angeles. (Simultaneously, in Dana Point, 90 miles away, the Brown family was holding a similar candlelight vigil.) A private detective of my acquaintance, who always seems to know a great deal about what is going on in this case before it happens, told me the juror had lied on the voir dire questionnaire, and that—shades of another juror, Jeanette Harris—there was domestic violence in this juror's background which had not been reported. When I passed along this bit of information a few minutes later to a reporter friend of mine, he said he already knew it, and added more to the rumor. "I heard that [the juror] is supposed to have said that Nicole deserved what she got," he said. With that, we lit our candles.

It was a beautiful night. If it wasn't a full moon, it was just a night before or a night after one. Hundreds came. They sat or stood on the hillside. There were television cameras from all the local stations. The Goldmans, with their outgoing friendliness, made themselves available to the crowd. It was a gathering of families. People brought their kids. Kim Goldman, 23, a senior at San Francisco State and an employee of Wells Fargo, was the mistress of ceremonies. She has been at the trial every day, a model of perfect behavior. Telling the crowd about Ron, she cried and laughed as she remembered him. "My brother was only 25, and just on his way to a happy and healthy and prosperous life, but he was literally stopped in his tracks."

I sat between Rabbi Bernie King, who gave the invocation and closing of the ceremony, and district attorney of the county of Los Angeles Gil Garcetti, who was also a speaker, as was I. During one of the speeches, I stood up to move around and case the crowd. In the dark, as I was talking to Suzanne Childs, communications director of the district attorney's office, a woman came up and introduced herself to me. She was Jill Shively, with her mother and a child in hand. Jill Shively, for those who have forgotten, claimed early on that she had seen O.J. in his white Bronco near Nicole Simpson's condominium on the night of the murders. She lost her value as a prosecution witness because she went on *Hard Copy* and took money for telling what she had seen that night. Inasmuch as everyone else involved in this trial is making a buck off it with their books and television appearances, I never saw what was so wrong with Jill Shively's taking money from *Hard Copy*. I went over to KCBS investigative reporter Harvey Levin, with whom I do a Sunday-night wrap-up about the week at the trial, and said, "There's Jill Shively. Grab her. I think she wants to talk." Harvey put his hand up. He was listening to the speech. All around us, candles glowed. "Not now," he said. "This is too moving." □



Burdines


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Vanities



Hollywood Hayek

"I am very passionate about my work," says **SALMA HAYEK** right off the bat. "I get crazy because I love my job. I get butterflies in my stomach from the creative process." She adores her work, O.K.? The Mexican actress's ebullient personality and strong ideas have given her a unique spin on some enviable roles. A frequent collaborator with director Robert Rodriguez, she now co-stars with Antonio Banderas in *Desperado*, the bigger-budget follow-up to Rodriguez's earlier film *El Mariachi*. "Since most of the female characters in action films are either wimps or screaming or really made of steel," says Hayek, she more realistically made her character "strong but extremely feminine." She's also well rounded, dancing with a snake in Rodriguez's *From Dusk 'Til Dawn*. But Hayek's snake-free in this month's *Fair Game*, in which she's Billy Baldwin's ex-paramour; in fact, she found Baldwin "the most generous actor I've ever worked with." She loves him, she loves the movie, she loves her work. —MICHAEL MUSTO

Photograph by DAVIS FACTOR

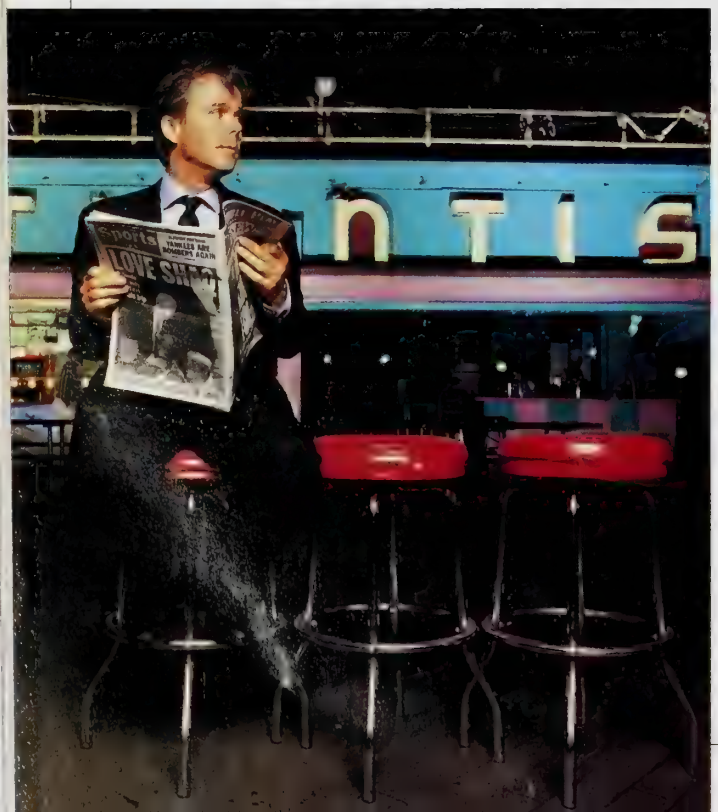
Vanities

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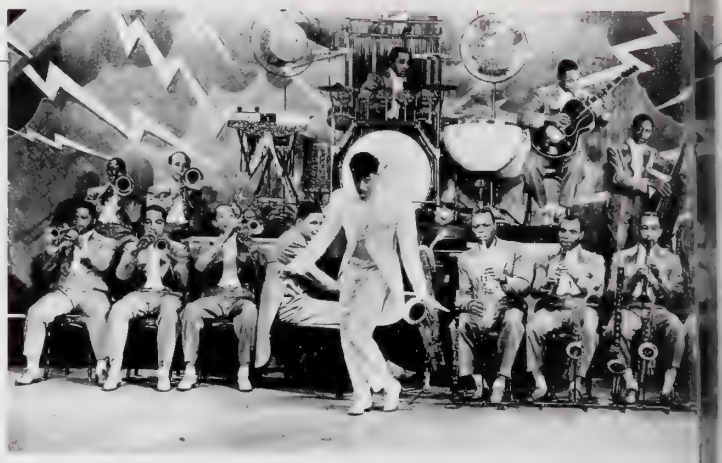
The Irish pedigree, the guttural outer-borough mumble—these are the clichés Michael Daly attributes to his role as a crime-chasing columnist at the New York *Daily News*. But he long ago discarded other staples of a literary tradition that pegged him as a Jimmy Breslin Jr. within a few years of his taking his Yale bachelor's degree in fine arts. "There's a bullshit romance with the streets," says Daly of those who glorify the violence he sees on his beat. "There's really nothing romantic about it."

His first novel, *Under Ground* (Little, Brown), plays against genre as well. An overweight transit cop kills a teenager in a justifiable shooting. And then what? Not your standard cop thriller, but a giddy spending spree, a reckless affair, and the steady unraveling of Officer Jack Swann's presumed routine.

Daly, now 44 and the doting father of two, plunged his family into near poverty when he started his novel nine years ago. "I am deeply suspicious of anybody who says they like to write," he says. "I wanna, like, inch away. It's horrible, but it's beautiful. When you read something really beautifully written, what's better than that?" —CHRIS MITCHELL



Under Ground *author Michael Daly.*

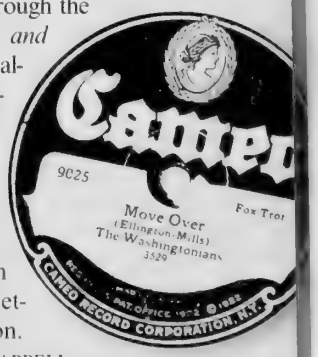


Hot Type

Don't even *think* of leaving for the beach without **FRANCINE PROSE'S** sinfully funny *Hunters and Gatherers* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), a wicked satire about an uptight fact checker at a frothy women's magazine who is drawn into a goddess-worshiping cult on Fire Island after she saves its accident-prone New Age high priestess from drowning.

And what's better than other people's misery for perfect hammock reading? Parasitic miscreants comb through the remains of a Florida town torn asunder by a hurricane in **CARL HIAASEN'S** *Stormy Weather* (Knopf). **RICK MOODY'S** intense and unnerving short-story collection, *The Ring of Brightest Angels Around Heaven* (Little, Brown), is a narcotizing tour de force of sex, drugs, and dementia. Four hapless lads packed off to reform school are brutalized by sadistic guards, only to exact their revenge a decade later, in **LORENZO CARCATERRA'S** riveting *Sleepers* (Ballantine). A lonely Irish divorcée with three kids is a sitting duck for the advances of a treacherous huckster in **MARY McGARRY MORRIS'S** saga, *Songs in Ordinary Time* (Viking). **MARK FROST'S** chilling page-turner *The 6 Messiahs* (Morrow) features Sherlock Holmes creator Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. A good daughter deals with the death of a difficult dad in **DELIA EPHRON'S** bittersweet *Hanging Up* (Putnam).

Other August notables: The mother of all nuclear bombs is exposed in **RICHARD RHODES'S** *Dark Sun: The Making of the Hydrogen Bomb* (Simon & Schuster). Fashion gurus **AMY FINE COLLINS** and **OLIVIA GOLDSMITH** show you the shining path to personal style in *Simple Isn't Easy* (HarperCollins). From Brownie uniform to second wedding dress, the true story of Anywoman **ILENE BECKERMAN'S** life is chronicled through the contents of her closet in *Love, Loss, and What I Wore* (Algonquin). And, finally, Langston Hughes, Duke Ellington, and Malcolm X, as well as other residents of the cultural capital of black America, come alive in **ALLON SCHOENER'S** remarkable *Harlem on My Mind* (New Press), a reprint of the companion book to the controversial 1969 Metropolitan Museum of Art exhibition.



—ELISSA SCHAPPELL

The Cab Calloway Orchestra in 1934, top, *and a Cameo record label, two images from* Harlem on My Mind.

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To Wong Foo for Love

Julie Newmar claws her way onto the comeback trail

Screen siren of yesterday and Catwoman forever, Julie Newmar is on the verge of a comeback—of sorts. The title of *To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar* (this September) is all hers. Unfortunately, she's hardly in the film, which is about three drag queens who steal her autographed photo from a Chinese restaurant and carry it cross-country with them as a sacred totem. Eager to spur this incipient wave of new Newmar lust, however, GEORGE WAYNE sought her out for an interview.

George Wayne: *Don't you think it's outrageous Steven Spielberg is producing a movie about drag queens?*

Julie Newmar: Why not? Today it seems the thing to do.

G.W. *Do you have a cameo in the film?*

J.N. Spielberg says I have "the money shot." You have to ask him what that means, but you will *definitely* see me.

G.W. *Which of the stars [Patrick Swayze, Wesley Snipes, John Leguizamo] made the most impressive drag queen to you?*

J.N. Well, here are some secrets: John Leguizamo will definitely be up for an Academy Award.

G.W. *I thought that too from the very beginning.*

J.N. And Patrick's wonderful.

G.W. *Oh? I thought he'd be the worst one.*

J.N. No! He has that sleekness, an extraordinary presence like Tony Curtis in *Some Like It Hot.* And then Wesley, oh my dear!

G.W. *You seem to inspire many a drag queen in real life. Why do you think that is?*

J.N. I'm still trying to find out what my answer is. But I am larger than life.

G.W. *Do you still collect residuals from your stint as Catwoman on* Batman*?*

J.N. Oh, darling, I got a residual yesterday, but not from that—it was $1.25. I wasn't sure whether to throw it in the trash or keep it. SAG must be beside themselves for the contracts they negotiated for us, but that's back then.



G.W. *Do you think you made a better Catwoman than Eartha Kitt?*

J.N. She had the best purr—hers by far was the best.

G.W. *Now, how old are you? In your mid-60s?*

J.N. No, darling, I'm 61.

G.W. *Well, you're no old maid, for sure. Do you still find time for a little roll in the hay?*

J.N. Well, I can't share all the details with you.

G.W. *Why not? You can tell me anything! You once claimed that Warren Beatty chased you all over Rome.*

J.N. I did.

G.W. *But you denied his sexual advances.*

J.N. Well, that part is true.

G.W. *Why did you turn down Warren?*

J.N. Well, because I had a much more delicious man in New York.

G.W. *Who could that have been?*

J.N. Well, I'm sworn to secrecy.

G.W. *Oh, come on, Julie—you've got to reveal something! And what's the naughtiest thing you've ever done in your life, Ms. Newmar?*

J.N. Dancing nude somewhere, but I shouldn't tell you because it would embarrass two major countries.

G.W. *You mean you were a lap dancer?*

J.N. No, of course not! How sleazy! It was highly positive—it might have moved one nation closer to another, but no names, please. [*Laughing.*]

G.W. *Thierry Mugler loves having you parade the runway of his fashion extravaganzas—*

J.N. Because I'm magnificent! I'm 5 feet 11 inches, and I weigh 135 pounds, and I look like a racehorse. He's the world's greatest designer. I have never seen anything in my whole life as beautiful as his 20th-anniversary show from Paris this past March. It changes your life to be in such a show.

G.W. *Well, thanks for everything, Julie Newmar.*

J.N. You're a sweetie.


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CAMPARI
As distinctive as those who drink it.
Campari and soda.

Vanities



Kent's State

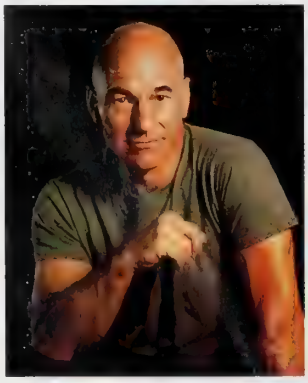
Sitting in the garden of his large suburban home in Chiswick, West London, producer Nicolas Kent doesn't seem like an anti-Establishment radical, particularly when inquiring, "Would you like a cup of tea?" Yet his "Naked" documentary series—*Naked News*, which airs this month on A&E, is his third—has ruffled more than a few feathers. During the making of the 1991 *Naked Hollywood*, producers Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer were so nervous about their portrayal that they withdrew permission for use of their film clips, and an ICM agent actually warned Kent, "You'll never work in this town again."

The four one-hour documentaries that constitute *Naked News* round up all the usual suspects: overpaid anchors, tabloid hacks, talk-radio jocks, media magnates. Like the other *Naked*s (the second was *Naked Sport*), it exhibits a traditional liberal mistrust of untrammeled market forces. "I think it's a bad thing when entertainment values dominate news values," Kent says. At 36, he is showing no signs of mellowing. Last month he wrapped *Saint Ex*, a movie based on the life of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, starring Bruno Ganz and Miranda Richardson, which is scheduled for release this fall. And back in Chiswick he has just finished interviewing a priest for an upcoming documentary about the recent spate of allegations of child abuse made against Catholic priests. "It's probably the most difficult film I've ever tried to produce," he says. Let's hope that when it's shown on HBO later this year the Pope doesn't do anything to try to stop it. —TOBY YOUNG

"Naked" angel: Producer Nicolas Kent.

Night-table Reading

Patrick Stewart, *actor:* In the Skin of a Lion, *by Michael Ondaatje (Penguin). "Ondaatje's novels fascinate me because as his stories develop, layers fall away from his characters as if they are being undressed."*





Ken Aretsky, *restaurateur:* Unto the Sons, *by Gay Talese (Ivy). "Knowing how suave Gay Talese is, it was fascinating to read in great detail about his uncle and father, both master tailors."*

Betty A. Prashker, *editor:* Terrible Honesty: Mongrel Manhattan in the 1920s, *by Ann Douglas (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). "It's about New York in the 20s, when it was bursting with creativity and hope—the way I want it to be now."*





Trudie Styler, *producer:* The Longest Memory, *by Fred D'Aguiar (Vintage U.K.). "It is the most poetic and painful reminder of slavery. You carry pieces of it in your heart."*


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Vanities

V.F. Camera

Do the Cannes-Cannes

Welcome to Cannes! Let's stroll the Croisette. *Ooh-la-la*—nude gate-crashing! *Mon Dieu*—an impromptu auction of Naomi Campbell's emerald-and-sapphire navel ring, with a bid for Sharon Stone's underpants thrown in for good measure! *Sacrebleu*—Nadine Gordimer in a tux! *Bien sûr*—it's the 48th Cannes International Film Festival. More tack than a polo stable. More supermodels than the Bowery Bar at midnight. More topless wanna-bes than Runway "69." And there were films too. An average of 70 screenings per day over the 12-day Olympiad. From royalty to movie producers, it seems there was a little something at the celluloid salad bar for everyone. How do you say "buzz" in French?

—E. E. OSBORNE

Photographs by DAFYDD JONES







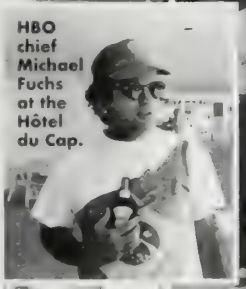






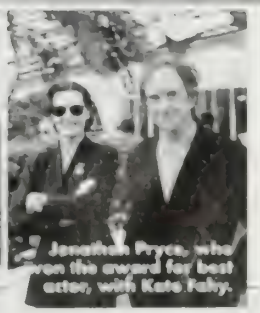



















KNY



VANITY FAIR
AUGUST 1995

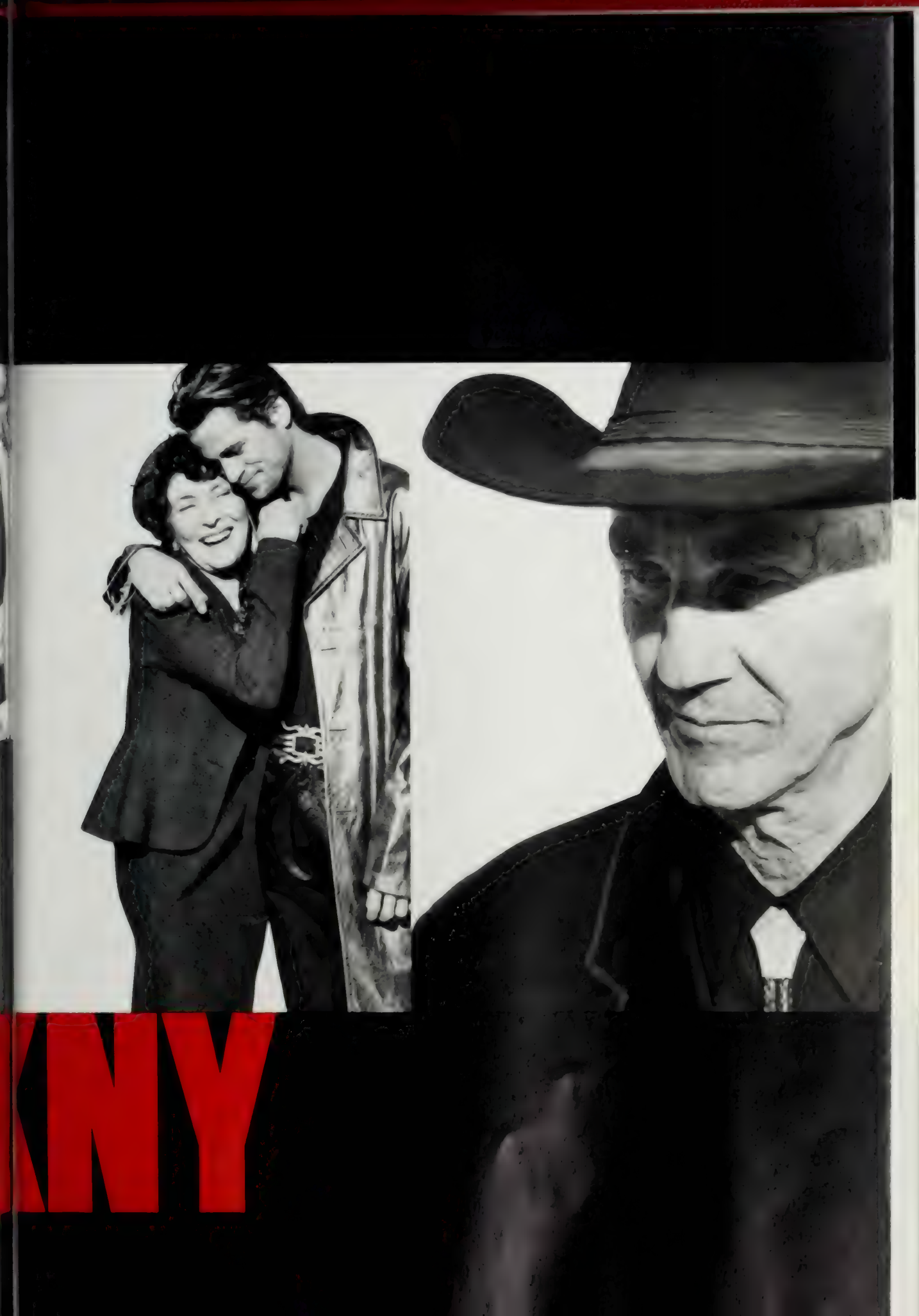
Within days of the first reports that trickled out from Zaire, virus experts worldwide went on full crisis alert: Ebola had resurfaced was killing again. Men, women, and children lay dying in the city of Kikwit as the lethal virus ate away at its victims' veins, spreading at the slightest ntact with the blood that poured from their eyes, ears, noses, and mouths. LAURIE GARRETT flew into the ground zero of death as a team of infectious-disease specialists from around the globe assembled to do battle with this nightmare epidemic

PLAGUE WARRIORS

The instant the jet's doors open at Kinshasa's N'Djili International Airport, cool European air is exchanged for an acrid, sweltering dampness that immediately makes the whole body perspire. As the weary traveler gets off the plane, swarms of malarial mosquitoes descend, followed closely by hordes of "officials" and "helpers" eager to relieve visitors of carry-on luggage and burdensome cash. Seasoned travelers to equatorial Zaire know that only Nigeria's notorious Lagos airport can compete with N'Djili or thievery, bribery, and general corruption. They know o arrange ahead of time to be met by well-placed individuals familiar with the types of extortion that have long since replaced salaries and paychecks as the primary sources of income for Zaire's impoverished civil servants, police, and military personnel.

For Kinshasa's craftiest entrepreneurs the word "Ebola" meant merely that doctors, relief workers, and journalists carrying internationally valid currency would be coming In the capital, few yet spoke of the terrors of Ebola. No one mentioned people writhing in agonizing pain, vomiting blood, passing bloody urine and diarrhea, bleeding from the nose, ears, mouth, shedding bloody tears. No one talked about 1976, when the mysterious virus surfaced in




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the remote village of Yambuku, killing 274 people. No one wanted to admit that the scourge of Yambuku was back.

Since September 1991, when soldiers discovered they were being paid in worthless currency, Zaire has been in a state of anarchy. General Mobutu Sese Seko Kuku Ngbendu wa za Banga (which means "the all-powerful warrior who, because of his inflexible will to win, goes from conquest to conquest leaving fire in his wake") lives in a luxurious retreat in his home village of Gbadolite, 750 miles from Kinshasa, Zaire's capital. The World Bank, the U.S. government, and most European nations stopped virtually all financial support for Zaire in the early 90s after intelligence reports revealed that Mobutu, his relatives, and his friends had pilfered as much as $11 billion from the national bank during the three decades of his rule.

Zaire should rank among the richest nations in the world—rather than among the poorest—because within its vast territory lie 60 percent of the earth's cobalt, enormous petroleum reserves, much of the global supply of industrial-grade diamonds, and mind-boggling quantities of gold, silver, zinc, manganese, coal, and assorted precious metals. Yet most Zaireans survive on about $200 a year. They can look forward to living to age 46 (if they are male) and 49 (if they are female) and can expect that one out of 10 of their babies will never win the battle against microbes and malnutrition to reach a first birthday. The zaire, the nation's currency, was worth a mere fraction of a cent when the dreaded Ebola virus struck the provincial city of Kikwit in January 1995. Purchases are made with 15-pound satchels of 100- and 500-zaire notes, which are emblazoned with a portrait of Mobutu bedecked in his trademark Buddy Holly glasses. A tank of gasoline in Kikwit requires a seven-inch-thick stack of 500-zaire bills, and the black-market exchange of four $100 bills nets two 20-pound sacks of Zairean cash. For reasons of real value, not to mention convenience, Zaireans prefer doing business in dollars.

Social and economic conditions in Zaire were important factors in the re-emergence of the deadly Ebola virus after a 19-year hiatus. In the U.S. there is a physician for every 400 people; in Zaire the doctor-patient ratio is about one for every 24,000. Most Zairean doctors are civil servants who have gone unsalaried for the last four years. All over Zaire, doctors, nurses, and orderlies feed their families and pay their rents by stealing medical supplies from hospitals and selling them in what the World Bank euphemistically calls "the informal economy." Families are expected to find their own drugs, anesthesia, food, scalpels, bed linens, and other essentials for ailing relatives' hospital visits. And most of Zaire's government-hospital beds are like the ones in Kikwit General Hospital: hard steel coils, half of them without mattresses or linens. Patients often find it preferable to do as Kikwit's dying Ebola victims did: lie directly on the concrete or dirt floors of the hospitals.

In early May I saw a Reuters wire-service story out of Geneva indicating that the Ebola hemorrhagic-fever virus had resurfaced in Zaire, having caused only one reported death since the N'zara, Sudan, epidemics of 1976 and '79 and Zaire's 1976 Yambuku outbreak. Immediately I made arrangements to go to Zaire. The only way to prevent Ebola infection is to avoid all physical contact with the bodies and fluids of the dead and dying, as well as [illegible] and other objects touched by them. Like cold viruses, Ebola can survive for long periods of time on moist surfaces and then be carried into the body by touching the nose, mouth, eyes, or other mucous membranes. One person is infected the prognosis is grim. The virus destroys the membrane linings of the blood vessels and large organs. As the veins and capillaries drain of fluid, they become clogged by the larger blood cells and solids. This, ultimately, will cause heart failure. Before that happens, however, Ebola victims usually die because their major organs have simply melted away. As of this writing only 20 percent of those who came down with hemorrhagic fever survived the disease, making the 1995 strain of the virus 80 percent lethal, according to the World Health Organization (W.H.O.). During the first weeks of May, however, when the epidemic was at its peak in Kikwit, the virus killed 97 percent of its victims. To protect myself I bought latex gloves and three standard surgical masks in a Manhattan drugstore.

The marble lobby of Kinshasa's Hotel Intercontinental was crammed not with my fellow medical correspondents but with the same journalistic ambulance chasers who recently competed for scoops in Amman, Tel Aviv, Mogadishu, and Bosnia. The clutter of satellite dishes atop the hotel's roof, precious sat-phone briefcases toted by valets to suites on upper floors, and Caucasians with cellular phones zooming down the halls testified to the global hunger for news from "the hot zone." Richard Preston's best-seller of that name and the Dustin Hoffman movie *Outbreak* had convinced many an American and European news editor that Ebola—a microbe that was until recently completely unknown to all but a handful of the world's infectious-disease experts—was the Big Story of the moment. But Kinshasa was a long way from Kikwit. An abominable stretch of poorly paved roadway traverses the roughly 250 miles between the sprawling metropolis of four million and the southwestern city of some 400,000 people. By May 11, the Zairean government had erected quarantine roadblocks along that span, making the usual rough 12-hour drive virtually impossible. The only people able to leave the Kikwit area, in Bandundu Province, for Kinshasa had spent dollars for either an airplane seat or extraordinary bribes along the highway. Rumor had it that trucks loaded with perishable goods were shaken down for as much as $200 by soldiers along the cordons sanitaires—an astronomical sum by Zairean standards.

The only way to get into Kikwit was by air. Not a regular stop for commercial airlines, Kikwit's tiny airport was accustomed to so few visits that the distant droning of an

raft always drew an eager crowd to the small knoll overking the landing strip. Thanks to Ebola, however, the citis of Kikwit would become almost blasé about airplanes those of the Mission Aviation Fellowship, the Red Cross, Excellence, and various relief organizations would ar- several times a day bearing, first, scientists and relief tors, later, modest medical supplies, then, when the govment loosened restrictions, packs of hungry reporters. l, finally, when the epidemic started to subside, the k of the protective equipment and supplies Kikwit so perately needed.

On May 14, following days of pressure from the international press corps, the Zairean Ministry of Public Health allowed a planeload of 23 reporters, photographers, and television-crew members to land in Kikwit. The press corps hit the tarmac at a run, racing against one another and the clock, because they were due to fly back to Kinshasa four hours after they arrived. Their destinations were predictable, as they needed shots of dying Ebola victims, Kikwit General Hospital, the rapidly filling cemetery, and the epidemic command post, from which an international team of ysicians and scientists was trying to stop the plague.

Infectious-disease scientists are by necessity focused, ense individuals. During major epidemics they are also hausted. They have two missions, which they struggle complete in tandem: to stop the microbe's deadly read and to study it. The most candid disease fighters ncede that those two missions can come into conflict, at they are torn between the needs of the patients dyg before their eyes and the desire to amass information r further study of the disease. Each scientist must come terms with this conflict, reaching an ethical balance at he or she can live with. Physicians tend to tip the ale toward urgent patient needs, while the virologists id epidemiologists dedicate more energy to solving scitific puzzles. If a team is functioning well, the overall balance enables the members to fulfill both mandates.

In Kikwit the team was just beginning to find that balance, its members getting to know one another and the crisis before them, when the 23 journalists appeared for their four hours. It did not go well.

A Swiss physician at Kikwit General Hospital took one look at the cameras and started shouting in French to any and all within earshot that no one, repeat, no one, was going to enter his isolation ward, photographing patients without their consent and possibly spreading contamination. Not all the members of the press corps understood French, but the truth was they wanted to see blood.

Seeing red of a different kind, according to two sources, the doctor wrestled a camerawoman from Reuters, bringing her to her knees and causing her to scrape her elbow on a floor that had been hot with the Ebola virus for weeks. (Ultimately she did not come down with the disease.)

There were other incidents





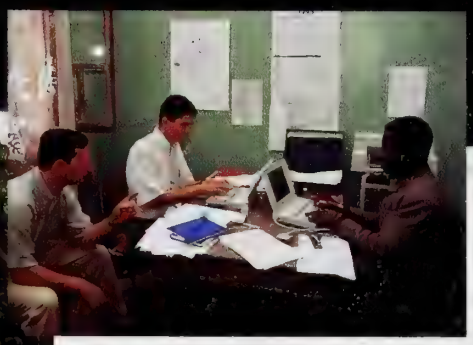
THE FOURTH HORSEMAN OF THE APOCALYPSE

Above: a sister mourns Italian nun Dina Rosa Belleri, who died on May 14 of Ebola after treating patients in Kikwit. Since Ebola is spread through bodily fluids, medical workers are at great risk. At least 138 people died at Kikwit General Hospital before protective gear arrived. *Left:* Red Cross volunteers carrying the casket of an Ebola victim.

The C.D.C. had repeatedly warned Washington that other microbes—the worst case, an airborne form of one of the superlethal hemorrhagic-fever viruses—might soon emerge.

Kikwit General Hospital exceeded their worst expectations. "There was blood on the mattresses, the floors, the walls . . . the wards were full of Ebola."







INTO THE WHIRLWIND

Above: the mortuary in Kikwit. The new strain killed 80 percent of its victims. *Top right:* Dr. David Heymann, center, a C.D.C. and W.H.O. physician, pictured in Kikwit on May 19, 1995, discussing the Ebola virus with Dr. Tamfum Muyembe, right, one of Zaire's best-known scientists, and W.H.O. epidemiologist Guenaël Rodier. *Above, right:* from left to right, Muyembe, Dutch physician Barbara Kierstiëns, and Heymann in front of the team's command center.

that Sunday afternoon that set up a bitter tension between the journalists and the scientists. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (C.D.C.) epidemiologist Dr. Ali Khan watched in disbelief as cameras recorded the lists of names of those suspected of having Ebola.

"It's outrageous!" Khan said. "We posted those lists for the team so we could keep track. They're never supposed to be public. What about patient confidentiality? These people have the same rights to privacy as Americans."

Nor were Africans asked for their consent to be photographed as they lay in their own bloody diarrhea or wept and wailed over a loved one's body.

"I detest reporters! I will never in my life give another interview. You are a member of the lowest, most vile profession on earth," the C.D.C.'s Dr. Pierre Rollin,

on loan to the U agency from Franc Institut Pasteur, s at me a few days ter the press invasion, although I personally had do nothing to offend him. It was my mere existence, notebook and ancient Canon in hand, that riled French virologist.

The antagonistic relationship that developed betwe the press and the scientists put me in an awkward po tion. Having done my own lab work in the past and t en graduate courses in immunology and pub health, I was sympathetic to the W.H.O. a C.D.C. scientists' concern that the press was terfering in their efforts. On the other hand, it w simply unrealistic to imagine that the journalis and the news-hungry public they serve, would satisfied to see the epidemic from Kinshasa's H tel Inter-Continental.

When I had reconstructed the history of t 1976 Yambuku Ebola epidemic for my book, *T Coming Plague,* there were no popular accou available. Press coverage had been limited to garbl 100- to 200-word wire stories. I conducted lengthy terviews with participants in the investigations, scann their scientific publications, and scrutinized photos, diari and field notes some of the scientists had provided. Ne ly all the veterans of Yambuku told me they regrett that the epidemic hadn't been better documented for l er analyses.

When the pack of reporters and TV crews returned Kinshasa on May 14 they were greeted by Zairean soldi and government officials determined to place them unc quarantine. The reporters waved their papers bearing g ernment stamps of approval for their journey. And the ficials said, Yes, you had the Ministry of Informatio approval to go. But you didn't have the Ministry Health's permission to come back. We don't want y bringing Ebola to Kinshasa. After more than an hour heated negotiations involving representatives of the U and French Embassies, the reporters were allowed to lea the stifling airplane for their air-conditioned hotel suite

"It is you press that are putting people in danger by ur movements," Zairean Ministry of Public Health sec- ary-general Bopendo Bo-nkumu Lonyangela declared in press conference the following day. Bopendo held en the possibility of police detention of quarantine vio- ors, saying that "the quarantine measures are the mea- es of the police. And these are international measures commended by WHO." Perceived as a threat, that tement sparked rumors of impending roundups of all reporters, photographers, and TV-crew members who d traveled to Kikwit. Some made a run for it, taking ferry across the muddy Congo River to Brazzaville, pital of the Congo.

After that, pilots feared their planes would be impound- if they carried journalists to Kikwit, so they declined en the rather substantial "payments" offered by network- ws producers from the U.S. and Europe. Unable to get ck to the epidemic, the press turned its attention to fears at the contagion might arrive in Kinshasa. The city zzed with rumors of Ebola carriers: a nurse from Kik- t, a Congo riverboat captain, a truckdriver, unspecified mbers of cases in the sprawling slum of La Cité.

The mood in Kinshasa started to get ugly. The public ge that is the norm these days in Zaire focused on the idemic. Though Zaire routinely ranks high among Amnesty ernational's top offenders of human rights, a Kinshasa wspaper, *Salongo,* brazenly called into question responsi- ity for the epidemic with the banner headline EBOLA RUS BLOODY DIARRHEA. WHO IS AT FAULT?

On May 15, former Republican Party presidential hope- and host of *The 700 Club* Pat Robertson appeared in nshasa bearing medical supplies for Kikwit, including non- sable syringes, assorted antibiotics, and oral-rehydration ts. Though most of these were not particularly appro- iate for the Ebola crisis, some could be used to treat igella, a bacterial disease that also causes bloody diar- ea. In truth, Kikwit had two epidemics to contend with, e of which—shigella—may have masked the arrival of the ier. Another 30,000 hospital gowns and masks had been llected back in the States, Robertson said, and would be pped to Zaire as soon as transport could be arranged.

"I'm just as concerned about this shigella epidemic as m about the Ebola," Robertson said the next afternoon ring a poolside chat at the Inter-Continental in Kin- asa. "I saw what shigella did to those people during the rror in Goma [Rwandan refugee camps], and I think need to do all we can to attack both problems."

I had arrived in Kinshasa on May 14, only to find I uldn't get to Kikwit because of the quarantine. Having ard of my book, Robertson offered to provide me with jump seat aboard his aging Caribou cargo plane, sched- d to leave on May 17 for Kikwit.

On the morning of May 17, General Mobutu made a -hour visit to the capital. (When Ebola broke out in mbuku in 1976 he stayed out of the country.) After uring a warehouse in which Robertson's medical sup- ies were stored, Mobutu finally made a public state- nt regarding the plague that had befallen his country. fy heart is with the people of Kikwit," the general informed. "I would have liked to go, but my doctors have forbidden me to go in that area."

Two hours later I was aboard Robertson's noisy, clumsy old plane (minus Robertson himself), as it took off for Kikwit. The flight was over largely unpopulated expanses of land that ranged from deforested grassy knolls to dense, canopied rain forests. Though the citizens of Kinshasa feared a mass exodus of people fleeing Bandundu Province, we spotted only four motor vehicles moving westward along the highway. The young Virginian who pilots planes for Robertson's organization explained that the scenery was new to him because Kikwit wasn't on the plane's normal itinerary. Most of his flights took him deep into Zaire's interior, "where a bunch of former navy SEALS from the Vietnam days are running a diamond mine for Dr. Robertson," the Virginian said.

In Kikwit I found that only three other journalists had made it in: NPR's Michael Skoler, French photographer Patrick Robert, and *Time*-magazine correspondent Andrew Purvis, who had come and gone. Kikwit isn't really a city; it has none of the attributes of an urban center, save too many people. There are no government-run services to speak of: no road repair or construction, no electricity, no running water, no sewage system, no radio or television, no telephones. Even the few services that do exist—hospitals, clinics, and grade schools—are so poorly run that the smarter citizens have learned to avoid them. Those who are able make long treks to distant Catholic or Baptist missionary schools and clinics.

Kikwit's desperation had worsened with the quarantine. For the most part, trucks from Kikwit couldn't deliver produce to sell in Kinshasa, nor could the stricken city receive such staples as rice, sugar, and grains.

"It's good to issue a quarantine, but they have to find another solution or we will have dire economic circumstances," Kikwit mayor Ignace Gata Mavita said. Seated in the Hôtel de Ville's mayoral residence, the handsome young politician seemed at his wit's end. "If the quarantine continues much longer the world may have its solution, but we will starve. When people don't eat well, their health suffers, and they will create another crisis. Here in Kikwit we know the link between hunger and disease."

A single paved road—named Boulevard Mobutu, of course—bisects Kikwit. All other roads are dirt, full of potholes, gullies, ruts, and mud. Many are impassable even with rugged four-wheel-drive vehicles. But that makes little difference to most of Kikwit's residents, who could no more afford a car than to fly the Concorde to London. Along Boulevard Mobutu are row after row of shut-down businesses, victims of Zaire's demolished economy. Many pharmacies remain open, sites from which pilfered medical supplies may be sold.

In one of the marketplaces, 30-year-old Pascaline sold sugar and grains from her precariously constructed wooden stall. Carefully made up and dressed in a revealing

formfitting blouse and *milele* wraparound skirt, Pascaline reached out to give a visitor a friendly handshake, then caught herself.

"Oh, no! Salutation is forbidden!" Pascaline said, offering instead Kikwit's epidemic alternative to potentially contagious handshakes: elbow-to-elbow taps. "I don't greet people. And I don't like to eat with others or share food. My friend Willy, a nurse at the hospital, died of this Ebola. It is the first I have heard of this type of disease, and it makes us very worried. We don't know what to do."

With that, Pascaline's gregarious expression faded, and a quiet sadness overwhelmed her. In a land where at least 10 percent of the adult population is H.I.V.-positive, where drug-resistant cerebral malaria is claiming more lives, where measles, tuberculosis, leprosy, and polio kill and maim thousands of people each year, Ebola conjures a unique terror. From nearby stalls vendors offered smoked monkeys, heads and hands still intact. Charred fish and caterpillars—eaten as a crunchy alternative to potato chips—were being sold by Kieshilamga, an older woman with classic Kikongo beauty tattoos, which looked like lace on her cheekbones. She offered a belief commonly held among Kikwit residents: "This kind of disease comes suddenly, and it makes me afraid. It can be that it is a disease, as they say. Or it can be that those persons were poisoned."

Though the Ebola virus made its way quietly into Kikwit early in the year, it wasn't identified until an infected 36-year-old laboratory technician named Kimfumu underwent surgery in Kikwit General Hospital, spreading the virus to five members of the attending medical staff. A series of hospital transmissions followed, and the people of Kikwit logically assumed that the hospital was the source of the scourge. A number of conspiracy theories were voiced, the most popularly held of which was that doctors were killing patients "for the diamonds." One of the few ways an impoverished resident of Kikwit can make quick cash is by illegally entering the diamond-mining areas of central Zaire, Angola, and South Africa, obtaining gems by a variety of means, and then swallowing the precious cargo in order to smuggle it back into Kikwit. Usually the gems are retrieved with the passage of time and excrement, but on occasion they get stuck somewhere in the smuggler's gastrointestinal tract. According to Kikwit popular lore, some doctors have killed their smuggler patients, keeping the diamonds for themselves. And that, the marketplace chatterers said, was the real basis of the so-called Ebola epidemic.

But the truth of the epidemic's origins and spread would prove far more horrifying than any diamond smuggler's paranoid fantasy.

The head of Kikwit General Hospital, U.S.-trained Dr. Mungala Kipasa, is a handsome man in his late 30s who always appeared crisp and unfazed by the heat. He recalled that the epidemic had drawn his attention when the hospital started admitting patients with bloody diarrhea in March. He agreed with the staff's assessment that the culprit was the shigella bacterium, a major cause of dysentery and death in developing countries. "But by the end of March we realized that many of our patients were not responding to treatment," Dr. Kipasa explai in his characteristically soft voice, which nevertheles conveyed urgency and intense emotion. He sent word to the capital, requesting the assistance of one of Zaire's best-known scientists, Dr. Tamfum Muyembe of the University of Kinshasa. Born in Zaire and educated in missionary schools, Muyembe studied medicine in Europe and got a Ph.D. in virology. In a country where it is difficult even to obtain test tubes, Muyembe has managed to establish an internation reputation as a virus hunter and laboratory scientist. Even in serious moments his face exudes an invit warmth. He is unusually comfortable with foreigne and unlike most of his countrymen, he is not ill at e among female professional peers.

When Muyembe reached Kikwit April he was stunned by the s ation. The General Hospital w full, most of its patients suffer from an agonizing ailment t produced a wide array of sym toms, one of which was bloody arrhea. Muyembe speculated t the disease might be an antibiot resistant form of shigella. So 600 miles to the northeast, in t Rwandan refugee camps arou Goma, a powerful mutant stra of the bacterium had emerg months earlier, and was still killing people in that regio Muyembe relayed by radio an urgent message to 80-yea old Sister Agnes, a retired missionary and nun living Belgium. The sister had run Kikwit General Hospital pharmacy for years, and Muyembe hoped she might able to assist the beleaguered hospital in its new plight. H asked her to send large supplies of ciprofloxacin, a po erful broad-spectrum antibiotic.

Sister Agnes was stumped by the request becau ciprofloxacin is one of the most expensive antibiotics in th world: supplies sufficient to stop an epidemic such as Muyem be described would cost at least one million Belgian fran ($35,000)—far beyond the means of her convent. Sister Agn called the Institute of Tropical Medicine in Antwerp. A v rologist there listened attentively as she read Muyembe message, in which he expressed concern that the Kikw patients resembled those he'd seen with Ebola 19 years ea lier in Yambuku. Alarmed, the virologist instructed Siste Agnes to get word to Muyembe immediately, asking hi to send blood and tissue samples to Antwerp for analysi

On May 6 the samples arrived in Antwerp, but the W.H.O having been informed of Muyembe's suspicions, ordere the Belgians to overnight the potentially lethal cargo to th C.D.C.'s Special Pathogens Branch in Atlanta. It had th proper facilities to handle Biohazard Level 4 organisms such as Ebola, which are highly contagious, incurable, an usually lethal, and it had personnel accustomed to work ing in conditions where one false move can spell death.

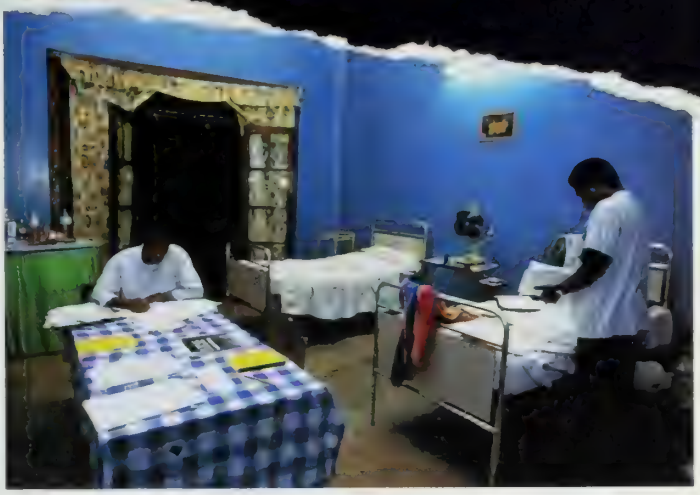
Meanwhile, an American scientist, Dr. David Heymann

I noticed that two body bags ere leaking blood, and the wind was carrying into my face dust and dirt particles which probably had been spattered with blood.

loan from the C.D.C. to the W.H.O. in Geneva, de-led not to wait for the official confirmation of Ebola. eymann, who now works in the Global Programme on DS, has devoted years of his life to studying and, when ssible, stopping epidemics in Africa; a member of the 76 Yambuku team, he was eager to face down his old mesis. Now 49 years old, Heymann is slim and high-uisted and still looks much like an energetic young med-il resident. He is married to a Frenchwoman and speaks ient French. In tense situations, he has a focused, hu-orless manner, although he never takes out his frustrations i subordinates. In relaxed moments, however, he can dish ossip and tell jokes with the best of them. Before the D.C. had even received Muyembe's blood samples, Hey-ann was scurrying about Geneva in search of supplies.

Also preparing for departure at the W.H.O. was Mark czeniowski, a technical officer who had spent most of the)s and 70s in Zaire doing battle with smallpox and its pri-ate cousin, monkeypox. Although he is an American, he is spent so much of his life abroad that it's impossible to ll what country he is from. In his early 50s, Szczeniowski ill appears athlétic. He is always calm, and there is nev-a smudge on his wire-rimmed glasses. To Szczeniowski ould fall the overwhelming tasks of coordinating commu-cations, transportation, personnel, and supplies in Kikwit, city without any of the team's most basic needs. Well ersed in such arcane facts as how to negotiate a Land over along two planks spanning a flooded river, and ex-emely charming, Szczeniowski was a good man for the job.

In Atlanta the C.D.C.'s National Center for Infectious)isease was alarmed at the possibility that the hemor-iagic-fever virus had resurfaced. For more than two years ney had been battling budget cutters in Washington who sisted that AIDS was an aberration on the public-health adar screen. The C.D.C. knew otherwise. In the last two ears alone the agency has confronted a record number of pidemics, including those of the Muerto Canyon hantavirus, hich caused more than half of its victims in the south-estern U.S.A. to die gasping for oxygen that their lungs ould no longer absorb; new, mutant, drug-resistant strains f tuberculosis that kill 50 percent of those who develop ymptoms; even the notorious streptococcus strain known s "the flesh-eating bacterium." The C.D.C. had repeat-



VIRUS HUNTERS

Kikwit General Hospital in May 1995. Each day Heymann and Muyembe would assign such priority tasks as examining relatives of the victims for symptoms of Ebola, testing pets in the city for evidence of the virus, and searching out cases in remote villages.

edly warned officials in Washington of the possibility that other microbes—in the worst case, an airborne form of one of the superlethal hemorrhagic-fever viruses—might soon emerge. When the Kikwit samples arrived, they were taken directly to the C.D.C.'s Biohazard Level 4 laboratory, where scientists are protected by space suits that allow them to work safely in a sea of deadly microbes. The building itself is surrounded by an array of motion detectors and security devices, which journalists are asked not to describe or photograph, for fear that terrorists might use the information to penetrate the perimeter. Inside, the laboratory is a building suspended within the center of a larger building and supplied with its own ventilation, water, and electrical systems. On May 10, after just one day's work, the C.D.C. team confirmed Muyembe's worst fears: the killer of Kikwit was Ebola.

It was decided that C.D.C. scientists should go to Kikwit. At the top of the list was epidemiologist Dr. Ali Khan. Born in Brooklyn of Pakistani parents, Khan is the father of two-year-old triplets. He had distinguished himself during the Muerto Canyon hantavirus investigation, where he played a leading role. His job in Zaire would be to identify the chains of transmission of the virus from one person or groups of people to others. In his early 30s,

he would be younger than the other core members of the Kikwit scientific team.

In Brussels, Dutch-born physician Barbara Kierstiëns was going over W.H.O. reports on the Zairean situation and preparing a small team of medical volunteers from Médecins sans Frontières (M.S.F.)—Doctors Without Borders. The nongovernmental relief organization offers vital professional assistance in medical crises all over the world. The 35-year-old Kierstiëns has chosen to devote her life to the exceedingly depressing medical specialty of relief work, which takes her to the world's worst and most dangerous crises.

In Antwerp, AIDS physician Dr. Bob Colebunders, of the Institute of Tropical Medicine, was preparing to drive to a friend's funeral when he got word that his medical services might be needed in Kikwit. Still mourning his father-in-law's recent death, Colebunders worried that the timing of such an ordeal might be bad for him and his wife. But by mid-May he would be in Kikwit.

The first on the scene were Heymann and Szczeniowski. Teamed with Muyembe, the men would form a triumvirate leading the effort to control the epidemic. (Muyembe, who speaks French and English as well as at least two Zairean languages, was the official leader.) Muyembe's gregarious nature was complemented by Heymann's cool-headed, clear-thinking style. Heymann wore both W.H.O. and C.D.C. hats, and would play a key diplomatic role as the epidemic unfolded, keeping peace among the scientists and their often competitive agencies. Like Muyembe, Szczeniowski could draw from his store of good humor whenever conditions got especially rough.

Which happened the moment the scientists arrived in Kikwit. On their flight from Geneva, Heymann and Szczeniowski discussed what they had seen and heard of Ebola, trying to imagine what lay ahead in Kikwit.

But what they found in Kikwit General Hospital on May 10 exceeded their worst expectations, Heymann has said.

"There was blood everywhere. Blood on the mattresses, the floors, the walls. Vomit, diarrhea . . . the wards were full of Ebola cases."

Patients suffering from other ailments unrelated to Ebola were wandering in the emergency ward among those with Ebola. Everywhere there was death.

Women—the wives, mothers, and daughters of the dead—danced in spasmodic horror in front of the morgue, calling out to the heavens.

"Someone has died! Someone has died!" they wailed, followed, as was traditional, by a listing of the dead's name and attributes. "My husband has died," one would wail. "He was a good provider! He was a strong man! He is leaving seven children! He is leaving me!"

The hospital had no running water, linens, sterile syringes, or essential supplies. The unpaid staff was ministering to the patients' needs without benefit of full protection: they had no effective masks, only used, la… gloves, and no plastic aprons, gowns, booties, or gogg…

Before Heymann and Szczeniowski arrived, Muyer… had compiled a grisly chart showing connections betw… people who had died of the horrible disease, beginn… with an outbreak in the hospital. At its center was K… fumu, the 36-year-old lab technician who had been … first on the chart to contract Ebola. Poor Kimfumu's … of taking blood samples at another Kikwit hospital … put him at high risk for exposure to the virus. By Ap… 10, Kimfumu's belly was so distended that the hosp… staff decided he had a perforated bowel resulting fro… typhoid infection—a reasonable diagnosis given Kimfum… high fever. They performed surgery to repair the putat… perforation, but found instead an inflamed appen… which they removed. The following day Kimfumu's be… was further distended, and all his vital signs were prec… ious. The staff decided the sutures were leaking, and … erated again. This time the incision caused massi… unstoppable bleeding; his organs were swimming in blo… And so, quickly, was the staff.

Over the following three weeks members of the t… surgical teams that had operated on Kimfumu—two nu… anesthetists and three nurses—came down, one by one, w… horrible symptoms. One of the nurses, an Italian nun, S… ter Floralba, was transferred to the far superior hospital … cility in Mosango, a 90-minute drive west of Kikwit. W… funded by the U.S.-based Catholic Relief Services, t… mission hospital in Mosango is a sprawling expanse … bright-blue one-story buildings offering 160 surgical be… and 590 other beds, including tuberculosis and leprosy san… torium facilities. It is well known in Kikwit that if you … seriously ill and you have transport you go to Mosango.

So even before Sister Floralba was admitted, there we… cases of Ebola in Mosango hospital. When a stude… nurse working in Kikwit General Hospital fell ill on Ap… 9, he quite naturally sought help in Mosango. He arrive… April 13, leaning on his sister and brother-in-law for su… port, and suffering from terrible bloody diarrhea and … raging fever.

"Oh, it's just AIDS," the brother-in-law told the hospit… staff. A lab technician drew a blood sample and worke… it up for H.I.V. infection. The results had not yet come … when the Kikwit nurse died the following morning.

A week later his sister fell ill, succumbing in Mosang… on April 28. Before she died the young woman suffered a horrible bout of hiccups, the result of acute spasms of her diaphragm. She died bleeding and hiccup-gulping for air.

By then her mother, a resident of the actual village of Mosango, which is a half-day's walk from the hospital, was battling her own case of hemorrhagic fever. Having wiped the bleeding mouth and held the outstretched hands of her dying daughter, she died on May 11.

Sister Floralba had arrived from Kikwit on April 20. "She

d," Mosango doctor Marie-Jo Bonnet later recalled, th the worst hemorrhaging seen in any case. She was erly, and it seems Ebola hits the old much harder ere were huge, huge amounts of blood. And her tongue s so swollen and thick with blood that she wasn't able eat or drink. Blood was oozing from her lips, her ns, her tongue—everything was bleeding."

At Floralba's side, praying and offering care, was an- er Italian nun, Sister Danielangela, who came from a age located 12 miles away. She assisted at Mosango spital only once—on the night of April 23.

"And that was it. All it took. She got Ebola," Dr. Bon- said. Sister Floralba died on April 25, her nun com- nion followed two weeks later.

On April 25 and 26 another student nurse and a young lower whose wife had just died of Ebola at Kikwit Gen- l Hospital came to Mosango. The student nurse died hin hours of arriving, and infected eight hospital workers that time. The widower died on April 30. The ire hospital went into a frenzy, and more n half the patients and personnel fled the lowing day.

"Oh, there was so much panic!" Mosango's . Anicet Mazaya said.

"No one on the staff agreed to deal with the dy," Dr. Bonnet said of the student nurse. he staff had created an isolation room for him, d nobody would clean it up. They all refused. aid, 'All right. Those of you who have children d so on don't have to do it.' But I named two rses who were unmarried, and one of them it rather than enter the isolation room."

Finally, Dr. Bonnet and her colleague Dr. ilippe Akamituna put the nurse's body into coffin, scrubbed the room, and brought the cased cadaver into the hospital's grassy court- rd.

"Still no one from the village, no one from e hospital, would agree to carry the coffin," onnet said.

So the petite middle-aged Frenchwoman and her tall young Zairean colleague hoisted the coffin onto their shoulders and made the long trek under the blistering equatorial sun to the village graveyard. As they went, parents grabbed their children, residents closed their windows, and the terrified populace raced for cover.

Perhaps the strangest case of infection in Mosango involved the Kikwit widower. His wife died in Kikwit General Hospital in mid-April. Writhing in pain and suffering excruciating headaches, the widower was initially diagnosed with meningitis at Mosango. After he died his room was scrubbed and the linens burned. Fifteen days later a 20-year-old woman from the village came to the hospital suffering from gynecological problems totally unrelated to Ebola. She was placed in the bed that two weeks earlier had been occupied by the widower.

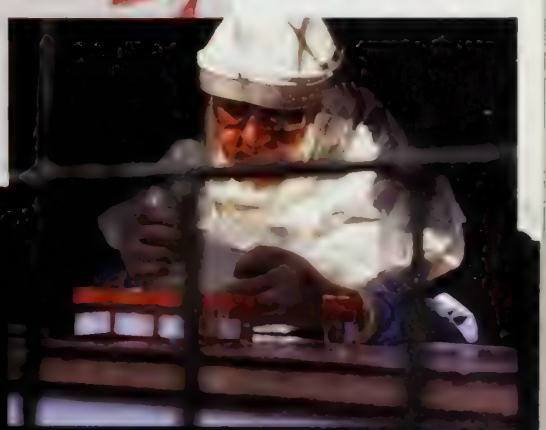
She died of Ebola.

"Her only possible contact with the virus was that bed," Dr. Bonnet claimed. "We changed *(Continued on page 156)*



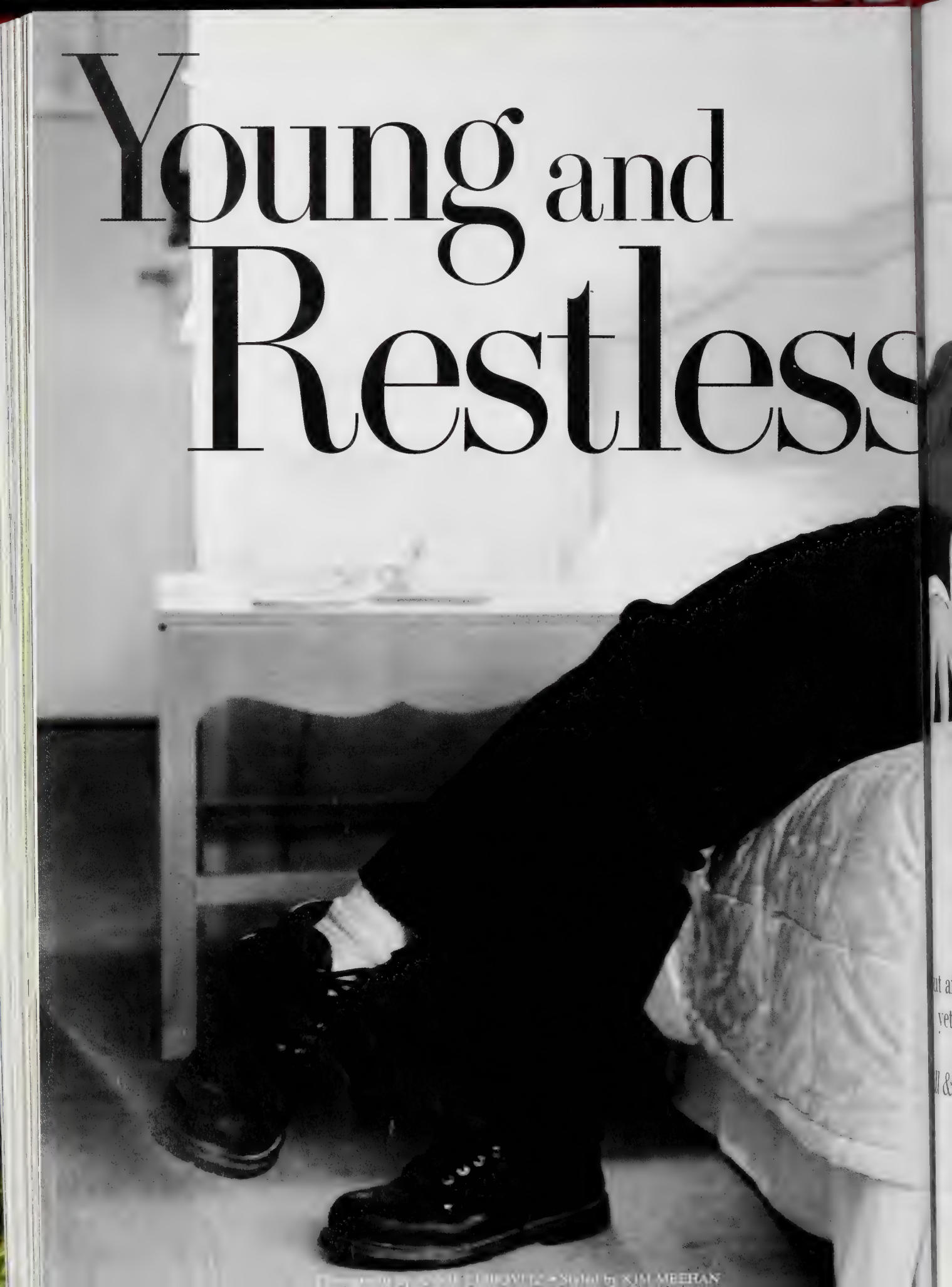
LAST RITES

Left: the January funeral of Gaspard Menga, believed to be Kikwit's first case of Ebola. In all, 13 of his 23 known relatives died of Ebola after some had touched the corpse, as is the custom at local funerals. *Below:* Dr. Robert Swanepoel, of South Africa's National Institute for Virology, toils in a makeshift laboratory. Dressed in a stifling space suit, he prepares possibly lethal blood samples from the Kikwit area.



Asked if the Ebola rus could remain infectious and deadly after two weeks on a mattress, the C.D.C.'s Pierre Rollin said, "It is possible."

Young and Restless





Keanu photographed at the Marquette Hotel in Minneapolis, April 8, 1995. From hotel to hotel, he takes only a single suitcase. "I've got it pretty pared down," Keanu says. A couple of pairs of pants, a few T-shirts, socks, underwear, one suit, a sport jacket, a pair of shoes.

Last year, *Speed* made Keanu Reeves a superstar.
ut after 24 movies, the actor remains an enigma: a man who earns millions,
yet lives out of a suitcase; a heartthrob who dates few women, yet fends
off rumors of a gay marriage; an actor who can appear in
ll & Ted's Excellent Adventure or *Hamlet* with equal conviction and appeal.
With Reeves's new W.W. II romance, *A Walk in the Clouds*,
due on-screen this month, MICHAEL SHNAYERSON met with the
star in Minneapolis to pose the essential question:
Offscreen, just who is Keanu?

For months now, Keanu Reeves has been homeless.

There's a story attached, but the details are vague. "It's just something that happened," Reeves says. So the star of Hollywood screen and Winnipeg stage lives in hotels, moving as the work demands. His latest abode, as he puts it with that odd formality of his—part earnest gentleman, part grown-up Valley dude—is a businessman's hotel in downtown Minneapolis.

I know to expect that subtly Asian beauty—the dark, intense eyes, the prominent cheekbones, the golden skin. The surprise is Keanu's lanky six-foot frame. On this gray spring afternoon he bears little resemblance to the actor who appeared in *Speed,* his surprise hit of last summer. The buzz cut has grown out. The strong jaw sports three days' stubble. He's let the action-hero muscles go, too, and, as casually as he seemed to come by it, the chance to be his generation's Schwarzenegger or Stallone.

Keanu said a year ago he didn't want the job. Now he's proved it, with two films that bear no more relation to *Speed* than to each other. *Johnny Mnemonic* is a 21st-century sci-fi thriller that opened in May and quickly drifted into cyberspace. *A Walk in the Clouds,* out this month, is more commercial, but in a new way for its 30-year-old star: it's his first romantic lead. With any luck, the movie should do for him what *Legends of the Fall* did for Brad Pitt. In fact, so seductive and graceful is his performance that it will probably fail to dispel two oddly ubiquitous assumptions about him.

That he's dumb. And that he's gay.

"Who do I like?"

It's a quiz question. Category: playwrights. Outside the Walker Art Center, Keanu frowns. "Stoppard to an extent, Edward Albee, Ionesco, Joe Orton. And the man who wrote . . . *Aaagghhh!*"

Keanu flashes a sheepish grin. "Half-sentences," he recites, "half-utterances searching in the past, / grappling, groping, never last. / In my body, in my heart, and in my mind, / but not on my tongue! / And so my song remains unsung."

"Who wrote that?"

Keanu issues the boyish laugh I've heard more than once in our short time together, the laugh he laughs when he's stuck for words. *Hee-hee.*

"I just made it up."

"What? That bit? Just now?"

"Yeah . . . " Keanu brightens. "Oh—Alfred Jarry! And Ibsen."

Keanu has lively, intelligent eyes. He asks sharp, sometimes startling questions. And how many stars can speak in doggerel? He is, however, almost painfully shy. Asked about himself, he squirms like a schoolboy or lapses into silence. He pulls at tufts of his silky black hair and smacks his forehead with his palm. His long arms windmill the air. If the gods of speech respond to none of these appeals, he falls back in his seat with a resigned "whatever." Gradually he relaxes, until the moment is right and the question hits a chord. Then out comes an extended riff, clever and original. But not everyone waits around that long.

In a strange way, Keanu's good manners hurt him, too: he's so decorous he almost seems dim. Asked about his latest films, he says, "Oh, thank you for asking." Surprised or distressed, he comes out with "Oh my gosh!" You can hear the Canadian in that rousing expletive, and certainly his upbringing north of the border explains a lot about him: they're *nicer* up there. But for a hockey goalie turned actor who guards his privacy zone like a scoring box, etiquette is also a perfect defense. Some assume there's nothing behind it; others think he has secrets to hide.

As a younger actor in teen-appeal movies—*Youngblood, Permanent Record, The Prince of Pennsylvania*—Ke
was even more guarded than he i
day. He slouched around, on-sc
and off, in sloppy sweatshirts,
shorts, and unlaced sneakers,
"dude" and "awesome," and admi
to bathing only once or twice a w
None of his young fans thought
dumb. They thought he was cool.

The dumbness rap grew out of
& Ted's Excellent Adventure. So
did he play the Valleyspeak teen
air-guitarist *extraordinaire* in the
hit and its sequel that a new, bro
er audience—parents and the pre
assumed Keanu *was* Ted. Maybe,
admits, he did like the role eno
to take a bit of it home. And perh
in that first flash of national ex
sure, I suggest, playing Keanu-as-
offscreen was a smart way to k
the world at bay.

"No," Keanu says, somewhat
fended, as we pause before Roth
and Kiefer canvases in the Walke
collection of 20th-century art. "I
never played stupid to keep some
distant. I don't play stupid. Eith
it's been a failure on my part to
ticulate, or my naïveté, or inge
ousness, or sometimes it's the nat
of the form. . . . And you know
find myself more able to give an
planation of a project five years l
er than in the middle of it. It's
present-tense! I can tell you how
feel, but its context is harder to
plain. . . . Sometimes when I'm int
viewed I'm not ready to do that.
you say . . . *excellent!* And you kn
what, man? It's O.K."

A striking number of top directo
seem not to have confused Kea
with Ted at all. To Stephen Frea
(*Dangerous Liaisons*), Lawrence Ka
dan (*I Love You to Death*), Kathry
Bigelow (*Point Break*), Ron Howa
(*Parenthood*), Gus Van Sant (*My O
Private Idaho*), Kenneth Branag
(*Much Ado About Nothing*), Franc
Ford Coppola (*Bram Stoker's Drac
la*), and Bernardo Bertolucci (*Little Bu
dha*), among others, Keanu radiates
visceral, emotional intelligence foun
only in the best natural actors. He ha
character—an old-fashioned moral in
perative that shines through in ever
role—wrapped around a core of reserv
of feelings withheld. Above all, he's
risktaker, gamely plunging into wildl
different roles without a thought fo

exigencies of image. "He's a brave client actor who takes the knocks and plaudits with equal grace," says Kenneth Branagh. "As a result, he just gets better and better."

A Walk in the Clouds is Keanu's first work yet. The plot concerns a soldier who meets a tearful woman on a train and learns she's pregnant out of wedlock, heading home to face the certain wrath of her father, a wealthy vineyard owner. The soldier valiantly volunteers to pose as her husband for a night, meeting her parents, sleeping on the floor of her bedroom, then ducking out before dawn—so the baby will seem legitimate. Soon, of course, he's picking grapes and locking eyes with his new love across the vines.

Director Alfonso Arau (*Like Water for Chocolate*) made the movie as a passion play tinged with magical realism. "I said [to Keanu], 'You *can* play a very romantic character if you want,'" Arau recalls. "'How much do you want to work?'" Keanu, the director felt, had the rectitude of a returning war hero, but too much innocence. "I said, 'Keanu, you are going to have to interpret as a grown man, as opposed to an adolescent.'" Which meant conveying not only more maturity but also passion. "You can feel that he has all these emotions below the skin," says Arau, "so I had to open the door for them."

"In rehearsal, we did some improvs," Keanu says, back in his hotel room. "Alfonso and I concocted a situation where I lost a buddy, so I'd have that in my body. . . . I wanted to have a man who through his experiences had come back desperately lonely, had seen death, and that caused in him an appreciation for life." At the moment, he's in actor shock, as he puts it, over the way the film was edited. "The wounded bird I portrayed has been less wounded. They've made him stronger; you don't see his internal battle as much. [It's like] I'm missing a limb and I keep going to use it." But he understands what Arau was after. "The film's on that line of . . . melodrama. It's larger than life, operatic sometimes."

"Sort of a throwback."

"But is it a throwback? . . . Do you believe that?"

Keanu asks a lot of questions. Perhaps because he never went to college, perhaps out of innate curiosity. Shy as he is, he's also learned that asking questions is easier than answering them.

"What about *Feeling Minnesota*?" I bat back. This is, as one might guess, the film that's brought him to the proud Twin Cities. Shooting is about to begin.

"Have you read the script?" he asks.

"Yeah."

"How many *times* have you read it?"

"Once."

"What did you think of it? How did you *feel* about it?"

Feeling Minnesota is a *noir*-ish comedy in which Keanu and his co-star, Vincent D'Onofrio, play low-life brothers whose hatred for each other erupts over a gangster's moll and leads to a lot of blood in cheap motels. I confess I couldn't tell it was a comedy until halfway through the script.

"Now, you haven't said yet that it's a romance." Keanu laughs. *Heehee!* "When I first read it I didn't like it at all. I found it very harsh. . . . I've given it to a couple of people and they've . . ." Word search; search fail. "But then when they read it again they see it."

Brilliant as the script may be, not every actor of Keanu's stature would have leapt at a $28 million feature by a first-time screenwriter who was, moreover, a first-time director. "We met in Danny DeVito's office at Sony," explains Steven Baigelman, the 34-year-old writer-director. DeVito and his Jersey Films partners, Stacey Sher and Michael Shamberg, fresh from producing *Pulp Fiction*, are making *Feeling Minnesota* along with Keanu's longtime manager, Erwin Stoff. "I don't know what it is that clicked between us, but we hit it off," says Baigelman. "Couple of days later he committed. Couple of days after *that*, *Speed* opened and went through the roof. He had committed verbally but hadn't signed."

Overnight, reportedly, *Speed* boosted Keanu's asking price per picture to $7 million, and the guy doesn't even have to break a contract to lose this Baigelman and go for the big money. Isn't money what it's all about?

"No, no, no, no!" Keanu says with much bemused headshaking. "As long as it doesn't have to be about money, then it's *not* about money."

So what *is* it about?

"The one thing that's constant," Keanu says, "is the acting. That's what it's for."

> I've never played stupid to keep someone distant. I don't play stupid."

"He's like a monk," says Alfonso Arau, "totally devoted to his craft." Others echo this. "They say you lead an almost hermit-like life," I suggest. "Is that too strong a term for it?"

"Yeah. Hermit-like, cloistered, monastic . . . " Keanu ticks them off with gentle mockery. "Those are too strong." Long silence. "But they're close."

From hotel to hotel, he brings a single suitcase. "I've got it pretty pared down," he says. A couple of pairs of pants, a few T-shirts, socks, underwear, one suit, a sport jacket, a pair of shoes. He has only three possessions of any consequence. A bass guitar, so he can play with his folk-rock band, Dogstar, and two Norton motorcycles, British-made in the 1970s. Which raises the obvious question of what he does with all that money.

"Ah, what do I do?" He thinks about it. "It affords one a certain amount of freedom and travel, and I can buy

‘I’m Mickey Mouse. They don’t know wh



side the suit," says Reeves about his fans.



INGLE
AN IN
SSESSION
A LARGE
RTUNE

longest
tionship with
oman has
n around two
rs; his latest
with a woman
ned Autumn-
n sort
Han Solo,"
ays.

older Bordeaux. I can afford my two Nortons, which is akin to sending a child to a middle-expensive university in the U.S. But the travel is great."

"Did you travel last year between films?"

Keanu looks embarrassed.

"Actually, no," he says. "I didn't."

Keanu goes from project to project without interruption now, it seems. Whether or not he is ever pleased with his work is unclear. "One of the things that locked us together," says Robert Longo, director of *Johnny Mnemonic,* "was that I'd think everything was bad." Every shot could be better. "Keanu would go off and keep doing the scene, too, thinking it could be better." Robert Kamen, the screenwriter for *A Walk in the Clouds,* puts it more bluntly. "He gets angry at himself," Kamen says. "He just doesn't think his acting is any good."

"There are days when I'm O.K.," Keanu says. But not too many. "Maybe it's because I'm a Virgo; it's in my sign to be hard on myself."

In his downtime on the sets of *Johnny Mnemonic* and *A Walk in the Clouds,* Keanu could often be found muttering Shakespeare. It was no mere exercise: he had committed to take on theater's greatest challenge at the end of his busiest year ever. Nearly a year ahead of time, Keanu agreed to block out two months for the production, at less than $2,000 a week. *Speed*'s success made the sacrifice specific: he had to turn down four movies, including *Heat,* with Robert De Niro and Al Pacino. "Yeah," he says. "But . . . *Hamlet*!"

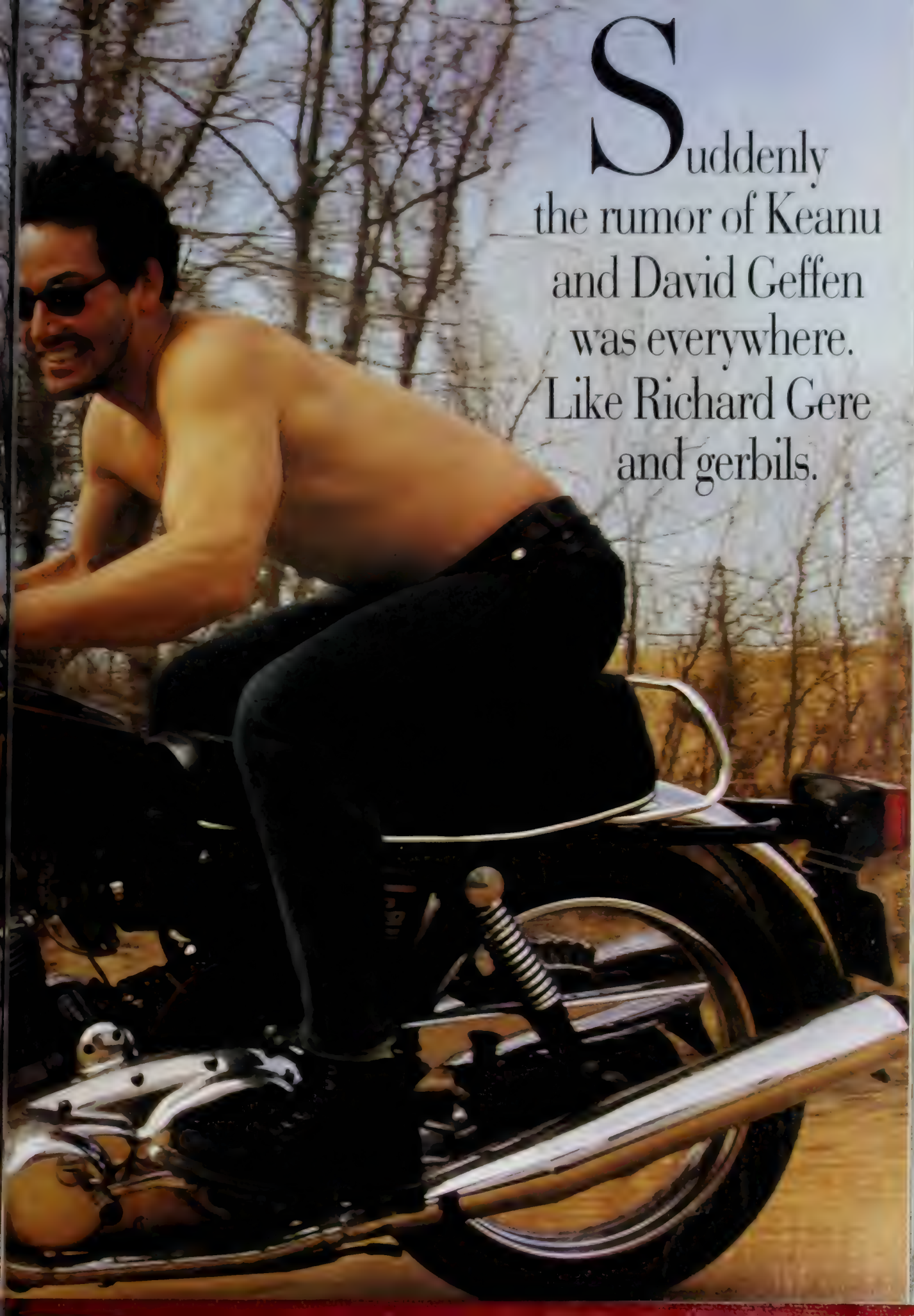
Keanu went alone with his suitcase to Winnipeg in early December for the start of rehearsals. He found a city giddy with anticipation. One local paper announced a daily Keanu watch. For the play's sold-out run, hotel rooms were booked by Keanuphiles, mostly women, from all over the world; one woman flew all the way from Australia to sit through eight performances.

Among the cast of professional Shakespeareans, there may have lurked a doubt as to the seriousness of their leading man. The doubts were soon dispelled. "The *(Continued on page 146)*



SPEED DEMON

Keanu has been known to ride his Norton motorcycles fast, sometimes at night, occasionally with the headlight off, and he has had spills—one in Topanga Canyon that ruptured his spleen and left a long abdominal scar.



Suddenly the rumor of Keanu and David Geffen was everywhere. Like Richard Gere and gerbils.

Mary, Queen

of Spots

Long famous as the toast of the Saratoga racing season, the recently widowed Marylou Whitney is now racing with Alaskan dogsled teams and trekking to the South Pole. MICHAEL SHNAYERSON struggles to keep up with the heiress to both Whitney *and* Vanderbilt money as she defends the centerpiece of the family empire—a rustic 52,000-acre Adirondack retreat—from environmentalists



GENTLEMEN PREFER MARYLOU
Marylou Whitney, photographed on June 1, 1995, at Cady Hill, a 21-room mansion on 135 acres in Saratoga Springs; it is one of the seven residences she shared with her late husband, Cornelius Vanderbilt "Sonny" Whitney. Marylou was the fourth wife of the handsome heir, and, she told friends, determined to be the last. She succeeded.

"Will *some* of the girls come in here? Girrrls? Could you *please* stay with me?"

In come two of the four secretaries, shy creatures with long brown hair. Marylou Whitney, Queen of Saratoga Springs and other outlying dominions, addresses them with a locution that might best be described as Lady Windermere lockjaw. "What do we have in here, girls, what's in here?"

From the clutter of boxes gathered in her absence, Marylou extracts a curious gift: a foot-high sterling-silver replica of Alaska, the route of

the annual dogsled race known as the Iditarod outlined upon it. "Oh," she says with a breathy exuberance, "I *love* it." She turns to me with wide round eyes. "I did the lower route this year. Next year I'm going to do the upper."

Here in the office at Cady Hill, her 135-acre Saratoga Springs estate, Marylou looks the part she's known for: the hostess of a thousand charity balls, lunches, and parades, the wearer of a thousand wide-brimmed hats and billowy, over-the-top costumes with puffs and flounces and frills. In Kentucky, where she owns a 565-acre horse farm, the main house of which is furnished with French and English antiques and which includes a 19th-century paneled library brought over from the South of France, she still gives her famous derby-eve dinner for 300. In Saratoga at the start of the August racing season, she still throws her ball for the Whitney Handicap at the old Canfield Casino, arriving to the cheers of a throng of loyal subjects in a horse-drawn pumpkin, a hot-air balloon, or whatever her chosen annual theme suggests. But in the two and a half years since the death of her husband, Cornelius Vanderbilt "Sonny" Whitney, at 93, and the inheriting of his entire $100 million estate, a new Marylou has emerged.

This Marylou is a rootin'-tootin', feisty outdoorswoman who roughs it with ease and lands with both size-5½ feet in worlds where grandes dames generally fear to tread. At 69, Marylou is ice-fishing, skinning bears, snowshoeing, and drinking with locals in Alaska roadhouses. She's looking at a diamond mine in the frozen North. She's talking timber, bloodstock, sand, and gravel. Part Auntie Mame, part entrepreneur, she's seizing life with both bejeweled hands and shaking it for all it's worth. One of the first decisions she made on her own was to sell the Palm Beach place, a tropical retreat on Jungle Road, which Marylou had filled with elephants—ivory, jade, ceramic, stuffed, painted, and needlepoint. Why drag around with social fossils in Palm Beach? She also decided *not* to sell Whitney Park, the family's vast fiefdom in the heart of the Adirondacks. What that means is a little less clear.





THE SPORTING LIFE
Sonny Whitney helped found Pan Am and the film company that made *Gone with the Wind.* He also raised horses at his 565-acre farm in Kentucky and raced them in Saratoga. *Above:* Sonny wearing a polo outfit in 1934. *Right:* the jewel of the Whitney empire is Whitney Park, 52,000 acres of unspoiled land in the heart of Adirondack Park; environmentalists fear it may be developed. Here Marylou sits on the porch of the Salmon Lake Camp, the only one of her residences where she can't be reached by phone. *Inset, opposite:* Marylou and Sonny at the track in Saratoga, 1960.

It was William C. Whitney, builder of the New York City streetcar system and grandfather of Sonny, who in the 1890s acquired more than 75,000 acres of prime Adirondack land as a wilderness retreat. A century and several land sales later, Whitney Park is down to 52,000 acres, but remains one of the largest private properties in the northeastern United States—if only one of the many addresses Marylou inherited (besides Whitney Park, Kentucky, Saratoga, and Palm Beach, there was a Fifth Avenue duplex; Sonny had already given her the getaway in Majorca and the Lake Placid ski lodge). To the environmental groups who envision a protected Adirondack wilderness of some 400,000 acres, Whitney Park is the largest single piece and the most pristine, the one without which the entire wilderness plan will collapse. New York State seemed determined to acquire the land in 1993, but negotiations with Maryl broke down, and some wilderne lovers are now afraid the land will subdivided and developed.

Whitney Park is where we're hea ed today. On our way out of the fice, we pass a wall of pictures. "There Sonny," Marylou says, pointing to silver-framed photograph of a youn dark-haired man in an army pilot's u form, circa 1918. "That's Sonny a me at *Gone with the Wind.*" Sonny helpe finance the movie and, according legend, kept the Hays Office from chan ing Rhett Butler's immortal line "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a darn "And there I am on safari in Afric And there's the Whitney Cup, which give with Prince Charles. Here I a having lunch with Prince Charles."

Marylou, it's no secret, loves can eras and adores interviews. As a youn woman she hoped to be an actres Her brilliance was to realize, once sh had married Sonny Whitney, that lif was now her stage.





Every day since, she's played her role o the hilt—*really* played it, with grand, each-the-back-rows theatricality. "Mary-ou wants to entertain you," says Nan-y Whitney, one of Sonny's many randchildren. "That's what makes er tick." Her critics mutter about hameless self-promotion: "She has at east five press agents on the payroll," niffs one distinctly unimpressed fam-ly member, "and they're all working ard." But Sonny enjoyed the drama, nd Sonny was the man to please. "If she'd lived in the 18th century in France," says Sonny's niece Gerta Conner, "she'd have been a great courtesan for Louis XIV." With Sonny, she also rode, fished, and hunted, but that was the Marylou most didn't see. And then for nearly 10 years, as her husband's health and mind declined, she spent much of her time offstage, overseeing his care.

Pictures from her new life have yet to be framed, but here's a glossy of Marylou with her Alaskan musher, Lar-

"Sonny always said there's a lot of Scarlett O'Hara in me. . . . I'm going to keep my land."

ry Williams, a bespectacled and reddish-bearded fellow in his early 40s. She *loves* Alaska. Loves the snow, the cold, the warmth of her rugged hosts, the don't-tell-me-what-I-can-do-with-my-land frontier spirit. When Williams told her about his lifelong dream to race in the Iditarod, she asked him why he hadn't pursued it. He said he'd never had the $60,000 needed to buy, train, and feed a pack of dogs over a year of preparation. Marylou wrote out a check, and Williams had a sponsor.

For most of last March, Marylou flew the Iditarod route by ski-plane, ahead of the sledders, touching down at remote camps each afternoon, often trudging through hip-deep drifts to get from the plane to the shelters. The subzero temperatures and biting winds might have deterred a lesser diarist, but not Marylou, who faithfully composed entries every night, and had the whole account typed up for friends upon her return.

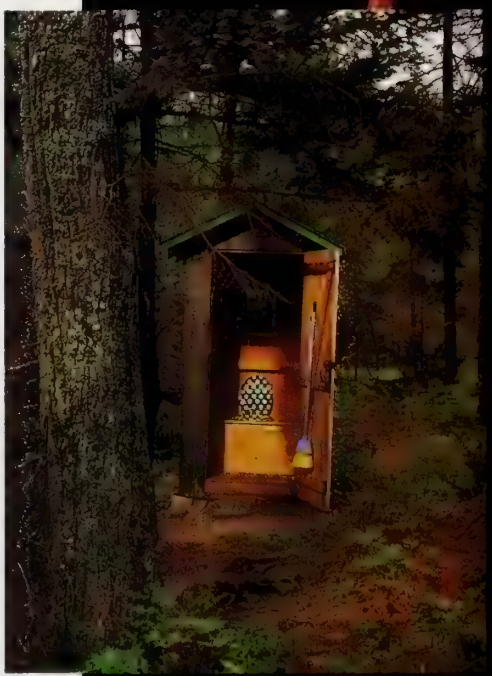
"We checked in with a very friendly lady, who showed us up to *our* room," reads her entry of March 5. "Yes, I mean *one* room! It had bunk beds, and there were four of us! Three men and me! What a surprise! They said they would put one mattress on the floor for me! Well—I must say that it truly takes ingenuity to dress in front of three men!"

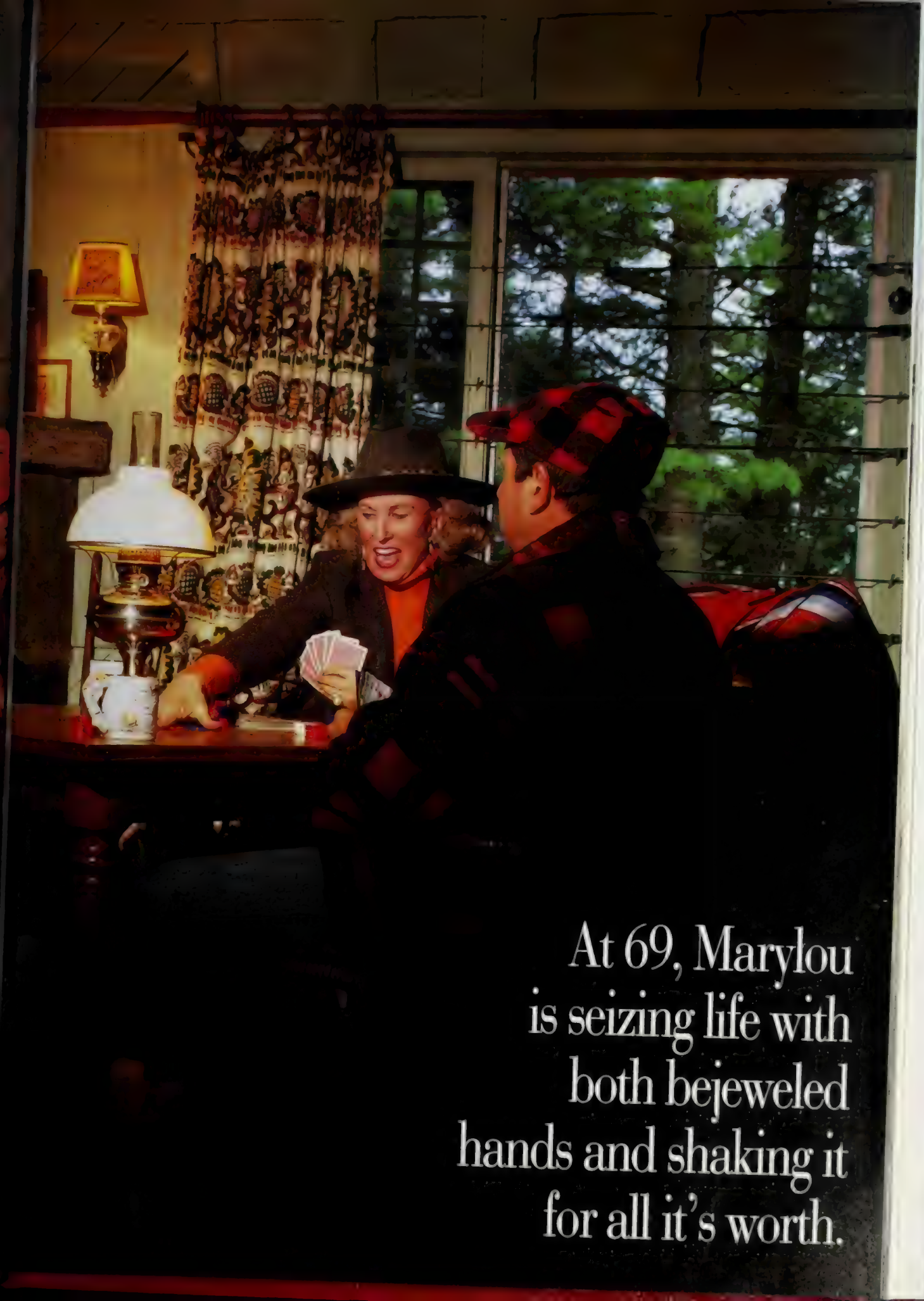
Friday, March 10: "A native, 'drunk as a skunk,' barged into my bedroom. . . . So, we made a change of plans. Bob would stay in my single bedroom, and I would sleep in the other bed in Rod's room, with the .22!!"

Along the way, Marylou talked dogs and shared fried Spam with Norman Vaughan, an explorer emeritus, aged 89, who accompanied Admiral Byrd to Antarctica in 1928. Vaughan and his wife, Carolyn, had been out giving speeches and slide shows to raise money for a new Antarctic trip. When they asked her to join as a member of the expedition, Marylou thought, "Ho ho, you need someone to sponsor you, don't you?" But when they assured her she would pay no more than any other member, Marylou signed on.

For the three-week trip, they'll take hikes and brave windchills

POKER FACE
Marylou plays cards with (left to right) Carl Infantino, a caretaker and guide, Tim Schlachter, V.P. of Whitney Industries, and Chuck Gillis, general manager of Whitney Park, in the Gun Room, one of 10 or so buildings at Camp Deerlands. Marylou loves the wilderness, but she has sharp words for environmental and animal-rights activists: "Are we supposed to give up the world for four-legged animals?" she asks. *Inset:* Marylou does everything in style—even outhouses in Whitney Park. She likes to collect funny toilet seats.





At 69, Marylou
is seizing life with
both bejeweled
hands and shaking it
for all it's worth.

"If she'd lived in the 18th century, she'd h

of −70 Fahrenheit, among other adventures. "We're going to have to cut ice every time we pitch our tents, blocks of ice to put around the outside," Marylou explains matter-of-factly. "Otherwise our tents will blow down.

"In a sense I suppose I'm trying to find myself," Marylou muses. "What's next? The moon, I guess."

In a shiny red 1985 Jaguar XJ6, one of three Jaguars she owns, we roll through the gates of Cady Hill, past the grand Victorian houses of Union Avenue and the verdant grounds of America's oldest and most beautiful racetrack. Surrounded by century-old trees, it comes alive each year from the last week in July to the last week in August, when the Thoroughbreds arrive along with the cream of sporting society. Three years ago, the New York Racing Association had the temerity to move the Whitney Handicap from its historic slot on the first Saturday in August to a new time at the end of the month. The hope was to create a Triple Crown for older horses by bunching it with two other races, but doing so deprived Marylou of the raison d'être for her season-starting ball. This year, Marylou spoke up.

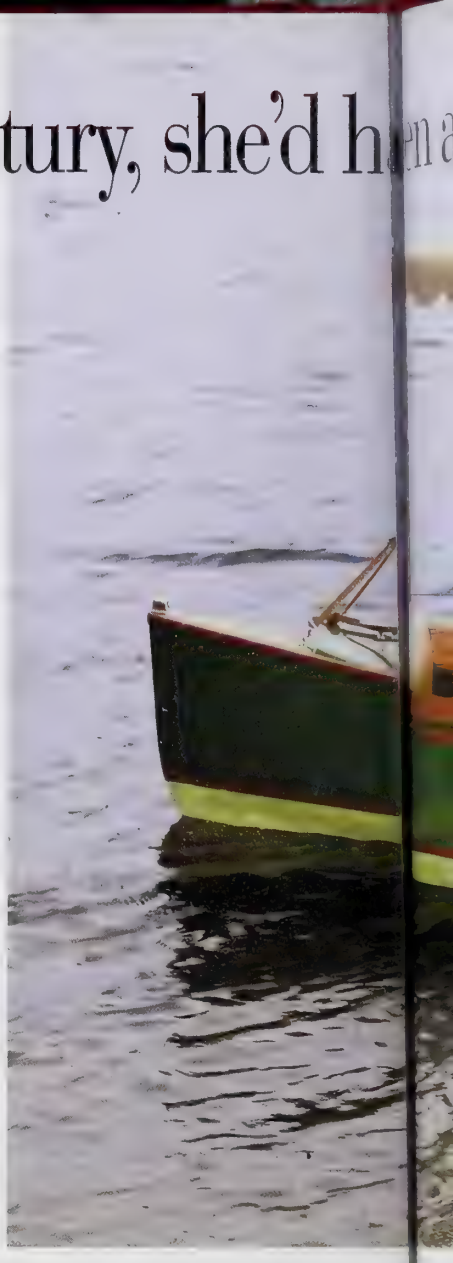
"I said I'd like to have [the race] back where it was; it's a very traditional city, a very traditional track, and William C. Whitney is the one that saved this racetrack—he and his friends put up the money," Marylou recounts. Then she took off the gloves. "I told them [at NYRA] that we used to rent a house at La Jolla and race at Del Mar [in Southern California], and they want me very much to come back." Saratoga without Marylou? Imagine England without the Queen—worse, since Marylou pays for her own pomp. Suffice it to say, the race is back in its original slot. "If Marylou's happy," Kenneth Noe Jr., the new head of NYRA, says guardedly, "then I'm happy."

So are Marylou's usual houseguests for the season, an odd lot that includes Joan Rivers, fashion designer Arnold Scaasi, writer Stephen Birmingham, TV host Gary Collins and his wife, Mary Ann Mobley, and soap star Susan Lucci. "She's a great hostess," Rivers declares. "Because she leaves you alone. You get a schedule: if you like, there'll be cars going to the track; if you don't like, that's fine." "In any of her houses," says Birmingham, who has come each of the last 10 years, "the kitchen is where everyone gathers: guests and help and Marylou." Marylou, indeed, often cooks; she's written three cookbooks, including one entirely of peanut and peanut-butter recipes. With Mobley, Marylou has put on tap shoes and done a routine. "We both knew the words to 'Sisters,'" Mobley explains, "so now at the drop of a hat she'll turn to me and start us in on it. 'Sisters, sisters, there were never such devoted sisters . . . '"

"I've also sat with her one-on-one," adds Rivers, "and there's a very sensitive, quiet, smart woman who knows everything that's going on."

We reach Saratoga Lake as the seaplane arrives; Marylou's pilots and drivers and stable managers and cooks and maids tend to be on time. In minutes we're buzzing over the Adirondacks, buffeted by thermals that faze Marylou not at all. "I was the deicer in Alaska," she shouts over the engine. "I brushed off the wings of the planes before we took off. And I did a good job because I sure didn't want to go down."

We cross the Hudson, an undulating silver thread whose source is to the north, in this wide-open wilderness of hills and teardrop-shaped lakes. "I've got 30 lakes," Marylou shouts. "Or 38—I'm not sure." The largest one is Little Tupper, beside which the headquarters of Whitney Industries, Marylou's lumber-and-land-management operation, is visible as a cluster of green and white roofs. Across the wide, reflecting water lies a small camp, one of the five in Whitney Park that Marylou now leases to help the bottom line. Otherwise the forested lakefront looks completely undeveloped, the glassy water unsullied by a single canoe. "No one can use it unless they're leaseholders," Marylou shouts.



We pass over a smaller, swam body of water, crisscrossed by flo ing logs. "Isn't it terrible what tho beavers do?" Marylou shouts. "A yet you can't hunt them anymo And no one wants to trap them, b cause they can't sell the pelts—n one wants fur coats. . . . These a mal-rightists! What kind of shoes they wear? That's what I want know." She grimaces. "Are we su posed to give up the world for fou legged animals?"

Deerlands, the family's main cam is on Little Forked Lake. I've antic pated some log-cabin château, lik Marjorie Merriweather Post's famou camp, Topridge, not far from her But Deerlands is merely a good-siz country house, a gray, wooden cha let, with outbuildings for the staf "The Vanderbilts always liked gran houses," Marylou explains. "The Whi neys loved *land*."

...en a great courtesan for Louis XIV."



QUITE A CATCH
Marylou says she's not interested in marrying again, but ponders falling in love: "It would be awful if I had to act like I was a poor frightened little girl." *Above*: photographed on June 1, 1995, on Little Forked Lake in her boat *Topridge*, built circa 1932 and originally owned by neighbor Marjorie Merriweather Post. Marylou shows that it is possible to catch a fish on your way to a formal event.

The dining room does, however, ...irly blind a first-time visitor with its ...rray of silver: bowls, servingware, ...latware, and goblets whose bases are ...pside-down silver stag heads. The door-...ays and banisters are made from yel-...ow birch. And then there's the trophy ...oom, in its own way a riot of rustic ...xcess. From every wall, stuffed ani-...nals, or their heads, regard us. Moose, ...accoons, porcupines, a hawk, a pheas-...nt, a ruffed grouse. "That's a bobcat ... ran into when I was pregnant," ...Marylou explains, pointing to a pelt, ...so the boys went out and shot it for ...me." The trophy room's centerpiece is ...a very large fur before the hearth, ...rom a polar bear shot by William C. ...Whitney in Alaska. Backing out, I stum-...ble over one of its impressive claws. ..."Oh, don't worry," Marylou says, "we ...all stumble over that claw."

In a Jeep Cherokee, we set out for the latest logging site, and pass a log-filled truck en route. "Oh look!" Marylou says, delighted. "Those are nice-looking, aren't they? Good size. He's getting some good wood out of there."

Until Sonny's death, Marylou had nothing to do with managing Whitney Park. What she discovered when she opened the books of Whitney Industries were debts of almost $4 million. For decades, Sonny Whitney had paid for his taxes and upkeep by contracting with outside loggers to cut his best trees; if he came up short, he'd sell off a parcel to one of the big paper companies. Over time, taxes grew sharply, high-grade timber grew harder to find because it wasn't being reseeded, and the Adirondack Park Agency was born with broad, unique powers over the whole six-million-acre patchwork of private and public lands. The A.P.A. didn't prohibit sales to paper companies, but it complicated the process, set strict limits on new development, and irked proud owners with its demands for environmental master plans. When he grew sick, Sonny simply let the business drift. "Within a year," Marylou says, "I had [the debt] reduced to $500,000."

Blackflies swarm around our heads as we get out for a closer look at stacked

logs awaiting transport. "At least they're males," Marylou says, batting at the flies. "It's the females that bite." The flies seem to remind her of environmentalists, or perhaps it's my question about clear-cutting, which, as it turns out, has never been practiced by the Whitney family. "Listen," she says, pointing to her logs, "all those people who want to save owls, what do they think their houses are built of? And they read their newspaper every day, right?"

The Whitneys have been caught in a cross fire of eco-agendas ever since Sonny Whitney's decline, which stirred intense fears that Whitney Park would be carved up and sold off after he died, especially when word came that the Whitneys were trying to subdivide the south end of Forked Lake. Hobbs Hosford, the second of Marylou's four children from her first marriage, freely admits Whitney Industries hoped to sell some of the camps and a few large parcels to defray the company's debts. That, he says, is when "eco-socialists" pushed the A.P.A. into a no-growth stance. A compromise was finally reached. The Nature Conservancy bought the 376-acre Canoe Carry East—hoping the state would buy it later, as it may this year—while Camp Togus, which formerly belonged to Flora, one of Sonny's two sisters, was sold to a private owner. As part of the compromise, the Whitneys agreed that before pursuing any further subdivision they would prepare a master plan for the entire park, a plan the A.P.A. may accept or deny as it sees fit. "The master plan was shoved down our throats," Hosford says. "We're between a rock and a hard place. We're holding a property that can't make money realistically."

"It was hard when I first inherited all this to figure out how I could keep it," says Marylou. The land sales had helped, but not enough. "I got very close to selling it to New York State. The parks agency was under pressure from all these environmental groups . . . so there was a figure—not completely put in writing, but tossed in the air—of $25 million for the land." Talks went on for months, Marylou collected a weighty pile of documents, and then, one day in November 1993, she woke up and decided the hell with it—she was keeping Whitney Park. "Sonny always said there's a lot of Scarlett O'Hara in me when it comes to land," Marylou says. "Well, I'm going to keep my land as long as I can. I'm going to fight for it!"

A $42.5 million fund has just been approved in the state budget to buy private Adirondack lands, among other environmental goals, but Marylou is unimpressed. She says the state can't manage the lands it has; why should she sell it more? Last spring, when the new Republican governor came close to ransacking the fund in order to balance his budget, Marylou, a staunch Republican herself, applauded. What she hopes is that George Pataki will remold the A.P.A. to make it more sympathetic to property owners. As it is, she says, the master plan the A.P.A. demands will cost her $1 million. Then, when the A.P.A. approves "how I want to cut this place up . . . it has to remain that way forever. 'Cause they claim I'm subdividing! I don't call it subdividing if you're going to sell somebody 50 acres *(Continued on page 154)*

All in the Family

Henry Kissinger once remarked of the Shawcross family, "Lord Shawcross is all right. It's such a pity about his son." As well he might, because, of course, Kissinger emerged as the villain in William Shawcross's *Sideshow,* the best-selling exposé of the U.S. bombing of Cambodia. Now William's father, the 93-year-old British peer, has produced his own book, *Life Sentence* (Constable), a memoir of his time as a politician and prosecuting lawyer at Nuremberg, which will be published in Britain this month for the 50th anniversary of the war crimes trials. If he should read this account of 50-odd years in public life, Dr. K. will find that father and son are not so different after all.

They see a lot of each other, and William, who was born during the trials, read and offered suggestions for the memoirs. Among the themes of *Life Sentence* is the intense patriotism of the older Shawcross, which is mirrored in his son, who has just completed a three-part television series called *Monarchy,* a meditation on the relationship between Crown and country in Britain.

One of William's first memories was listening to a 78-r.p.m. recording of his father's closing address at Nuremberg, in which he described an SS massacre in the Ukraine. "It was an incredibly dramatic and awful speech, where he was quoting from a diary of a German engineer, so it was all in the first person: 'I walked round the mound and saw an SS guard sitting with his legs dangling in the pit, smoking a cigarette; then he lifted a tommy gun and shot 500 people.' I later saw similar pits—mass graves—in Cambodia, which I had never wished to see." —HENRY PORTER

Photograph by SNOWDON

WILLIAM and HARTLEY SHAWCROSS

"Lord Shawcross is all right. It's such a pity about his son."



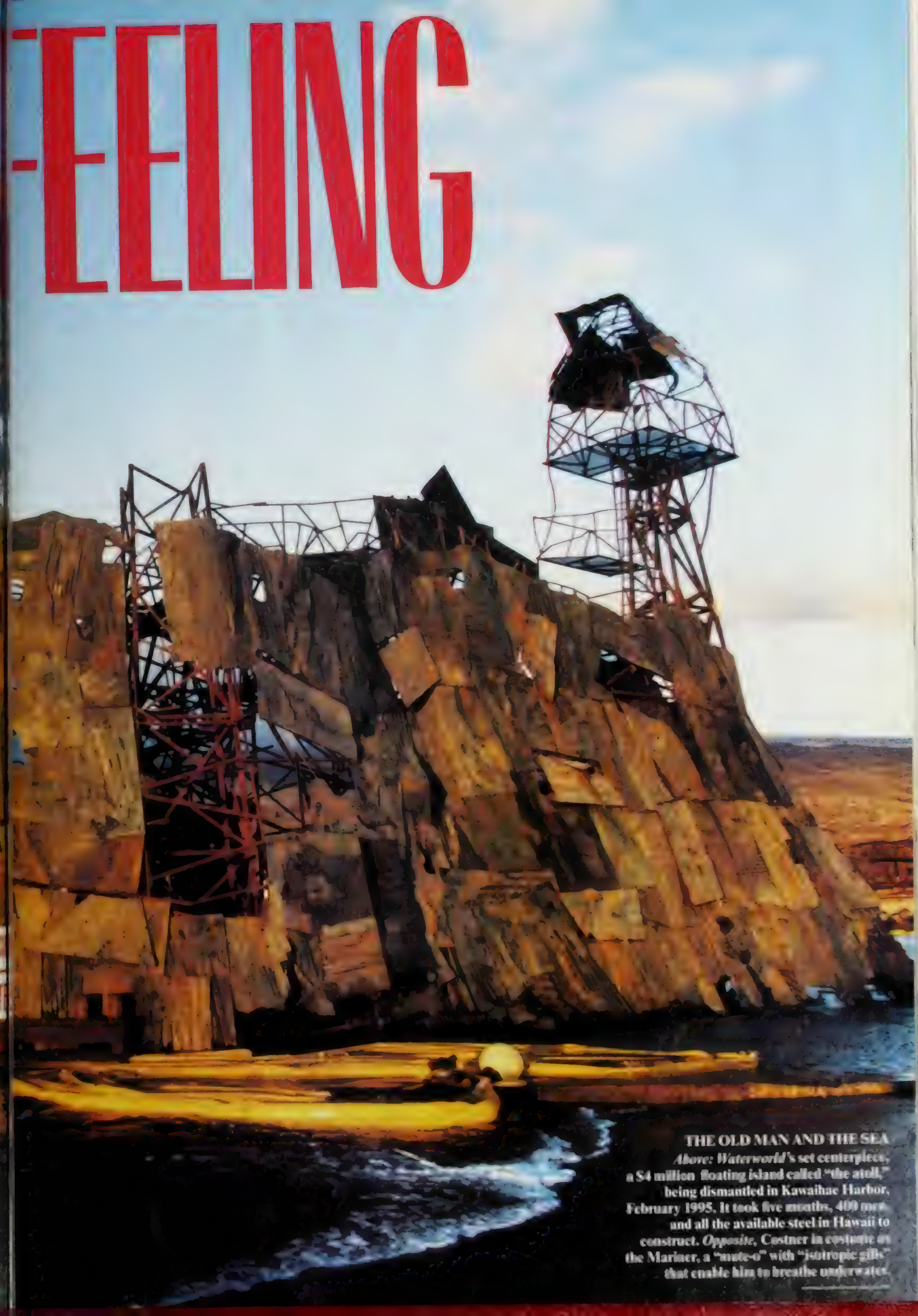
Lord Shawcross, right, with his son William in the hall of Friston Place, the family's 15th-century home in Sussex, England. Lord Shawcross poses in his House of Lords robe beside his ceremonial full-bottomed wig.

THAT SINKIN

Whether *Waterworld* sinks or swims at the box office this month, one thing is already certain: at $200 million, it is the most expensive movie ever made, threatening not only Universal's bottom line but also Kevin Costner's standing as a superstar. CHARLES FLEMING tracks the course of this celluloid tsunami, from the moment the script first sailed into the studio until the day the star threw his director overboard



-EELING



THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA
Above: Waterworld's set centerpiece, a $4 million floating island called "the atoll," being dismantled in Kawaihae Harbor, February 1995. It took five months, 400 men, and all the available steel in Hawaii to construct. *Opposite*, Costner in costume as the Mariner, a "mute-o" with "isotropic gills" that enable him to breathe underwater.

Pity Kevin Costner. Last October he separated from his wife of 16 years. His last three movies were stinkers. The tabloids have had him running around with a hula dancer and with the 27-year-old daughter of Las Vegas–casino magnate Steve Wynn. He's 40, his hair is thinning, *and* he now has the distinction of being a producer and star of *Waterworld*—at a reported $200 million the most expensive movie ever made. *Kevin's Gate*! *Fishtar*! Hollywood cynics called it last winter in bitchy anticipation of an unprecedented box-office disaster. If only Costner spoke Hawaiian. Then, at least, he would have known not to shoot the film at Kawaihae Harbor, on the big island of Hawaii. In Hawaiian, Kawaihae means "water of wrath."

Belying its eventual immensity, *Waterworld* sprang from humble beginnings. In 1986, a novice B-movie director named Peter Rader was shooting a low-budget action picture. After a helicopter crashed on the set, killing a crew member, Rader became so disillusioned that he turned to screenwriting. Earlier, an executive at Roger Corman's production company (Corman is famous as king of the B movies, the director/producer of such legendary bargain-basement epics as *Attack of the Crab Monsters* and *Machine Gun Kelly*) had told him, "Write me a low-budget *Mad Max* rip-off." That sparked an idea, and, putting directing behind him, Rader set to work. *Waterworld* was born. Story pitch at the ready, Rader returned to Corman's offices, only to be brusquely turned away. The executive said to him scornfully, "Are you out of your *mind?* This movie would cost us *$5 million!*"

Rader wrote *Waterworld* anyway. He was tired of low-budget movies and ready for something big. The resulting script told of a seagoing loner who sails a hostile planet devoid of dry land and does battle with nasty *Mad Max*–style hoodlums.

By late 1989, Rader's script had netted him an agent and the interest of producers Andy Licht and Jeff Mueller (*Little Monsters, License to Drive*) and the producer with whom they had their deal, John Davis.

In a frenzied 48-hour bidding war just before Christmas of that year, producer Larry Gordon's Largo Entertainment took the project off the market by paying $350,000 for the script, plus an additional $150,000 if the movie got made. Gordon had been the president of production at 20th Century Fox and, as a producer, had made such big-action pieces as *DieHard* and *48 Hours*. JVC Entertainment of Japan had recently set him up with a $100 million investment, but he was still reluctant to risk so much money on one mo Reckoning that *Waterworld* wo cost more than $30 million to m Gordon soon linked up with Uni sal Pictures.

Soon a director (Nils Gaup, who some of Disney's *Shipwrecked* on ter) was attached, but in early 199 rector Kevin Reynolds called Gor and said he'd read the script and w ed to direct. There was a meeting two; various casting notions were to around: Mel Gibson? Harrison Fo Tom Cruise? Just as long as it *wa* Kevin Costner.

The two Kevins had had a long, multuous relationship. They had b best friends in 1985, when they ma *Fandango* together, but they fell out b ly in 1991 after teaming up on *Ro Hood: Prince of Thieves*—so badly, in fa that Costner had kicked Reyno out of the editing room. They patch up their friendship by 1993, when Co ner co-produced and Reynolds rected *Rapa Nui*. This $26 milli Easter Island loincloth action pict was crucified by the critics. The lationship again soured. It seem unlikely the Kevins would ever wo together again.

Gaup was dropped like a hot ro and Reynolds made a deal with G don—with the contractual stipulati that Kevin Costner, specifically, wou under no circumstances be offered t lead in *Waterwor*



Director Kevin Reynolds called filming *Rapa Nui* with prod

hm a month Costner had read the pt and wanted in with an ironic t. He would do the movie *if and if* Reynolds would direct. This did inspire a similarly generous mood Reynolds. "I won't work with him," old Gordon. According to a source, don begged Reynolds just to meet Costner: "He [Gordon] said he'd er bring it up again if he didn't nge his mind."

Gordon and his brother, Chuck, k Reynolds to Lake Tahoe, where stner was filming *The Bodyguard*. first the Kevins were hostile to h other, so the Gordon brothers them alone and went off to play ps. When the two returned, the vins were getting along like school-s, making plans and dreaming out how incredible their new movie uld be.

Using Costner would mean wait-. In addition to *The Bodyguard* he l agreed to make *Wyatt Earp*, *A fect World*, and *The War*. But with name attached, *Waterworld* was tantly red-hot. Universal agreed to id the movie, but then started waf-ng when it learned how long a wait re would be for Costner and how ich the movie would cost. Warner os. was suddenly a suitor, ready to ve in should Universal move out. a person close to the project says, was ridiculous. The script that no-dy wanted, everybody wanted. Once vin [Costner] was in, all of a sud-n it wasn't too expensive make anymore."

Says Licht, "We had Kevin Costner and Kevin Reynolds. It was like hitting the lottery!"

Be careful what you wish for.

Rader's story line is simple. In the future, global warming has caused the polar ice caps to melt. The earth is covered with salt water. God-fearing citizens form loosely knit floating "atolls," and are periodically assailed by the villainous Smokers, who, led by the evil Deacon, come to plunder, pillage, and steal freshwater ("hydro"). Into this rough world sails the Mariner. Played by Costner, he is a High-Seas Drifter, a Saltwater Shane, all sunburned sinew and tough-guy lingo. ("What is it you're looking for?" "Just my next drink of hydro.") He is described in the script as having "muscles showing like cord on bone."

The Mariner is reviled by others as a "mute-o" because he has adapted handily to life *in* the water, as well as life on it: he has webbed feet and "isotropic gills," which allow him to breathe underwater. (The gills have been reportedly described by one Universal executive as looking "like little vaginas.") A doctor conducting an examination of Costner in the script says admiringly, "Ichthyus Sapiens. Quite a specimen."

The less evolved humans have learned ingenious ways to live without what they call "Dryland." They recycle their urine into water. They grow vegetables in "soil" made from the mulched bodies of their dead (whom they bury with an incantation: "Bones to berries, veins to vines . . .") Some of the script's early readers found this distasteful. Likewise, the Mariner's habit of thirstily gulping down glasses of his own recycled urine has reportedly scared away some potential companies interested in *Waterworld* marketing tie-ins. At one point, Universal discussed cutting the scene in which Costner downs a beaker.

Rader's script was serially worked on by R. J. Stewart, David Twohy (*The Fugitive, Alien 3*), and Joss Whedon (*Speed*, the upcoming *Twister*, and the planned *Alien 4*), who flew to Hawaii the day principal photography began. His assignment: make the climax bigger, the dialogue tighter, the characters more likable. His fee: reportedly $100,000 a week, for what would be seven weeks. Also at work on the script were Costner and Reynolds, who tinkered with dialogue nightly throughout the shoot.

Despite all the rewrites, little changed but details: The Mariner goes to an atoll to trade goods for water. The atoll is attacked by Smokers. They attempt to kidnap a little orphan girl



IN HOT WATER
On days when elaborate sequences such as the atoll attack, *far left*, or the barge explosion, *center*, were shot, more than 500 people were needed to work at once. Crew members said Kawaihae Harbor looked like a mad regatta from hell. *Below*, the atoll; the studio considered sinking it after filming, but the toxic paint covering it might have killed every living thing in the harbor.

stner "a nightmare," adding, "The next one's *Waterworld*."

called "Enola," who has a tattoo on her back—a map, maybe, that leads the way to Dryland. ("Enola" is "alone" spelled backward.) The Smokers are foiled. Enola and her adoptive mother, Helen, team up with the Mariner. The Smokers come after them and get the girl. There is a fantastic sea battle, and the Mariner gets her back. The End. Except for a *Planet of the Apes*–style dénouement that only a cad would reveal.

The role of the Mariner allows Costner an opportunity to give the kind of heroic, muscular performance that fans love. The filmmakers were mindful of this as they oversaw rewrites. In early versions of the script, Costner's character has a dark side and is morally ambivalent. Shortly after saving Helen and Enola from the Smokers, the Mariner eyes his shrinking freshwater supplies and considers throwing his new shipmates overboard. Helen offers to barter her talents ("I can fish, I can cook") and her belongings ("Take my necklace . . . my shoes . . . ") and even her daughter's hair (of unexplained value). No deal. In the end, she offers sex—which the Mariner rather unheroically accepts.

In later versions, according to finishing screenwriter Whedon, that scene ends without the sex. The Mariner, he says, "is good and clean and pure." Guidance on that change, and others, came directly from Costner. Says Whedon, "He wanted to establish a real mythic stature for the character, but still retain his humanity."

But what Universal is really counting on to pull in audiences are the action sequences—and there will be plenty of them. People who have seen chunks of *Waterworld* say there are sequences that have literally never been seen before on-screen—and, given the cost of filming them, may never be seen again. One source describes a scene in which Smokers are hauled on water skis at hellish speeds by an airplane. The skiers hit ramps that send them careening through the sky, rockets blazing, as they launch a kamikaze airborne attack on the atoll. In another sequence, the Mariner harpoons that airplane as it attacks his trimaran. The harpoon kills the bombardier, but also impales the plane, which begins to twirl around the mast of the trimaran like a deadly Maypole. Later still the Mariner ties himself to a rope, grabs a harpoon, jumps overboard, *and is swallowed alive* by a huge "whalephin." He blasts the beast dead, from the inside, and concludes, "*I HATE FISHING 'ROUND HERE!*" The final battle scene between the Mariner and the Smokers includes a body count in the hundreds, as well as plane crashes, human fireballs, dozens of exploding Jet Skis, a hot-air-balloon escape, and the fiery destruction of an oil supertanker.

None of that, however, is as breathtaking as the cost of the movie. The story of how *Waterworld* became the most expensive movie ever made is almost as harrowing a journey as the Mariner's quest for Dryland. All big-budget movies are logistical nightmares; each day's shoot is almost as complicated as the D-day invasion at Normandy. For *Waterworld,* it was more like Little Big Horn. Or an episode of *F Troop.*

Jack London wrote lovingly of the beauty of Hawaii's Kona coast. Well, it's been a while since he visited, and the Mauna Loa volcano has been busy. Much of the area is now a bleak landscape of black volcanic rock uninterrupted by vegetation. The 13-mile drive to Kawaihae Harbor from the Royal Waikoloan Hotel, where the *Waterworld* cast and crew spent seven long months, past Kevin Costner's ocean-view villa at the Mauna Lani Bay Hotel, looks like the dark side of the moon. This is not the Hawaii of tourist brochures and popular imagination: there is green only where clumps of coconut palm mark the hotels and golf courses.

But the volcanic slope of the Kona coast makes for good water—close to shore it runs deep and turns fast from jade green to deepest blue. And the harbor at Kawaihae would seem to have much to offer the makers of a marine movie epic: a working port, 22,000 square feet of open pier, a clear harbor in which to moor floating sets, few commercial fishermen to interrupt filming, and even an abandoned 12,000-square-foot sugar mill to serve as *Waterworld* headquarters.

The centerpiece of the entire movie was the man-made floating island familiarly known as "the atoll." Construction required 400 workers to five months. It had to be made eight separate pieces—at a total of struction and transportation cost reported $4 million—which required *all* of the available steel in Hawa (When that ran out, the builders ship in more steel from California.) T deadweight was 980 tons. Assembl it was larger than a baseball field. largest section was known as F-1 weighed 126 tons. Pieces were built the shipyards of Honolulu and pu by tugs to Kawaihae Harbor. Unfo nately, when they arrived, no one kn what to do with them. One piece floating on a barge but had to be mo to a smaller barge so that rather t riding on top of the water it wo appear to be floating *in* the wa According to Doug Allen, a local b expert who helped to construct so of the *Waterworld* specialty craft, one could figure out how to move (As with many of the *Waterworld* t takes, this one was largely innoce There was no expert to consult, template to study. No one had do this before. Still, you have to wond What did they *think* would happen

The first plan—flood the larger bar sink it, and slip the smaller barge u der as the larger went down—was, Al says, "a disaster." Flotation devic buoying up the section were da aged, and it seemed in danger of g ing down. After several more effor the barge-sinking plan was abandone The second scheme—using cranes lift it off its now listing original bar and onto the other barge—worke but at huge expense. There were such cranes on the island of Hawa They had to be brought from Ma and Oahu—on more barges!—and a chored onto the docks. According Allen, crews worked for five days. Th the first of numerous expensive *W terworld* delays, was an omen, Alle thinks. "Everyone was thinking s months [to make the movie]. Nobo saw this coming."

Other aspects of pre-productio were equally complicated and expe sive. Two custom-fitted 747s flew two custom-made 60-foot-long tr marans that weighed 12 tons each known as *Manta* and *Quasimodo,* an built at a cost of more than $1 mi lion apiece—from France to Hawai where they landed on runways a

ahole airport that had recently
en lengthened. With the atoll pieces
ally in place, and a superstructure
wood and metal built on top, the
t and crew began arriving from
mainland. The film was already
veral months behind its original
iedule—having initially planned an
ril 1994 start, they were now gear-
up to roll cameras in June.

Roll they did, but without a villain.
e key part of Deacon, evil leader
the Smokers, had still not been
t when principal photography began.
oducers rounded up the usual sus-
cts who play popular miscreants,
ong them John Malkovich (bad
y in *In the Line of Fire*), Gary Old-
an (bad guy in *The Professional* and
ite of Grace), and Gary Busey (bad
y in *Under Siege*). There was even
k of offering the role to Jack Nichol-
n, but he was deemed too expensive
r this already too expensive movie.
ennis Hopper—chillingly effective bad
y in multiple films, from *Blue Vel-
t* to *Speed*—was the last principal ac-
r aboard.

The first day of shooting was June
. The filmmakers came to Hawaii
lking to locals about a hundred days
work, no more. Having begun life
ficially as a $65 million movie, *Wa-
rworld* was now being called a $100
illion movie. Sources around the pro-
uction say the movie began, in fact,
ithout a fixed budget. They say also
e filmmakers knew the movie would
quire well over 120 days of shooting.
ut Largo and Universal balked, so
e numbers were fudged downward.
nce filming began, sequences that
ad been axed for budgetary reasons
ere put back—with the studio's tacit
sent. In fact, the schedule would drag
166 shooting days. For compari-
on's sake, that is 100 days more than
as required for the action-heavy *Top
un*. Likewise, *Braveheart*, which was
ot in two countries and used as many
600 extras in epic battle sequences,
ok only 100 days. The budget bal-
oned accordingly.

Reynolds seemed to know from
e start that it would be rough going.
laving completed a long shoot on
apa Nui (and before he knew how
nderwhelmed audiences would be
y that movie), he called the experi-
nce "a nightmare" in *Premiere* maga-
ine. He then *(Continued on page 150)*



WATER SPORTS
At first the mood off the set was high-spirited. Dennis Hopper hosted a regular Monday-night poker game, and Costner could be spotted playing pickup hoops in Kona or doing tequila shooters at the Beach Grill. Here Costner is photographed on the set, January 18, 1995.

It wasn't problems on the set that drove Costner underground.... It was the gossip that he was hanging out with a hula dancer.



LITTLE WOMAN
Alicia Silverstone, among Hollywood's leading Lolitas.

Alicia in Wonderland

At 18, Alicia Silverstone has already gone from Aerosmith video vixen to leading roles in three new films, including this summer's *Clueless*, in which she plays a part she was born to play—a material girl from Beverly Hills. MICHAEL MUSTO discusses career goals and Shakespeare with the teen siren as she ponders whether it is nobler to be Marilyn Monroe or Meryl Streep

Giving Drew Barrymore a run for her money as queen of the 90s Lolita culture, Alicia Silverstone exudes pure teenage licentiousness in blood-red lips and do-me pumps on-screen, anyway. Often cast as the quintessential pouty, gum-popping Valley babe, the 18-year-old siren is beset with large features saucer-shaped, pleading eyes, a full, ripe mouth, and fleshy cheeks—and they're all dewy in a way that could easily go from apple-blossom-sweet to unsettlingly pretend-rotten at the drop of a fake lash.

In *The Crush*, 1993's variation on *Single White Female*, Silverstone played a 14-year-old ("almost 15") who fixates on a journalist twice her age (Cary Elwes) and makes his life a crazy hell, probably as a revenge on those who deal in words. She scrawls obscenities on his car, coerces nasty wasps (the bugs, not the people) to descend on his girlfriend through an air vent, and goes as far as to take discharge from his used condom to make it appear as if he raped her, all while gurgling, "I just wanted you to like me!" Even Sally Field never went to such lengths. Playing up her vamp role to the miniskirted max, Silverstone spit out her lines—such as "Guess what. Got my period!" and "Nick, ever do a virgin?"—with enough barefaced brio to win awards. Well, MTV awards.

As a result of that performance, the San Francisco–born presence was cast in three one-word-titled Aerosmith videos—"Cryin'," "Amazing," and "Crazy." Awesome? In a way. In all of them, Silverstone was a yearning, rebellious, mildly insouciant siren apparently designed to help

Photographs by MICHAEL ROBERTS

"Shakespeare is my God now, completely in ev

usher young boys into puberty. She was Amy Fisher without a gun, and if video killed the radio star, it only made this new diva more of an employable movie dish. Though Silverstone admits "it wasn't about acting, it was about having a really good time for three days," the vids helped put her in major demand by directors, and not just those wearing trench coats with nothing underneath. Perhaps not since Vanna White letter-turned her way to stardom has someone reaped so much hoopla so unexpectedly.

All at once, Silverstone's in producer Joel Schumacher's *The Babysitter,* in which she's the *object* of the crushes; *True Crime,* in which she stars opposite Kevin Dillon as a Catholic schoolgirl who fancies herself Nancy Drew–ish; and Amy Heckerling's *Clueless,* in which she plays someone named Cher, a materialistic Beverly Hills type who, according to Silverstone, "knows she's beautiful, knows she's perfect, but when reality shows up she doesn't know what to do with it." Not at all like that other Cher. As a defense against "reality," Silverstone says, the character "speaks like a lawyer, always using hard words and trying to sound smart." Hard words?

Oh well, Silverstone is young and has always strived to find culture: in fact, she studied ballet as a child and became attracted to theater when she visited her parents' native country of England. You see, she's a *good* girl and would never tamper with someone's used sex protection. Like Marilyn Monroe, who wanted more than anything to star in *The Brothers Karamazov,* Alicia longs to be the proverbial serious actress. Would she rather be compared to Monroe or Streep? "I don't think either," she says, "because I don't think you can compare someone. I think Marilyn Monroe was probably pretty brilliant. Probably she was a genius and a really, really wonderful, good person, so someone didn't like what she was doing by creating all this goodness and they bumped her off. As an actress, I'd rather be compared to Meryl Streep because people hold her more in respect and Marilyn is more of a legend. I'd rather be respected."

Alas, Silverstone's recent bid for art-house respectability—Alain Corneau's *Le Nouveau Monde*—doesn't seem to be getting distribution here, even though it's a different kind of "period piece" from *The Crush.* But that's hardly stopped the nubile one from pursuing damehood. She's even studying Shakespeare this summer with a troupe called Shakespeare & Company, which is headquartered at Edith Wharton's country estate, the Mount, in Lenox, Massachusetts. The program was recommended to her by actress Christine Lahti.

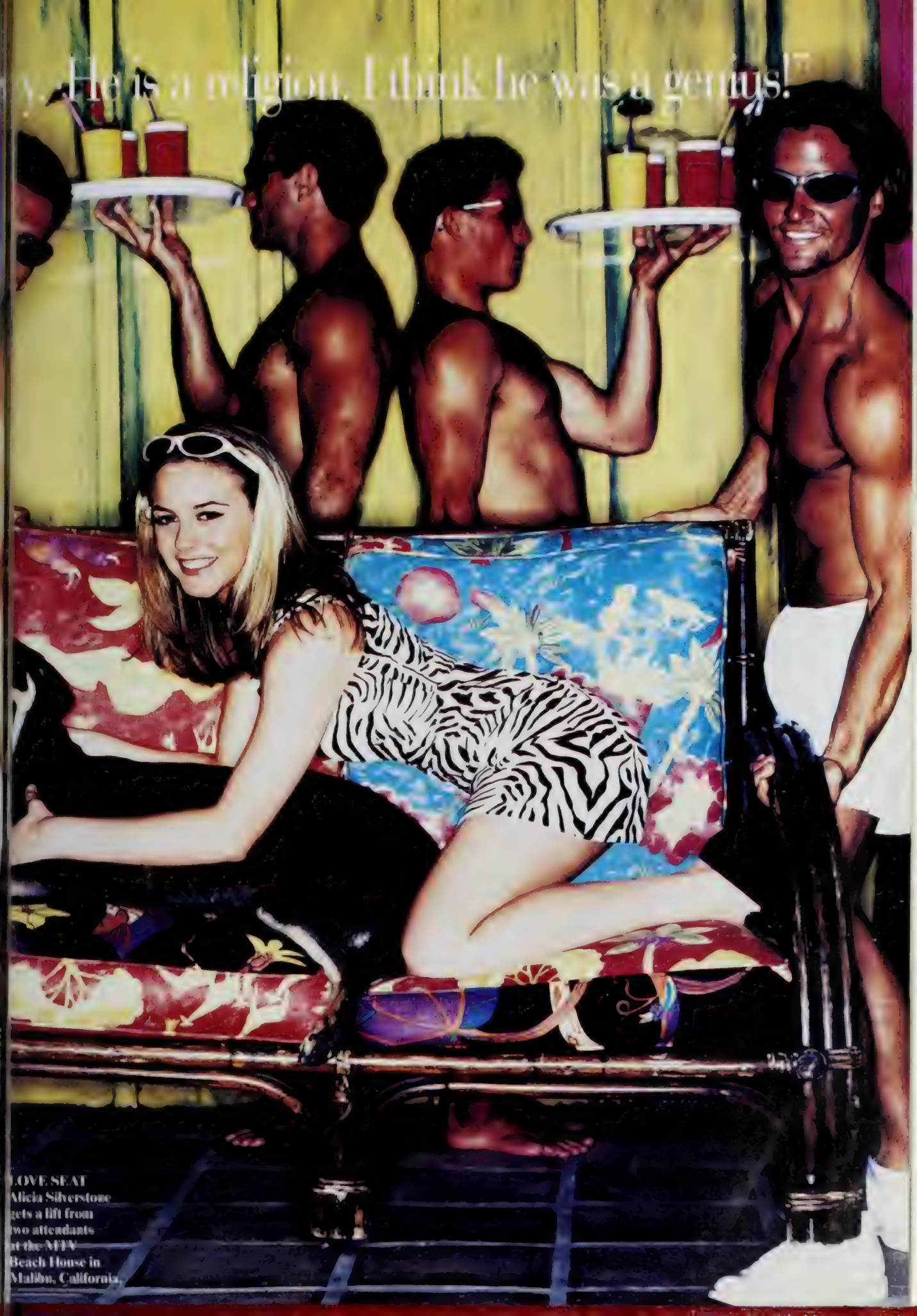
"It's just neat, it's great," she declares with a distinctly non-Elizabethan gusto. "Shakespeare is my God now, completely in every way. He is a religion in his own. I think he was a genius!" The only downside, forsooth, is that the lush campus is so ripe for romance and Silverstone could gag herself because she isn't enjoying any right now. "You get lonely," she admits. "Every day we have to walk up this long hill to class. It's so beautiful you want to hold hands with someone." The large, pleading eyes are downcast. "But I can do that with girls," she says, perking up. "[Actress] Jennifer Rubin's my closest friend here. We hold hands all day long." As you like it, my dear.

"There's so much to learn, it's mind-boggling," Silverstone continues, gushing uncontrollably. In fact, boggle-boggle seems a much more comfortable frame of mind for her than jiggle-jiggle. According to director Amy Heckerling, "Alicia's an innocent. She's honest, open, young. There isn't a phony bone in her body. Two seconds after you say 'Cut,' she's like a puppy—goofy and young." Which makes it strange that the girl plays manipulative sexpots so darned well. "That to her is the job of acting," says Heckerling. "It has nothing to do with who she is."

Silverstone's real-life awestruck, teen-y quality is so infectious that one finds oneself—normally a mature adult—asking distinctly *Tiger Beat*–ish questions such as "Is your dog, Samson, your favorite person?" "I think so," she responds, not missing a beat. "He definitely is up there. But the most special person to me, besides my mom, is Carolyn, my best friend. As far as I'm concerned, Carolyn could be my boyfriend. We have the best time together!" They probably hold hands. But the image is instantly demystified when she adds, significantly, "She's my agent." That's what the girl does—gets you aroused, then scrawls obscenities on your car. □



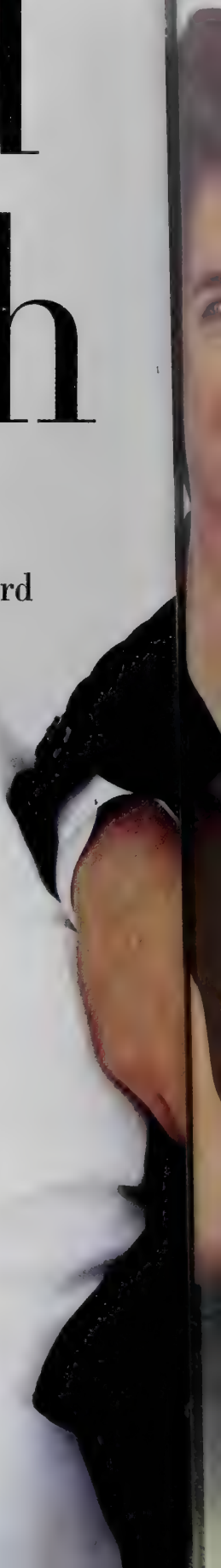
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LOVE SEAT
Alicia Silverstone gets a lift from two attendants at the MTV Beach House in Malibu, California.

Woodward and...Walsh

He was the twice-divorced hero of Watergate immortalized by Robert Redford in *All the President's Men;* she was an ambitious young Berkeley graduate. When Bob Woodward met Elsa Walsh, sparks flew in the *Washington Post* newsroom. Fifteen years and six Woodward best-sellers later, HILARY MILLS finds Walsh emerging from her husband's shadow with a new book, *Divided Lives*, and a new take on their marriage



Fifteen years ago Sally Quinn, star writer for *The Washington Post*'s "Style" section and wife of *Post* editor Ben Bradlee, shepherded a 23-year-old Berkeley graduate named Elsa Walsh across the legendary newsroom floor for a job interview with the equally legendary Bob Woodward, who was then "Metro" editor. Walsh, a tall, dark-haired Irish beauty who also happened to be Phi Beta Kappa, had read Woodward and Bernstein's *All the President's Men* and *The Final Days* with intense admiration. She had seen the 1976 Alan Pakula movie, in which Robert Redford made a virtual icon out of the man she was about to meet.

"Here was the real thing," Walsh remembers feeling as she walked into Woodward's office, "not something in a book, the real thing. Here was this person who had actually accomplished something good in his life. . . . The good man in the good society."

The admiration was instantly mutual. "It was the only time in my life," says Quinn, "that I have ever actually seen someone fall in love with another person in front of me. It was one of those scenes where you wish you had it in slow motion and they could show it in behavioral-science class.

Photographs by JONATHAN BECKER



DOUBLE BYLINE

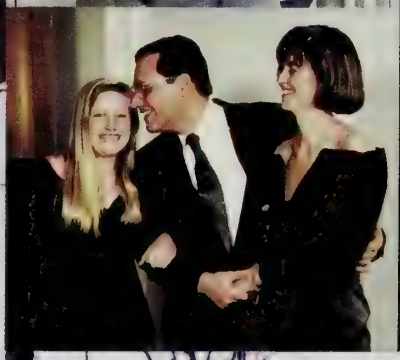
Bob Woodward has braved presidents' men and at least three volatile pairings (two ex-wives and former reporting partner Carl Bernstein). Now he and Elsa Walsh seem to have it all in balance: they share *The Washington Post* as well as an 1868 Georgetown house, a Maryland spread for weekends, friends such as Ben Bradlee and Sally Quinn, and afternoons of sculling in the sun.











THE GOOD OLD DA

Clockwise from top left: political consultant Gera Rafshoon, former *Post* e Ben Bradlee, Woodward and Bradlee's son Quinn in Tuscany in 1994; Elsa Walsh with her sister Di (standing), their brother Redmond, and Woodwar Nantucket in 1992; Wals and Woodward at their Edgewater, Maryland, h in 1987; Bob's daughter, with Walsh and Woodwa their wedding day in 198 Elsa and pals Lisa Berg Patience O'Connor in Edgewater in 1994; Wals and *Post* alum Sally Quin at the former's wedding shower in 1989; Carl Bernstein with Walsh and Woodward in 1994.







Bob just looked at Elsa," says Sally Quinn, nd I knew right away it was over for him."

b just looked at her and almost couldn't speak. His lids started fluttering, and his mouth sort of dropped en. I looked at him and thought, Oh my God, this n is falling in love with this woman right now. I knew ht away it was over for Bob."
Elsa Walsh got the job.

As I sit across from Bob Woodward in the apricot-glazed dining room of his high-ceilinged, million-dollar 1868 Georgetown house on a sunny morning all these years later, he confirms that moment with a shy smile which is prideful rather than embarrassed. "Sally is right in saying . . . yes, I fell in love with Elsa right away. . . . Elsa and I have as close a relationship as two people can have." The previous afternoon, as alsh and I talked in the seductive hunter-green den with deep tweed and leather seats, she had similar memoes. "There was a lot of electricity in the air. It was a ry powerful moment."
Woodward and Walsh started living together in 1982, two ars after they met, and have been married since 1989, but e power of their union obviously hasn't diminished with ne. As Quinn says, "He's extremely proud of her. I get e sense with Bob that he's constantly pinching himself d saying, 'How can I be so lucky to be with her?'" His ide extends to Walsh's career as a respected "Metro" reorter who was on the shortlist for a Pulitzer in 1989, and her first book, *Divided Lives*, which Woodward's own ublisher, Simon & Schuster, is bringing out in August.
Profiling the lives of three successful women—ABC correspondent Meredith Vieira, breast surgeon Alison Estabrook, nd West Virginia's First Lady, the conductor Rachael Worly—Walsh reveals with unsettling intimacy how difficult it as for each of these women to achieve personal and proessional balance. Advance praise has poured in from Doris earns Goodwin, Susan Faludi, Maggie Scarf, Mary Matan, Linda Bird Francke, and Judy Woodruff.
"I think the most interesting book to come out of this ouse may very well be Elsa's," says Woodward with a huility that would be hard to believe if this particular charcter trait hadn't been confirmed by so many of his colleagues. At 52 he still has a boyish earnestness as he leans forward o make this point. The fact that he is wearing a tie in his wn home this morning somehow adds to the impression f well-scrubbed sincerity. As Katharine Graham, chairman f the Executive Committee of the Washington Post Company, puts it, "Bob is wonderfully square, you know."
"The books I do," Woodward continues, "touch the lives f the people I write about maybe, and can explain some of he politics, but no one is going to read *The Agenda* and say, 'Ah, this is where I should invest my money.' It's not about their life. Elsa's book is saying it's O.K. when it's hard, it's O.K. for the dilemma to be out on the table, it's O.K. to get frazzled. . . . It's taught me a lot."
Considering that Bob Woodward is the only nonfiction writer to have had six No. 1 *New York Times* best-sellers and that his seven books have sold more than four million copies in hardcover and untold millions more in paperback, this is a rather generous statement, even for a devoted husband. But what might seem patronizing to a jaundiced eye perhaps really isn't.
"They have the best marriage that I've seen, in truth," says Laura Yorke, a Putnam editor who is married to Dick Snyder, the former chairman and C.E.O. of Simon & Schuster, and who is in a similar union in terms of fame imbalance. "I think that they absolutely respect each other as people and for what the other does, and there's an incredible willingness to help the other person, to allow the other person whatever it is that they need to make them happy. . . . Elsa is very liberal and very much of a feminist and Bob is totally respectful of that. . . . More than any other husband I've ever seen." Snyder, one of Woodward's oldest friends and the publisher of all his books, is equally emphatic about the Woodward-Walsh relationship. "What I see," says Snyder, "and you don't often see it, is a great love affair going on."
Woodward knows what a love affair is not. He has been married twice before. His first wife was his high-school sweetheart, Kathleen Middlekauff, whom he married shortly after he graduated from Yale in 1965. He married reporter Frances Barnard in 1974, the year he shot to fame with *All the President's Men*. "I think he can count," says his friend Scott Armstrong, who grew up with Woodward in Wheaton, Illinois, and co-authored *The Brethren* with him. "This is the third time around and he's determined to make it work." Woodward's former boss Ben Bradlee agrees. "This is the first relationship that I know that he's had in which the relationship has been tended to. . . . He cares about how Elsa is reacting to his life. He cares about Elsa, which he didn't do with his other wives."
Woodward's unrelenting work habits have become the stuff of legend around the *Post* and caused friction in his previous relationships. "Francie would love to have her friends in for a chat," recalls Scott Armstrong. "Bob wanted to be out interviewing or writing."
Katharine Graham remembers that even before Watergate she had heard what a hard worker Woodward was. When she asked her son Donald (who was then apprenticing at the paper and is currently chairman, C.E.O., and publisher of the *Post*) whether Woodward might make a managing editor, he replied, "He's not going to be a man-

aging editor, he's going to be dead. . . . He works so hard he's a maniac."

Close friend Jim Wooten, a correspondent for ABC, was amused by Woodward's difficulties while vacationing. "We were down in the Virgin Islands several years ago sailing around," he says, "and all of us were very scrupulous—particularly the males—about pretending not to be interested in what was going on in the outside world. No newspapers, no telephones. One day we're sitting at a restaurant for lunch and Bob says, 'I'm going to the head.' So I followed him and he goes to the phone. . . . I kidded him about it because I knew what he was doing. He was calling the *Post.*"

Another friend, *Post* columnist Richard Cohen, says that over the years these kinds of caricatures have taken on an inflated life of their own. "There's a whole kind of Woodward mythology that's grown up," he says, "in which he's a Grant Wood character, a personification of *American Gothic,* and he just wants to work and he doesn't spend money and all this stuff, but some of it is overdrawn. . . . I think Elsa has given him another foundation, which is their relationship."

In *Divided Lives,* Walsh writes about the need for balance in life, an objective she clearly has been trying to achieve in her own existence. She separates this concept of balance into seven categories: work, love, children and family, friends, time for self, sense of place, and sense of self. Woodward has taken to this "program" with surprising zeal. "We do the seven levels of our lives pretty coherently and allocate time for them and don't get involved in a lot of stupid things," he confesses.

Woodward mentions with pride that he is trying not to work at night or on weekends, but adds somewhat sheepishly, "Elsa really is able to deal with me and accept my work habits, which still exist, and my impulsiveness sometimes and my nonrelaxed state. I'm in a nonrelaxed state doing this book on the 1996 elections because there is always something going on. Every day. I could spend all my time on it."

Walsh, however, makes sure that he doesn't. She has devised a series of evenings with friends where conversation focuses on a particular book or article. Participants include *Post* reporter and author David Maraniss, whose book on Clinton, *First in His Class,* was dissected in February. Other group members include Sally Quinn and, sometimes, Ben Bradlee, presidential historian Michael Beschloss, and psychoanalyst Judy Lansing Kovler.

Weekends are usually spent reading and relaxing at their stunning gray shingled house with a view of the Chesapeake Bay near Annapolis, Maryland, which they finished building in 1987. Walsh jokes about the guest wing, which because it overlooked the driveway tended to discourage visitors. But eventually so many friends came to visit—the Snyders, the Bradlees, Kay Graham, Richard Cohen and his wife, Leslie Feely, Jim Wooten and his wife, Patience O'Connor—that they built a guesthouse, with soaring, vaulted ceilings, which faces the water.

Over the years, the third-floor bedroom of their Georgetown house, dubbed the "bachelor turret," has also sheltered a small army of single, and temporarily single, friends, including Richard Cohen, Scott Armstrong, and Gary H (long before Hart's presidential bid, Woodward is carefu point out). Carl Bernstein stayed there in 1984, while was starting his book *Loyalties,* his memoir of growing as the child of Communist parents in the McCarthy The celebrated Watergate duo had gone their separate w after writing *The Final Days* in 1976 because, as Woodw told J. Anthony Lukas in 1989, "I tend to be more o workaholic and Carl tends to be on the lesser side of wo aholism." Although friends originally called the town ho "the Castle," because of its architectural style, the top fl was later named "the Factory," to commemorate the v number of pages generated in the suite of three offi where Walsh and Woodward spend most of their days.

Although Woodward had a sailboat called *Timeless* the mid-80s, he sold it because finding a crew was t time-consuming. He and Walsh now scull on the So River, and Woodward tries to play golf every couple weeks. Walsh even has him going to the gym and wo ing out with a personal trainer. David Maraniss is intrigu by all the physical-fitness paraphernalia the two have. "E is sort of a self-improvement-type person," he says, "a I think she has gotten Woodward on that kick, too."

Cultural self-improvement is also part of the balan Walsh seeks, and she and her husband go often to the sy phony or the opera. But they shy away from the celebri social circuit because, as Woodward says, "it's meaningle It's not real." In fact, Woodward's ability to resist the mo tempting seductions of fame probably saved him after W tergate, when he and Bernstein—who fared less well—b came overnight national folk heroes.

Walsh's avid search for balance clearly sten from an intuitive realization that she herse was falling prey to Woodwardian excesses one point. There was a period in the 8 when she and her husband barely saw eac other. "Essentially from 1985 to 1991 w just sort of a working jog," she admits. "O ten I wouldn't come home till 9 or 1 o'clock. Even though I thought Bob and had a really great life, we didn't go on a honeymoon rig away because I was covering a big drug trial. I got marrie just as I thought the jury was going out for deliberation.'

Not only was Walsh beginning to work as hard as he husband, but the focus of her pieces was gradually chan ing from human-interest stories to the more hard-edged in vestigations for which Woodward is famous. Part of thi shift obviously had to do with the advancement of Walsh career as she moved from the suburban-weekly "Metro section to an education beat and finally to covering the D.C superior courts. "She covered some really gruesome trials," says colleague D'Vera Cohn. "It's always amazed me she wanted to take on some of the horrific and terrible crimes."

Sari Horwitz, who reported on crime at the same time as Walsh, understands the addiction. "It can get rough, and I think people were surprised a little bit that people like Elsa and I were doing it. . . . It is considered a grimy, dirty beat, but I think both of us got *(Continued on page 148)*

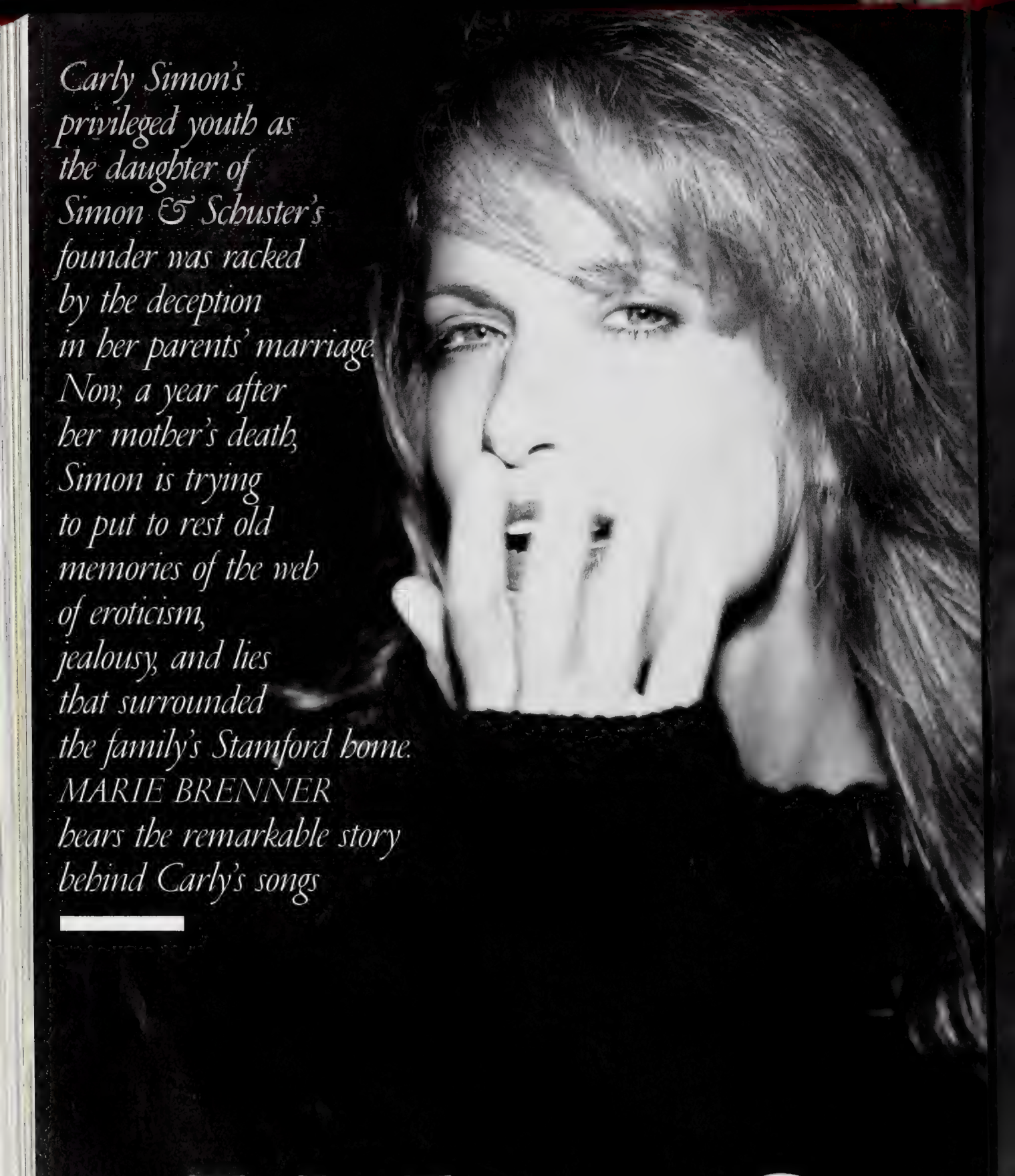


NEWS HOUSE

Friends call the three-story Georgetown home of Woodward and Walsh "the Castle." Though the couple's lovelorn friends are more than occasional guests, there are more offices than guest suites. In "the Factory," on the top floor, Woodward has produced several of the books that have made him the country's most popular nonfiction author.

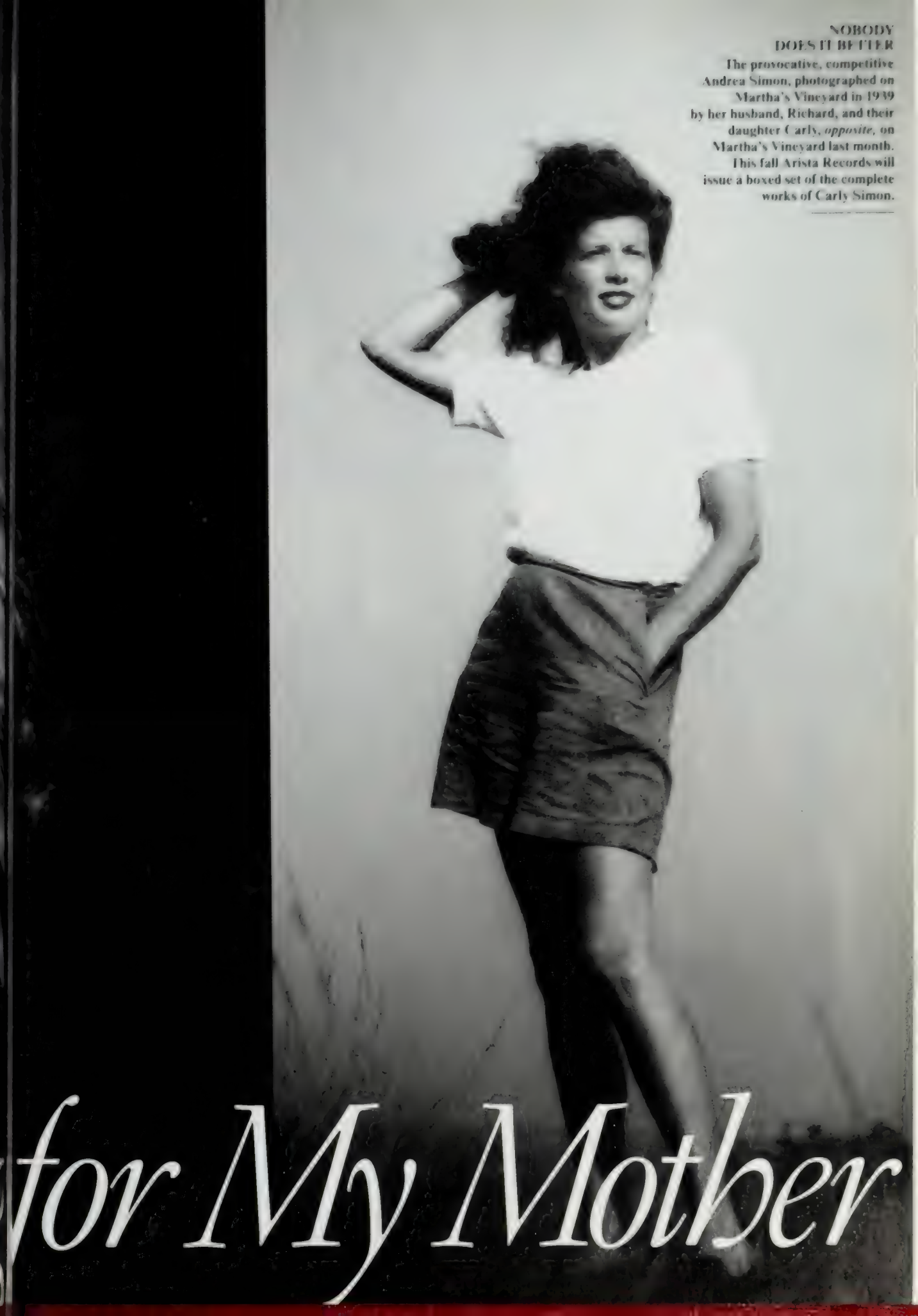
"What I see," says Dick Snyder. "is a great love affair going on."

Carly Simon's privileged youth as the daughter of Simon & Schuster's founder was racked by the deception in her parents' marriage. Now, a year after her mother's death, Simon is trying to put to rest old memories of the web of eroticism, jealousy, and lies that surrounded the family's Stamford home.
MARIE BRENNER hears the remarkable story behind Carly's songs



I Never Sang

Photograph by BRIGITTE LACOMBE



NOBODY DOES IT BETTER

The provocative, competitive Andrea Simon, photographed on Martha's Vineyard in 1939 by her husband, Richard, and their daughter Carly, *opposite*, on Martha's Vineyard last month. This fall Arista Records will issue a boxed set of the complete works of Carly Simon.

for My Mother





ANTICIPATION
The Simons at their house in Riverdale, *above,* in the mid-50s: clockwise from left, Lucy, Andrea, Richard, Joanna, Carly, and Peter.

It has always been Carly Simon's intention to seek a version of the truth in her music. As a songwriter, she has drawn selectively on elements of her life for inspiration. In February 1994, three days after the death of their mother, Andrea, Carly and her older sisters, Lucy and Joanna, arranged to spend an afternoon at their childhood home in Riverdale, in the Bronx. The house, a splendid white brick colonial, stands at the highest point on a hill in a section called Fieldston, a quiet outpost of the upper-middle-class life of the 1950s. The house had often been the setting for grand evenings with luminaries of the period: Charles Goren played bridge here with Carly's father, Richard L. Simon, a founder of Simon & Schuster. The novelist Irwin Shaw had been a frequent guest, as had Jackie Robinson and the historians Will and Ariel Durant. Dick Simon was a talented pianist, and music filled the house. As young girls, the Simon sisters sang "A Real Nice Clambake" for Oscar Hammerstein; they posed as young American aristocrats for magazines.

That February afternoon, a light

w was falling as Lucy drove Carorth on the Henry Hudson Park-. Carly Simon's phobias are well wn. For years she would not per- n publicly, or fly without "mas- amounts of medication," in the ds of her friend the writer Jacob ckman, or drive except on Martha's eyard, because she was frightened speed. In the car, Lucy and Carly e somber; they knew that this would one of their last trips to their childd home. Lucy and Carly are close. "the Simon Sisters," they record- two albums together in the 1960s. w they were preparing to go through ecessary and difficult ritual, tagg the remaining furniture and diing their mother's possessions with ir older sister, Joanna.

Arriving inside the house, Carly lat- recalled, she was startled to see "awful emptiness"—paintings and otographs had been removed. On second floor, she stared at the sty floral wallpaper in a guest bedm. Carly remembered being home th a high fever as an eight-year-old ld and seeing tiny pandas crawling and down the walls of the bedm. "My darling," Andrea Simon d her in her lilting, actressy voice, ou have such an imagination!" It s the first time Carly had ever ard the word.

For Carly, the afternoon in Riverdale s marked by a feeling of wistfulss; she was experiencing contradicry emotions, guilt and longing. She s bereft, she later said, but she fosed her anger over her mother's ath on Joanna. For her part, Joan, an opera singer, was unable to t a line she attributed to Sylvia ath out of her head: "My mother, y mother, alas, I haven't another." arly and Joanna were bickering over ho would inherit their mother's dou- strand of Tiffany pearls. Lucy, a mposer, who had long ago slipped to the role of the family mediator, id later, "I knew both my sisters elieved that the pearls were the symol of who my mother loved the most." ucy said she had no sentimental elings about the necklace; she wantd her father's piano.

The three women sat at a card ble in the living room. Carly remembers suggesting that she and Joana split her mother's necklace. Joanna resisted. "That would ruin the integrity," she said. Joanna slipped the pearls around her neck. Lucy teased her sister. "Joey, you look like Barbara Bush." As usual, Carly feigned a lack of interest. "Take the pearls, Joanna. They mean nothing to me," she said. As a child, Carly felt, she had often acquiesced to the whims of both sisters. The lyrics of her song "Big Sister"—"She rides in the front seat / My big sister lords it over me"—had been inspired by her relationship with Joanna.

According to Carly, "Later that evening when I walked into my apartment, I was dazed from the material clumsiness of the great grab. I felt that I had given away too much. This is part and parcel of being the most famous sister. I felt as if I had to give up something on another level. And I was also very much wishing that my mother was around to say, 'Look, Jo, you got the silver; Carly should get the pearls.' The thing that bothered me was how I was preoccupied by the loss of material things when I should have been preoccupied only by the loss of my mother."

Carly sat down on a maroon velvet sofa and began to think of her mother's inability to catch her breath during the final stages of her lung cancer. She was feeling sad and reflective, she later said, "with that urgency you have when you need to make a telephone call to someone." A line ran through her head: *Dear mother, the struggle is over now.* Thirty minutes later, she called Lucy and said, "I've written something that I want you to hear." She was no longer upset; her voice was clear on the telephone. She read her the first two verses of "Like a River," her celebration of her relationship with her mother.

Dear mother the struggle is over now
And your house is up for sale
We divided your railroad watches
Among the four of us
I fought over the pearls
With the other girls
But it was all a metaphor
For what is wrong with us
As the room is emptying out
Your face so young comes into view . . .

I'll wait no more for you like a daughter,
That part of our life together is over
But I will wait for you, forever,
Like a river . . .

Some months later, Carly recalled the evening she wrote the song. "I got into that thing about sublimation. It takes you one step away from the pain itself. The emotion is slightly to one side, because I was the witness of it, not the center of it. I didn't get that feeling—that goose-bump feeling as a composer—until I sat down at the piano. The music was a mystery. I don't know where it came from."

Simon's rambling apartment is on Central Park West, in the building where Woody Allen shot *Hannah and Her Sisters.* Carly greets me at the door wearing a long white piqué shirt, neatly pressed Levi's, and white socks. We are not strangers; the writer and radio personality Jonathan Schwartz, a man to whom I have been married, was a childhood friend of Carly and her family. It is a dank day, unusually foggy for New York. "You have to see this," she says. We walk past a StairMaster in the foyer into her living room, which resembles a recording studio decorated with a luxurious jumble of fine antiques, chintz overstuffed chairs, a velvet sofa, and china cabinets. Although it is cold outside, the smell of narcissus is overpowering. There are trays of blossoms everywhere, the only visible rock-star extravagance. We stand silently, looking out, unable to see the trees. "Can you hear the *clip-clop?*" she asks. "Can't you hear it? The foggy-day-in-New-York kind of sound?"

Almost a year has passed since Andrea Simon's death. Simon tells me she is ready to start performing in small clubs, and is planning a 16-city summer tour, although she hasn't performed in large arenas since 1981. In November she released *Letters Never Sent,* her first album in four years; "Like a River," in particular, was praised by critics. I wonder if the burst of activity and Simon's new and startling absence of stage fright are related to her mother's death. I am curious to learn of the family history that inspired "Like a River."

Carly Simon's conversation is filled with verbal fancies, pirouettes of speech, confidences, and confessions. She has an assortment of eccentric personal strategies, such as creating code words



HELLO, BIG MAN
The first words Andrea Heinemann Simon—*left,* in the mid-30s—spoke to her boss and future husband became a Carly Simon song title. *Opposite,* Richard Simon on the family tennis court in the early 40s and, *inset,* Joanna, Carly on Andrea's lap, and Lucy at the Stamford house in the late 40s.

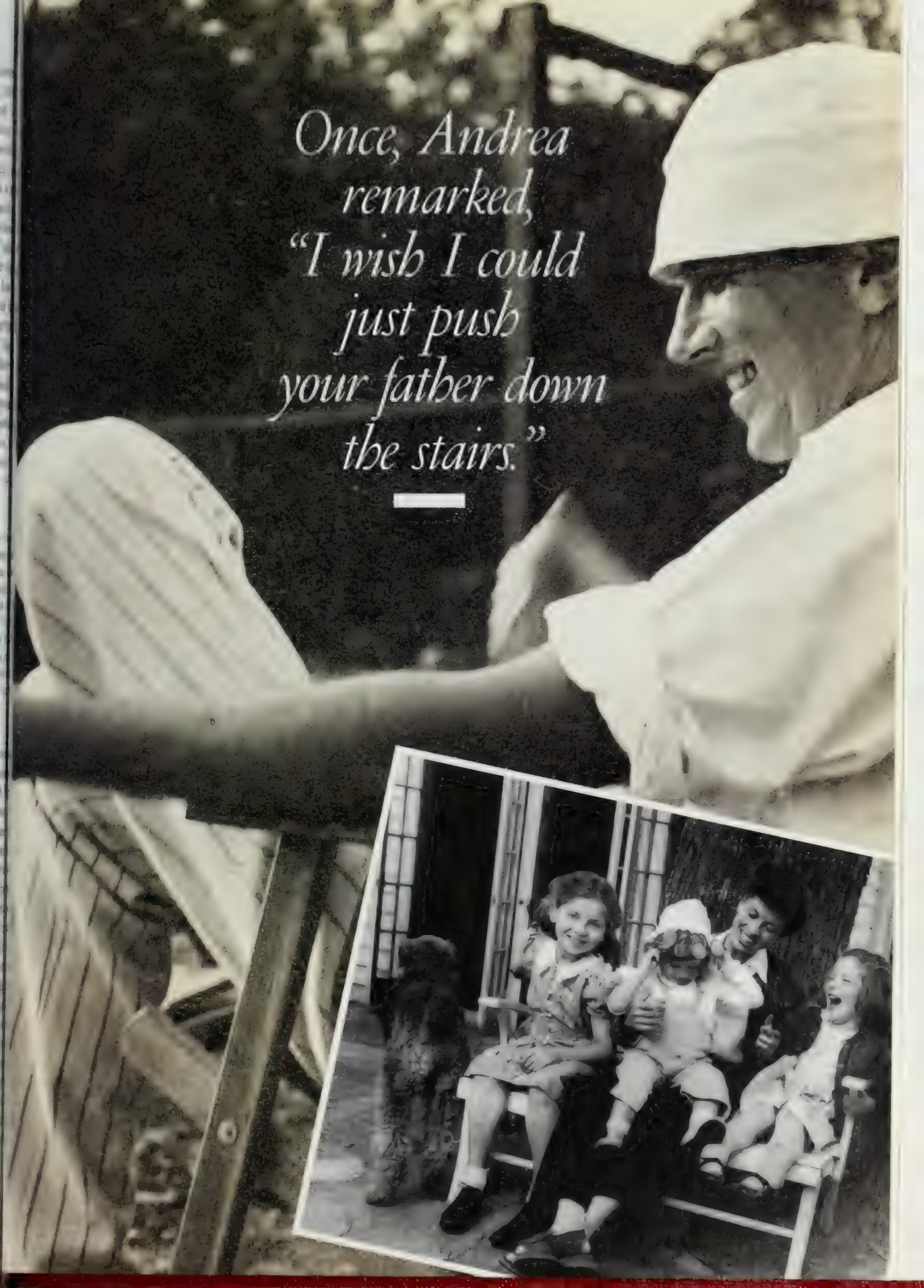
for her friends' telephone numbe
for example, PEPEWAS, PEGYORK, TISI
Authenticity, a desire to speak f
the heart, has been her ambition.
has an intense preoccupation with
inner life, tossing off sentences s
as "With my parents there was a h
dichotomy between reality and
unconscious." There is an adolesc
quality about Simon, an aura of naï
with a genuine toughness on the ed

As an artist, Carly Simon has
ways used the complexities of her f
ily for inspiration. In her apartm
there are hundreds of images of the
mons, many taken by her father
photographers he published, such
Philippe Halsman and Alfred Eisenst
In her bedroom is a bureau chaoti
ly filled with journals and letters,
cluding one from Richard Simon
Andrea Heinemann written in 19
soon after he proposed:

Darlingest One in All the World BY F

Here I am in OUR room, sitting on
chair on which you addressed the
velopes for these announcements, and
der the same flood light, and I must
you, my Sweet, how incredibly happy I
about you. . . . Darlingest, just think t
is OUR living room here and our piano, a
inside in the closet in the bedroom are
those dresses and hats and underwear a
shoes that belong to my Andrea!

The son of a prospero
feather-and-silk-flow
manufacturer, Richard
mon grew up in a brow
stone on West 87th Stre
The Simons did not m
with the German Jev
of Temple Emanu-El b
joined the progressive S
ciety of Ethical Cultur
determined to assimilate. Simon's f
ther, Leo, named his five children a
ter British monarchs—Richard, Georg
Alfred, Henry, and Elizabeth—and a
tended the Philharmonic weekly. Th
house was a cacophony of music: Georg
kept his drums in the basement, an
Richard showed unusual early taler
as a pianist. He was six feet four inc
es tall with long, tapering fingers an
strong hands. Often he played fiv
straight hours of Chopin, but he wa
discouraged from pursuing a career a
a concert pianist by his father, wh
told him he would never make enoug
money to support a family. When Dic


Once, Andrea
remarked,
"I wish I could
just push
your father down
the stairs."



TOUCHED BY THE SUN

A Richard Simon photograph of his children in the early 50s, about the time Andrea invited Ronnie Klinzing to join the household: from left, Carly, the future pop artist; Joanna, the future opera singer; Peter, who would become a photographer, like his father; and Lucy, the future singer and musical-comedy composer.

was 18, his mother died. Leo Simon immediately invited his wife's closest friend, Jo Hutmacher, to live in the house and supervise the children. Hutmacher, elegant and intelligent, had never married. She was Swiss, with a maternal pleasantness, which later reminded Carly of "postcards of women that you see posing on the mountains near Interlaken." Eighteen years older than Dick Simon, Hutmacher became his first lover. It was a relationship that would remain in place for many years and deeply affect Simon's subsequent marriage.

In the early 1920s, Dick Simon became a piano salesman. One of his first calls was on Max Schuster, a trade-magazine publisher who had an office in the Aeolian Building on West 42nd Street. Schuster did not come from a prosperous a family as Simon—his father ran a stationery store in Harlem—but he was canny and insatiably curious. On Schuster's desk on the day of Dick Simon's sales call was a copy of Romain Rolland's *Jean Christophe*, a popular novel of the time. The two men had a long conversation about the author, which led to a friendship

eventually to the decision to go business together. In 1924, Simon ced that one of his aunts was a sword-puzzle fanatic. The *Sunday ld* published puzzles weekly but had er collected them in book form. young partners took the puzzle ors to lunch and signed them for ook of 50 crosswords; they gave each an advance of $25. Simon and uster then asked the columnist nklin P. Adams to write an introtion, but he refused and told them idea was harebrained. In three nths the book sold 40,000 copies. the end of Simon & Schuster's t year in business, 375,000 copies crossword-puzzle books had been d. By 1939 they had published 47 umes of crosswords and 450 other es, including Robert Ripley's *Beve It or Not* and Dale Carnegie's *w to Win Friends and Influence ople*, as well as works by Albert stein and Leon Trotsky. In 1938 they blished Simon's own manual for amateur photographer.

Simon often appeared distracted to itors; he had nervous habits such practicing fingerboard exercises on y available surface while carrying conversations, but he had a sinlar talent for book promotion. When non and Schuster started their comny, books made their way without vertising on the basis of reviews d word of mouth. It was Simon's ea to market each book separately revolutionary concept at the time. he company virtually invented modn publishing.

In the summer of 1934, Simon noticed a new telephone operator at the switchboard. "Hello, little woman," he said, and she replied, "Hello, big man" an exchange that many years later would inspire a song by their daughter.

Andrea Heinemann was slim and short, with long curly hair nd unusual style; she wore velvet dress- with saddle shoes. She was self-dramatizer, grandiose, exuberant, nd imperious. She later remindd friends of Lena Horne. Andrea as given to vivid statements that ay or may not have been true. She aimed that her mother was Moorh, the illegitimate daughter of King Alfonso of Spain although the Moors were expelled from Spain in the 17th century. According to Max Schuster's daughter Pearl London, the young Andrea Heinemann was overtly sensual, discomfiting the women in her mother's set by giving off sexual vibrations.

In the office one day, Andrea met John Ringling North, an heir to the circus fortune. "May I have an extra day off to go to Mardi Gras with John North?" she asked her boss.

In the same year that Ronnie arrived in the house, Carly developed a crippling stammer.

Soon she was off the switchboard, working only for the big man.

Andrea's father had abandoned the family when she was four years old, leaving Andrea and her two younger brothers to be brought up by their mother, Maria, known as Chibie, who reportedly supported her children by working as the writer Thomas Mann's secretary. According to Joanna, Chibie Heinemann was immensely cultivated and could speak five languages. As a child, Andrea was competitive with her mother. She later told her daughters that when she was 16 she came home from school to discover her boyfriend in bed with her mother—a story Joanna never believed.

In the family, there would be little premium placed on telling the truth; imaginative flights of fancy were rewarded. Andrea often announced coolly that her mother had had love affairs with Fiorello La Guardia, Thomas Mann, and perhaps Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Chibie never denied it. "When I go, you will find out nothing, but nothing, about my life," Chibie once told Joanna.

It took Dick Simon a year to propose. On her honeymoon, Andrea sent Max Schuster and his wife a striking photograph: the soles of her feet intertwined with Dick's on the beach. The wedding trip was not a success, however. Dick remained haunted by his love for Jo Hutmacher, whom he cabled daily from Hawaii. Andrea later confided to her children that she returned from her honeymoon demoralized—Dick had asked her to sleep in a separate bed and did not consummate the marriage. In the first months of the marriage, according to Carly, Dick made it clear to his bride that she would have to accept the "Auntie Jo" situation. Simon eventually turned his sexual attentions to Andrea, but Auntie Jo was incorporated into the structure of the family: he rented an apartment which Andrea's mother would share with Auntie Jo. He ignored his wife's sensitivity about pairing the two women, both of whom she viewed as rivals. "She was seething, and later she would boil over," Carly says, but in the early years of her marriage she went along when her husband insisted on naming his first child Joanna after Auntie Jo and his mother, Anna. Later, she would tell Joanna that she had never favored her because she could not transcend her dislike of her namesake Auntie Jo.

There was nothing subtle or restrained about Andrea Simon; she even called herself "Mrs. Simon & Schuster," and in the process irritated Max Schuster's wife. Dick also lacked finesse; he could be brusque and myopic, oblivious to his wife's need for acceptance. One summer George Gershwin arrived with the score of *Porgy and Bess*. Andrea believed she had musical ability; she rehearsed "Summertime" to sing for the composer. In the middle of the song, her husband corrected her: "No, dear, it goes like this." Andrea made an issue of the incident with her children, interpreting it as "an embarrassment," a sign of her lack of status in the house. She later told her daughters that she felt unsure of herself, out of her depth intellectually. According to Carly, "When Will and Ariel Durant would come to dinner, or Bernard Beren-

son or Baruch—one of the Bernards—Mother used to tell me that she would make a ton of excuses to get out of the room, pretending to need demitasse cups or something like that. Whenever my mother felt she had to contribute, she would make a beeline for a domestic duty."

Andrea began to create a life for herself that was secret from her husband. During the war, without his knowledge, she drove a jeep as a volunteer for army officers at a nearby base. She would return in her uniform at 4:30 P.M., says Carly, then change into her "house clothes and dowdy smocks and go right to the nursery." When her husband came home from the office, Andrea would say, "The children have kept me so busy all day."

The Simons had a tennis court, a large swimming pool, and an orchard at their estate in Stamford, Connecticut; apples would crunch underfoot as guests made their way to swim. A water tower by the tennis court was covered with the autographs of the Simons' visitors—tennis star Don Budge, Benny Goodman. As the Simon sisters grew up, there was a bloom of adolescent sexuality in the house. In the opinion of Lucy, Andrea so identified with her daughters' burgeoning sexuality that it was difficult for her to perceive their need for independence. Her vivacity and passion had the effect of italicizing her daughters' sexual development. When Carly began to menstruate at age 13, Andrea took her up to the roof of the house and opened a bottle of wine. "Let's drink a toast to womanhood and the moon," she said, according to Carly's cousin Jeannie Seligmann, who was visiting at the time. Once, on a sultry night in June, Andrea put a rose in her hair and did a tango, ending her dance with the cry "Men are wonderful!"

By the time his fourth child, Peter, was born in 1947, Dick Simon was often distracted and prone to periods of depression. In 1944 he and Schuster had sold their company to Marshall Field, the founder of the Chicago retailing empire, for $1 million, but Simon did not approve of the way the business was run. In 1952, to appease him, Field set up an imprint for the former owner. Simon had a huge success in publishing golf books and photography books; he introduced Henri Cartier-Bresson's *Decisive Moment* to America, as well as Philippe Halsman's landmark study of celebrities—including Dick Simon—jumping. He also discovered Sloan Wilson's novel *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit.* Nevertheless, in the 1950s he often felt shunted aside at the publishing house, and a subtext of deceit began to surface in the family, a dark theme underneath the gaiety of the musical nights.

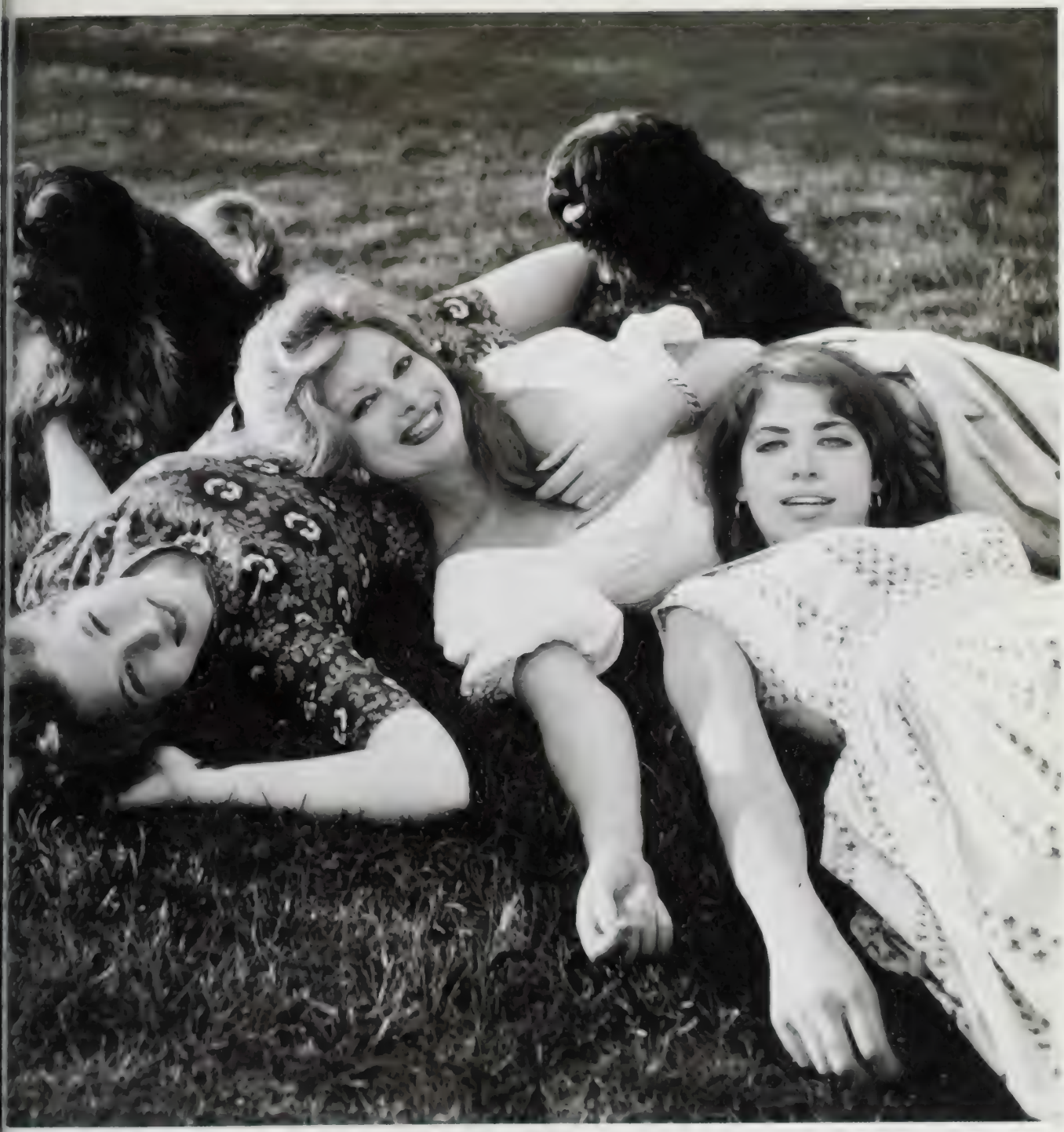
Carly describes an "atmosphere of erotica. The sexual haze was so thick you could cut it."

Andrea was 44 in 1953, when she decided to hire a college boy to be a weekend companion for her son, believing that Peter needed someone to teach him how to play tennis and baseball. It is the opinion of Carly and her sisters that their mother was in fact lonely and subtly advertising for a boyfriend. The façade of her life was splendid: Andrea organized art classes and productions of *Little Women* for her daughters. In the summers, much of the activity of the house in Stamford was centered on the preparation of food—peach melbas and lobster. Delicious smells emanated from the kitchen, which was presided over by Sula, the Simons' cook from the islands, who served lunches at the pool house while balancing bowls on her head. In addition, Andrea was active in the civil-rights movement and organized fund-raisers and concerts at the house; Jackie and Rachel Robinson lived at the Simon house until Andrea was able to help integrate them into the town.

On Sundays, the entire family congregated. Andrea's brothers were as musical as the Simons. Carly often raced through the garden imitating the singer Betty Ann Grove. To her parents' visitors, she appeared to be a 10-year-old imitating her mother's sensual affect. She writhed on the lawn like a young torch singer, a Libby-Holman-to-be, one cousin remembered, loudly singing: "All I want is loving you and music, music, music!"

From time to time when Carly Simon recalls her childhood and her relationship with her mother, she uses an odd phrase—"the atmosphere of erotica"—to describe the mysterious aura in the Simon household. "The sexual haze was so thick you could cut it," she says. But there is one aspect of her life she has never used for material for her songs. When Carly was 12, she discovered that her mother was having an affair. On one occasion when Carly and I are paging through an album of family photographs, she asks, "Have you ever seen Ronnie's picture?" Her voice is neutral, even coy. "Wasn't he handsome? He looks like Rock Hudson, don't you think?" When Ronald Kilmer zing was hired as Peter's companion he was 20, a Columbia College scholarship student from Pittsburgh. Ronnie had a benign, flirty quality, a cousin remembered, an intense virility, and a caressing voice. His parents had died when he was young.

For Joanna Simon, Ronnie's presence became a defining element of the family. It is Lucy Simon's belief that Ronnie unwittingly set off a sexual competition among the sisters and their mother, a tangle of rivalries for male attention. Carly, Lucy, and Joanna refer to this period as "the Ronnie material"—the years in which their mother's attention shifted to her lover. "From the time their



BIG SISTERS

A Peter Simon photograph of his three sisters—from left, Lucy, Joanna, and Carly—in Riverdale in 1964, with their dogs, C. Bascum Slempk (left) and Laurie Brown.

lationship started until the time became common knowledge was year or two," says Joanna. It is her elief that the romance did not start nmediately, that Ronnie worked or Andrea for six months before ney became sexually involved. In ne early years, in fact, Andrea would ntroduce Klinzing as Joanna's boyiend. She encouraged them to act ogether in a summer-stock produceon of *Kiss Me, Kate*. Ronnie had theatrical ambitions; Andrea ultimately sent him to acting school.

During the summers and on weekends, Ronnie occupied a room connected to Andrea's bedroom on the third floor of the Stamford house; behind a chest of drawers in a bathroom was the entrance to a passageway that led to a closet in Andrea's bedroom. Joanna was the first sister to notice that something was going on. "I was smart enough to figure it out, but I didn't know what to do," she says. She and Lucy brooded about whether to confront their mother. When Joanna finally did, she was surprised that her mother readily admitted she was having an affair. "She said, 'Your father does not give me the support I need with Peter.' That was always her justification. She believed that Ronnie's presence was necessary so that Peter would not turn out to be homosexual." She told her

Lucy believes Ronnie unwittingly set off a sexu





daughter that if she did not have Ronnie in her life "the family would fall apart." Once, she remarked, "I wish I could just push your father down the stairs." Joanna says that the emotions she remembers experiencing at the time were "fury at my mother" and "shame for my father." It did not occur to Joanna that there might have been collusion on the part of her father, springing from a relief that a young man had eroticized the house. "My guess at the time was that my father was unable to do something about Ronnie. The whole thing was so painful for me and something I didn't want to admit. In retrospect, Lucy and I have both wished we had gotten together as a family and started life anew without our mother."

Carly now believes she became "a witness in her own house" in order to step outside the drama. She also became obsessed with sex and developed pet names for feminine characteristics—"spunking" for menstrua-

npetition among the sisters and their mother.



SEE BE SEATS

Richard Salmon in the Late 19 30s

on, for example. Carly made no se-
et of her dislike of Ronnie. She and
annie Seligmann nicknamed him
ark, after a villain in James Thur-
er's *The Thirteen Clocks*. "My girl-
iends and I would surround him
nd just start hitting him and, inter-
stingly enough, try to unzip his fly,"
arly recalls. Her mother ignored her
slike of Ronnie. "When Ronnie came,
turned on her. Did she know? I
ade no bones about it."

As the youngest sister, Carly was af-
ected the most by her mother's emo-

tional withdrawal. Ronnie had been hired to take care of Peter; he and Andrea and Peter often spent entire afternoons together, excluding Carly. Carly's childhood friend Ellen Salvatore remembers the sense of isolation around Carly as a preteen. "Everything was sublimated into music," Carly says. In the same year that Ronnie arrived in the house, Carly developed a crippling stammer. When she faltered for words, her mother advised, "Sing it."

"I felt so strangulated talking that I did the natural thing, which is to write songs, because I could sing without stammering, as all stammerers can." As Carly tried to express her anger at Ronnie's presence, Andrea withdrew even more. For Carly, Andrea "was best in her role as a mother when you needed her. She wanted desperately to be needed." If she called her

mother from school, crying because she was unable to deliver an oral report, Andrea soothed her. "'You must remember you are an artistic soul and great people have nervous problems. We can conquer this,' my mother told me," Carly says. "I needed her the most, and he took up her time and her emotional energy."

According to Carly, "There were so many lies and a train of deception leading from one sexual escapade to the next. There was no truth, because we were living in this Tennessee Williams play. We were responding like an audience to a play, as opposed to living the lives of the characters. It was so convoluted it was unreal." Visitors to the house were aware of the undercurrent. Irwin Shaw, a frequent guest, used the situation as the interior landscape of his novel *Lucy Crown.* Jonathan Schwartz, after his mother's death when he was 12 years old, spent every summer with the Simons. "Andrea was a legitimate sensualist. And then there were her daughters: Joanna was a chanteuse wearing lots of makeup, disguised as an adolescent; Lucy was spectacularly beautiful with almond eyes, sweeping through the apple orchards at age 13 or 14 with a sexual majesty; Carly was wonderfully gawky, with a stutter."

Two years after Ronnie became part of the household, he was drafted and sent to Europe. Andrea soon sailed for Paris to join him. While she was away, her husband had a heart attack, but Andrea did not return. It is Carly's belief that her mother was repaying her father for the years in which her marriage had been shadowed by Jo Hutmacher. By the time Andrea came back, her husband had become quite frail.

When Carly and I sit down for our first formal interview, traces of her stammer return. "What are you afraid of?" I ask.

"Outside admonition. My aunts, my uncles, my sisters and cousins—I can hear them say to me, 'How dare you give away our family secrets?' As long as I could toy with the truth, as I did in 'Hello Big Man' . . . As long as I didn't say, 'This is autobiography.' As long as I could massage it so it could be palatable to my family. I realize that now. This is the first opportunity I have had to talk about it since my mother's death. I think, My sisters are really going to whip me if I talk about it."

Carly Simon's childhood stammer is a theme of many of her conversations, but she has never specifically connected it to the presence of Ronnie Klinzing in the house. Andrea became determined to try to help Carly cure her stammer. She insisted that her daughter attend sessions twice a week with a New York psychiatrist, Edith Entenmann. Carly was voluble on the subject of Ronnie Klinzing. She recently recalled telling Entenmann, "Ronnie is the most horrible person in the world." By the time she was in the fourth grade she had developed another troubling neurotic symptom: "the worry lump," her mother called it. Before leaving for school in the morning, Carly would begin to gag. "I was a total mess," she tells me.

"There was no truth, because we were living in this Tennessee Williams play."

By the summer of 1960, Dick Simon had been an invalid for several years. Andrea no longer made any attempt to hide her relationship with Ronnie. They openly shared a room and sat together at dinner. In reaction, Carly now believes, she withdrew completely into her own private world. She had developed a series of nervous habits. At night in her b room she would knock on wood times because she imagined that wo keep her father alive. "I remem one night I was really tired an went to sleep after only 132 kno he didn't die then. So it reduced it to 200 knocks." She overheard mother tell the pediatrician, "Carly often hysterical." She remembers lo ing the word up in the dictionary determine who she was.

According to an early boyfriend, writer Nicholas Delbanco, Carly "utterly transformed" when she play the guitar. As a student at Sar Lawrence, she would visit him at H vard. He remembers that she ider fied with the singer Odetta and us to go around belting out, "I do want no other *womaann!!*" "Meanwhi Lucy was pretending to be Joan Ba so we had an Odetta, a Joan Ba and an Elisabeth Schwarzkopf," sa Carly. Her longtime friend the writ Peter Feibleman believes that Ca became expert at intuiting the impl it messages of her surroundings.

One afternoon Carly telephones m saying, "I have just found the mo interesting thing in my diary! I w so boy-crazy. I had so many relatio ships going on at the same time. I fe in love with this guy named Willie Do aldson. There's a page in here abo how Jonathan [Schwartz] warns m against Willie: 'I realize that why get sexually involved with a man s quickly is to often keep him awa from Lucy. Because once that is e tablished, they are bound to me.'"

In 1960, Andrea hired a young I raeli opera student, Malka Sylbe berg, who was attending Juilliard o a scholarship, to be a companion fo Dick Simon, to sit with him while h played the piano, to help him wit his medication.

One night Dick Simon knocked loud ly on the door of Malka's room. H seemed disoriented and asked her fo more sleeping pills. Malka got up and said she would find his wife "Don't bother," he told her, "I've al ready tried." In her robe, Malka hur ried to the third floor, where Ronnie and Andrea slept. "Mr. Simon is no well. Mrs. Simon must come righ away." Malka went back to Dick's bed room and waited until he collapsed. When Andrea finally appeared, her

onse was cool: "He's gone," she She told Malka not to wake up ly. "She was out late tonight." ka recalled telling Andrea, "But ly is the daughter. She would want now." "Let her sleep," Andrea said lly. The next day Andrea told ka that she was no longer needin the house.

It has always been difficult for the Simon sisters to view their mother with detachment, to bring her wholly into focus. Andrea often withheld her approval from her daughters. In the opinion of Peter Simon, Andrea occupied too large a place in her daughters' thoughts. "They never had any perspecon her. As the youngest, I think I spared that."

One afternoon, I have a conversaa with Lucy about her mother. Lucy, composer of the 1992 Broadway sical *The Secret Garden,* lives on ntral Park West, a few blocks north Carly. Of the three sisters, Lucy s closest to her parents. According Jonathan Schwartz, Dick Simon ored her. She would sit for hours d read to him. Before she became nusician, she attended nursing school; has the personality of a healer, a ty which is as vexing to her sisters it is soothing. "I tried to see both les," Lucy says. "Carly was a lot ore honest. She just hated Ronnie d made no bones about it; Joey s contemptuous of Mother. It was area which was unforgivable, which ne of us could ever talk about with other."

Andrea's ambivalence about her ildren often expressed itself in her titude toward money. When Carly arried the musician James Taylor, r mother asked her what she want- as a wedding present. According Carly, "I knew enough not to ask r for anything she had to buy, so said, 'That old table in the library. would love it in our dining room.' e said, 'That is a very expenve antique.' Hearing her tone, I d to backtrack and say, 'A table ke that.' She ended up giving me e cheapest version of the *Encyopaedia Britannica.*"

Seven years ago, according to Car-, when she married the writer Jim



THE SINGING SIMON SISTERS
Joanna, Carly, Lucy at the piano, and Lucy's daughter Julie harmonize at the family house in Riverdale in 1990.

Hart, Andrea told Lucy, "'You know, you don't have to give a present for a second wedding.' Lucy said, 'You really should, Mother; you will hurt Carly terribly.' So she wound up giving me an old Simon & Schuster bowl, not silver, but some giveaway from the *Reader's Digest* that she had gotten off a shelf."

One morning Carly telephones me, saying, "I have found the most amazing letter from my mother. Apparently she had hurt my feelings terribly by commenting negatively on my albums, which she always did. 'You can't hear your voice; the band is too loud.'" Carly says that one particularly bad episode occurred in 1981, after the release of her hit "Jesse." At that point Carly was struggling in her career and in her marriage to James Taylor, and turned to her mother for approval. Andrea, she recalls, was vicious on the subject of "Jesse." "I just fell to pieces," Carly says, a fact that Peter Simon reported to his mother. Andrea wrote to her daughter:

Darling Carly-pot,

It is early in the morning of the last day of the year. That is significant. The night has been one of torture, full of quiet, full of guilt and doubt and pain. The pain of having hurt someone very near to me that I love. Why with your prodding had I expressed my doubt about "Jesse"?

Why is it always a B-plus, instead of an A-minus? And then it happened, the revelation! The Chibie Syndrome. All of my energy given to trying to please her. I would run home from school, clean the apartment, wash out the soiled clothes in the bathtub, prepare the table, and when she came home from work, nothing was said or noticed except the things I didn't do. I can still feel the pain which grew into resentment. Not until the day she died did she tell me how much she loved me and how much joy I brought into her life.

It is Carly's opinion that she and her sisters struggled to accept the dichotomy between Andrea's jealousy of and pride in her daughters. "We all suffered the same story together. We were in different corners of the same ring. That was what made us, as sisters, such a close-knit clan," she says.

Carly believes her mother's withholding of approval affected her ability to perform in public; she turned inward, but was never able to detach from the need for her mother's affection. On the night Carly won an Oscar in 1989 for "Let the River Run," the theme song of *Working Girl,* she telephoned her mother. "Did you see me? I won." "Yes," her mother said, "and after everyone else worked so hard!" A few weeks later at a dinner Peter Feibleman gave for Carly, Andrea toasted her daughter. "You're not the best singer, you're not the best composer, but you got the Oscar," she said.

One afternoon, I ask Carly if

she was ever able to discuss her mother's love affair with her. "The other girls could, I couldn't," she says. She considers her words carefully. "Because I told myself that she was imperfect. We were all imperfect, and I was not going to get her to see the error of her ways. I felt that it was probably going to push her within herself. I also saw her as being stupid in some way, although she was very crafty."

In a moment of extreme anger in 1992, Carly wrote her mother a long letter in verse:

Why can't you apologize
You say it was all Daddy's fault
He loved Auntie Jo and treated you like a scullery maid . . .
We were young and didn't understand the secret passageway
Between yours and Ronnie's room . . .
Yes, for sure, you had your alibis . . . kept you from feeling victimized
But you switched victims in the dark and then it was us in our
Dr. Denton's and our braces who had to make sense of it all

Carly refers to this letter as if it were a song title: "Why Can't You Apologize?" After writing it, she called her sisters to discuss whether or not she should actually send it. Lucy and Joanna encouraged her, but Carly was apprehensive that her mother would turn against her if she brought up the subject of Ronnie Klinzing. She decided not to take her sisters' advice.

Several months after Carly wrote "Why Can't You Apologize?" her mother developed her first serious illness, an aortic aneurysm.

From Carly Simon's journal:

Mother was operated on today. Her aneurysm was repaired by Dr. John Mannick who came because I finally acted alone, apart from my sisters, especially Lucy, who always expected to take the lead on medical things.

August 1: She is well! Coming home was a trip instead of a journey. Mom had diarrhea near Falmouth. I carried her practically over my shoulder through the lobby of some quaint inn, shit stained. I really forgot myself amidst all of her pain and anguish. She was messy, but emerging from the bathroom, she said to the Falmouth innkeepers, "Do all of you know my daughter, Carly Simon, the singer?"

A late-evening telephone call from Carly Simon: *Wait a minute! Here is something amazing I found in my diary from the year before my mother died. This you have to hear! I couldn't believe it when I found it. Are you busy? Do you have time to listen?*

A party on Saturday with too many power hitters left me prey to my body weakness, my stomach and my head have done loop de loops. At the tea party at my house were Jackie and Maurice and my children and their children. . . . My mother was angry that she didn't get an audience with Jackie and that started her on some kind of power trip and that put her in some kind of tirade about me having a cigarette.

I have asked Carly about her friendship with Jackie Onassis. They met on Martha's Vineyard; Mrs. Onassis encouraged Carly to write several children's books, including *The Nighttime Chauffeur.* I wonder if Carly viewed her as an idealized version of her own mother. Absolutely, she says. And what did Carly imagine she represented for Mrs. Onassis? "Someone who was so incapable of hiding her feelings that she could be more truly herself around me, because I was incapable of not being myself around her. I wasn't deferential to her. I would swear, I would use undignified phrases. It freed her to be the eighth-grader she really was. Jackie loved naughtiness."

An atmosphere of secrecy and entitlement permeated many of Mrs. Onassis's relationships. Even after her death, her friends refused to speak about her. In the beginning of their friendship, Carly often felt deferential, like a seventh-grader sitting at the feet of the eighth-grader. "I tried so hard to act the part of being relaxed around her, but I would inevitably come home with a stiff neck and a migraine. The effort of trying to maintain the semblance of ease was very taxing on the muscular system. After a while it became much easier, especially on the Vineyard. I have a circular garden, and we would sit there and have little tea sandwiches."

When in New York, the two friends would often meet for a movie in the late afternoon. It was difficult for Mrs. Onassis to move unnoticed aro the city, so they would arrange meet in the bathroom of the thea "If Jackie arrived first, she wo wait for me in a stall." When War Beatty's gangster movie *Bugsy* ope in 1991, Carly was apprehensive ab meeting her friend at the thea "*JFK* was playing at the time. . . did my homework, and before cho ing a theater I called around to the theaters that were playing *Bu* to make sure that there was no *JFK* was at the same theater. I this perfectly! I even averted dan once, where you could see the thea where *JFK* was playing. I picked Beekman, and I was 10 minutes la I got there and Jackie was already the stall. And we sat down with minutes to spare. I was by then nervous that as we sat down in darkened theater I turned to her a said, 'So, have you seen *JFK*?' A Jackie was horrified. She said, 'N Carly, of course not!'

"I was so upset when I got hor that I wrote her a long letter. It we something like this: 'Dear Jacki When Lucy was a little girl, my f ther was expecting Louis Unterme er or somebody for lunch, and primed us. He said, "There is a ma coming with a very big nbse. Don say anything to him about it." A of course, the first thing Lucy sa was "Hello, Mr. Nose." I was nervous about the subject of *JFK* co ing up that I brought it up out sheer perversity.'"

The two friends often talked abo men. Carly recalled that the first tim she ever turned to her new friend, th subject was men. "Jackie said to m 'I am so honored that you asked m for advice. No one ever does tha with me.'" Mrs. Onassis was filled wit wisdom for Carly. "She would ca me up after she heard a song of James on the radio or if she saw him on TV and she would say, 'You know, h doesn't look happy. And you are blos soming!' Jackie was always being th mother hen."

I asked Carly if this kind of ex change was mutual, for it is com monly believed that Mrs. Onassi rarely revealed much to her friends "Whenever she told you anything that she considered deeply personal she would slip into third-perso

The sisters decided not to tell her she was dying. "We gave her the gift of oblivion."



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language: 'One felt.' She told me how deeply hurt she had been by Jack's sexual adventures. 'After a while, one does turn off,' she said."

In August 1993, Bill Clinton arrived on Martha's Vineyard. He told his hosts that the one person he wanted to meet was Carly Simon, his favorite singer. The dinner was arranged and the president made a request: Could Carly Simon not invite other guests? It was Clinton's wish that he, Hillary, and Chelsea have a casual dinner with Carly, Jim, and her two children, 16-year-old Ben and 19-year-old Sally. The president arrived hours late. He had been with Carly the night before at a dinner at the publisher Katharine Graham's. Carly believes that she and Clinton became friends when he heard Mrs. Graham interrupt a conversation Carly was having with his adviser Webster Hubbell. "Bring the conversation back to the center, Carly!" Mrs. Graham told Carly sharply, correcting her manners in front of the guests.

From Carly Simon's journal:

August 30, 1993: Mother called this morning. "I am just calling everyone and telling them that I had a tummy ache because no one can believe you wouldn't invite me to your house to meet the President." I hung up on her, advising her that telling the truth would be better.

September 1: Mother has gone off the deep end. She said to Lucy that she missed the opportunity to tell Clinton how to save the country, as if she could have Mommied him. She was so near and yet so far and was planning on writing to him to tell him everything she was deprived of telling him at my house.

In January 1993, Andrea had been diagnosed with lung cancer. She resisted radiation treatment because of the discomfort of going to the hospital. While her mother was dying, Carly seemed to understand her mother's psychology the best of the daughters and seemed the most like her. "Let's get gorgeous young men to drive her," she told her sisters. They hired two handsome acting students from the Actors Studio. Without complaint, Andrea would dress and carefully apply her makeup, folding herself into her escorts' arms. During the last three weeks of her life, the sisters made the decision not to tell her that she was dying. "We gave her the gift of oblivion. We knew it was a truth that she did not want to know," Lucy said. Instead, they decided to sing, as they had as children, trios and rounds, Lucy Simon's "Come to My Garden," and songs from Carly's opera, *Romulus Hunt,* which her mother had loved. Joanna moved to Riverdale for two weeks to be close to her mother and felt her affection for one of the few times in her life.

> "I was thinking about my marriage to James Taylor. I suddenly thought there was a real possibility that he never loved me."

Carly wept frequently and realized, as her mother was slipping away, that there would be no need for epiphanies; her mother was "fallible, human, and very wonderful."

One afternoon, I telephone Ronnie Klinzing in Florida, where he and his wife live. Klinzing is 64, an actor on the dinner-theater circuit, and he has changed his name to Ronald Knight. He has remained close to Peter Simon. Knight has a radio announcer's voice and an apparent lack of awareness about the effect his long relationship with Andrea may have had on her daughters. "I'm surprised they—the sisters—even mentioned me. I was closer to Peter than to any of them. . . . I really didn't think I had any effect on them at all, other than perhaps negative." Knight recalls that he heard about the position as Peter's companion from a friend at Columbia. "My job was to be with Peter; I was brought in because of Richard's illness. N when I see Peter, he says, 'You tau me Man Things.'" When he arrived Riverdale to be interviewed in the su mer of 1953, he recalls, he thought t "Andrea was the most beautiful wom in the world. She was small; she had l er and more beautiful features th Katharine Hepburn. She had a trem dous zest for life."

Knight is understandably reticent talk about his romantic involvement w Andrea. "I don't think it is the ri thing," he said. "When I ca into their lives, I took Andr away from them a little bit, a we did things together with ter; I know there was treme dous jealousy there. Carly a mits this. When she becam very well known, she had t stutter and the fear of peop I think Carly blamed that our relationship. . . . I guess should feel guilty about this, b I was being very selfish." H knew, he says, that Carly reser ed him. "Carly's father did n care that much for her. She w sort of neglected. He always f vored Lucy, and Andrea and took off with Peter. I am su that my presence had more an effect on Carly than on ar of the others."

Ronnie remained in the S mons' life for 15 years, 8 them after the death of Richar Simon. "I was just kind hanging around. I felt that th relationship wasn't going anywhere. I tol Andrea, 'I am not doing the things I ar supposed to be doing.'" Knight says tha Andrea helped to give him a life. " would have gone home to Pittsburgh a ter college if it weren't for her," he said For years he worked as a singer in th opening act for Milton Berle; he per formed on cruise ships and with Bernadette Peters and Jessica Lange be fore they were discovered. "I always had to tell Jessica what to do with her hands Who would ever have imagined she would get so famous?"

I ask Carly if she feels destined to view her husbands through the filter of her mother's legacy of deceit, an idea suggested to me by Carly's friend Jacob Brackman. "Could I have a day to think about that?" she says. It is Brackman's theory that the men in Carly's life are condemned to be viewed as "weak and impotent, unworthy figures who can't kick her ass—the

Dad should have kicked Mom's ass
of the house." The next day, she calls
"I was thinking about what you asked
yesterday, about my marriage to James
lor. I suddenly thought that there was a
possibility that he never loved me
can't really know if someone loved
until after the relationship is over; oth-
ise there is too much passion, ego, in-
ence, diabolical machinations of trans-
ence—things that confound and confuse
ople. Maybe he just loved the idea of
ing me. Maybe he never really loved
That is not to say that I am not lov-
e for certain connoisseurs, but I
ught this was worth telling you."

It has been a common assumption that
/lor's well-publicized drug addiction un-
the marriage, but Carly insists that is
true. James's frailties reminded her of
father, she tells me, and she sends me
other fax, this one a long unpublished
ort story she wrote about her 10-year
rriage to Taylor, focusing on the restora-
n of their house on Martha's Vineyard:

We were like two maniacs posted at the
es of domesticity, feverishly going about
venting anything really comfortable from
opening. I wanted a circular garden, you
nted a forty-five-foot tower. I wanted a
cobblestone driveway, you wanted industrial
houses for the pig, the tractor and the dog. I
wanted a pond, you wanted a windmill.

So we spent a fortune and lived with carpenters, landscapers, painters and sawdust for most of our seasons together as the children were growing up. And then, when the final addition, the flying bridge over the courtyard was completed, we resigned from building our house, and from building any future life together at all. Still I go on living in this flamboyant white elephant, and I am constantly reminded of my whole other life.

Recently their son, Ben Taylor, made his first record. "Is there a word in the English language that means both being proud and jealous?" Carly asks. "I realize that most people would be very embarrassed to be envious of their children, but as soon as you admit it—something my mother could never do—it becomes utterly dissipated. James and I had a good laugh about this, because as one gets to be more and more of a legend and less of a commercial success, the record companies treat you like shit! They are all saying to Ben, 'We will send you anywhere you want to go.' Meanwhile, I can't get Arista to do a *video* on the new single I have coming out."

In April I fly to Boston to attend one of Carly Simon's concerts. The Avalon, across from Fenway Park, sold out in 10 minutes when it was announced that she was to appear. Before the concert, Carly waits in the lobby of the Four Seasons Hotel in a leather jacket and flowing chiffon skirt. "I haven't slept all night," she says. She had first checked in at the Charles Hotel in Cambridge, but there was no piano in her room. At midnight she moved to the Four Seasons, but the heating system in her room was broken. At four A.M. the hotel had servicemen in her suite. By seven A.M. she was wandering on the Boston Common, fighting an anxiety attack. She imagined herself collapsing on the stage, as she had in Pittsburgh in 1981, when she began to hemorrhage in the middle of her breakup with James Taylor. It is the passage of time she mourns, 25 years of her life singing and composing, and now she is in Boston, a totem of a generation, with her mother dead, her children grown, and "Anticipation" and "I Haven't Got Time for the Pain" standards of Lite-FM.

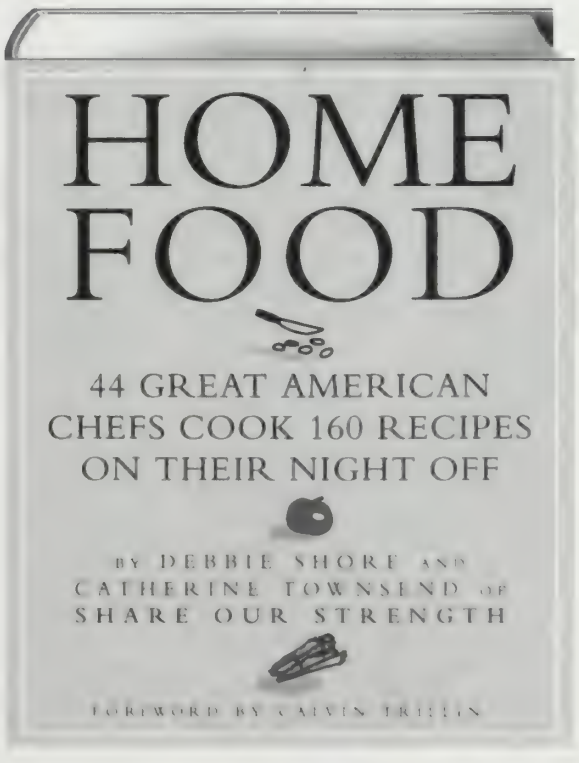
We drive through the Back Bay together on the way to the Avalon. She is an anomaly of a rock star; there is no en-

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Clarkson Potter/Publishers

Simon

tourage, no publicity woman in attendance, no helper to carry her red leather luggage. Carly attempts breathing exercises to quiet her nerves, and the rasping sound of yoga exhalations fills the car. She says that she will sing "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" a cappella as her tribute to the Red Sox. Before coming to Boston, she reread all her old diaries, looking for new material, and they have made her wistful. "I can see that Mother's death has released me," she says.

Four months after Andrea Simon's death, Jackie Onassis was gone as well. For weeks Carly had worried about her friend's condition. On the day before she collapsed and was sent to the hospital, Carly and another friend, the publisher Joe Armstrong, planned a lunch to try to lift Mrs. Onassis's spirits. "She kept saying to us, 'Just four more weeks and I will be myself again,'" Armstrong recalls. As Mrs. Onassis was leaving, Carly handed her the sheet music for a song she had just written, "Touched by the Sun." "This is for you," she told her. "You inspired it." It was the last time the two friends ever spoke.

In Boston, outside the Avalon, a dozen admirers line up by the front door, calling, "Can you get me a ticket, Carly?" One woman from Plymouth, Massachusetts, wears a button the size of a pie plate with Carly's picture on it. When she sees Carly, she begins to cry. "I've waited for this for five years!" she says. "I took the day off so I could get my hair done."

The day before, Carly had visited her daughter, Sally, at Brown. "I was so deflated," she says. In Sally's room there were dozens of photographs of her father, James Taylor, and only one of Carly, although the two are very close. Now Carly looks out the window as we drive down Commonwealth Avenue. "What is a mother but some alien creature who carries a child and then watches as the spaceship takes her away? Is this what it comes to? That a mother is nothing more than a carrier? And I have to watch my child be taken away?" I tell Carly that there are few college-age daughters who would think it acceptable to have a shrine to a famous mother around. "That is what everyone has told me, but I've cried for two days," she says.

When Carly appears on the stage in black leather pants and a white shirt, a single light is on her face. She sing confident "Take Me Out to the Game" and is rewarded with a stand ovation. She then moves gracefu through "De Bat (Fly in Me Face)," "A ticipation," and "I Haven't Got Time the Pain," as well as the song she wr for Mrs. Onassis, "Touched by the Su She is in perfect voice and does not pear to have a bit of stage fright. Earl I asked her if she planned to sing "Lik River," the ode to her mother. "No w I would break down completely," s said. "The emotions are way too raw."

One hour into the concert, Sally a pears on the stage, tall and sleek, blonde siren with a distinct sensual vib tion. Carly embraces her daughter a steps aside. Sally, a student of anthropo gy, has clearly inherited her parents' mu cal ability. The Avalon rocks as she del ers a powerful version of the Wils Pickett standard "Mustang Sally." Sally magnificent, sexy and young, and doesn seem at all surprised when the audience up and dancing. Carly watches h daughter, eyes shining, then waits un Sally takes her bows. She says quiet into the microphone, "I'm happy tonigh I'm really happy." □

Reeves

(Continued from page 100) thing that impressed me on the first day," recalls Stephen Russell, a veteran of 17 Stratford Festivals, who played Claudius in the production, "was how much *work* he had done. This was not going to be a star turn or walk in the park. And what I realized, too, was how his principles are etched in stone. He carries a lot of weight extremely well."

With international press in attendance for opening night, the weight of expectation felt suddenly crushing. Even now, Keanu groans at the memory. "One of the most horrific nights of my life, oh my gosh! I was surviving, not performing." The critics agreed. Keanu, they wrote, seemed overwhelmed by the soliloquies; one declared he simply lacked the equipment to handle Hamlet's melancholy, and came alive only in the fight scenes. "But," Keanu says, "it got better."

So wrote Roger Lewis in *The Sunday Times* of London. Lewis stuck around to see Keanu's confidence seep back in later performances, and declared his Hamlet terrific. "He quite embodied the innocence, the splendid fury, the animal grace of the leaps and bounds, the emotional violence, that form the Prince of Denmark," he reported. "He is one of the top three Hamlets I have seen, for a simple reason: he *is* Hamlet."

It was while he was in Winnipeg, Keanu says, that he first heard the rumor that had originated in Italian and Spanish newspapers, then spread to all of L.A. and New York: not only was he gay but he had even entered into a secret marriage with producer David Geffen.

"So," I ask, "about this Geffen business . . . "

Keanu gives me a level gaze. "I've never met the man."

"But suddenly this rumor was everywhere. Like Richard Gere and gerbils."

"It's funny, a friend of mine said that."

"Does it bother you?"

Keanu shrugs. "It's so ridiculous, I find it funny."

"I've never laid eyes on him," Geffen confirms, by now more than a little exasperated by the question. "It's a phenomenon: people *make this stuff up.* I even had a friend say that his trainer said he was *at the wedding.* You think I could keep something like that *secret?* And then people saying I bought Keanu $15,000 worth of clothes at Barneys. I mean, come on. I'd buy him some clothes, bu he doesn't need that. It's just an ugl mean-spirited rumor meant to hurt hi because he's a movie star."

Speculation about Keanu's sexualit goes back at least five years, when a re porter from *Interview* asked him direct if he was gay. Keanu denied it, adding rather sweetly, "But ya never know. Some of the talk seems inspired by th observation that Keanu has had no high visibility romances with women.

"Wouldn't it be useful," I suggest, "t shoot the rumors down cold?"

Keanu is taken aback. "Well, I mean there's nothing wrong with being gay, s to deny it is to make a judgment. And why make a big deal of it? If someone doesn't want to hire me because they think I'm gay, well, then I have to deal with it, I guess. Or if people were picketing a theater. But otherwise, it's just gossip, isn't it?"

One of the few simple facts of Keanu's childhood is his name, which means "cool breeze over the mountains" in Hawaiian. It's the sort of name you get when you have a Hawaiian-Chinese father—the Reeveses go way back in Oahu—and a British bohemian mother who in a burst

60s abandon head off to pre war Ber to hang out, producing a baby in the cess. The money to finance this idyll ns to have come from Keanu's pater- stepgrandfather, who made a small une bringing a children's edition of the *clopaedia Britannica* to Canada.

Samuel Nowlin Reeves and his young e, Patricia, better known as Patric. le a striking pair, he at the wheel of a ple Jaguar XKE, she in cowboy boots, e jeans, and a mink coat. Or so it's n reported. There also seems to have n more than a little dabbling in drugs the time Keanu was two, his father was ne. "There were fights about n's drug taking," a cousin, lie Reeves, told one reporter. ly aunt grew out of the hip- phase. My uncle didn't. He used. In fact, he couldn't give the drugs."

Keanu's sister Kim, now 29, ants among her childhood mories Keanu gleefully tak- apart furniture with his ol set. A bigger headache for mother must have been that th children were dyslexic. ey later became proficient ders, but it seems possible t dyslexia left some psychic rs, and may have led Keanu be more visual and physical an verbal.

When Keanu was six, his other married Off Broadway rector Paul Aaron. Within six onths they divorced, and tric moved with her children Toronto, to be closer to her ex-in-laws, ho helped support the family. A gifted amstress, she made stage costumes for ntertainers. Emmylou Harris and Dolly rton were among her clients. She was a ck 'n' roll character, with a peach-dyed zz cut; when Alice Cooper recorded Welcome to My Nightmare" at a nearby udio, he stayed with the Reeveses.

Like every strong, athletic boy in Canada, Keanu learned to adore ice ockey. As goalie, he was nicknamed the Wall." His "thirsst for the theee- ter," as he puts it mock-archly, hit him adolescence. A seed may have been lanted by Aaron, who remained a nur- ring influence. Soon Keanu was in act- ng classes, and auditioning for bit parts U.S. movies shooting in Canada.

High school was a problem. Keanu ent through four of them, including a atholic boys' school where he failed very class except Latin. "It was the only class I liked," he says. "My attendance record was very bad. I was lazy. I knew I wanted to act when I was halfway through grade 11, I guess, and school wasn't important."

Keanu briefly moved into a girlfriend's basement. He worked at a hockey rink sharpening skates, and manned a tiny restaurant called Pastissima, where he made 100 pounds of pasta a day. He went on auditions, closing the shop to do so, and landed a starring role in his first professional stage play, a curious production with homoerotic overtones called *Wolfboy*, in which he was cast as a young innocent placed in a psychiatric hospital, only to be set upon by a deranged boy who believes he's a werewolf.

> "The money affords one a certain amount of freedom and travel, and I can buy older Bordeaux."

"I didn't want professional actors," recalls director John Palmer. "So I advertised in the personals. I got totally fucked-up hustlers"—and Keanu, who arrived in torn jeans but looked great. For the play's largely gay audience, Palmer persuaded Keanu to appear in a workout scene doing push-ups in white shorts. "You get this innocent kid, one of the most gorgeous kids anyone's seen, in white shorts—and we *oiled* them. . . . What do you want for 10 bucks?"

Every Sunday, Keanu went to a community theater school called Leah Posluns. One of his close friends there was Alan Powell, with whom he starred in a workshop production. "We'd play off each other; the chemistry was dynamic," Powell says. Keanu, he adds, "was the friend I'd never had as a child. But he was a secretive guy about his life. You could be hanging with the guy for three years, suddenly he'd introduce you to someone who turned out to be a friend of his all that time. You could never get close to the guy."

His first big break came through a Leah Posluns connection to Hollywood movie director Steven Stern. Keanu auditioned for a bit part in a TV movie. "There was something about him I liked as a person," recalls Stern, a fellow Torontonian. "Funny, yet a serious side. I told him to take the script home and read it for the lead." When Stern told the Disney executive in charge of TV movies that he wanted to cast an unknown as his lead, the executive was incredulous. Adamant, Stern paid Keanu's way to L.A. for a screen test, and persuaded Disney executives Michael Eisner and Jeffrey Katzenberg to view it. "O.K.," Katzenberg told Stern, "but if we don't like him after a few days, we'll replace him." They liked him.

Keanu made his move to L.A., arriving, in 1986, in a decrepit 1969 Volvo with $3,000. His former stepfather put him up for a while, and steered him to Erwin Stoff, who was then getting started as a manager. Stoff, in turn, found Keanu an agent in Hildy Gottlieb Hill, then head of talent at ICM. "In 20 minutes I was crazy about him," Hill recalls of Keanu's first visit. "He was very fresh." When he left, Hill told a colleague, "I've just signed a new client, and I don't even know if he can act."

In eight months, Keanu won his first major role in a feature: as the conscience-bound teenager in *River's Edge* who bucks peer pressure to report a girl's murder. He did his teen films and earned minor roles in major productions (*Dangerous Liaisons, Parenthood*). Then, after seven auditions, he landed *Bill & Ted's Excellent Adventure*. "Clown work," he calls it now, but with professional pride.

Keanu seemed not just to distrust his growing fame but to mock it. Hildy Gottlieb Hill recalls him showing up at the ICM office in a kilt. He rode his Nortons fast, sometimes at night, occasionally with the headlight off, and had spills—one in Topanga Canyon that ruptured his spleen and left a long abdominal scar. In the few interviews he gave, he seemed scornful or bored; once, he entertained a

Reeves

roomful of journalists by spitting on the floor. It was a phase.

His private life remained pretty much that. His longest relationship with a woman, he says, has been around two years; his latest was with a woman named Autumn. "I'm sort of Han Solo," he says. River Phoenix, another product of a 60s counterculture family, became a good friend. The two are said to have done their share of drugs during the filming of *My Own Private Idaho,* the better to play the movie's street kids, but Keanu says flatly that he's never had cause for concern about himself and either drugs or drink. He spent a lot of time at an L.A. hospital, where his sister Kim lay sick with cancer.

"He helped me through," Kim explains. "When the pain got bad, he used to hold my hand and keep the bad man from making me dance. He was there all the time, even when he was away." Twenty months ago, after more than eight years of fighting her illness, Kim went into remission. She has a stable of show horses now, paid for by her brother.

Last summer Keanu's father, long estranged from the family, was arrested in Hawaii with a large shipment of heroin and cocaine. He was tried, found guilty of promoting a dangerous drug in the second degree, and sentenced to 10 years.

"How did you react to all that stuff?" I ask.

"What stuff?"

At moments like this, Keanu stops moving around. The light in his eyes goes out. He doesn't bristle, but he gets quiet, fast.

"The trial last year," I sputter. "The sentencing."

"I don't know about it."

"You didn't want to find out?"

"Why would I want to find out what I didn't know?"

"You didn't know he was arrested and sentenced to 10 years?"

"Uh-uh," Keanu says without any affect, his almond eyes blank. "Pretty incredible."

Over a beer at the nearby City Billiards Bar & Cafe, Keanu turns cheerful again. His presence sends ripples through the after-work crowd, and soon an autograph seeker moves in, followed by another. He takes the intrusions with good humor, even bantering as he signs the proffered scraps. Robert Kamen says that during the shooting of *A Walk in the Clouds* Keanu was stopped like this all the time. "How do you do it?" Kamen asked at last. Keanu shrugged and said, "I'm Mickey [Mouse]. They don't know who's inside the suit." Kamen remembers telling Reeves, "But you're a movie star." Keanu laughed, "So's Mickey."

I've been curious to ask Keanu what he took away from *Little Buddha,* the Bertolucci film of 1994 shot in Nepal and Bhutan, for which Keanu not only fasted to look the part of Prince Siddhartha but also studied Buddhist texts and met with monks. A lot of what he learned, it turns out, has stayed with him.

"One of the great things was learning about meditation. What is spoken of a lot is the notion of no self, no 'I.' What is ego, what is mind, nature of mind . . . and what is desire?"

Answering earnestness with earne
ness, I wonder aloud if there isn't
Keanu some central struggle between
cipline and nihilism—devotion to acti
versus motorcycles, Buddhism versus s
drink, rock 'n' roll. A *dynamic.* Kea
looks at me with bemusement. "I get o
dynamic?" he says. "Can I have mo
than one? I want at least nine!"

Back in the hotel room, we order
bottle of wine and Keanu slips a CD in
his small portable "ghetto." His traveli
collection includes Miles Davis, Coltra
Sonic Youth, Hole, Górecki's Third Sy
phony, Jesus and Mary Chain. He sa
he's planning, somehow, amid all t
films, to go on tour with Dogstar.
month and a half, 40 gigs. "We're gettin
pretty good," he says. "It's folky, but n
Joan Baez folky." The group, he thinks,
almost ready to record an album. "B
we have to write better songs."

Even with no album out, the bar
drew sellout crowds on its first club gig
"He doesn't understand the fuss," say
Ken Funk, who started managing th
group three years ago strictly out of frien
ship for Keanu. (He was actually a hoc
ey buddy.) "We were having dinner at
restaurant one night and the hostess, wh
was gorgeous, kept looking at him ado
ingly. I said to Keanu, 'I wish I could b
you for five minutes, just go up and tal
to that girl the way you could.' 'I couldn
do that,' he said. And he was serious. H
said to me once, 'I'm from the earth, too
I'm still figuring that one out."

Mysterious as he may be, even to hi
closest friends, Keanu is, on another lev
el, as simple as he says: a happy man, do
ing what he wants to do, only what h
wants to do, and getting paid to do it. □

Woodward and Walsh

(Continued from page 126) sucked into it. Every story was dramatic and compelling."

It is hard to imagine Walsh in this environment, since she is a graceful, feminine 37-year-old with an infectious laugh, a sense of style, and a serious literary and intellectual bent. But ferreting out the grim reality of these underworld lives apparently intrigued her. "It interested me too much, actually," she says. "I thought I was really getting to the nub of the human psyche. After a while I realized I was getting a completely distorted view."

D'Vera Cohn noticed a growing similarity between Walsh's approach to journalism and that of her husband. "As they've known each other longer, it seems to me that Bob has had more of an influence on her work and that he helped her become interested in becoming a more hard-nosed investigative reporter . . . pursuing stories designed to unearth wrongdoing or things that weren't working the way they should be, rather than digging deeply into people's lives, which is possibly her own interest. On the other hand, with this book she is getting back to that."

Walsh's sister Diana, a reporter for the *San Francisco Examiner,* says Elsa was always looking for someone to lead her. "She says that she always was looking for a mentor, and Bob became the mentor. . . . I think he really pushes her in a way that maybe she wouldn't push herself, because he has that drive."

Walsh readily admits that Woodward i
a mentor, although she insists he lets he
be whatever it is she wants to be. She
does share some of her husband's meth
odology, such as going back and reinter
viewing sources over and over again
writing a memo after every interview
even if it was taped, and trying to write
10 pages a day, as he does, when she was
working on her book. But she says she
doesn't feel in any way eclipsed by him
and perhaps her feminist book is her
move away from that possibility.

"Bob was who he was when I met him,"
she emphasizes. "It would have been dif-
ferent if we'd both been 23 years old and
he did something really good. . . . I know
a lot of my friends worry that I should get
some recognition in my own right, because

oodward and Walsh

f, say that to me. I say to them I'm not i competition in the marriage. . . . Now, I r s be fooling myself about this."

Writer and feminist Linda Bird Francke s gests that in these sorts of marriages t re usually is some kind of inherent s ss. "I think it's probably extremely dif- f ult being married to a Bob Woodward," s says, "because he tends to overshadow v atever anybody in his immediate family c s. It's harder to establish yourself as a p son in your own right if you're married t a star within that same field. If she w re a star surgeon it would be much eas- i . I think it makes you more ambitious s people take you seriously in your own h ht. It adds a whole other pressure."

Despite the powerful initial chemistry that Quinn remembers, the relation- p faltered after Walsh arrived at the per. "It was difficult," she recalls un- sily. "He was the 'Metro' editor and I s a reporter on the weekly staff and in c chain of command he was ultimately y supervisor. It would have been dif- rent if we were colleagues."

Scott Armstrong remembers talking to alsh during the rough periods. "Elsa, hen she met Bob, was anxious to contin- the relationship and was quite charm- g in her concerns," he says. "It was a mplicated thing. Newsroom relation- ips are always complicated; obviously ou can't be going out with your boss. he was smitten and didn't quite know hat to make of Bob. . . . She wanted it go further, and I think she had to de- de that was something worth going af- r. There were lots of distractions for Bob that time—other women and work. . . . lsa made sure she was around. It was liberate in the best sense of the word. ly suspicion is that left to Bob reacting he right way at the right time they ouldn't have gotten together."

The professional imbalance was diffi- ult enough, but right after Walsh and oodward started dating, a major trau- a erupted in their lives which made their elationship even harder.

Walsh had become friends with Janet ooke, a glamorous, ambitious black re- orter who was a fellow rookie on the sub- rban-weekly beat. Cooke had just written moving piece for "Metro" in September 980 about an eight-year-old heroin addict amed Jimmy, whose tragic story became cause célèbre as soon as the article was ublished. Cooke was subsequently pro- noted by Woodward to be a full-time re- porter working under him in "Metro" and not long afterward she received a Pulitzer Prize for "Jimmy's World."

Walsh had been living with Jim Woo- ten and Patience O'Connor since her ar- rival at the *Post*, but the Wootens needed more space. And so, shortly before Cooke received the Pulitzer, Walsh moved into an apartment with the paper's new star reporter. She also began dating the pa- per's star editor, Woodward. As her sister Diana points out, "Elsa was always at- tracted to the stars. She dated the quarter- back of the football team in high school and Ed Gargan, the editor of the Berkeley paper, *The Daily Cal*, who went on to the *Times*." For a short while things were fine—until it was discovered that Cooke had been lying about the Pulitzer Prize– winning piece: there was no Jimmy. Cooke had created a composite.

In April 1981, just a few months after Walsh had moved in with her, Cooke was forced to give the Pulitzer back. Since Woodward was Cooke's boss, he was deemed ultimately responsible. "The mem- ory is a good repressor," Walsh says edgi- ly. "Bob and I talked about it. It was very hard for him, very difficult. What really made me love him even more than I had is that he was in pain not just for himself but because he recognized he should have gone out and tried to find the child [before the piece ran]. . . . It goes back to this no- tion in my life—being raised as a Catholic and then going on to study rhetoric, which is all about the good man in the good soci- ety. For me Bob always represented that."

After the Cooke fiasco it was clear to most *Post* staffers that the shining knight of Watergate was no longer in line for Ben Bradlee's job as editor of the pa- per, although Kay Graham today says that incident was not the reason. "Some people are writers and some people are editors," she says. "Bob is much more of a reporter and writer. He hired well, he did a lot of things well, but I just don't think it's his main preoccupation."

In order to keep their star reporter content without the editorship, the *Post* created the investigative unit for him. More important, the paper gave him com- plete freedom and flexibility to write his books. Indeed, the time he spends away from the *Post* now far exceeds the time he puts in. He edits the "Weekend" sec- tion three or four times a year, but last year he wrote only one story for the pa- per, with Ben Weiser, on the children's disability program. So far this year he's written no stories. "This is probably the least involvement with the paper he's ever had," says executive editor Lyonel Dow- ning, "because we have many good re- porters covering the same territory that his new book is going to be about."

For this minimal involvement Wood- ward is paid a salary of well over $100,000 (according to Bradlee). In exchange, the *Post* gets first serial rights to all his books. There have been questions about the journalistic ethics of this arrangement, since some feel information that should be in the paper is hoarded for books which earn Woodward and Simon & Schuster a lot of money.

Downie doesn't see the conflict. "It's a question of when the information should appear. Should it appear as soon as he finds it out, which we've done in many cases, or is it best in the context of the book and in the context of the serializa- tion of the book? . . . I've never felt with any of his books that he withheld some- thing from us."

There have been other quibbles. Wood- ward's refusal to name sources in his books in order to ensure his access has bothered other journalists who are held to a different standard. Tony Lukas, two-time Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist, doesn't like it. "I think there are times when it's very dif- ficult to disclose sources, but it's not as dif- ficult as Woodward pretends," says Lukas. "Woodward would have you believe that the only way of gathering information is by guaranteeing confidentiality. I'm not so sure of that. . . . I don't think it's only the refusal to name sources that bothers peo- ple. I think it's the tendency to see the subject through the eyes of those people who are his sources and often punish those people who don't talk to him."

But this isn't always true, either, as Mrs. Graham makes clear. "Look what he did to Dick Darman [budget director under Bush], who was a great friend. [Bob] ran some very sensitive pieces about him. He interviewed Dick, who I believe said he didn't quite believe in Bush's economic plan. [Bob] did in his great friend and lost him."

Ben Bradlee remembers the tugs-of- war he and Woodward would have about the equitable sharing of information be- tween his books and the paper. "He'll sit on stories until he has lunch with me one day and I'll say, 'Goddamn it—you have to unload some of this stuff because it won't last.' And he'll write a couple. He'll always do that. I love stories. I love stories in the paper, but this man has given us an enormous amount of them, enormous, and, greedy as I am, if I make him do it, he'll quit. And why the hell shouldn't he?"

Columnist Richard Cohen agrees. "Bas-

Woodward and Walsh

it, the guy doesn't need *The Washington Post.* He's a multimillionaire and the best-selling nonfiction author of all time. I think first comes the Bible, then Woodward. He's a phenomenon. He could probably buy *The Washington Post,* or at least leverage it so he could buy it. He's rich, he's really rich."

For a journalist, Woodward *is* really rich. Bradlee estimates his net worth as far more than the $8 million last reported in an unauthorized biography by Adrian Havill because, as Bradlee puts it, "he's got the first nickel he ever had. He invests wisely." So why then does Woodward stay even nominally connected to the *Post*?

"Bob always goes home," says Dick Snyder. "He always goes back to the *Post.* I think he always wants home, although now that home is changing. Ben is not there. Katharine is not really there. But it's like every now and then drop in on your mother."

It has been speculated in the past that the familial connection Woodward felt toward the paper stemmed from an emotional hollowness in his early life. When Woodward was approaching adolescence his parents went through a difficult divorce, which left him feeling abandoned. His mother moved in with another man, and he and his two siblings were taken by their father, a judge.

For the small, solidly Republican town of Wheaton, Illinois, in the late 50s, this was rather a shocking social specter. Woodward's father then remarried, to a woman who already had three of her own children, and together they had one more child. "You end up feeling like an outsider in your own family," Woodward said in 1989.

If Woodward's Wasp midwestern family was essentially dysfunctional, Walsh's was the reverse: a tightly knit and loving Irish Catholic immigrant brood of six children who lived in the Bay Area near San Francisco. She considers her mother to be one of her best friends, so it was hard for her to accept Woodward's alienation from his mother. "Bob felt abandoned," she says. "I always told him there's probably another side to the story, and you don't want to have regrets about not having reconciled." Though Woodward never took Walsh to his hometown, his mother visited them for Mother's Day shortly before her death in June 1989. Later that summer, Woodward asked Walsh to marry him.

"After his mother's death," says Walsh, "we were out in our house in Maryland and we had taken her dog, Freddy, a little Maltese. We were sitting out on a beautiful summer night having a glass of wine and dinner, and we were talking about how good our life was and how short life was, though. From quite early on in our relationship we had come up with this notion about 10,000 days and that we would be lucky if we got 10,000 days and that you really had to live it. He turned to me and said nothing would make him happier than if I would marry him. And I said, well, nothing would make me happier. It was so surprising to me that I would feel so—that obviously I wanted it and I wanted him to say exactly those words to me."

Walsh says that because she came of age at the height of the feminist movement, with role models such as Gloria Steinem, "my two mantras in life were 'I'm not going to get married and I'm not going to have children.' . . . I don't know whether you've said something so many times in your life that, one, you really think you believe it and, two, even if you don't believe it any longer it's difficult to say it. . . . I realized at that time that I was so wrong about marriage maybe I was really also wrong about having a child."

In the afterword to *Divided Lives,* Walsh admits that she undertook the book partially in an effort to understand how other women coped with having both children and professional careers. She was hearing horror stories on both ends of the spectrum: women with children were feeling torn and guilty because of the lack of time with their kids, while women who had decided not to have children were deeply regretful.

During her research, Walsh realized that children weren't necessarily the issue. In fact, two of her three profiles are of women without children, Rachael Worby and Alison Estabrook. Worby had trouble integrating her role as a conductor into her life as First Lady of West Virginia, and Estabrook had trouble advancing within the Old Guard medical male bastion at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York City.

The real problem, Walsh felt, was that these women concentrated on one area of their lives to the exclusion of others. None of them was very practiced at compromising. Walsh concluded that balance is essential in life and, after finishing the book, finally made the (very deliberate) decision to try to have a child. She says she may or may not return to the *Post.* "The frustrating thing about daily journalism is that you don't really feel you're connecting, even though you're like this wonderful little fly—you're in the fire and out. But the question is, are you learning the truth?"

Bob Woodward could tell her a thing or two—and probably already has. "With a book you have a chance to get to the bottom of something," he says. "Getting to the bottom. It really is that simple." □

Waterworld

(Continued from page 117) added that he was going back for more. "I'm a total idiot," he said. "The next one's called *Waterworld.* The whole picture's on water—more insanity."

At first, according to locals, the mood off the set was high-spirited. Hopper hosted a regular Monday-night poker game. The cast and crew enjoyed the island—and vice versa. One island report quoted the filmmakers as saying they would spend nearly $30 million on local services alone. Area hotels and restaurants enjoyed boomtown business. Hotel employees loved the action. Says one bartender at the Royal Waikoloan, "It was great. There was naked people running through the gardens at night! . . . A lot of the guys from L.A. were here so long that they brought their girlfriends over. And they all had really big tits! It was like Silicone Valley on the island, man." Costner was no aloof star, but a regular fixture on the local scene. He'd play Thursday-night pickup hoops in Kona, or dance with the crew at Waikoloa Village's Highlands BBQ, or do tequila shooters at the Beach Grill.

No one had ever filmed a movie like *Waterworld* before, a movie that was shot almost entirely on the water. Forget *Jaws,* much of which was shot from the beach and involved a mechanical shark and still cost twice as much and took twice as long as originally planned. Forget *The Abyss,* which was shot in a tank. On *Waterworld* nearly every scene had to be shot from a floating camera barge across water, to the floating trimaran or the floating atoll or the floating "slave colony," and involved floating crew barges, cast barges, equipment barges, catamarans ferrying crew from one barge to another, a 120-foot-long tugboat to pull the

at into position, and even two 30-foot bathroom barges because the elaborately constructed atoll barge, despite its size, was not equipped with Portosans.

Also in the water was Costner's personal boat, along with up to 60 Jet Skis driven by the evil Smokers, a 150-foot Smoker boat, two 20-foot catamarans for filming the stars, and 20 light Zodiac boats for moving other cast and crew. Some scenes involved a 50-foot navy launch known as *Liberty Boat,* and others used a grotesque hybrid craft mounted with .50-caliber anti-aircraft guns and three Peterbilt truck motors that chain-drive an enormous paddle wheel. On days when elaborate sequences were shot, more than 500 cast and crew were working at one time. It looked like a mad regatta from hell.

Every shot meant stabilizing many moving elements in an environment that defied stability. When the current changed, the boats and barges shifted out of position. Filming to match a shot from the day before was mind-numbingly complex and slow going. And seemingly the filmmakers had picked one of the worst possible places to make the movie. The water condition changed almost hourly as the rising and falling wind turned it flat or choppy. The light changed from minute to minute, from cloudy to full sun and back again.

Commercial diver Doug Carr was installed at Kawaihae Harbor in 1970 as western Hawaii's sole fireman, and he subsequently founded his Professional Divers Hawaii operation there. Hired by *Waterworld* to run the movie's substantial diving operations, Carr knows his water. He blames the cost overruns on the filmmakers' ignorance and their insistence on remaining ignorant. "They didn't do any homework, and the location they chose was the windiest spot possible," Carr gripes. An aging sailor worn by time and wind, Carr is a grumpy type. He didn't get along with some of the movie people, he admits. He walked off the production when they didn't pay his crews on time. Now he's suing them for $82,000 in unpaid bills. (A Universal source said that the studio attempted to settle with Carr but will now see him in court.) That makes him grumpier still. Like any old salt, he respects the power of the water and the wind and he uses colorful language: the wind at Kawaihae, he says, pale-blue eyes blinking with rage, "blows like the Devil's ass." He's not alone in that opinion.

"They picked the windiest part of the island to film on," says boat captain Scott Fuller, who worked on the movie for several weeks. And beginning when location scouts first came to find their perfect harbor, Fuller and Carr say, the filmmakers shared with locals that special brand of Hollywood arrogance that has made production crews popular worldwide: *Thanks for the advice. Now get out of the way.*

Says Carr: "They had no knowledge of the water, and they refused to listen to the people who know Kawaihae conditions. . . . I'd tell them, 'At noon, this wind is going to turn around and kick you in the ass. Better get started early.' But they'd get started around 10, and they'd be setting up, and they'd do run-throughs—and then at 12 the wind would come up and they'd all have to shut down. Everyone would go back to the hotels. That happened constantly for four months. Constantly."

Doug Allen, the boat expert for *Waterworld,* concurs: "Kawaihae is like the Bermuda Triangle—you lose three days at a time. Winds, sandstorms, dust, chop. You name it."

Not surprisingly, everyone was seasick. One story had the Kevins meeting the first day on the set as they lost their lunches together over the rail. Another had Costner hiring a hypnotist to help him get sea legs. The star, his director, and many other crew members finally had to wear scopolamine anti-seasickness patches. Anybody can go sailing. But imagine: you're on the camera barge, which is rising and falling in the waves, and you're trying to focus on the trimaran, or the atoll, and it's rising and falling on a different frequency, and the guys on the trimaran are trying to focus on the Smoker boat they're about to attack, and *it's* rising and falling at a third frequency.

The trouble is those patches warn right on the label that they may cause drowsiness, blurred vision, and a sense of confusion. Perfect for filmmaking. "Between what's in the script and what you can do in a boat and on the water, they had no idea what they could do," says a crew member sympathetic to the difficulties of making *Waterworld.* "This was like trying to film an avalanche. *On* an avalanche."

To say filming proceeded at a snail's pace is an understatement. One sequence is illustrative. The Mariner's trimaran "transforms" from a raggedy, floating mess into a fully armed fighting ship, grabs the wind, and mows down a drifter's sailboat. On-screen, the sequence will last less than one minute. The filming took *five full weeks* to complete.

Wherever possible, those on the shoot say, the filmmakers made complicated scenes even more complicated. At night, after watching dailies, Costner and Reynolds would go over the next day's scenes in order to find ways to make them better. On several occasions, according to a source close to the production, they'd say, "Hey, let's try this! Let's try that!" What we had in the script was already impossible. They pushed it." Another source says that even early on the filmmakers were intimidated by the huge budget. As a result, they were desperate to bring back the biggest movie of all time. "They were saying, 'Oh my God, look at how big this is!' We need bigger stunts, bigger sequences,'" that source says. "They were terrified."

As problems mounted, Costner struggled to remain a game star. A friend who visited the set midway into shooting says he appeared calm and collected. A boat captain says he was "always a gentleman." Eyewitness accounts from the Hawaiian set indicate that, physically, Costner became the Mariner. He got sunburned. He lost weight. He got sinewy, doing curls between takes to stay sweaty and muscled.

Unfortunately, personal trainer Daniel Jose Gil, hired by the producers to whip Kevin and the cast into shape, didn't stay long. He arrived on the Kona coast and was later arrested by the authorities, who confiscated massive quantities of illegal steroids. (Two thousand doses were seized in his room, according to press reports.) The producers did rapid damage control, saying they'd had no knowledge of the trainer's methods or outside business activities and insisting, repeatedly, that Costner had had no hand in his hiring.

Stupid mistakes seemed to gravitate to *Waterworld.* Small mistakes, mostly, but costly ones. Anchors holding the atoll in place, for example, had to be removed and refitted when, midway through production, the filmmakers discovered that the anchor chains were visible from above during aerial shooting from helicopters. Then there was a tsunami warning. (No surprise, really: everywhere on the island there are large yellow "Tsunami Warning" towers fitted with sirens. The local telephone directory actually has "Tsunami Evacuation Maps" in it.) There was a warning, but no tsunami. Still, precious time was lost. Sources close to the movie place the daily nut at roughly $350,000. This meant that $350,000 was spent every day whether a single frame of usable film was shot or not.

Then, late in the production schedule, maintenance men apparently didn't notice that inspection plates had opened where they shouldn't have on the floating slave colony. Again, despite warnings from locals, the filmmakers let the prob-

lem slide. Two days of rough weather and, according to one local, "one morning it just wasn't there." The slave colony had sunk straight down into 160 feet of water. One local source who bid on the slave-colony reclamation job says it took 21 days and cost the filmmakers $475,000 to bring it back to the surface. And it was never used for filming after that.

There was some speculation that the slave colony had been sunk on purpose, to save the cost of dismantling it. Evidently the producers discussed sinking both it and the huge atoll when they finished filming. It would make a nice reef for tropical fish, a nice tourist attraction for divers, they said. But it might kill every living thing in Kawaihae Bay, they were told—because it was covered from top to bottom with toxic paints. Ultimately the atoll and the colony were broken down into parts and sold for scrap—except for a small section, destined to be part of the theme-park attraction Universal will open in Los Angeles.

Ominous accidents began even before principal photography. A bow pulpit splintered and collapsed during heavy swells, throwing co-stars Jeanne Tripplehorn and 9-year-old Tina Majorino into the sea. A crew member ran afoul of the trailing cable as he went into the water after Majorino, grabbed her, and threw her away from the boat's propellers. He ended up taking 20 stitches in his stomach. "What's goofy is, Tina couldn't swim," says a person on the boat that day. "After that she learned to swim." As the summer wore on, the wrathful waters of Kawaihae grew increasingly inhospitable. The seven-day weeks of 14-hour days were wearing. Matters began to get seriously out of hand. There were major personnel changes that slowed and sometimes halted progress. After about 40 days of shooting, marine coordinator Pat Curtin was replaced by Ransom Walrod. Curtin, a hard-nosed but experienced coordinator, was grudgingly admired but not well liked. (Says one crew member, "His attitude was 'If you don't like it, get the fuck out.' He was awesome.") His replacement—whose most recent on-the-water experience was as marine coordinator on the TV show *Baywatch*—was not liked either, and not even grudgingly admired. Locals sneered that the men on Walrod's handpicked crew were all "*Baywatch* boys who shaved their chests." "They were all yachty kids from Marina del Rey. When things got stinky on the water, the pretty boys all went home." Walrod, eager to prove himself, installed a new chain of command on the water, and refused to listen to boatmen who had already spent weeks on the shoot. Prior to his arrival, boat handlers had trimmed the time it took to reposition the huge trimaran for a new camera angle to 12 minutes; under Walrod's new regime, that relatively simple act took up to a full 90 minutes. "For a month, nothing happened," a crew member on the water says. Worse, late in the shoot, Walrod would send untrained crews out in water too rough even for the experienced locals. On one such voyage, when the regular boat captains refused to sail, high winds snapped a mast line and blew out a halyard line. One sailor was knocked unconscious. In another boating accident a sailor's elbow was crushed. Both were taken to the hospital. No one ever complained directly to Costner or Reynolds. A crew member says, "We were all afraid of getting fired." Or of getting killed. As boat expert Allen puts it, "That set was an accident waiting to happen."

> Costner would sit in his $1,800-a-night villa with his head in his hands, saying, "Why? Why is this happening to me?"

Divers on the movie say the filmmakers didn't understand diving, and didn't care to learn. They kept men [illegible] the water too long, sent them too de[illegible] brought them up too fast, and s[illegible] them back down too soon. "They h[illegible] divers down there from 5:30 in the mo[illegible] ing to 5 in the afternoon, and then th[illegible] sent them back down again," accordi[illegible] to one source. So many divers suffer[illegible] the bends, in fact, that the filmmak[illegible] brought a decompression chamber fr[illegible] Honolulu and hired an on-site medi[illegible] doctor who specialized in diving ac[illegible] dents. He was kept busy: Nine dive[illegible] were bent or "saturated" (a less li[illegible] threatening injury) rescuing the flo[illegible] ing slave colony, according to two loc[illegible] crew members.

In one underwater scene that we[illegible] awry, two stunt doubles got [illegible] to serious trouble. Patty W[illegible] rod, Tripplehorn's double a[illegible] Ransom's wife, was treated f[illegible] an air embolism. Norman Ho[illegible] ell, Costner's double, also su[illegible] fered an embolism. He says [illegible] would have died but for t[illegible] fact that Costner's son had j[illegible] arrived from Honolulu by p[illegible] vate jet, and the jet was still [illegible] the airport. Costner insisted th[illegible] Howell be flown to Honolul[illegible] where he and Walrod spe[illegible] eight hours in decompressio[illegible] chambers. Howell admits th[illegible] he may never be able to div[illegible] again.

(Ransom Walrod denies a[illegible] irresponsibility on the part [illegible] the filmmakers: "We kept ver[illegible] strict diving regulations," h[illegible] says. "If anyone busted t[illegible] depths and/or ascents, the[illegible] were either relieved or rea[illegible] signed.")

The Kevins, increasingly[illegible] wore the agony of it all. Tempers flare[illegible] on the set. As the days dragged on an[illegible] the budget soared, Costner would repai[illegible] each night to his villa. Sometimes he[illegible] have guests in. Sometimes they'd orde[illegible] out for pizza. By mid-shoot, he cut dow[illegible] on pizza and booze with the boys, b[illegible] cause he had to keep himself lean an[illegible] sinewy. So he'd sit, with his head in hi[illegible] hands, and worry over the numbers. "He'd just sit there saying, 'Why?'" a[illegible] source says. "'Why is this happenin[illegible] to *me?*'"

Costner's friend and longtime pro[illegible] ducing partner, Jim Wilson, says th[illegible] star's mood began to border on grim[illegible] "Kevin is never about desperation, an[illegible] Reynolds is a very cool customer," [illegible] Wilson says, "but it wasn't like 'Let's

h e a good time. It was like 'Let's g over this.'"

. wasn't problems on the set, howev- e hat drove Costner completely under- g und. Rather, it was the gossip that his l year marriage to his wife, Cindy, was o the rocks. Then came word that he was hanging out with a local hula dancer, helle Amaral, a 35-year-old married man with two kids. Evidently Amaral, a rofessional dancer and hula teacher, went to Costner's villa to discuss with him the possibility of performing at some *Waterworld* function—perhaps the wrap party. *People* magazine said that Amaral was reportedly spotted leaving Costner's villa. Locals who know Amaral say that Costner may have been freelanc- i . "Hey, it happens," says a crew mem- ; "who *isn't* sleeping with someone?"

not with that hula dancer. A friend s, "She's this really quiet girl, and she s totally traumatized by all the talk." was terrible," a local shopkeeper says the scandal. "You know how Hawai- s feel about family. She tried to buy ry copy of *People* magazine on the is- d, but it didn't work." While the gossip s hot, few people saw Costner off the . He virtually disappeared—no small t, considering the relatively desolate ona landscape.

With the shoot getting so ugly and stly, many wondered why the studio n't intervene. The laconic co-produc- Chuck Gordon, appeared unper- rbed by the mounting costs. "Chuck pt saying, 'It's a dime on the dollar. hat's a dime on the dollar?'" a person o worked on the movie says. "Then ey added the dollars up." Two months to the shoot Universal brass arrived on e island to survey the damage. Icily ol MCA president Sidney Sheinberg as there, along with MCA Motion Pic- re Group chairman Tom Pollock and niversal Pictures president Casey Silver. r the executives, the timing could arcely have been worse. They had a naway movie on their hands, while in egotiations with their Matsushita over- rds in Osaka they were being pushed to linquish control of their studio. (In ct, it didn't matter: the Japanese subse- uently agreed to sell 80 percent of their udio to the Canadian beverage compa- y Seagram—prompting cynics to suggest anging the title from *Waterworld* to *On e Rocks*.) One person close to the pro- uction remembers, "They had to decide ow much is too much. They had to de- ide. Do we give these guys $30 million r $70 million more to finish this film? evin had to take some very tough meet- ing." Before their arrival, crew members say, many believed the movie would never get finished. "There were rumors every day that we would be shut down," says boat expert Allen. "Every day it was. 'Today's the day they pull the plug.'"

Beyond a certain point, they could not. By the time principal photography started, according to Universal sources, *Waterworld* had already cost the studio almost $30 million—the cost of building and shipping the custom trimarans, of securing Costner (at a reported $14 million) and Reynolds with pay-or-play contracts, of constructing the atoll. By day 100, the studio had already paid out more than $100 million. Finishing the movie was, of course, a terrible risk, but there seemed to be no choice. No one knew the risk would cost another $100 million.

The runaway budget was not just the result of the stupendous difficulty of the undertaking, human error, and bad luck. There was also wretched excess on *Waterworld*. Hollywood people live large. By normal human standards, they live huge. Although an entire fleet of boats was available for ferrying cast and crew to the various barges, it was decided the Mariner needed his own transportation. They leased an $800,000 luxury yacht—unfortunately, given the rumors of marital strife at the time, called *The Mistress*—whose purpose was to run Costner from the pier to the barges, a distance that rarely exceeded a quarter-mile. Costner's hotel bill for his Mauna Lani villa was $1,800 a night. (After several months it was reportedly negotiated down to $1,500 a night, but *still*.) That tab alone would run to more than $300,000, locals say. Similarly, the filmmakers overpaid for the lodging of other cast members. A person who knew the deals for Dennis Hopper's and Jeanne Tripplehorn's separate digs says, "They were paying three times what was appropriate."

And time delays, on any shoot, mean money. Union rules call for "meal penalties" if actors and others don't break for lunch and dinner at specified times. On *Waterworld*, the meal penalty was $30 for every 15 minutes late for each crew member for each meal. Says one production assistant who worked the entire *Waterworld* shoot, "Every day for 75 days there were meal penalties. You have 300 to 400 people, and it's an extra $30 for every 15 minutes. Every day, we had 400 people who were 45 minutes late." Let's see: $30 per each 15 minutes, at 45 minutes late, equals $90 per each of the 400 crew members. Figuring at only one meal delay for each of those 75 days, that is still an estimated unnecessary cost of $2.7 million. *In meal penalties.* (Universal sources say that meal penalties were paid but scoff at that high figure.)

Hollywood mathematics is a deeply inexact science. Even experts don't agree on *Waterworld*'s prospects of turning a profit. Conservatively, after marketing and distribution costs, Universal's financial exposure will be $225 million. Since movie companies split box-office take with theater owners on a sliding scale that gradually increases the theater owners' percentage, Universal must hope for a huge opening weekend (when theater owners get only 10 percent of the ticket sales) and a long, healthy run (until theater owners are getting 50 percent). If you use such summer hits as *Batman* or *Terminator 2* as models—the first opened in late June, with a $40 million weekend, and topped out at $251 million; the second opened in early July, at $31 million, and grossed $204 million—*Waterworld* could have an opening weekend of $40 million, run through the end of summer, and close out at the box office with receipts of $250 million. That's a hugely optimistic scenario. Universal says it won't have *Waterworld* in movie theaters before July 28. The highest-grossing summer movie in history released that late—after the golden Memorial Day and Fourth of July weekends—was *The Fugitive*. It grossed $23 million in its opening weekend and ultimately earned $183 million. At $183 million in domestic grosses—bigger than *Top Gun*, bigger than *Robin Hood*—*Waterworld* could still be a financial loss, and only a handful of movies make that much. Will *Waterworld* be a better movie than *Total Recall* or *Die Hard 2*? Those movies didn't make $250 million—*added together*.

Waterworld has to be huge. If it is, Costner gets rich. If the movie makes $100 million or less at the box office, Costner gets only $14 million. If it makes $200 million, he gets another $14 million. If $300 million, his paycheck would be $42 million. And so on.

Waterworld does have the benefit—though it clearly feels more like a curse to the filmmakers—of reams of free pre-release publicity. *The Wall Street Journal*, the *Los Angeles Times*, *Newsweek*, *Time*, and *People* have all chronicled the film's troubled gestation. Will people be attracted to "the most expensive movie ever made"? Has Kevin Costner worn out his welcome? Will people be drawn to his rip-

Waterworld

pling muscles and overlook the webbed feet and gills? More important, in a summer that will have action overload in the form of *Crimson Tide, Die Hard with a Vengeance, Batman Forever, Under Siege 2, Congo,* and others, will everybody be tired of big movies by late July?

Universal is doing everything it can to make sure that they aren't. In March, growing desperate, the studio started interviewing prospective film editors, telling them they might take the movie away from Kevin Reynolds and his team. By mid-April, they'd changed their minds, telling one veteran cutter, "The movie's there, and we're going to let Kevin [Reynolds] finish it." By May 1, though, true to history, Reynolds was off the film. Despite an agreement that Costner would not win "final cut" of *Waterworld,* sources close to the pair say that Costner successfully pressured Universal to have Reynolds removed from the editing room. At issue: "vanity shots" of Costner. A person close to the star and his director says, "There are lots of these long shots that make Kevin look great but don't do anything else except slow the movie down. Reynolds wanted them out; Kevin wanted them in. Universal has decided to go with Kevin."

That will guarantee two things: the movie—like *Dances with Wolves* and *Wyatt Earp*—will run long. And Costner will do interviews and other publicity to support the release of the movie—something he indicated to Universal he would not do unless it let Reynolds go.

The decision to scuttle Reynolds might have cost Universal even more money. Hollywood gossip had it that Costner's agent, CAA's powerful Mike Ovitz, demanded a raise for his client, who was now, in addition to being the film's star and one of its producers, the de facto postproduction director. According to a source close to *Waterworld,* the truth behind the rumor is this: when MCA executives visited the set last September to survey the damage, they won concessions from Costner and Ovitz to reduce the star's profit-participation deal. The source says Ovitz tried to get the money restored when Costner took over postproduction from Reynolds. (Mike Ovitz's office declines comment.)

Costner and those around him have described the actor's circle of friends as "the Ride-Back Gang," men who always return to save a fallen comrade. Costner once told *Premiere,* "You're all maki[ng] your getaway, and your friend co[mes] back for you, even at risk. . . . It's so[me] thing we admire—that we would go ba[ck] in a hail of bullets."

Well, it's hailing now. And with *Wa[ter]world* mostly behind them, Costner a[nd] Reynolds are not on good terms again. It was reported that Costner complain[ed] about his partner recently, saying, "Ke[vin] has vision, but eventually someone has to make the tough decisions. If it's got to be me, I'll do it. . . . I got Kevin through *Fa[r]dango, Robin Hood,* and *Rapa Nui,* a[nd] now *Waterworld.*" The more circumspe[ct] Reynolds is said to be hurt by Costner's remarks, but has not publicly responded.

Ultimately, the success or failure of *W[a]terworld* will be Costner's legacy. Last fa[ll] he seemed to recognize that. Speaking at a junket for *The War,* Costner—thin and tan and looking like the Mariner, but sounding like bad dialogue from *Wyatt Earp*—said, "To be truthful, what you take from *Waterworld* at the end of the day is that you hope that you don't get yourself into those situations again. But you've got to be a man about things. You've got to fight your way out of trouble and not run away from it. You cannot run away from *Waterworld,* and I won't." □

Whitney

(Continued from page 110) of land to put a house on it."

Marylou's first hope, if she must sell any land at all, is to sell the existing camps to children and friends; she could probably do that without having to prepare a master plan. Hobbs Hosford has a notion of selling lots around one of the lakes—a loophole in the A.P.A.'s original code has let other landowners do the same—though so far that's *only* a notion. The Nature Conservancy, the one environmental group Marylou seems to respect, might eventually, she concedes, arrange a conservation easement—which would prohibit development in return for lower taxes for much of the land. But she's in no hurry to do that, since the state would probably demand public access. "After all," says Tim Barnett, executive director of the Adirondack Chapter of the Nature Conservancy, "how would you feel about your tax dollars going to Mrs. Whitney to keep her land private?"

But if Marylou were to die before an easement could be arranged, Whitney Park would be subject to whopping estate taxes—as much as 50 to 60 percent of the value of the property. In the ensuing legal mess, the land would almost surely be broken up.

"You're at the fork in the road," says Neil Woodworth of the Adirondack Mountain Club. "One choice leads to a magnificent addition to forest reserve. The other is a clouded future. I don't for a minute doubt the Whitney family's sincerity; they've been good stewards of the land. But the tax law simply doesn't support that."

There is, of course, another, more winsome solution. Marylou could do what Sonny did: find a spouse 25 years younger.

"The first time I met her we were at our Camp Togus," recalls Whitney Tower Jr., a grandson of Flora Payne Whitney. "My father was pacing around: 'Go change and wash—your Uncle Sonny's coming with the new Mrs. Whitney!' We were terrified of my uncle. But fascinated too. We heard the put-putting of the boat; we were out scouting on rocks, the sun was going down, the loons were cooing away, and there came Uncle Sonny in one of those funny little car boats—amphibians—standing up and wearing a captain's hat, blazer, white pants. The lady was just clinging to him, in a pin pantsuit, not Adirondacky at all. When she came up the path, she was very nervous, and kept talking, until Sonny finally said, 'Marylou, be quiet!' "

Marylou was the fourth Mrs. Whitney—and she was determined, as she told friends later, to be the last for the handsome, charming, deeply spoiled scion of two great American fortunes. Sonny's father, Harry Payne Whitney, had married Gertrude Vanderbilt, the artist who went on to found New York's Whitney Museum. Her family mansion occupied the current site of Bergdorf Goodman on Fifth Avenue; the Whitney mansion was just across the street. When Sonny's father died prematurely in 1930, Sonny was left $20 million. With that money, he helped start Pan American Airways, and flew with Charles Lindbergh around the Pacific, looking for landing strips. He formed the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company in Canada; he built Florida's Marineland. With his cousin Jock Whitney, the pioneering venture capitalist and *New York Herald Tribune* owner, and producer David O. Selznick, he started the

[illegible] company that made *A Star Is Born*, *Rebecca*, and, most notably, *Gone with the Wind*. Meanwhile, his love life was, to say the least, tumultuous.

His first marriage, to socialite and artist Marie Norton, started with the couple's flight to Europe to avoid a chorus girl's paternity suit. Norton later married Averell Harriman, having had two children with Sonny. Sonny's marriage to Cee Hopkins, a Philadelphia socialite and horsewoman, produced a daughter who died of leukemia, with his third wife, Eleanor Searle, a Wac receptionist who later became an evangelist after meeting Billy Graham, he had a fourth child.

"The inference that Mrs. Whitney has a [illegible] secret past is unwarranted," declares a lengthy, abject apology in last May's issue of *Tatler*, after a profile of Marylou had managed to be both fawning and unflattering. "Furthermore, to set the factual record straight, Mrs. Whitney's father, Mr. [illegible] R. Schroeder, was a bank officer and a chartered accountant, as well as a member of the prestigious Kansas City Club. Mrs. Whitney has never been a showgirl. She has never accepted any modelling assignments of any kind. Mrs. Whitney was not 'recommended' in any sense to Mr. Whitney by Zsa Zsa Gabor. Mrs. Whitney is not an aloof or mysterious figure: she has always been amenable to the needs of others and available to those in need of her assistance . . . "

"I was so upset," Marylou says, tears springing to her eyes. We've driven from Fairlands to another, smaller camp on Simon Lake, which Marylou has just partly refurbished. "My father wasn't a butcher! He was a certified public accountant! He was secretary-treasurer of the Jackson County Building & Loan Association, and he was vice president of the American Service Company—with 40 or plants in the South—and possibly the stiffiest person I've ever known, outside of being a good fisherman."

The slurs date to 1974, and the first edition of a book called *How to Marry Super Rich*, written by, of all people, Sheilah Graham, F. Scott Fitzgerald's mistress at the end of his life, who, having failed to do so herself, was trying, somewhat desperately, to earn a buck. By the second printing, after an exchange of lawyers' letters, the text was emended. An obituary from *The Kansas City Times* clears out Marylou's account; the truth, it seems, is that the Schroeders were neither blueblood nor blue-collar, but, rather, good pioneer stock. At 19, after her father died, she went to New York to become an actress. She shared an apartment on East 57th Street with another girl, went on auditions, and earned the rent working for an early airline magazine. "I learned how to write for it, edit it, and put it together. I used to paste the whole thing up."

Patricia Neal was the first of her pals to get a real Broadway job. Marylou got bit parts in early television shows, and worked as an "idea girl" for radio shows, haunting the night courts for plots. For fun she went to El Morocco and the Stork Club, whose owner, she says, kept the room stocked with pretty girls by serving them free chickenburgers and domestic champagne. At El Borracho, a club noted for the lipstick marks girls left on its walls, Marylou caused a sensation that made the columns the next day. "I was out riding in the park and I was late for a date with a guy," she explains. "So I just rode my horse right up to El Borracho, hitched it outside, and went to meet my guy for a drink."

Like many an actress before and after her, Marylou found a husband who freed her from the life of endless auditions. Frank Hosford, a wealthy member of the John Deere family, whisked her up to a big house in Greenwich, Connecticut. Marylou had four children in quick succession. Frank became an alcoholic. One day, he announced the family was moving to Arizona. Marylou said fine. "I always did whatever a man wanted to do," she says. "He wanted to start a new life out there. All right with me. He didn't know. He was drinking; what do they know? He wanted to goof off and go to bars at night. He'd end up in jail; I'd pick him up off the street."

For money and distraction, Marylou earned a real-estate license. One night at a supper club in Phoenix, Arizona, she met Sonny Whitney, who was still married to Eleanor Searle, unhappily. Sonny liked Marylou's pluck. The fact that she moonlighted as the stand-in hostess of a TV cooking show impressed him even more. "I've never *seen* a woman cook," he told her after watching her. "It's the most exciting thing!" In short, if somewhat unclear, order, Sonny cast Marylou in his new movie, *The Missouri Traveler*—the mawkish story of a young runaway who fends for himself by training racehorses, starring the young Lee Marvin—made the movie, and moved to Las Vegas for six weeks to divorce an uncooperative Eleanor Searle. Marylou, already separated from Hosford, sought a divorce of her own and married Sonny on January 24, 1958, in Carson City, Nevada, but the marriage wasn't legal in New York. Eleanor Searle won an injunction against it, Marylou says, and froze Sonny's assets. For nearly a year, the newlyweds lived in California, with Marylou supporting her husband, until a friendly judge intervened.

Sonny adored his new wife, for the rest of his life he would marvel at her energy, and offer loving toasts and say that after years of marital unhappiness and philandering he was happy, and faithful, at last. But keeping him happy took work. "I thought of every day with Sonny as a play," Marylou told her friend Sue Wylie. "All right, the curtain's going up, I want to be as perfect as I can be. When I went to bed I'd think, The curtain's going down. What kind of performance did I give?"

The Whitneys' love life benefited, in the best sense, from playacting, too. Marylou would call across a room to Sonny, "Do you want me at your feet or in your lap?" When they were in New York, Sonny would call her from his office every day and make an assignation. "He'd say, 'This is your latest boyfriend. Meet me at the sea lions' shelf at three and a half minutes past four, and don't be late.' I had an old raincoat I'd put on, and a scarf around my head, and I'd go meet him. I'd walk up and down and wiggle a bit and say, 'Hey, good-looking, would you like to buy me an ice cream?' He'd say, 'Well, I don't know.' I'd walk up and down and wiggle a little more and say, 'You know, you're the best-looking thing I've ever seen. How would you like to come up to my little apartment across the street—there's a lot of things we could do up there.' And he'd say, 'Hmmm, sounds rather good.' And then I'd walk up and down some more, and wiggle, and say, 'You know, I think I've fallen in love with you. How would you like to go sit on that park bench in the middle of the park and just neck?' He'd say, 'That sounds good enough to me,' so he'd take me by the hand and we'd run over to the park bench and neck.

"Now, one day, Happy Rockefeller's out walking her little dog, and she said, 'Marylou, what are you doing?' I said, 'I'm picking up Sonny.' She said, 'Why would you do *that?*' I said, 'Well, I do it every day.' 'Why?' 'Because it's so romantic!' She said, 'I don't get it.' I said, 'Well, I'm sorry, you better get back to work,' and Sonny said, 'Get back to work!'"

Even so, Sonny could be wildly jealous. He was quite capable of saying, in a rage, "*I own you.*" says one friend, and if Marylou had seemed to flirt with some-

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one else, he would ground her. "Sonny was not an easy person to get along with," says Warrington Gillet, a family friend. "He was used to having his own way. As with Prince Charles, it takes a very special type of wife."

Later, it would appear that Sonny's dark moods were nothing less than manic-depression, a curse that has seemed to afflict other members of the family as well. "Sonny was manic," Marylou confirms. "And friends would often say, 'How can you live with it?' But Sonny and I never talked about it. And whenever he said, 'That's none of your business,' I just let it go; his word was law."

"The way she handles men is rather old-fashioned, but it works," says Barbara de Kwiatkowski, a socialite and Kentucky horse breeder. "The advice she's given me is: 'Appeal to a man's ego; bolster it up; and get everything put in your name!' "

When Sonny died in December 1992, Marylou lost her best friend, a man who for all his dark moods loved her, she says, more than any man could. It has left her fairly sure that anyone else would seem second-best now.

"I don't want to get married again, I don't think," Marylou says. We've wandered out to the end of a tiny peninsula in Salmon Lake, on which rests a tiny cabin called Honeymoon Cottage. Unfortunately, everyone who has spent a honeymoon here has gotten divorced.

"Would you want to fall in love again?"

"Oh, that would be different," Marylou says with a laugh. "But how many people would want to share my life? How many men would love to do the things I do? They have to like horses, dogs . . . some people don't like the woods at all. I wouldn't want to act different than the person I am. It would be awful if I had to act like I was a poor frightened little girl, but that's what guys like, don't you think? I think I'm too independent. The past 10 years of Sonny's life he wasn't well, and I had to do so much for him, so I became very independent."

"Weren't you always independent?"

"Yes," she says with a mischievous glance, "but I didn't let him know."

Back at Cady Hill, Marylou changes for dinner into a cream-colored silk pantsuit and offers champagne in a sunroom overlooking a perfect lawn. The dining room and pantry and the rooms above them, Marylou explains, are pre-revolutionary; most of Cady Hill's 21 rooms were added when it became a stagecoach inn in 1851. We look through recent photo albums; in most of the snaps, Marylou is with the help. "They're my best friends," Marylou says. "And I have another group in Kentucky—they're my best friends, too. And in the Adirondacks."

In the soft light, Marylou looks far younger than her age. Her complexion is so, well, *girlish.* What *is* it about that sk
Over dinner, Marylou confides her sec
"I have a magic cream," she whisp
"that makes you young. *You* can't use
because you're a man."

Pressed (not too hard), Marylou
mits that what she uses on her face i
vaginal cream containing estrogen, ev
night. "Feel my face," she comman
Her face is *very* soft. "You have to ge
prescription. I have a doctor who gi
me as much as I want."

Other secrets, other charms? "I dri
vinegar every morning. Apple-cider vi
gar." Sonny taught her that, and look h
long *he* lived. Then, of course, there is t
sheer, indomitable energy, the sort th
seems to defy depression. "You can't pu
me down too long," Marylou declar
with real determination. "I'm like a r
ber balloon. I go popping up in the air."

Which is why, on that first Frid
evening of August, a beaming Maryl
will once again appear in costume for t
Canfield Casino Gala, taking in the chee
of the pleased and curious as she arriv
but giving something back, of spark
glamour, and sheer delight. The theme th
year is Snow White and the Seven Dwar
Marylou, in a rare concession to her ag
will not play Snow White herself.

She will, however, stride the length
the park into the casino, surrounded by h
dwarfs. No fire engines, hot-air balloon
or rolling riverboats. After a lifetime
riding one conveyance or another, Mar
lou is on her own two feet. □

Ebola

(Continued from page 93) the sheets, but there must have been blood on the foam mattress. We don't have washable plastic mattress covers—that's one of many things we are lacking that are essential to protecting ourselves and our patients from Ebola."

Asked if the Ebola virus could remain infectious and deadly after two weeks on a mattress, the C.D.C.'s Pierre Rollin said, "It is possible. Yes, it is."

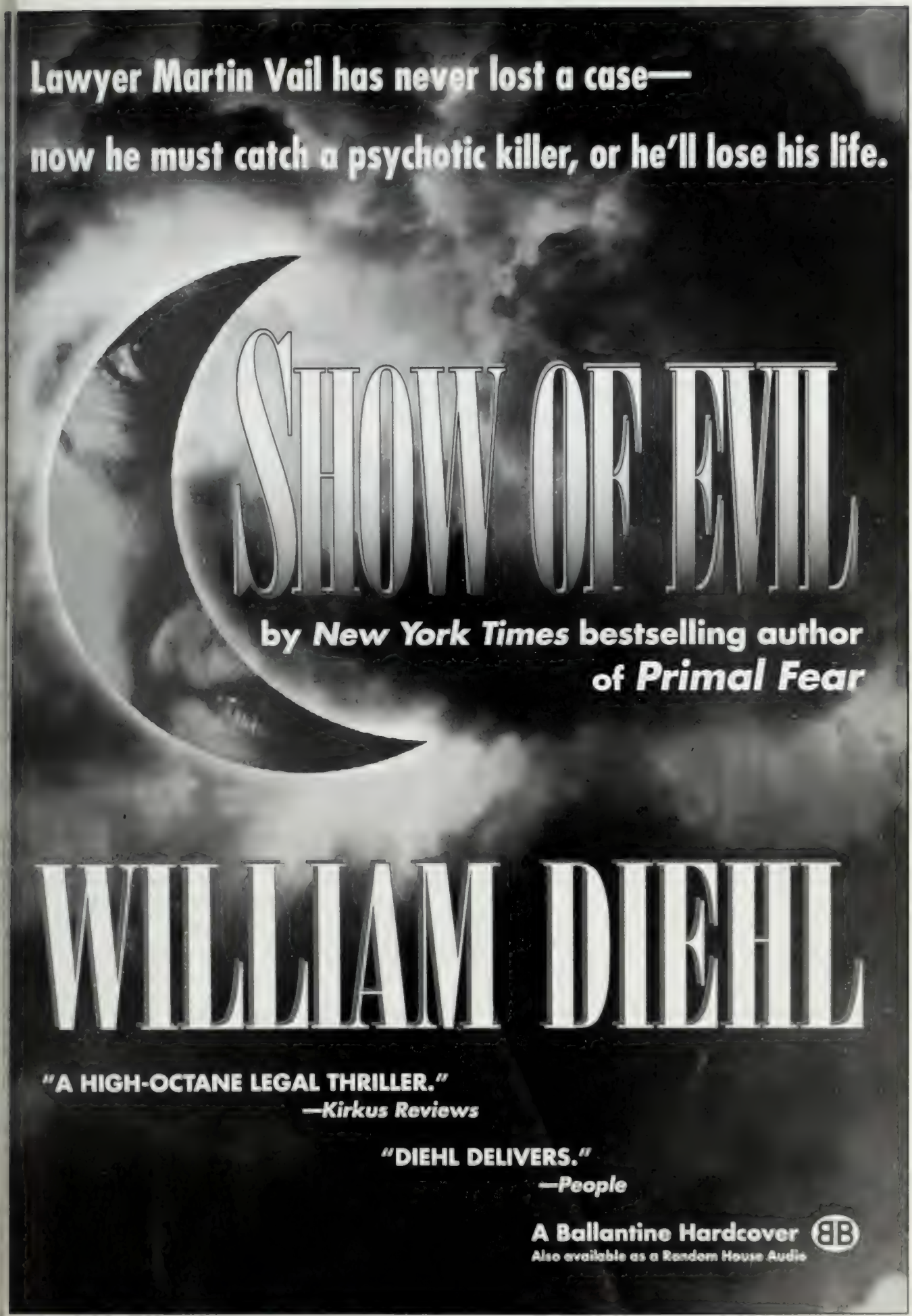
Dr. Guenaël Rodier, a later addition to the W.H.O. team, asked his colleagues at dinner just how tough they thought the Ebola virus might be. Rodier, Heymann, Kipasa, Muyembe, and I were eating at the Kwilu Hotel, which appeared to have Kikwit's only sit-down restaurant. Over warm beer and stringy goat meat in pili-pili sauce, the scientists were reminiscing, telling war stories, and exchanging ideas about the crisis at hand. Heymann could switch modes, from telling a joke to asking a very focused question, with bewildering ease. The discussion was in French and English, and I remember being impressed by how intelligent, dedicated, and kind these extraordinary men were. "Can Ebola survive on a tabletop?" asked Rodier. "How about in water, eh?"

He recalled for the group of Ebola fighters what had happened to the very first samples of the virus ever collected. In Yambuku in 1976, blood samples had been taken from Belgian missionaries who later died. The test tubes containing the samples, along with an explanatory note, were crudely packed in dry ice, placed in a blue thermos, and shipped, via W.H.O. officials in Brazzaville, to a laboratory in Belgium. By the time Peter Piot, a post-doctoral student in Antwerp, received the box, all the dry ice had evaporated and one of the test tubes had shattered.

Yet the virus was every bit as lethal in those test tubes in Antwerp as it had bee
in Yambuku. The proof of that came whe
the Belgian scientist took droplets from th
intact test tube and placed them in large
tubes containing Vero monkey cells. Wit
in 11 days, the Vero cells were dea
When liquid from the tube containin
dead cells was placed into yet another tub
containing live cells, those cells died too.

And so, Rodier told his dinner com
panions in Kikwit, "we are dealing with
pretty tough virus here." He speculate
that Ebola might well survive in a glas
of water or on someone's food.

By May 15 the team had complete
the tasks most essential for any hop
of stopping the epidemic. Kikwit Genera
Hospital director Mungala Kipasa an
David Heymann shut down all non-Ebol
services at the hospital. Barbara Kier
stiëns took charge of restoring the hospi
tal's credibility. Kierstiëns is a woman o
few words in any of the five languages i


Lawyer Martin Vail has never lost a case—
now he must catch a psychotic killer, or he'll lose his life.
SHOW OF EVIL
by New York Times bestselling author
of Primal Fear
WILLIAM DIEHL
"A HIGH-OCTANE LEGAL THRILLER."
—Kirkus Reviews
"DIEHL DELIVERS."
—People
A Ballantine Hardcover
Also available as a Random House Audio

which she is fluent, but there is no doubt about who is in charge when she is in the room. Functioning on less than five hours' sleep a night, she never relaxed, and she could seemingly supervise 10 activities at once. Dripping with sweat, her hair matted to her scalp, Kierstiëns, with two M.S.F. assistants, oversaw the setup of a water tank and filtration system, bringing a steady supply of water to the hospital for the first time in years. They fixed the dilapidated facility's electrical generator, distributed basic protective gear to the medical staff, and strung plastic cordons sanitaires around the hospital's Pavilion No. 3, creating an isolation ward. To keep the medical staff on the job despite the considerable risks, Kierstiëns doled out salaries—for some, their first regular paychecks in years.

A C.D.C. physician took over patient care in Pavilion No. 3. For Ebola victims in Kikwit, care consisted mainly of making their deaths as painless as possible. Bob Colebunders manned the emergency room. Most of the patients who arrived at the E.R. were so ill that they had to be carried by Red Cross volunteers or relatives, none of whom were wearing effective protective gear. Colebunders, wearing a protective mask, goggles, gown, and double-layered latex gloves, monitored E.R. staff for proper hygienic protection while they examined each patient to determine who had Ebola and turn away those who didn't. The staff also had to decide which of the relatives assisting the patients might have been exposed to lethal bodily fluids. Colebunders performed his tasks while in a state of terror, convinced, he said, that his protective gear would leak or be pierced, exposing him to the patients' urine, feces, vomit, and blood. He envisioned himself dying of the same horror he was witnessing.

In the community there were three immediate objectives: the public needed to be educated and told how to protect themselves from the virus; all cases of infection and disease had to be found and brought to the hospital, including any that might exist in distant villages; and animals, particularly monkeys, had to be examined to be sure that they weren't spreading the deadly virus.

Every morning at eight o'clock, groups of medical students, drivers, and team members would gather around the entrance to the epidemic-control headquarters, anticipating Szczeniowski's assignments. Already drenched with sweat, the W.H.O. technical officer would carefully match cars (an ancient car could not be sent too far), scientists, and Kikwit volunteers to the tasks at hand: searching for animals that might harbor Ebola, scouring distant villages for cases, drawing blood samples from relatives of victims. Meanwhile, Muyembe and Heymann would dart back and forth, consulting in an office with Ali Khan and other top scientists, and also meeting with Szczeniowski to set priority assignments for the day.

Educating the populace was no easy task, given the complete lack of any system for disseminating information to the public, not to mention the general level of suspicion. Heymann and Muyembe knew from their experiences in Yambuku that most transmissions of the virus occurred when friends and relatives touched their ailing loved ones or washed the bodies for burial. There are no mortuary services in rural or poor parts of Africa, so families traditionally make cleansing of the corpse part of the ritual of grief, including washing out their mouths; often a dozen or more friends and relatives will participate in sponging down the cadaver, cutting off bits of hair and nails for burial in places that had been special to the deceased, dressing the body, and placing it in an open casket. At the funerals wailing friends and family members touch, caress, and even kiss the dead as gestures of farewell.

To stop the epidemic, Heymann and the team had to interfere directly in those deep-rooted traditions. With the help of Mayor Mavita, a group of local merchants who donated $8,000 toward the effort, Kikwit's all-volunteer Red Cross, and local medical students, a door-to-door campaign spread the message: Don't touch anyone who has this disease, bring ailing relatives to the hospital, and leave the dead to the Red Cross, whose volunteers will safely dispose of the body.

But it was tough going. One day I walked down a muddy Kikwit road as dusk approached and spotted a woman who had suddenly collapsed in the dirt. A local neighborhood official sent a boy running to the Red Cross's temporary headquarters in a run-down schoolhouse two miles away. But the residents of the neighborhood began shouting at the official, denouncing his actions. As the woman lay gasping in agony on the ground, a heated argument over her fate ensued. Too weak to participate, the woman, who had been abandoned by her village following her husband's Ebola death two days earlier, simply stared at the debating strangers. She had made h[er] way to Kikwit in hopes of finding ref[uge] with her brother-in-law. But she had be[en] unable to locate his home.

As the Red Cross truck approached [the] neighborhood woman shouted in Kik[wa] go, "Why are you taking her away? [We] must take care of her! Leave her w[ith] me. At the hospital they will kill her [be]cause of this disease! She will never [re]turn if you take her to the clinic."

The official, shouting with equal ve[he]mence, said that the experts from all ov[er] the world wanted the Red Cross to ta[ke] the sick to the hospital. And anyone w[ho] challenged that was also challenging [the] authority.

"You are coming here with your po[li]tics in order to destroy people," anoth[er] female resident cried. "You know th[at] town is dangerous! You are an official [in] this area; it is your duty to protect pe[o]ple! Why don't you? I'm not sure she w[ill] come back alive!"

The official, the Red Cross, and the re[si]dents, illuminated only by the glow of m[il]lions of fireflies, continued their shoutin[g] well into the night. The following mornin[g] the village woman suffered an Ebola her[or]rhagic death in Pavilion No. 3.

An even more vociferous debate, punctuated by fisticuffs, took place th[e] following day in the village of Kimbing[o], some 40 miles from Kikwit. The elder[ly] chief, Justin Muntunu, explained to a vi[s]itor that a few days earlier a woman ha[d] arrived in the village suffering from Ebo[la]. He had ordered her to leave the vi[l]lage when it was discovered that her tru[e] destination, the place where her relative[s] could be found, was Insomi, a commun[i]ty six miles farther into the bush. Th[e] woman was too sick to make the trek o[n] her own, so two young men in Kimbing[o] helped her, carrying the woman part o[f] the way. She died in Insomi. Members o[f] the international team told Chief Mun[t]untu to isolate the two men for 21 days—[the] the outside length of the Ebola incuba[tion] tion period. But when the chief's so[n] took a visitor to see the young men, h[e] discovered that the villagers had helpe[d] them escape.

"You should not have let them go!" screamed the chief's son. "If they die it's your problem, not mine. My father is the chief of the village—when he tells you to take care of these boys, you must do so!"

The villagers who had assisted in the escape challenged the chief's authority, and a fistfight followed.

Back in Kikwit I spent an afternoon driving at random through the city. As

hired car made a turn into a slightly re prosperous neighborhood I was rwhelmed by the wailing and cries of meone has died!" emanating from a rtyard. A group of children and teenrs, their faces stained with tears, were outing and screaming before a photoph instead of a coffin. Their father had d of Ebola during the night at the spital, and to prevent the children m becoming infected the Red Cross d taken the body directly from the hospal to the graveyard. An hour later I ppened upon a mass burial, which inded the children's fa-r. Dressed in protecve gear, the Red Cross lunteers sprayed six clavers in body bags th disinfectant and iced them in a bullzed grave. I was standg downwind when I noed that two of the body gs were leaking blood. d that the wind was caring into my face dust d dirt particles which obably had been spatred with blood. For e first and only time I t on my mask.

Because of my scientific background and numerous discussions with scientists who had participated in the Yambuku epidemic, I felt confident that the virus could never be airborne-transmissible and that basic commonsense precautions were adequate to protect my health. But no amount of preparation could fully insulate me from the epidemic's emotional toll. At night a profound darkness would come over Kikwit, a city without electricity. As I walked through the pitch-blackness, getting my bearing from the Southern Cross, I was struck by a distant flash in the sky that I realized was lightning from a storm miles away. I paused and heard a woman's high-pitched voice crying, "Someone has died!" As one by one a chorus of children joined the wailing woman, the grief and agony of Kikwit flooded through my body so ferociously that I couldn't move.

I spent a day tracking Ebola cases with David Heymann and Dr. Ali Khan. Khan is always businesslike and formal. Despite the sweltering heat and humidity, he wore a pressed shirt and never loosened his tie. He explained that he felt it necessary to wear a tie to show respect for the people he was interviewing. We came upon a funeral, finding it by following the sounds of wailing and shouted cries of "Someone has died! A good woman has died!" Some 20 people were in the dirt courtyard, weeping and dancing spasmodically around a plain wooden coffin. Despite all warnings, the husband had cared for his dying wife at home and lovingly washed her body before placing it in the coffin. And she had become infected with Ebola after helping their next-door neighbor prepare his wife's body for burial.

The Red Cross team arrived, decked out in their protective filter masks, helmets, goggles, bright-green gowns, canary-yellow rubber gloves, black plastic aprons, and thick galoshes. All of this gear had only recently become available to the Red Cross, which lost four of its selfless volunteers to Ebola, all of whom had cleared away bodies for days without benefit of such protection. Like aliens descending from a U.F.O., the Red Cross team jumped off the truck and began spraying the funeral area with disinfectant. The widower quietly asked them, "Why don't you spray me too so that I won't get the Ebola?"



THE ENEMY WITHIN

Zairean general Mobutu Sese Seko, center, flanked by his security guards and accompanied by former Republican Party presidential hopeful and host of *The 700 Club* Pat Robertson, right. They talked to the press on May 17 after viewing the medical supplies Robertson brought into Zaire—even though the supplies were largely useless for fighting Ebola.

All the while veterinarians and epidemiologists were scouring Kikwit for pet primates. Some residents had amazing home menageries, complete with chimps and sad baby gorillas that had been captured in distant rain forests by hunters who had first killed their mothers. None of the animals took kindly to the scientists' needles, inserted to obtain blood samples. But neither the pet primates nor their owners turned out to have any evidence of Ebola infection. The monkeys, it seemed, weren't harboring the microbe.

What was the reservoir of Ebola? How did the epidemic begin?

With each passing day of investigation the international team discovered earlier cases of the disease. Working backward through hospital records and interviews with surviving family members, Ali Khan, Heymann, Muyembe, and their Zairean student assistants discovered four separate chains of transmission for the virus, four human pathways Ebola used to gain entry to Kikwit General Hospital. One began in early April, with a woman who underwent a cesarean section in another city hospital and entered Kikwit General Hospital with

> The pilot said most of his flights took him deep into Zaire, "where a bunch of former navy SEALs are running a diamond mine for Dr. Robertson."

Ebola

Ebola symptoms. All but two of the adult members of that family eventually died of Ebola; another chain was discovered that dated to March, and still another to February.

Finally, a young accounting student from Kikwit, Jean Bosco Katshunga, who was assisting the international team, remembered that back in January there had been a lot of wailing and frequent cries of "Someone has died!" emanating from the home of his neighbor Innocent Menga. The physicians at Kikwit General Hospital who had cared for four of the Mengas were questioned. Initially they were defensive because they had repeatedly diagnosed shigella diarrhea as the cause of death, and were loath to admit they had erred. But after being assured that even physicians in Paris and New York would have made the same mistake, the Kikwit physicians admitted that Innocent's 35-year-old son, Gaspard, had died of Ebola on January 13 in Kikwit General Hospital, the city's first known case.

A few days later Katshunga, Colebunders, and I met with the surviving members of the Menga family. Grief-stricken and racked with tuberculosis, Innocent was able to do little more than mumble and nod. But his handsome young son, Pierre, was at least as eager as the investigators to find out why his family had apparently suffered the first Ebola losses, and taken the highest death toll. In all, 13 of the 23 identified members of the Menga family died of Ebola between January 13 and March 9.

Pierre laid an array of four snapshots under the blazing noonday sun. At the center of each was Gaspard Menga's body, in an open casket. Crowded around the casket were the Menga clan, many of whom were touching Gaspard or cradling his head in their hands. All those whose hands were on Gaspard subsequently died of Ebola. Gaspard's uncle Philemond and brother Bilolo died in Kikwit General Hospital, meaning that the virus was in the facility by January, and perhaps was responsible for much of the alleged shigella diarrhea. Many infected family members left Kikwit after the funerals, dispersing to three villages outside the city.

For two days Katshunga, Pierre Menga, Colebunders, and I traversed 240 miles of rough dirt roads to follow the Menga chain of transmission. (Colebunders needed a couple of days off from the emergency room: "I'm not well," he told me, acknowledging that he had had a hysterical reaction to the cumulative stress. During one lunch I used latex gloves to eat the smelly sardines that were the staple of our diet. I was tired of the stench of the fish oil on my hands. But when I removed the gloves, my hands were covered with fish oil. Colebunders was aghast. "That could have been me in the emergency room," he exclaimed.) It looked as if the virus ceased causing disease after the fourth round of human transmission, suggesting to us that it becomes less virulent in successive infections. (C.D.C. and W.H.O. laboratory work is still under way, and there is not yet any confirmation of decreasing virulence.) For example, after Philemond's wife, Bebe, and Gaspard died, the family sent its six small children to the village of Ndobo, where they were to be cared for by Bebe's mother, Jeannette Bekene. Two of the children died of Ebola shortly after arriving, in mid-February—two-year-old Michael Jackson Menga, named after Bebe's favorite musician, and seven-year-old Judo. Three weeks later their grandmother Jeannette came down with Ebola, followed by her brother Hogui Pisambo, who also cared for the children. They both died.

But that was it. The virus claimed no more victims in Ndobo, despite the fact that Jeannette, Michael Jackson, and Judo lived in a 10-by-12-foot hut alongside four other Menga children, eight youngsters not related to the Menga family, and three other adults. And a neighboring family, the Mbelos, cared for dying Jeannette and Hogui and washed their bodies, yet never came down with Ebola.

The same was true in the village of Kimputu-Nseke, where Bebe's sister Romainie returned after Gaspard's funeral. Romainie died of Ebola, as did her one-year-old daughter, Jolie. But none of the villagers who cared for them contracted the disease. Such was also the case in Mukolo, where Philemond's wife, Marie-José, and her sister Sidonie carried her hair for burial. Though both women died of Ebola, none of their relatives in the village contracted the disease.

This suggests that the virus, instead of mutating into a superdeadly airborne form as depicted in *Outbreak,* may have been trying to adapt to its human host. It is not, after all, in a parasite's interest to kill off its host. If a virus has no home in which to grow and reproduce, it will die out. Biologists say, for example, that H.I.V. is an ideally adapted virus, having found a way to live inside a host for 10 to 15 years before the human becomes too sick to spread the microbe to others. The virulent Ebola seems meant to infect some other species—such as an animal in which it manages to coexist without causing an 80 percent death toll, South African epidemiologist Robert Swanepoel said. For hours on end Swanepoel, of the National Institute for Virology in Johannesburg, toiled in a makeshift laboratory inside the former TB lab of Kikwit General Hospital. Dressed in a stifling space suit with attached respirator unit, he spent his days preparing possibly lethal blood samples extracted from humans and from insects and animals captured in the Kikwit area. And by night he supervised the trapping of wild bats, rats, mice, and snakes.

> As one by one a chorus of children joined the wailing woman, the grief and agony of Kikwit flooded through my body.

For two decades scientists have searched central Africa hoping to find the natural host of Ebola. But the closest anyone has ever come was in 1979, when then C.D.C. scientist Joseph McCormick analyzed samples from some flying squirrels from Cameroon and discovered they had antibodies to Ebola. But they didn't carry the actual virus. Now, however, Swanepoel and his colleagues hope the Menga family's close cooperation with the scientists will provide valuable clues pointing to a

...e where Gaspard may have come into ...ntact with the mystery host.

...t's an odd jungle area, densely packed ...h verdant botanical life, but seemingly ...ood of animals. Located some 13 miles ...side Kikwit, it is where Gaspard tend... ...a small plot of manioc and maize and ...hered wood, which he burned down ...o charcoal and sold as fuel in Kikwit. ...an eerie spot, for there are few of the ...ual jungle sounds—no screeching mon... ...s or cawing birds. The larger animals ...ve long since been hunted to extinction. ...t at night, out come the rodents and ...akes. Bats fill the upper canopy, while ...s and mice scurry about the forest floor. ...anepoel and his colleagues hope that ...e of those rodents is an Ebola carrier.

On May 27 a Hercules turboprop bearing the long-awaited medical supplies ... Kikwit finally landed. It came very ...e. By then Heymann was in Kinshasa, ...igging his first cold beer in two and a ...lf weeks and feeling happily defiant. "We did it. We beat the virus," Heymann ...claimed, grinning from ear to ear. When ... had arrived in Kikwit the number of ...w Ebola cases was quadrupling every 7 ... 10 days. By the time he left the acute ...hase of the epidemic was over.

For Barbara Kierstiëns that meant ...was time to leave Zaire and prepare for ...r next M.S.F. assignment—Yugoslavia. ...ientists from the W.H.O. and the ... D.C. handed off their responsibilities ... new investigators, who will work well ...to the fall trying to find all the remain...g pieces of the Ebola puzzle. For the ...ntrepreneurs of Kinshasa it meant that ...e gravy train was over. The manage...ent of the Inter-Continental sadly re...ored its old telephone rates, having ...anaged to milk the press corps for $3 ...er minute for incoming calls, $12 per ...inute for local outgoing calls, and bribes ... high as $50 per international call for ...e switchboard operators.

As I passed through my final security ...heck at N'Djili airport, satisfied that my ...belongings and I were managing to get ...ut of the country largely intact, a gov...rnment security official leaned over to ...e and asked, "Madam, do you have any ...caine for me?"

Credits

Fashion

Cover: Keanu Reeves's [illegible]

Page 18: [illegible]

Page 22: [illegible]

Page 26: [illegible] / Romeo Gigli from Sp[illegible]

Page 30: Courtney Love's [illegible] Palace Costume Co., L.A.; shorts by [illegible] Westwood from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.

Page 50: [illegible]

Page 75: Salma Hayek's [illegible] Gabbana shirt from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Stephen Earabino for Smashbox Beauty.

Page 76: [illegible] Kim Meehan.

Page 78: Styled by Charlie Altuna for Célestine; outfit by Thierry Mugler, from Neiman Marcus, Beverly Hills.

Pages 94–95: Keanu Reeves's Agnès [illegible]

Pages 100–101: [illegible]

Pages 102–9: George C[illegible]

Pages 118–19: Alicia Silverstone's Katharine Hamnett suit from Charivari, N.Y.C.; Lee Moore for Visages Style.

Pages 120–21: Van Buren dress from X Collection, L.A.; for Fila shorts, call 800-787-3452.

Pages 128–29: Carly Simon's Isaac Mizrahi sweater to order from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.

Beauty and Grooming

Cover: Keanu Reeves's hair groomed with Aramis Maltplexx Protein-Enriched Styling Gel; Richard Keo for Salon Dada.

Page 26: [illegible] Jim Crawford for Indorato Artists.

Page 75: Salma Hayek's hair styled with [illegible] Maxximum Hairspray. All makeup from Clarins. On her eyes, Eye Colour Duo in Pink Sorbet/Violet; on her lips, Clarins Colour Lipstick in Regal Red. Melissa Rogers [illegible]

Page 76: Bottom left [illegible] ...ties for Indorato A[illegible]

Page 78: [illegible]

Pages 118–19: Alicia Silverstone's [illegible]

Pages 122–27: [illegible]

Photographs and Miscellany

Page 40: [illegible] ...ris Cole/Allsport; other[illegible] Paul J. Sutton/Duomo.

Page 46: Top left, from [illegible] ...right, from Archive Photos.

Page 48: [illegible]

Page 57: [illegible] Network Aspen.

Page 58: Clockwise from top left, fro[illegible] Sipa Press, from Outline, from Allsport.

Page 62: Far right, from Esto.

Page 64: From A.P./Wide World Ph[illegible]

Page 76: Top and bottom [illegible] Frank Driggs Collection.

Page 80: Bottom, far left, by Edie Baskin; second from left, by Mary Hilliard.

Page 87: Both from Sygma.

Page 88: Top left and right, fro[illegible] bottom, © 1995 by *Newsday*.

Page 91: From Sygma.

Page 93: Top, copy photograph by Laurie Garrett, © 1995 by *Newsday*, bottom, from Sygma.

Pages 104–5: Insets, left and right, [illegible] Archive Photos.

Pages 112–13: Large pho[illegible] *West Hawaii Today*, inset from Universal/The Everett Collection.

Pages 114–15: [illegible]

Page 124: All courtesy of Elsa Wals[illegible] Bob Woodward; copy photographs by Lisa Berg.

Page 129: [illegible]

Page 130: Bottom [illegible]

Page 133: Inset c[illegible]

Page 134: [illegible]

Page 139: Inset, left, copy pho[illegible] Roger Cabello.

Page 141: [illegible]

Page 143: [illegible]

Page 159: [illegible]

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Planetarium

By MICHAEL LUTIN

LEO *July 23–August 22*

Leos have been laying some pretty major eggs in the last few months. Shortsighted ones have insisted on going for the gold and have thus bombed royally, while cooler Leos have remained in their nests, quietly cooing and patiently billing everyone who owes them money. With Saturn going retrograde in your 8th house, you have to be content swinging back and forth and hanging from the thread of uncertainty. Jupiter in your 5th gives you the gift of the joy of children—provided, of course, you're not looking into the cradle and playing the witch at the christening.

VIRGO *August 23–September 22*

Even if scientists could travel back in time, extract strands of DNA from Hippocrates, Saint Francis, and Albert Schweitzer, and then somehow fuse them to the genes of Mother Teresa and Elizabeth Taylor, they still couldn't come up with a clone more dedicated to doing good works for the tired, poor, and sick than any Virgo on a good day. Especially now that Saturn is in your 7th house, you must have your hands full working for the benefit of all sentient beings. And the nice part is that none of it has the slightest thing to do with self-serving manipulation, does it?

LIBRA *September 23–October 23*

Of all the astrological clichés in the world, the most galling and trite is the one about Libras' being wishy-washy. The real reason Libras are maddeningly two-faced is that these kind souls were raised in families where loyalties were divided from day one. They've been programmed to be torn between supporting one person and offending another. With Saturn retrograde and work and health issues so pressing—and with so many people to please every minute—it's hard to know whether to take off and have fun or hang in where it's *bor-r-r-ing.*

SCORPIO *October 24–November 21*

There once was a Scorpio woman who was warned by doctors *not* to get pregnant under any circumstances. Of course she went ahead anyway and ended up giving birth to the most beautiful, normal 12-pound bundle of joy ever to land in a nursery. Another Scorpio woman was told the same thing. She, too, gave birth, to a severely handicapped child who, experts insisted, would never walk, tie his shoes, or speak. That kid has just graduated from college with honors. The moral of the story? When Saturn is in the 5th house, *never* underestimate a Scorpio.

SAGITTARIUS *November 22–December 21*

Sadges are fabulous. With Jupiter prominent, no matter what's going on privately at home, you never let on, but somehow always manage to keep up a cheery exterior. Sometimes that thigh-slapping guffaw can grate on the nerves of loved ones, and they end up rolling their eyes in amazement at your sheer power to deny reality. They can cluck their tongues all they want, but when the basement is five feet deep in yucky backwater, you're the one who stays cool enough to be upstairs serving cheese dip to the minister and wiggling your shoulders to a Latin beat.

CAPRICORN *December 22–January 19*

If, come September, you write an essay called "What I Did This Summer," start out by stating that Saturn has been retrograde in your 3rd house. This should excuse you for those many projects you never finished. It may also explain why you're feeling as if you've had three cups of coffee, why you need to make phone calls but don't feel like talking, why you can't seem to sit still for more than 10 minutes before going outside, and why when you come back in you are ready to start all over again with new resolve to finish what you were busy doing. If only you could remember what that was.

AQUARIUS *January 20–February 18*

Astrologers believe that all you need to feel secure is a good case of s ruler of your 12th house's moving backward in your 2nd. No matter h you achieve it, the goal is material stability. You struggle to make all right moves, work hard even at some dreary job, never knowing how m you're actually worth, fearing all the while, of course, that you'll end making a fatal mistake that will leave you homeless, starving, or, e worse, dependent on someone. Good news! Doctors have come out w a pill that curbs the urge to go shopping!

PISCES *February 19–March 20*

You'll be totally fine now as long as you don't ask any of the Big Qu tions. In fact, you're wisest not to think too much about anything in p ticular. If you get up in the morning and you're sure you're not s dreaming, you're ahead of the game. As Jupiter culminates and Satu stops moving right at the end of your sign, you are straddling the real of light and darkness, between high and low choices. You're at a po where part of you just wants to make a difference in this crazy wo while another part of you is slumped in a chair in a bathrobe.

ARIES *March 21–April 19*

There has never been a better time to be spiritually correct. With Satu in your 12th house, if you try to flee, your coat will surely get caught the fence. Patience will pay off in the long run, even if you get kicked the butt now by the dumb mule you are trying to feed. And patience w be required—especially when you turn to prayer and get only this sort message in response: "Thank you for calling God. Due to the unusual v ume of requests at this time, your prayer will be handled in the order which it was received. Please stay on the line."

TAURUS *April 20–May 20*

Evolved Tauruses are lifting their thoughts heavenward now, rejoicing the changes and transformations taking place, and moving with hope t ward a new life. The lower, raunchy types are a little too obsessed wi life down here on earth—especially with the bulges and curves. No ma ter what your form of distraction, with Jupiter in your 8th house the re rograde of Saturn in your 11th can be frustrating, because the only thin you can do is sit in an inner tube and float down the river of life wi the rest of humanity. Ah, ah, ah! No fair trying to control the flow.

GEMINI *May 21–June 21*

You've got support now. There are certain influential people who, fo some reason, still believe in you. Even if they don't totally speak your lan guage or appreciate your form, they are attracted to your line. That's usu ally the way it goes when the ruler of your 7th house is also *in* your 7th It may be just a wink or a victory sign, but there are people behind you And that's lucky, because with Saturn retrograde in your solar midheaven the political tide could swing against you for what some will call unpro fessional behavior. You? Unprofessional? Impossible!

CANCER *June 22–July 22*

Of all the creatures attached to signs in the heavens, Cancers need t achieve a healthy perspective on life if they want to be happy, especiall at times like this, when the ruler of your 7th house is retrograde in you 9th. Too often, however, your rescuer turns out to be your jailer, your sav ior ends up leading you straight into the millpond, and you nearly g broke supporting your would-be supporter. The whining notwithstanding Cancer is a strong sign for which endurance is ultimately rewarded. Re member the part about the whining, though.


l feel cool, even in August.
Weighty, in a reassuring way.
slide down your arm and come to a soft stop
st your wristbone. Fire against pulse.
It'll make you use your hands when you talk.
Why wait?
Diamonds. For you, for now, forever.
Don't put your dreams on hold. Find them in a portfolio of 50 new p
the best in American diamond design and starting from $1500. Call
A diamond
forever. De Beers.

Social Study

Bill Blass

With the recent introduction o
the Bill Blass USA collection
the venerable designer has brought hi
trademark sophistication to a ne
generation of style setters. This month
he brings an elegant touch to *V.F.*
Proust Questionnair

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Surviving in a business as volatile as fashion.

What is your greatest fear?
The next collection.

What is your current state of mind?
Up.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
Chic.

Which living person do you most admire?
You, dear reader.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Thomas Jefferson.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Collecting furniture and pictures. Objects.

What is your most treasured possession?
The last thing I bought.



When and where were you happiest?
Any summer day in the country.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Ambition resulting in celebrity.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Lethargy. Indolence.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Bad manners.

On what occasion do you lie?
When in love.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My dogs.

What are your favorite names?
Barnaby, Sebastian.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
The 40 pounds *not* disappearing.

Which talent would you most like to have?
To be able to tango.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Illness.

What is your favorite occupation?
Bullfighting.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Curiosity.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Honesty and bravery.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Complete honesty and lack of bravery.

What do you most value in your friends?
Space.

Who are your favorite writers?
Thackeray, Cather, Cormac McCarthy.

What is it that you most dislike?
Late nights, late dinners, late appointments.

If you were to die and could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
An oak tree.

What is your motto?
A stitch in time . . .


SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.
She's gone to Capri and she's not coming back
Capri
Superslims
CAPRI


ABSOLUT
Country of Sweden
KURANT
This superb vodka bears the distinctive flavor of natural Black Currants, which grow throughout Sweden, even above the Arctic Circle. Flavoring vodka with berries is an age-old Swedish tradition. Vodka has been sold under the name Absolut since 1879.
ALC. 40% / VOL. (80 PROOF)
BLACK CURRANT FLAVORED VODKA,
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN SWEDEN
BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. 1.0 LITER.
IMPORTED
ABS LUT KU NT.
ABSOLUT® KURANT™ BLACK CURRANT
DESIGN AND ABSOLUT CALLIGRA
KA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). ABSOLUT COUNTRY OF
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